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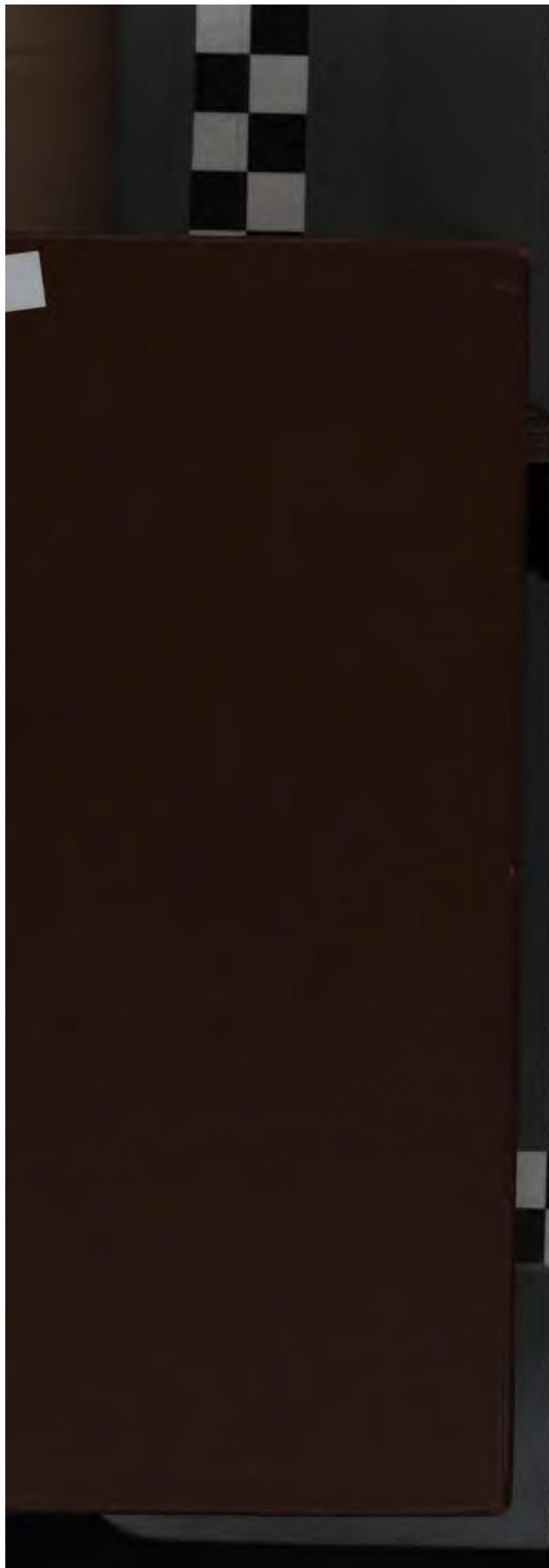
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OUR NATIONAL DEFENCES.

THE position of this country, with reference to its foreign relations, is the most extraordinary that ever existed in the world. It may safely be pronounced without a parallel in the whole history of mankind. It is hard to say whether it is most marvellous considered with reference to the moral influence of past effort, or the real weakness arising from present blindness. We are at peace; we seem to be secure; all the appliances of civilised life are at our command; wealth, unbounded at least as regards territorial magnates and wealthy millionaires, is around us; every one is set on gain, or straining after pleasure;—and yet the hand of the spoiler is ready to wrest it all from us; and, amidst our feasting and rioting, the handwriting is already to be seen on the wall which foreshadows our doom. But our people are blind to the warning—they are deaf to the voice of the prophet, prophecy he never so clearly. They have yielded to the influence of great and long-continued prosperity, won by the strenuous efforts of former times. With the usual disposition of mankind to believe in the perpetuity of the present order of things, they think they are always to be at peace because they are so now, and have long enjoyed that blessing; and flatter themselves that their enjoyments are never to be abridged, nor serious sacrifices required of them, because they have so

long been blessed with an exemption from the serious national ills of life. Like the human race in the days of the Flood, they will be marrying and giving in marriage when the deluge comes upon them.

Although, however, this is, beyond all question, the general condition of the influential part of our people, and though it is the apathy or indifference of this majority holding power which has so long stamped indecision and want of foresight on the measures of Parliament, yet, upon a nearer examination, it will be found that it is not an absolute majority of the whole nation which has been struck with this judicial blindness, but a part of it only. Unfortunately, however, it is a very large class that has been so affected, and precisely the class in whom political power is now vested, and who, as they return, at present at least, the representatives of a majority of the seats in the House of Commons, have in effect acquired the government of the whole nation. It is in the boroughs—above all, the manufacturing boroughs—that the belief has spread most widely that war is an evil which has entirely disappeared from the world; that we shall not be called on to fight again; that pacific influences and moneyed power will henceforth entirely regulate the affairs of nations; and that muskets and cannon, swords and cuirasses, sail of the line and steamers of war,

may be buried beside the bones of the Mammoth and the Mastodon, as relics of a primeval age, which will never return to the sons of men. Strange as it may appear to any one who is either versed in the annals of nations, or has read the book from which they are all taken, the human heart, these ideas are not only common, but, with few exceptions, *universal*, in our manufacturing towns. Mr Cobden never expressed an opinion which met with a more cordial response in the breasts of a great majority of his auditors in Free-Trade Hall, Manchester, than when he said, two years ago, that all danger of war had now passed away; that nothing could now withstand commercial interests and the influence of capital; and that our real wisdom would be to sell our ships of the line, disband our troops, dispose of all the stores in our arsenals, and trust entirely to the Peace Congress for the decision of the disputes of nations.

If other governments and people could be brought to take the same view of this subject, the doctrines of the Manchester School of politicians would perhaps be well founded, and the world in general, discarding all idea of wars or rumours of wars, might rest in tranquillity, in the well-founded expectation of perpetual and universal peace. But if other nations are *not* animated with the same ideas—nay, if their warlike propensities are every day increasing in ardour, while ours are declining, our situation, it must be evident to every considerate observer, is daily becoming more alarming. Our wealth, upon which we so much pride ourselves, and to the increase of which we are willing to sacrifice everything, would then become the main source of our weakness—our fame, which alone has hitherto protected us, the greatest increase to our danger. The first would excite cupidity, from the prospect of gratifying it without danger; the second inspire revenge, from the hope of achieving it without disgrace.

Now no man can look around him and not see, not only that the chances of war are great, but that they are *imminent*. The peacemakers have undone the work of their own hands:

the ascendancy, even for a brief season, of their political friends, has closed for a century to come the practical application of their principles. The Revolution succeeded in Paris—it succeeded in Berlin—it succeeded in Vienna; and what has been the result? Just what, under similar circumstances, might be expected in London, Manchester, or Glasgow. The Revolutionists, among all their *professions* of love for peace, proved the most warlike of mankind in their *deeds*; and armaments greater, and wars more bloody, and passions more violent, than had ever before arisen, followed immediately the triumph of the self-styled apostles of peace! And in what state is Europe, at this moment, four years after the first explosion of the revolutionary volcano by the overthrow of Louis Philippe? Fifteen hundred thousand armed men are arrayed round the standards of the European sovereigns; the efficient warlike force of the great military nations on the Continent has been doubled; and the military spirit developed in them all to an extent never witnessed since the fall of Napoleon. Such has been the result of the political measures of the peacemakers.

If these vast warlike armaments were confined to Continental operations, and destined only for mutual slaughter by the Continental nations, they might be, comparatively speaking, an object of indifference to the British public; and valuable only to the historian, or the distant observer of events, as an example of the inevitable tendency of democratic revolutions to awaken the warlike passions, and postpone, if not prevent, the reign of peace upon the earth. But, unfortunately, this is very far from being the case; and if there is any one thing more certain than another, it is that we ourselves are the principal object of all these armaments, and that we are more immediately threatened with attack than any state on the Continent. The reason is, that we are at once the richest, the most inviting, and the most unprepared. Our immense riches, in great part centred in London in a form susceptible of immediate seizure, both invite attack and hold out the prospect of impunity to

the spoiler. There is no other capital which presents anything like the prizes which London would afford to a conquering enemy, or could with so much ease be reached by his armies. Vienna and Berlin, comparatively poor and worthless as the objects of plunder, can only be reached after long and fatiguing marches, and when the forces of a confederation, which can array 500,000 admirably disciplined troops around its standard, have been subdued. But London can be reached in three days from the coast of Sussex: it could only be defended at present by a force so inadequate to the task of protecting it, that future ages will be lost in astonishment at the infatuation of a nation which, with such resources at its command, has left its metropolis in so defenceless a state; and the battle of Hastings has taught us that a great disaster on the coast, even when the nation was far better prepared than it is now, comparatively speaking, to repel aggression, speedily renders further resistance in the interior hopeless. There is no other nation but this which, within a day's sail and three days' march, presents to the enemy a Bank with twenty millions of sovereigns in its coffers, a metropolis from which double that sum might be levied by military contributions; an undefended arsenal, containing artillery and the muniments of war for 200,000 men, and a military force at the very utmost of 12,000 disposable effective men to defend the whole!

Add to this that England is the country against which the military jealousy of France from the very earliest period has been most strongly directed, and on the head of which disasters the most serious, and disgraces the most galling, have to be visited by our warlike, gallant, and thoroughly prepared neighbours, the moment the hour for retribution is thought to have arrived. If the French, or rather the Normans, can point with just pride to the battle of Hastings as a proof of the comparative ease with which England, *when taken unawares*, and slumbering in fancied security, can be conquered by a single victory, a series of subsequent triumphs, gained by the

conquered nation over its conquerors, when the national strength was once fairly roused, tells them in a voice equally loud and distinct the risk they run, if advantage is not taken of the defenceless state of a particular moment to complete our ruin. The series of defeats subsequent to the one and only triumph of Hastings, inflicted by the English on the French through four centuries, is unparalleled in military annals; it even exceeds those gained by the French over the Austrians. Michelet, in his *History of France*, confesses with a sigh that all the great days of disaster and mourning to France subsequent to the battle of Hastings, even on land, have come from the arms of England; and the fact that it is so, is so notorious that it is known to every tyro in history. Tenchebray, Cressy, Poitiers, Azincour, Verneuil, Minden, Gibraltar, Egypt, Talavera, Salamanca, Vittoria, Orthes, the Pyrenees, Toulouse, Waterloo, constitute a series of *land* triumphs, which the French, a military nation, and passionately fond of military glory, can neither forget nor forgive. A French king has rode captive through London; a French emperor been buried a state captive in the English dominions. Twice has Paris been taken by the armies of England; the English horse in one age have marched from Calais to Bayonne, in another from Bayonne to Calais. Can these things ever be forgiven? When the lover shall forget his adored, the mother her child, France may forget them—but not till then.

The conduct of Prince Louis Napoleon, since he obtained the command in Paris, is sufficient to convince us that he is perfectly alive to these views, and only prevented by prudent considerations from giving effect to them at this time. Against whom was the great naval display and grand review at Cherbourg, two years ago, directed? Were the stately three-deckers, the huge war-steamer with their sides bristling with batteries, intended as a demonstration against Belgium or Prussia? What was the object of the frequent great reviews, and late grand demonstration of military strength at Paris on the 18th of May? Was it against the distant

capitals of Vienna or St Petersburg, or the near capital of London, that the 80,000 men then assembled on the Champ de Mars were directed? Which would they rather march against? St Petersburg or Moscow with their millions of paper roubles, defended each million by a hundred thousand men? or London with its twenty millions of gold sovereigns, defended each million by one thousand? We acquit Louis Napoleon of every wish, *so far as he is a free agent*, to engage in hostilities with this country. He is too well aware of the spirit which would be roused in England, if the national apathy was dispelled by the thunder-clap of London being taken. But is he a free agent? Is he not the head of a great military republic, placed there, like his predecessor Clovis, by the acclamations of the soldiery, and, like him, constrained to yield to whatever the voice of the soldiers in a decided manner demands of him? And what object could ever be so popular with the French army as that which promised such plunder, such glory, the wiping out of such disgrace, at so little serious risk to themselves, as a war with England in its present undefended state?

There is an additional reason why, when the military spirit of France is so high, and its armed forces so great, a war with this country, whatever dynasty gets possession of the throne, may be reckoned on at no distant period as a matter of almost certainty, and that is this—not only a throne, and that the greatest in the world, on this side of the water, but one *on the other side*, will be the prize of success in it. There are now three families bidding for the suffrages of the French nation; and whichever takes London is certain of the support of Paris. If either Louis Napoleon, Henry V., or the Duke of Orleans, wrest the crown from the brow of Queen Victoria, he is perfectly certain to fix that of Clovis on his own. The French will forgive everything to the family which shall wipe out the disgrace of Waterloo, and retaliate upon their conquerors the contributions of 1815. The throne of Louis XIV. is the prize of the contest: Changarnier, Lamoricière, Cavaignac, would be

equally secure of it, if their reign were inaugurated by a similar triumph. Louis Napoleon has by seven millions of Frenchmen been invested with supreme power, because he inherits the glories of his uncle and represents his principles; but what glory on his part would be so great as that of destroying the empire which destroyed his great predecessor? and what principle was so strongly impressed on that predecessor's vast mind as the necessity of subduing the country which alone stood between him and universal dominion? Prince Louis Napoleon, like his uncle, is very superstitious, and always carries an amulet taken from the tomb of Charlemagne on his person. He is known to have said in this country, long before he left it to accept the presidency of the French Republic: "It may appear presumptuous in me to wear that amulet, but I have an inborn conviction in my mind that I am one day to be the ruler of France. When I am so, I shall first extinguish the license of the press in Paris, and then attack England. I shall do so with regret, for I have been kindly received there, and it contains many of my best friends; but I must fulfil my mission, and carry out that which I know my uncle had most at heart—I owe that to his memory." In pursuance of these views, he has just decreed 80,000 men to his regular army; and while, in the English Parliament, the greatest possible resistance is made by a factious Opposition to an addition of 80,000 *Militia* to a regular army in the British islands of 60,000 men, France has no difficulty in adding 80,000 regular soldiers to its regular force of 400,000.

Great as is the regular army at the disposal of the nominal French President and real French Emperor, it is rendered still more formidable by another circumstance which is little known, and still less attended to, in the British islands. This is the fact, that by the constitution of the French army, as with the Prussian, a considerable part of the troops are annually discharged from the ranks, and their place supplied by conscripts, in like manner entitled to their discharge at the end of a stated period. In this way 70,000 men perfectly drilled and

disciplined are every year discharged from the ranks of the regular army; but as they retain their military habit and experience, they are capable of being by beat of drum recalled to its standards. In this way the French regular army of 500,000 is capable of being any day increased to a *million of men*, independent altogether of nearly an equal number of national guards, to whom a great part of the home and garrison service might on a crisis be safely intrusted. Can any one doubt, that if the "Army of England" were, after the expiration of half a century, re-established on the heights of Boulogne, it would quickly attract multitudes of this armed nation to the brilliant project, and that the prospect of "beauty and booty" would be as powerful in attracting armed and disciplined adventurers to the standard of Napoleon, as a similar project was in concentrating the military army of France, eight hundred years ago, around the ensign of Norman William? And it is in presence of SUCH A POWER, possessing such resources, and actuated by such passions, that the Manchester School still go on dreaming about a Peace Congress, which all mankind ridicule except themselves, and the most violent resistance is made to the ministerial plan of raising 80,000 militia to aid the scanty array of 50,000 effective men, who alone are on foot, to aid in the defence of the entire British islands, with the metropolis, seaports, and arsenals, by an Opposition in Parliament, whose conduct is an object of mourning to every man in existence except our enemies.

The great objection always made to any increase, however small, to our National Defences, is that it adds to the expense of the army, and that the nation is not in a condition to bear it. Take it in that view; consider it as a matter of mere pounds, shillings, and pence. The additional outlay required is £400,000 a-year—call it half a million, or a whole million; the strength of this argument will, as Malthus said of the arithmetical and geometrical progression, admit of any concession. What do the Manchester School suppose the French would do, if they took London or Manchester? Just what they did in 1806,

when they captured Berlin; what we did in 1815 when we took Paris. In the first case, they levied a contribution of £24,000,000 on Prussia, a sum at least equal to £150,000,000 sterling on England with its wealth and population; in the second case, we ourselves levied a contribution of £60,000,000 on France, equivalent to at least £100,000,000 on Great Britain. Would the French not instantly retaliate upon us the exactions we made from them in the days of their mourning? Rely upon it they would: their ambition, their revenge, their love of glory, would be alike gratified by it. We attach no blame whatever to them for so doing; we ourselves, and all mankind in similar circumstances, would do the same. The persons we do blame are our own countrymen, who will not see the danger. They will perhaps see it when the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London are sent for, and told they must produce £20,000,000 in three days, in gold and silver, or the metropolis will be given up to pillage; or when the magistrates of Manchester and Glasgow are dismissed by a French general at the head of 20,000 men, with the information that £2,000,000 in hard cash must be produced next morning, to save those cities from a similar devastation.

The gentlemen of the Manchester School are great advocates for direct taxation, but such enemies to Protection that some of them have not scrupled to declare, *and they did so in large meetings without interruption*, that they would rather see the country conquered than a Protection ministry for six weeks in power. Well, take them in their own view of the case. Let us put national independence, honour, and security, entirely out of view, to be considered as antiquated prejudices, never to be resuscitated so long as the sun shines upon the earth. By all means consider the matter, in a pecuniary point of view, as an affair of pounds, shillings, and pence only. Suppose the preliminary war-contribution of £100,000,000 levied in a single year on Great Britain, (for even the French could extract little from Ireland,) and got over—What would follow this foretaste of the

sweets of conquest? Would they treat us better than they do themselves? Unquestionably they would not. The very best we could hope would be, that they would put us on their own level, and treat us in every respect the same. Now, the French all pay an *impôt foncière*, or land-tax, which, as rated according to the *cadastre* or valuation, amounts to fully a property tax of fifteen, sometimes twenty, per cent; and the personal contribution, or income-tax on trades and professions, is five per cent. These charming burdens would at the very outset, and to a moral certainty, be instantly laid upon us. But perhaps the Manchester school would be consoled for their weight by seeing that odious thing Protection entirely abolished? Undoubtedly they would do so: it would be buried in this country alone, and kept up in all others. ALL PROTECTIVE DUTIES WOULD BE ABOLISHED. That of twelve or fifteen per cent, which, amidst all their declamations about universal Free Trade, the Manchester gentlemen have contrived to keep on the articles of their *own manufacture*, would be at once swept away. They would be too happy if they could retain an *ad valorem* duty of two and a half per cent, with which they make the mockery of protecting the farmer. French silks, gloves, cotton goods and cambrics, jewellery and cutlery, would be sent in upon us *ad libitum*, with no protective duty; while our exports to them would be saddled with a protective duty of at least thirty per cent. We think we see the faces of the Manchester gentlemen when, amidst this prostration of our own, and deluge of foreign industry, the tax-gatherer coolly calls for payment of the land-tax of fifteen, or the personal tax of five per cent.

What makes this insensibility to certain pecuniary danger (for, in arguing with these opponents, we lay all other considerations aside) the more extraordinary is, that it occurs at a time when, according to their account of the matter, the country is in a state of the most unbounded prosperity, and better able to bear additional taxation than in any former period of its history. Listen to the

Free-Traders when they are descanting on the state of the nation, the blessings of their system—not the expense requisite to insure their continuance. Never was anything so prosperous; never were the rich so affluent, the middle class so thriving, the working classes so contented, well fed, and happy. We are thriving on every side: the emigration of 300,000 every year is nothing but a happy exodus, alike beneficial to the country, the landlords, and the emigrants themselves. Be it so. We are all contented and happy. Agriculture is thriving, manufactures in full activity, commerce prosperous; it is hard to say whether the profits made on our import or export trade are most considerable—whether our merchants are the most rich, our farmers the most prosperous, or our labourers the best fed and contented. Such being our fortunate condition, and such the boundless riches at our command, where is the ground for all this cry about the necessity of economy in the national expenditure? During the war, when the nation was under the ruinous systems of Protection and a plentiful currency, a population of eighteen millions in the British islands, without difficulty, and without driving more than a few hundreds or thousands a-year into exile, had a million of men in arms, of whom nearly 300,000 were regular soldiers or regular militia; and the national expenditure rose to £72,000,000! How has it happened that then, when we were on all sides impoverished by bad government and a ruinous mercantile system, eighteen millions of British subjects raised such stupendous armaments, and provided, by taxation, for so immense an expenditure?—and now, when we have for twenty years been blessed with the good government of a reformed Parliament, and for six enriched by the true mercantile policy, a population of twenty-eight millions should have the utmost difficulty in raising fifty millions annually by taxes, and the most violent resistance should be made to adding 80,000 militia to a regular army in the British islands of only 60,000 men, and adding only £400,000 to army estimates—the whole force on foot

not being a quarter of that which was then cheerfully voted?

The Manchester school, and whole Free-Trade party, are here on the horns of a dilemma, from which we do not see the possibility of an escape. Either their representations as to the beneficial effects of their system are fallacious and unfounded, or they are true and well founded. If they are fallacious, and they are aware that their system is rotten, and must ere long be blown up, on what principle do they defend their obstinate resistance to the restoration of Protection, or any adjustment of the public burdens which might put the agricultural class, in some degree, on a level with the commercial? If, on the other hand, their system is the true one, and nothing but general prosperity and affluence have followed its adoption, on what ground can they account for the impassioned resistance they have made, and are making, to the addition of 80,000 militia to our national armaments, and of an expenditure of £400,000 a-year to our public estimates? Is the continuation of the incalculable blessings their policy has conferred upon the nation not worth purchasing at so trifling a cost? And is anything more certain than that, if we are subdued by our enemies, not only shall we immediately lose, by military contributions, direct taxation, and fall in value of property, all the wealth we have acquired; but the Free-Trade system, so far as we are concerned, will immediately be put an end to, by its being continued only *against* us by the free admission of all our enemy's goods, and *concluded so far as it was in our favour* by our goods being loaded with prohibitory duties the moment they approach their harbours?

Persons unacquainted with the facts always tell us that Napoleon was baffled in his design of invading this country; that he was a greater general, and at the head of a greater military force, than his nephew; and that having escaped, when it was most imminent, so great a danger, it is chimerical to suppose that any real grounds for apprehension exist at this time. There never was a greater

mistake; and it shows the utmost ignorance of the facts ever to adduce such an argument. In every respect the parallel fails, or rather it holds in this sense, that our present position, so far as concerns our enemies' means of attack, and ours of defence, is precisely *the reverse* of what it then was. France in 1805 had 640,000 men under arms, and they had 600 guns ready for action; but this great force was distracted by the threatening aspect of the European powers. Austria, Prussia, and Russia hung like a thunder-cloud on his rear, and it was only by taking advantage of the days, and even hours, that Napoleon could hope to dictate a peace on the Thames before he was called on to fight for his existence on the Danube. As it was, his camp at Boulogne was broken up at an hour's warning, and his forces all defiled to the Rhine to combat Austria and Russia at Ulm and Austerlitz, before he had an opportunity of effecting his meditated descent on this country. Subsequent to that, the Prussian, Polish, Spanish, and Russian wars so completely absorbed his forces, and occupied his attention, that he had no opportunity of resuming his long matured, admirably conceived, and much cherished project.

But have we any such diversion on the Rhine or the Danube to reckon on now, to draw off the forces of France from the glittering and tempting prize held out to their grasp on the banks of the Thames? Are the finances of the cabinet of Vienna so very flourishing, and the population of Hungary and Italy so entirely tranquil, that they could venture on a war with the Tricolor Flag to effect a diversion in our favour? Is Russia so thoroughly cordial, and her jealousy of our influence in the East and elsewhere so completely allayed, that the Czar would pour down upon the Rhine to aid us, as he did on the Hungarian plains to crush the Magyar insurgents? Is it not next to certain, on the contrary, that both Austria and Russia would in secret be rejoiced at our downfall, and that no prospect would be so agreeable to the despotic powers of eastern Europe, as to see the great democratic states of western

Europe tearing their heart's blood out, and materially weakening each other to such a degree as to render the ultimate subjugation of both, by the despotic powers of eastern Europe, a matter of comparative ease? Depend upon it, if we rely on another Ulm or Austerlitz to save us from invasion, we never were so deplorably mistaken. The whole forces of France are now far more disposable against us than they were in 1805. They are not now, as they then were, distracted by the necessity of guarding against the hostility of the northern powers; and if we needed to be prepared against the 600,000 regular troops of Napoleon at that time, much more do we require to be ready against his nephew's 500,000 at this.

These considerations are so obvious that they must have occurred to every person even moderately acquainted with the subject. No one can be insensible to them, except such as are dead to every feeling of patriotism, national security, and honour, or are infatuated by the monomania of peace congresses, and the termination of war upon the earth. Accordingly, it is very remarkable, and worthy of particular notice, that they have been familiar to ALL our leading statesmen, of whatever party, who have ruled the destinies of the country for the last fifteen years, and that they have only been prevented, one and all, from carrying them into effect by the insensibility of the nation on the subject, and the difficulty of getting any additional supplies, how scanty soever, voted by Parliament. This was the case too before Sir John Burgoyne received the Duke of Wellington's famous letter on the subject, and before the French Revolution of 1848, and the consequent *universal arming* of Europe, had doubled the previously existing danger.

Sir Robert Peel was fully impressed with the danger, and before he went out of office in 1846, he had a bill prepared for putting the militia on a proper footing, which was only prevented from being passed into a law by the general distress which ensued from the railway crash. Lord Palmerston was so thoroughly impressed with it, that he not only, as is

well known, dissented from every proposed reduction of our naval and military force, but in 1846 prepared a most lucid and admirable memorial on the subject, which, if published, would perhaps do more to open the eyes of the nation to a subject of such vital importance than any other document in existence. That noble lord has since, in his speeches in Parliament, given the clearest indication of his convictions on the subject; and well may he do so, for he himself has thrice over, during the last twenty years, seen us brought to the very edge of a war with France, or with France and Russia united—once when we bombarded Acre in 1840; once when we were all but at war with France about Queen Pomare and the Otaheite affair; and once when the French ambassador had left London, and the Russian was preparing to follow his example, in consequence of our blockade of Athens, and demands for satisfaction to Don Pacifico and Mr Finlay in 1850.

Lord John Russell is fully impressed with the same views, as appears from the militia bill which he prepared and brought into the House of Commons in the present session of Parliament; and which he deemed of such vital importance to the nation, that for the change of a word in it he resigned office for himself and all his friends. What Lord Derby and the present Government will do, who are enlightened by the great knowledge and experience of the Duke of Wellington and Lord Hardinge on the subject, is well known from the measures they have brought forward in the House of Commons, and the great efforts they are making to put the national defences in the best state that circumstances will admit. We leave it to Lord John Russell's biographers to reconcile his firm and proved convictions of the necessity of an increase to our national defences, with his opposition to the *second reading* of Lord Derby's bill for a militia, which *was to effect that very increase*. At present, we merely point out this remarkable coincidence of the ablest leading statesmen of ALL PARTIES, who during the last twenty years have directed the councils of our country, as the most

decisive proof of the necessity of the addition to our defences which we advocate. As to the opinions of military and naval men, it is needless to say anything. From the Duke of Wellington and Lord Hardinge downward in the one service, and Sir Charles Napier and Admiral Parker in the other, there is not a dissentient voice on the subject.

It is not surprising that this remarkable unanimity among all our leading statesmen should exist, for in truth the facts regarding it, which are as well known to our enemies as ourselves, and hidden from the country only because the Manchester school have succeeded in drawing a film before their eyes, are of so serious and appalling a description that it has become the first duty of every friend to his country to bring them in the most prominent possible way before the public mind. We have stated the force of our nearest and most probable enemy: it consists of 500,000 men, of whom 70,000 are admirable cavalry, and 400 guns ready equipped and harnessed for the field.

	Men.	Men.
	70,000	500,000
Deducting for Algeria	70,000	
Garrisons of Paris	70,000	
Other garrisons in France	150,000	290,000
There will remain for invasion of England		210,000 !
And 200 guns.		

Now, such being the force of our enemies, and so pressing and cogent the reasons which will prompt them to use them for our destruction, let us consider the amount of the regular force at our disposal to resist such an attempt. We shall afterwards consider what aid is to be relied on from the irregular auxiliaries whom we hear so much of, and what can, with their present means, be expected from the navy to ward off the terrible calamities of an invasion. The figures we give may be relied on: they coincide exactly with what was stated by Lord Hardinge, the War Secretary, and our best military authorities in Parliament, and we challenge the Free-Traders and peace advocates to detect any inaccuracy in our statement.

STATEMENT OF THE FORCE IN GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

	Total of rank and file.	Deduct 1-5th for non-effectives.	Effective Field Force in action.
Great Britain, { Cavalry,	5,029	1,006	4,023
{ Artillery,	6,025	1,205	4,820
{ Sappers and Miners,	980	196	784
{ Foot Guards,	4,544	909	3,635
{ Infantry,	22,594	4,519	18,075
Total Great Britain,	39,172	7,835	31,337
Ireland, { Cavalry,	2,096	419	1,677
{ Artillery,	1,051	210	841
{ Sappers, &c.,	...	...	...
{ Infantry,	18,333	3,666	14,667
For Field Force—Total,	21,480	4,295	17,185
Add Irish Pensioners,	5,392	1,078	4,314
Total Ireland,	26,872	5,373	21,499
General total at Home,	66,044	13,208	52,836

By the foregoing Return, the effective available Force in Great Britain, exclusive of Cavalry, is—

Artillery,	4,820
Guards and Regular Infantry,	21,710
Carry forward—total,	26,530

	Brought forward,	Men.	26,530
Deduct Channel Island Garrisons, viz.—			
		Men.	
Jersey,	.	1,500	5,000
Guernsey,	.	1,500	
Alderney and the New Harbour,	.	2,000	
Regular Force of Artillery and Infantry remaining in Great Britain,			21,530
Add Pensioners fit for Garrisons, but not for Field Service,			7,750
			29,280
Next deduct Garrisons for the Forts and Arsenals, the Tower, London, Chatham, &c., viz.—			
On the Thames and Medway, including London, 8,000			23,000
Dover and its dependencies,	.	2,000	
Portsmouth and do.,	.	5,000	
Plymouth and various do.,	.	5,000	
Pembroke and do.,	.	3,000	
Force of Artillery and Infantry remaining for Field operations,			6,280
Add 1-3d of the Sappers and Miners, the other 2-3ds being in the Garrisons,			261
Add Cavalry previously deducted,			4,023
Nett Force to oppose a landing,			10,564

To show that the deductions made on account of *non-effectives* is not exaggerated, we subjoin two returns, the first showing the actual force in Great Britain and Ireland on 27th April last, and the second the gar-

risons requisite to put our more important military positions in anything like a posture of defence, and prevent the contest being instantly brought to a close by the immediate capture of all our arsenals and stores, military as well as naval.

COMPARISON BETWEEN EFFECTIVES AND ESTABLISHMENT OF THE ARMY AT HOME.

CAVALRY, FOOT GUARDS, AND INFANTRY.									
	ESTABLISHMENT.					EFFECTIVES.			
	Officers.	Sergts.	Trumpeters and Drummers.	Rank and File.	All Ranks.	Officers.	Sergts.	Trumpeters and Drummers.	Rank and File.
England, ..	1,603	1,891	633	30,549	34,681	1,603	1,931	645	29,747
India depots									
in England,	111	189	44	260	604	111	182	39	2,420
Ireland, ...	1,067	1,234	408	21,528	24,237	1,067	1,244	412	20,429
	2,871	3,314	1,090	52,337	59,522	2,871	3,357	1,096	52,596

We subjoin a memorandum, which we have compiled from the best authority, of the forces required to

defend our various forts, in the event of the contest being at all prolonged:—

MEMORANDUM of the MILITARY STATIONS IN GREAT BRITAIN and the CHANNEL ISLANDS
(exclusive of Ireland and the Colonies) that must be protected by troops, showing the number required to give them a moderate degree of security

STATION.	No. of Troops.	OBSERVATIONS.
Tower of London,	500	
Woolwich,	1,000	
Purfleet,	50	
Gravesend,	100	
Tilbury,	300	
Sheerness,	600	
Chatham,	600	{ Chatham would require a garrison of 3000 men ; but, being in second line, it is assumed would not be fully garrisoned in the first distribution.
Dover,	2,500	
110 castles, towers, and batteries } on the coast of Kent and Sussex, }	2,500	
Portsmouth, Gosport, and immediate dependencies, including the forts and batteries of the Isle of Wight and the Solent, }	5,000	{ Blockhouse Fort, Fort Monckton, Fort Cumberland, Southsea Castle, Calshot Castle, Hurst Castle, Sandown Castle, Yarmouth Castle, Cowes Castle. Portland has hitherto been of little moment, but a very important harbour is in course of construction, that will require as many as 600 men very early, and a much larger garrison eventually.
Portland,	600	
Plymouth, Devonport, and dependencies, }	4,000	
Falmouth,	600	
Scilly Islands,	400	{ The Scilly Islands possess beautiful anchorages, in a most influential position to intercept our trade, and, if taken possession of in force by an enemy, would be most difficult to recover.
Pembroke Dock and Milford Haven, }	2,500	
Harwich and its dependencies, }	500	
21 towers and batteries on coast of Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk, }	450	
Coast batteries existing in the Northern counties of England, including Liverpool, Hull, &c. }	1,000	
Weedon, Chester, and Carlisle, magazines and ordnance stores in the interior, }	300	
Edinburgh, Leith, Fort George, and other forts and stations in Scotland, }	5,000	
Jersey	1,500	
Guernsey,	1,500	
Alderney,	2,000	
Total,	33,500	

The above includes only the leading existing military stations, but it is evident that many trading ports of great importance, in case of war, will urgently call for protection, and must have detachments of more or less force; it is also for consideration whether, to protect such vast property as is in London, Birmingham, Manchester, and other great towns, the police would not, in such times, require the support of some troops.

If militia, volunteers, &c., are to form part of the occupation, they should exceed the numbers indicated, and be supported by one-fourth of regulars of those numbers as a minimum.

It will be observed that these posts are of vast importance, and that, if assailed successfully by even a very temporary excursion of an enemy, it is not a mere plundering of property that will be the consequence, such as could be made good by a money compensation, but a crippling of resources that *would require an immense outlay very many years to re-establish*, and would lead to a succession of subsequent losses to the country of vital importance.

Take the matter of seaports, as the most important of these items: without numerous heavy batteries, an enemy's squadron, or a few cruisers, could penetrate into them, destroy dockyards, shipping stores, public and private magazines, &c., &c.

If these batteries are not secured on the land side also, by landing a few thousand men they will be taken in reverse, and an opening made for the entrance of the ships, and the work of destruction may be effected by them and the troops.

The latter (but not the former) evil may be prevented by an ample garrison of troops; but the great use of the fortifications is, that when so many forces are required in the field and everywhere, three-fourths of them may be spared at each place, by the construction of permanent works of defence; and, what is of very great importance, the garrison in fortifications may be partly composed of a description of forces that would be of very little service in the field.

Now this is a simple, unvarnished account of our present military position drawn from the best authorities, and which may be fully relied on, and it must suggest to every reasonable and reflecting mind the most serious consideration. Here, it appears that, to oppose a landing, or defend London and Woolwich, (which, as it is well known, is wholly unfortified,) we could not—including the whole pensioners fit for service—muster above 10,000 men! That is our force to resist 200,000 men whom France, if she had the command of the Channel for three days, could pour upon us; or 50,000 or 60,000 men, who, even if we retained our naval superiority, might by the aid of steam-vessels be suddenly landed any day on our shores! And as to guns, the whole ready for the field in the whole of Great Britain and Ireland, taken together, are fifty-one; of which, beyond all question, not more, at the very utmost, than forty could by possibility be got together to meet an invader in the south of England.

Mr Cobden and the Peace Congress party swell the numerical amount of this force considerably, by adding the dockyard battalions, coast-guard, yeomanry, and Irish police, to the

sum total of disposable regulars. There never was so entire a delusion as this idea. To military men it will appear superfluous to attempt seriously to refute it; but, unfortunately, we have to deal not with military men, who do understand the subject, but with civilians who do not—and who, however able and well informed on other subjects, are, unfortunately, quite at sea on this, and therefore the following considerations are necessary.

As to the Irish police, who are the most numerous in amount, and the most efficient in quality of all these auxiliary troops—as they amount to 12,000 men, and are not only thoroughly brave and disciplined, but perfectly equipped—we put them entirely aside for two reasons. Though admirably drilled and equipped for the service for which they are intended, they never have been drilled for field operations, and could not act with regular soldiers in the field. Neither the officers nor men are acquainted with those duties, nor have been trained to that species of service. They make a splendid appearance at a review or inspection; but when have they been taught to execute movements in large bodies in the field? They are the elements of

a gallant army, but not one as yet. In the next place, supposing they were all as thoroughly disciplined as our Foot Guards or crack regiments, they could not be of the least service to Great Britain in the event of an invasion, for this plain reason, that they, and double their number, would, in such an event, *be required to keep Ireland quiet*. We have supposed, in the preceding calculations, the whole regulars, above 21,000 effective men, *withdrawn* from Ireland to join in the defence of the centre of the empire;—could the whole police, or any part of them, be *also brought over*, leaving the whole of Ireland to the tender mercies of Ribandmen and Repealers? The thing is quite ridiculous, after the experience we have had of Irish Catholicism; and therefore nothing more need be said on that head.

Nothing is more certain than that, in the event of a serious descent being made by the French on Great Britain, not only would all the regular troops now in Ireland, or nearly all, but the whole police, be required to keep down rebellion. Hear the *Nation*, of June 4, 1852, on this subject, in an article on the Electric Telegraph:—

“It would be a fatal message, truly, for Ireland,” says the *Nation*, “if we interpreted the first despatch of this new agent of intercourse (the Electric Telegraph) as a decree of perpetual subjection to our country. Suppose we look across the Straits of Dover. Is there not a scientific ligature binding England to France? And will any man pretend that by this concealed agency war between the two historic enemies is rendered impossible for evermore? Why, England was in a panic of fear two short months ago; and even now she speculates and takes precautions against the designs of the successor of Napoleon. She trusts rather to her legions than to her telegraphs, and enrolls a militia in anticipation of a message of war, which would be uttered as from the throats of cannon, not ingeniously symbolised by scientific mechanism. There are two termini to a telegraph; and it would be strange if we could not take possession of that on our own shores if this country were in arms, and an invading army in England. A telegraph will threaten as well as compliment—will bear tidings of war as well as messages of peace. *And if a war in*

Europe gave Ireland an opportunity to revenge the hourly insults and tyrannies of England—if the convulsion which the prognostications of English statesmen teach us to expect bursts upon us—if, as we said last week, we be thrown upon our own resources, and have to choose our part in the struggle—this new fetter would be torn to pieces in an hour, or be the agent to announce to England that the subject she has scourged for centuries had abjured her authority and defied her will.”

And, again, touching *The Times'* recent criticism on Young Ireland's renewed “ferocity,” the *Nation* (June 4) again explains its meaning in these terms:—

“In the present state of this country, with public opinion in a trance, and the population marching to the hustings instead of the arsenal, it would be utter insanity to threaten England. We cannot give her blow for blow; but we can speculate on events as freely and as justly as our ancient enemy, *The Times*. And behind the clouds which portend trouble and danger to England, shall we not be permitted to proclaim that the sun still shines in whose light our country shall renew her liberty and strength? *We do proclaim that England's danger is Ireland's opportunity*. And we welcome that danger; and trust that, when it comes, *Ireland will turn it to her advantage*. The fall of the tyrant is the emancipation of the slave.”

Then, as to the yeomanry and dock battalions, the same observation applies. We are the last persons in the world who would throw a shadow of doubt on the loyalty of these men, or feel the slightest distrust in their courage, or even, in a certain degree, efficiency in the field. But every man acquainted with the rudiments even, of the military art, and none more than the most estimable and really efficient of those admirable corps, knows well that the business of a soldier, like every other trade or profession, is not learned either in a week or a month; and that many a corps which has gone through permanent duty of ten days, and can pass muster on an inspection, and make a good figure on parade, would be sadly thrown out if required to move, in double-quick time, under a heavy cannonade or biting fire of Minié rifles, and would rapidly sink

or melt away under the ills of dripping bivouacs, night marches, and scanty rations. Admirable and serviceable as auxiliaries to regulars, they could never be placed in line with them, or relied on as a substantial addition to our effective force in the field. Add to this that the dockyard battalions would all, in the event of an invasion, be required to defend their own works, in addition to the regular forces assigned for that purpose; and with them they would be few enough. And as to the yeomanry, it must be recollected that they are, for the most part, composed of persons in rural life and scattered over an immense tract of country, and therefore they could not be immediately collected at a single point in the south of England to oppose a sudden landing and rapid march upon London, of a formidable concentrated French army. Many days, probably weeks, must elapse before the yeomanry—how active, loyal, and courageous soever—could by possibility assemble, and reach the south of England, from Yorkshire, Lancashire, Cheshire, and the north, even supposing those great deposits of mercantile and manufacturing wealth could with safety be left unprotected, when every sabre and bayonet in the regular army was already drawn off to meet the invader near the metropolis. And in those few days or weeks, the greatest danger would be incurred, and the empire might be lost.

Strong as the preceding statement is as to the urgency of the case, and the absolute necessity of adding to our national defences, if we would save the empire from subjugation, and ourselves from pillage, confiscation, and ruin, it becomes incomparably stronger when the state of our colonial possessions is considered. *All of them, even more than Great Britain and Ireland, are on the peace establishment.* If a war broke out, and the centre of the empire was threatened, every one of them, so far from being able to furnish any succour to the endangered metropolis, would be urgent in their demands for reinforcements to defend themselves. We speak not only of pacific colonies, as to which, whatever our own opi-

nion may be, we are well aware there may be a difference of views among many able and patriotic men. We speak of the great *military posts* we hold in many parts of the globe, and without the possession of which all attempts to maintain our maritime superiority, or prevent ourselves from being blockaded in our own harbours, and our independence and industry, even at home, utterly destroyed. (Gibraltar, Malta, Corfu, the Bahama Isles, the Cape, Martinique, Aden, Ceylon, Hong-Kong, and a vast many others, are not so much colonies, in the proper sense of the word, as *maritime fortresses*, without possession of which our fleets would be unable to circumnavigate the globe, our means of sending out supplies and reinforcements to India would be cut off; and that magnificent possession would soon be lost, and with it all our other colonial possessions in the world. If we lose them, how is our revenue to be maintained, or our industry nourished?—for, rely upon it, every one of them would, as soon as emancipated, imitate the example of the French, Prussians, and Americans, and lay an import duty of 30 per cent on our manufactures. What would then come of our export trade to our colonies, now amounting to £19,000,000 annually? And yet how are they to be preserved against the wide-spread internal discontent which prevails in our colonial establishments, or the open hostility of the foreign powers, who would hasten to secure each a fragment of so mighty a dominion, if we have not the means from home of augmenting their present miserably insufficient garrisons?

If a disaster of a fatal description does befall the empire, no one can say that it has come upon us when not duly warned both by words and deeds of our dangers. Our greatest commanders by sea and land, and the persons best acquainted with the subject, concur in recommending it. The Duke of Wellington, Lord Hardinge, Sir John Burgoyne, Sir Charles Napier, Lord Palmerston, the late Sir Robert Peel, Lord John Russell, Lord Derby, differing as far as the Poles are asunder on so many other subjects, are *unanimous* on this. But

great and deserving of the utmost respect and consideration as the opinions of these very eminent men are, there are considerations still more vital to be taken into view in estimating the weight due to their opinions. **FACTS—RECENT UNDENIABLE FACTS—NOW SPEAK IN A VOICE OF THUNDER.** The economical policy, the *laissez-aller* system, has been tried both in Asia and Africa, and what has been the result? Why, that we have been on the very verge of losing our dominions in both in consequence. Lord William Bentinck, it is well known, in conformity alike with the instructions and uniform pacific policy of the Directors and his own disposition, adopted the pacific system to a considerable extent: he reduced the Anglo-Indian army from 260,000 to 180,000 men; and both he and his successors carefully abstained, by any warlike preparations, concentration of troops on the frontier, or accumulation of magazines, from giving umbrage or grounds for jealousy to the native powers. What ensued? Why, that which every man acquainted with history predicted, and every man unacquainted with it denied—that we were brought to the very verge of ruin in consequence. Our disbanded sepoys enlisted with the Sikhs, and augmented their already formidable force. The power which had the resources of a population of 80,000,000 at its command, was all but overpowered by one which had only the resources of 6,000,000; and nothing but the indomitable firmness and heroic courage of Lord Hardinge, Lord Gough, and their devoted followers, who emulated the three hundred Spartans at Thermopylæ, prevented the Indian empire from being lost, from the previous adoption of the pacific system, on the field of Ferozeshah!

Turn to Africa, and see what a lesson the practical application of the pacific system has taught us in its southern extremity. Lord Glenelg, it is well known, adopted that policy in its full extent: he thought he would conciliate savages by retiring before them. He trusted, with the simplicity of ignorance, to the missionaries causing the Caffre to change

his nature. The whole of the slaves were emancipated in 1834: we thought that gratitude for freedom in them would compensate the alienation of the Boors for the confiscation of their property, for a compensation not a fifth part of its value. Trusting to the effect of these decisive measures of conciliation and concession, and listening to the suggestions of the peace party, we withdrew our frontier, permitted the settlement of the Caffres on our dominions, disarmed the Boors, and intrusted the defence of a country as large as England, and a frontier 1000 miles in length, to less than 3000 British soldiers. What has been the result? Why, that we have been dragged into a long, bloody, and inglorious war. The Caffres have proved as hostile and rapacious as ever, the Boors sullen and apathetic, the Hottentots rebellious and ungrateful. After sixteen months of painful and most harassing hostility, the war is still unfinished; several serious discomfitures have been sustained; the enemy is still in possession of the rocky fastnesses in our own territory, though assailed by ten thousand of the best troops in the British dominions; and the most powerful empire, so far as wealth and resources go, on the face of the earth, is openly defied and insulted by a horde of naked savages.

Are not these examples pregnant with instruction and prophetic of warning to Great Britain, considering how much more exposed to danger she is than either our Indian empire or African possessions. It is not the Sikhs, with a population of six millions—it is not the Caffres, with twenty or thirty thousand fighting men, that here threaten us: an enemy, a gigantic enemy, a foe of four centuries' standing, is at our gates. There is close to our shores a nation of thirty-five millions of people, the leading portion of whom, it cannot be denied, are animated with a feeling of jealousy of England, as an old rival and formidable power, however kind and hospitable they may be to us as individuals. The two countries have in every part of the world interests, commercial and political, which are constantly clashing, and the conflict of which may at any time of a sudden give rise to dis-

cussions of the most serious and embarrassing nature. Of the reality of this danger it is impossible to entertain a doubt, when it is recollected that three times during the last twenty years—viz., once on the Eastern question and the affair of Acre; once on the Otaheite question and Queen Pomare; and once on the Hungarian refugees and Don Pacifico's claims—we were on the very verge of a serious war with France, and on the last occasion with France and Russia united. On the second occasion, Lord Palmerston has told us in the House of Commons, not only that we were on the verge of a war with France, but Louis Philippe's generals had offered, in *six days*, to put him in possession of London, and a squadron and the troops were ready at Cherbourg for that purpose. There can be no security for an independent and powerful nation holding out such prizes to the victor, but in such means of defence at home as enables it to set an enemy at defiance.

The military stores of all kinds in France are immense, and not only all placed in citadels of approved strength and wholly beyond the reach of a *coup-de-main*, but they are so connected by a net-work of railways, constructed for the most part by the friendly aid of English capital, as to be capable of immediate transport to each other, or to the sea-coast for embarkation. In this respect England presents a painful contrast to its more far-seeing and sagacious rival. By far the greater part of our military stores are placed at Woolwich, a position admirably adapted for embarkation, and tolerably defended by the batteries of Sheerness and Tilbury on the sea side, but entirely open on the land, and liable to instant capture by a corps of 20,000 men, which might suddenly effect a landing on the coast of Kent, and assail it in rear. The remainder, or reserve stores, are for the most part at Weedon, a position farther in the interior, and on that account less liable to attack, and admirably chosen for railway communication with all parts of the country; but, like Woolwich, it is wholly undefended by fortifications, and would at once fall into the hands of any enemy who for a week together obtained the command

of the field in the neighbourhood of London. This glaring piece of imprudence and frightful defect in our national defences has been frequently pointed out by our historians; and all our leaders, both civil, military, and naval, are well aware of *and deeply lament it*. But such is the apathy of the public mind, and the weakness of every Government since the masses were let into the direction by the Reform Bill, that no administration has yet had the courage to propose the fortification of these vital national depots, nor, in truth, have they had the means, if they had hazarded the measure of carrying it through the House of Commons. So vast is its importance, however, so pressing the necessity of instantly adopting some efficient measure on the subject, that it is no exaggeration to say that the *national existence is dependent on its success*; and that if Lord Derby's administration fails in bringing forward and obtaining the support of the Commons to some measure calculated to give us security, in this respect, our days are numbered, and the handwriting on the wall has already pronounced our doom.

If a war was to break out between France and England, as it has so often been on the very verge of doing of late years, it is by no means improbable that the former country, although upon the whole inferior as a naval power, and greatly inferior *in the long run* in nautical resources and experience, might, in consequence of her superior means of naval preparation, for a short time obtain the command in the Channel. Napoleon, it is well known, had matured a deep laid plan for this purpose, which failed, not in consequence of our having any naval force at home to dispute it, but solely because Admiral Calder accidentally fell in with and rudely handled the combined fleet on its return from the West Indies, and Villeneuve, after he had joined the Ferrol squadron, instead of steering with his thirty-three ships of the line for Brest, where Ganteaume awaited him with twenty-one, *steered to Cadiz*, in August 1805, where he was ere long blockaded, and at length totally defeated by Nelson at Trafalgar. This extraordinary accident, or infa-

tuation, alone prevented the appearance of fifty-four ships of the line in the Channel, and the landing within a week of Napoleon, at the head of 130,000 men, on the shores of Sussex. We had then 120,000 regular troops, 180,000 admirable militia, with 200 guns ready for the field in the British islands, besides 300,000 volunteers. With such means of defence the final issue of the contest at that time could not be considered as doubtful, with whatever damage, loss, and anxiety, it would unquestionably have been attended in the mean time. But what could be expected if the French, by the adoption of a similar plan for decoying our fleets away, or from having their naval forces better in hand and more ready, effected a landing with a similar force, or even one of half its amount, at this time, and we, without denuding our naval depôts, could not muster 10,000 men to oppose them, and preserve London from capture, and Woolwich, with the stores of an empire, from devastation?

Everything in such an emergency would depend, not upon the amount of force *ultimately* and in a *prolonged* contest at the disposal of either of the contending powers, but on the amount which either could *immediately* bring to bear upon the point of attack. Now, in this respect, there cannot be a doubt that the French, though inferior upon the whole in naval resources, would at first be greatly and to a most alarming degree our superiors. It is the *maritime conscription* which secures to them this great advantage; and till we have some corresponding maritime reserve force, of somewhat equal amount, to fall back upon in the event of a war suddenly breaking out with France, we never can be considered as in any degree secure from invasion. Louis Napoleon has 54,000 men on the coast of France enrolled in maritime corps, trained to gunnery and naval war, inured to the sea, and capable of being assembled in twenty-four hours, by orders sent down from Paris, at their different rallying points, from Bayonne to Dunkirk. What force have we, *ready and at hand*, to meet the ten or twelve sail of the line, twice as many war-steamers, and seventy ordinary steamers which

would be pressed into the service to transport troops from France into this country? Four or five guard-ships half-manned, and twice or thrice as many war-steamers, that could be immediately fitted out! How could they *instantly* withstand forces three times as great, which France at the moment could array against us? And if they got the command of the Channel by this sudden start for *one week*, what would avail us our fifty sail of the line lying unmanned in ordinary, our noble Mediterranean squadron, our 280,000 sable warriors in Hindostan, our magnificent colonial settlements which encircle the globe? 150,000 admirably disciplined troops would be landed on our shores, London taken, Woolwich captured, our credit ruined, the Queen and Government flying into Scotland, and the nation in unutterable consternation—in sackcloth and ashes lamenting its former supineness, and, it would almost seem, judicial blindness. But it would all be in vain: the thing has been done, and cannot be undone; our empire has been taken from us, and given to another people.

If 30,000 or 40,000 French only, with seventy guns, were to be landed to-morrow on the coast of Sussex, it may be asserted, without the fear of contradiction, by any man capable of judging on the subject, that they might within a few days reach London, with or without a battle, and become masters of the seat of government, our treasures and arsenals. Our generals, how determined and able soever, our soldiers, however resolute and patriotic, would be constrained to abandon the capital, as Kutusoff did Moscow, to preserve the nucleus of an army wherewith to contend, by the aid of the country, with the enemy in the interior. The Duke of Wellington and Lord Hardinge—the victors of Waterloo and Ferozeshah—the men whom nothing can daunt, would be forced to do this to save the empire from subjugation. The victors of Cressy and Azincour, those of Talavera and Vitoria if still alive, would be constrained, weeping and gnashing their teeth, to obey the terrible orders. Inferiority of force, produced by former blindness and the sway of pacific ideas, would compel the grievous

alternative. And let any man, and most of all the members of the Peace Congress, figure to themselves the state of the country, with London taken, the Thames blockaded, Portsmouth besieged, Woolwich plundered, the Bank pillaged, the Queen and Government taken to flight, and a war contribution of £20,000,000 laid and levied by the threat of military execution on the metropolis!

What then is to be done in this emergency, exposed to this frightful danger, and with these slender and wholly inadequate means to ward it off? France has troops enough on her seaboard, or within twelve hours' transport of it, to embark 100,000 men. She has steam vessels in plenty to bring them over: one single night would suffice for the passage—a day for disembarkation. At Boulogne, in 1805, Marshal Ney repeatedly embarked his corps of 25,000 men, with all their horses and artillery, *in ten minutes and a-half*.* Our navy, on its present reduced Peace Establishment, cannot be relied on to prevent the enemy eluding their vigilance, or to resist them, in the first instance at least, (and there is no *second* instance here,) with success if their approach is desisted. The risk of the most dreadful loss and suffering, in such an event, is certain: ultimate ruin to the empire, in the most favourable view for us, by no means improbable. What then is to be done to avert a calamity so dreadful, and menacing, not only incalculable loss, if not total destruction, to the British empire, but irreparable injury to the interests of humanity in every part of the globe?

No man of sense, or even in his senses, can make but one reply: A large addition to our armed force, capable of being brought immediately into action, both by sea and land, is the one thing needful. Without this all our resources, how great soever, are useless, or worse than useless, for they only invite seizure without giving us the means of averting it. Doubtless, if Parliament could be prevailed on to vote the necessary supplies, and we could get money enough to raise

fifteen sail of the line and thirty war-steamers, perfectly manned, sailing in the Channel, and an army of 60,000 regular troops, and 140,000 regular militia, ready in the south of England to march to any point which might be seriously menaced, this would be by far the most effectual way of providing for our safety. And if Mr Cobden and the Peace Congress can persuade their friends in Parliament to adopt these *really efficient means to prevent the flames of war breaking out*, we have no doubt the Duke of Northumberland, the Duke of Wellington, and Lord Hardinge, will be too happy to adopt their plans, and abandon their own designs now and for ever. But if this is impossible, and if it is notorious that a majority in Parliament cannot be prevailed on by any consideration, however urgent, or any danger, however pressing, to vote an addition of more than £400,000, or £500,000 for additions to our national defences—and since, despite all our boasted riches derived from Free Trade, we are constantly told that more cannot be afforded by 28,000,000 of British subjects, though during the war 18,000,000 provided funds for the army and navy to three times the amount now annually voted—the only question that remains is, What is next best? We do not hesitate to say, in answer to this all-important question, that the next best is the Militia Bill which Government, on the advice of the Duke of Wellington and Lord Hardinge, have brought forward; and that, unless the constituencies return such a Parliament as will enable them to carry that measure into full operation, our days as a people are numbered, and our empire is given over to the Medes and Persians.

Much is said by persons unacquainted with military matters, (but very little by such as are,) of the nation rising up *en masse* to crush an invader, if he should audaciously appear amongst us; and of the needlessness, in consequence, of making any preparations, or being at any expence in the mean time. We will answer this idea of the nation rising *en masse*

* *Mémoires du Maréchal Ney*, ii. 274.

and crushing the invader if unprepared. *They would rise up and most of them run away.* They would do so, though possessing each individually the courage of Wellington or Hardinge, simply from being unacquainted with fighting, and destitute of the confidence which conscious skill and training in that art can alone confer. A few of the bravest would stand and be shot or cut down—the immense majority would seek to save themselves by flight. The first round of cannister, the first biting fire of *Tirailleurs*, the first thundering charge of horse, would send them, with the exception of a few gallant men, to the right about. It is no imputation on the courage of our countrymen to say they would, *while unskilled*, do this: all mankind in similar circumstances would do the same. The Romans of the Tenth Legion, the Old Guard of Napoleon, when undisciplined, would have acted in exactly the same manner. Self-confidence is the foundation of resolution in every crisis, civil or military, and it can only be acquired by conscious skill and prowess. Look how a mob of men, *especially Englishmen*, individually brave, stand the onset of a handful of disciplined soldiers.

Sharpshooters or riflemen trained to the use of the Minié rifle, and practised in firing at the target, would be much more efficient than any *levée en masse*, and, as *auxiliaries* of regular troops, might be of considerable service; but it requires no serious argument to show that it is as *auxiliaries* only they could be trusted to; they never could be trusted to stand the shock of regular troops in the field. In truth, although, if accumulated in sufficient numbers, they would, in a protracted campaign, prove a great impediment to the movements of an invading army, and might inflict a considerable loss upon him in desultory skirmishes; yet to withstand a *sudden forced march from the coast to London*, which is the thing to be dreaded, they would be of little real service. Suppose ten or fifteen thousand of them could be assembled by beat of drum in the metropolis and counties immediately adjoining, to aid in repelling the invader, they would be immediately encountered by an equal number of the French

Tirailleurs or *Chasseurs de Vincennes*, as individually brave, armed with as good rifles, at least as good marksmen, and far more experienced in their military duties. Supposing that our rifle clubs neutralised, by their fire, that of an equal number of French light troops—and that is surely the most favourable view to take of the case—what would remain to stop the advance of the main army of 80,000 men and 120 guns, which would advance under cover of the cloud of sharpshooters who preceded its columns? Nothing could do so but regular troops, nearly as numerous and as well disciplined as themselves.

There is no doubt that the militia whom the bill of Lord Derby proposes to embody would be very different from regular soldiers, and could by no means be relied on to move under fire, or in presence of the enemy in the field. But the great advantage with which their organisation would be attended, would be that they might, like the Prussian Landwehr, be intrusted *with the garrison duty* with the aid of a few regulars, and thus liberate the troops of the line now absorbed in that service. Three good artillerymen, with five militia moderately instructed in their duties, could work each gun. Twenty-five thousand men would be liberated from the fortresses by the marching an equal number of militia into them. FOR THE COST OF FIVE THOUSAND REGULAR SOLDIERS WE WOULD ADD THIRTY THOUSAND TO OUR EFFECTIVE FORCE. This is an immense, in fact an incalculable, advantage. It would raise the force available to cover London at once from ten thousand to forty thousand men;—a small force indeed to be turned out by so great an empire to defend its existence, its glory, its wealth, its possessions, but still as much as in the present supine and infatuated state of the public mind it is possible to get Parliament to agree to. Certain it is, that in no other way than this bill proposes would it be possible, at so little a cost, to produce so great an addition to our effective force.

There is no soldier will doubt that he would rather, *in the field*, have fifty thousand men who had been

drilled for ninety days, than eighty thousand who had been drilled for fifty; but that does not solve the question. The point is *not* which is most serviceable in the field and for the duties of a campaign, but, which is most likely to render the *whole regular force in the country available against the enemy*. The larger number is indispensable for this. Eighty thousand men would be little enough to garrison the fortresses, keep quiet the manufacturing towns, guard the railway posts, keep up the communications, and restrain rebellion in Ireland. If, by discharging those various most important duties, they could enable nearly the whole of our regular force to be advanced to the front to meet the enemy, the country might be saved, even if sixty or seventy thousand invaders were landed on our shores. But as, at least, the whole of the eighty thousand would be required in such an event, for the duties of the fortresses or interior, any lesser force, though better disciplined, would compel the deduction of a large part of the regular army, and therefore more than neutralise all the service it could render. Every military man, every man even moderately acquainted with military affairs, knows that if forty thousand regular troops are to be assembled to meet the enemy in the field, in defence of a country, at least double that number must be stationed in garrisons or left behind to guard depôts, protect convoys, and keep up communications. Napoleon invaded Russia with five hundred thousand men, but he never had more than a hundred and thirty thousand men in any one field; and out of two hundred and forty thousand effective men who composed the military force of Louis XIV., he never was able to draw together above eighty thousand in the field to make head against the armies of Eugene and Marlborough, who, on their side, were equally weakened by the necessary garrisoning of fortresses and detachments to their rear.

We cannot conclude without quoting the following admirable and just observations from a most able and experienced military officer, whose father taught British seamen the breaking of the line in Rodney's

battle in 1784, and who himself has done so much to instruct his country and all Europe in gunnery.

"What has been said above," says Sir Howard Douglas, "relates only to the protection afforded by the naval forces of Great Britain; to which alone, and irrespective of the internal defence and security of the empire, the present work has been confined. The author is, however, fully aware that it would be unsafe to rely solely on either the naval or the military resources of the country for the preservation of her independence, in the event of her being threatened with foreign invasion, and that it can only be by means of both that we can, in all times and under all circumstances, maintain our position as a first-rate European power.

"It would be out of place, in a work relating essentially to gunnery, to enter at large on the consideration of the insufficiency of the military force of the nation, and the want of fortified positions, by which the progress of an invading army might be arrested, or even retarded. This may be a matter for future discussion. But the author is induced to touch incidentally upon this important subject by the perusal of a remarkable pamphlet which has just appeared, entitled '*De la Défense Nationale en Angleterre*,' by Baron Maurice (Paris, 1851;) in which that writer (an officer of Engineers in the service of the Swiss Confederation,) after making an enumeration of the naval and military strength of Great Britain, and comparing the artillery of this country with that of France (pp. 58-60,) estimates briefly the chances of success for France in an invasion of England, (p. 68, &c.) and gives a project for putting the invasion in execution;—disclaiming at the same time any intention of predicting a fatal issue for this country, for which he professes the highest esteem.

"Describing the fundamental principles on which the defence of a country depends, M. Maurice states, (page 115, &c.,) that if the country attacked be like France or England, one whose existence depends on the security of its capital, it is important that this metropolis should be protected at least from a *coup-de-main* after the loss of a battle; and he repeats the following observations by Napoleon in vol. ix. of his '*Memoirs* :—'If, in 1805, Vienna had been fortified, the battle of Ulm would not have decided the issue of the war; the corps commanded by Kutusoff would, at Vienna, have waited for the other corps of the Russian army, which were then at Olmutz, and for the army of Prince Charles, which was advancing out of Italy.

If Berlin had been fortified in 1806, the army, which was defeated at Jena, would have rallied there, and the Russian army would have joined it. If, in 1808, Madrid had been a fortified place, the French army, after the victories of Espinosa, Tudela, Burgos, and Somosierra, would not have marched upon that capital, leaving in its rear Salamanca and Valladolid, the English army of Sir John Moore, and the Spanish army of Romana : and these Anglo-Spanish armies might, under the fortifications of Madrid, have united themselves to the armies of Aragon and Valencia ;—and the author might have added what had been the fate of Lisbon as well as Madrid, and what, consequently, the issue of that righteous and retributive war in the Peninsula, which Great Britain undertook for the independence of the nations in that part of the world, had not the Great Duke ordered the construction of the lines of Torres Vedras. ‘ Lastly, if Paris, in 1814 and 1815, had been fortified, so as to have been capable of holding out but one week, what an influence would it not have had on the destiny of Europe !’ And what is now the state of the French metropolis in that respect ?

“In conclusion, M. Maurice tells the world that England has reason to place confidence in her good fortune, and in the maritime supremacy which a long struggle has given her ; but that it would be wise in her to consider that she is not invulnerable. Steam-navigation, railroads, and the electrical telegraph, he continues, have powerfully increased her defensive resources ; but at the same time they increase the means of attacking her, and prepare the way that leads to her shores. England, trusting to the prospect of a long peace, has enormously extended her commercial enterprises ; but thirty-five years of peace have passed, and if a war should suddenly break out, is she prepared to meet it ? Such, he adds, is the thought which has presented itself to the minds of some of the most eminent men of Great Britain.”—(P. 138.)

It is often asked in Parliament, how it happens that, with the large sums annually voted in Parliament for the army, we have so few efficient men to produce ; and how does it happen that, while a French soldier costs £38 per annum, an English one costs, taking everything into view, £82 ? We answer in one word, because we are *twice as rich as they, and therefore money will only go half as far*. Long ages of peace and pro-

spérité—the last interrupted only within these few years—have inured the English to so much comfort, *and such good living*, that no one could be got to enter the army who was put on the Continental pay and fare. A Cossack gets 8s. 6d. a-year of pay, out of which he is obliged to furnish himself with white-starched neck-cloths. A French soldier's pay is under 5d. a-day, and, after deducting what is stopped off for rations, &c., he has somewhat about ½d. a-day to enjoy himself ! What a temptation to such brave disciplined starving men, London with its £20,000,000 in the bank in solid gold ! When Free Trade has made us as poor as the French, and money, in consequence, goes as far, we shall be able to raise our armies as cheaply, because our people will be reduced like them to the lowest point consistent with existence ; but we cannot hope for a similar reduction till it has worked that melancholy change upon our people.

Let it not be supposed that there is any danger, in stating the facts we have now brought forward in regard to our unprepared state, of making the French acquainted with them. They know them perfectly already, as well as any of our officers at the Horse Guards or Ordnance Office. There is not a gun mounted, nor a battery traced out, nor a ditch cleared, nor a glacis levelled at Portsmouth, Plymouth, or Sheerness, that information is not immediately forwarded to Paris by French officers or agents on the spot. The only people who are ignorant of, or rather, though aware, insensible to them, are Mr Cobden and the Manchester school of politicians. They are so infatuated with the belief of universal peace that nothing will open their eyes till London is taken, or Plymouth in flames. Our real danger is not in Paris, but in Manchester ; it is not the strength of our neighbours, but our delusive idea of security, which is our real danger. The nation has within itself *ample means* of averting all danger, if it would only make use of them ; if it is ruined, it will not be from its want of strength, but from its want of foresight.

To conclude, let the people of England reflect, and reflect deeply, on

this consideration. If Lord Derby's Administration is driven from the helm by the results of the next election, this country may see what awaits them. A more vital interest than that of Free Trade, a more terrible fate than the re-establishment of Romanism, is involved in the issue of the contest. It will not be the Whigs and Lord John Russell who will in that event be called to the helm. The family clique of the Russells and the Mintos is worn out. Their journals tell us what must be done. The new administration must be framed on an *extended basis*, and we know where the extension is to be sought. The Chesham Place meeting has prefigured it in the clearest colours. It is Mr Cobden, Mr Bright, and the Manchester school, who are to be taken into the Cabinet, and we know what their principles are—they have told us themselves repeatedly. They are to sell our ships of the line, disband our troops, cut off twelve millions of taxes, and trust in Europe to the tender mercies of the French, as we

have done in Asia to the tender mercies of the Sikhs, in Africa to the tender mercies of the Caffres. Undeterred by the calamitous result of the principles of the Peace Congress in these two quarters of the globe, and which the resolution of our chiefs and heroism of our soldiers alone prevented from involving our Colonial Empire in ruin, they are prepared to pursue the same system in Europe in presence of Louis Napoleon, the recollection of Waterloo, and five hundred thousand men. Like all fanatics, whether in religion or politics, they are inaccessible to reason, and deaf to all arguments drawn from facts, how clear and convincing soever. Be it so. We have done our duty in unfolding the stake at issue in the next election, and the *irreparable ruin* which will threaten, and probably overtake the nation, if, from a passion for Free Trade, it loses all the wealth which that system is said to have created. Let it take its decision; but it cannot say it has done so unwarned or uninstructed as to the dangers which threaten it.

KATIE STEWART.

A TRUE STORY.

CHAPTER I.

"EH Lady Anne! The like of you jammering morning and night about wee Katie at the mill. What's John Stewart? Naething but a common man, and you the Earl's dochter. I wonder ye dinna think shame."

"Whisht, Nelly," said the little Lady Anne.

"I'll no whisht. Didna Bauby Rodger speak for me to Lady Betty hersel to make me bairn's-maid; and am I to give you your ain gate now that I've gotten the place? I'll do no such thing; and ye shanna demean yoursel as lang as I can help it. I've been in as grand houses as Kellie Castle. I've had wee ladies and wee gentlemen to keep before now; and there's plenty o' them, no that far off, to haud ye in company: what would ye do wi' Katie Stewart?"

"I dinna like them; and eh, Nelly, she's bonnie!" answered little Anne Erskine.

"She's bonnie! Lady Anne, ye're enough to gar onybody think shame. What's ony lady's business wi' folk being bonnie?—no to say that it's a' in your ain een, and she's just like ither folk."

"Maybe, Nelly. She has rosy cheeks, and bonnie blue een, like you; but I like to look at her," said Lady Anne.

The despotic Nelly was mollified. "It's a' wi' guid wholesome diet, and rising in the morning. Ye ken yoursel how I have to fleech ye wi' cream before ye'll take your parritch; and cream's no guid for the like of you. If ye were brought up like common folk's bairns, ye would have as rosy cheeks as Katie Stewart."

The little Lady Anne bent down by the burnside, to look at her own pale face in the clear narrow stream. "I'll never be like Katie," said Anne Erskine with a sigh; "and Janet's no like Isabell Stewart: we're no so bonnie as them. Bring Katie up to the castle, Nelly; there's John Stewart

at the mill door—ask him to let Katie up."

"But what will Lady Betty say?" asked the nurse.

"Betty said I might get her if I liked. She'll no be angry. See, Nelly, John Stewart's standing at the door."

With reluctance the nurse obeyed; and, leaving Lady Anne on the burnside, advanced to John Stewart.

The mill lay at the opening of a little uncultivated primitive-looking valley, through which the burn wound in many a silvery link, between banks of bare grass, browned here and there with the full sunshine, which fell over it all the summer through, unshaded by a single tree. There was little of the beautiful in this view of Kellie Mill. A grey thatched house, placed on a little eminence, down the side of which descended the garden—a very unpretending garden, in which a few bushes of southernwood, and one or two great old rose-trees, were the only ornamental features—was the miller's dwelling; and just beyond was the mill itself, interposing its droning musical wheel and little rush of water between the two buildings: while farther on, the bare grassy slopes, among which the burn lost itself, shut out the prospect—very rural, very still, giving you an idea of something remote and isolated—"the world forgetting, by the world forgot"—but with scarcely any beauty except what was in the clear skies over it, and the clear running water which mirrored the skies.

And on the burnside sits the little Lady Anne Erskine, the Earl of Kellie's youngest daughter. She says well that she will never be pretty; but you like the quiet little face, though its features are small and insignificant, and its expression does not at all strike you, further than to kindness for the gentle owner, as she sits under the hot September sun, with her feet almost touching the water, pulling handfuls of grass, and

looking wistfully towards the mill. A dress of some fine woollen stuff, shapeless and ungraceful, distinguishes her rank only very slightly; for the time is 1735, when fashions travel slowly, and the household of Kellie practises economy. Like the scene is the little lady; without much of even the natural beauty of childhood, but with a clear, soft, unclouded face, contented and gentle, thinking of everything but herself.

Turn round the paling of the garden to the other side of this grey house, and the scene is changed. For the background you have a thick clump of wood, already brilliant in its autumn tints. Immediately striking your eye is a gorgeous horse-chestnut, embosomed among greener foliage—a bit of colour for an artist to study. The trees grow on an abrupt green mound, one of the slopes of the little glen—the only one so becomingly sheltered; and from its steep elevation a little silvery stream of water falls down, with a continual tinkling, to the small pebbly bed below. Between this minstrel and the house spreads a “green” of soft thick grass, with poppies gleaming in the long fringes of its margin, and blue-eyed forget-me-nots looking up from the sod. One step up from the green, on the steep ascent, which has been cut into primitive steps, brings you on a level with the milldam, and its bordering willows; and beyond shows you a wider horizon, bounded by the green swelling summit of Kellie Law, the presiding hill of the district, from which a range of low hills extends westward, until they conclude in the steep wooded front of Balcarras Craig, striking a bold perpendicular line across the sky. Rich fields and scattered farm-houses lie between you and the hills, and some of the fields are populous with merry companies of “shearers,” whose voices, softened by the distance, touch the ear pleasantly now and then. These lands were well cultivated and productive even at that time; and on this side of Kellie Mill, you could believe you were within the fertile bounds of the kingdom of Fife.

And the little figures on the green contrast strikingly with the young watcher without. Foremost, seated

in the deep soft grass, which presses round her on every side, with its long, bending, elastic blades, sits a child of some eight years, with the soft cherub face which one sometimes sees in rural places, delicately tinted, beautifully formed. Round the little clear forehead clusters hair paler than gold, not in curls, but in soft circlets, like rings. Just a little darker as yet are the long eyelashes and finely marked brows; and the eyes are sunny blue, running over with light, so that they dazzle you. It is considerably browned, the little face, with the sun of this whole summer, and, with perhaps just a shade too much of rosy colour, has a slightly petulant, wilful expression; but when you look at Katie Stewart, you can understand the admiration of Lady Anne.

Only a little taller is that staid sister Isabell, who sits knitting a great blue woollen stocking by Katie's side. Isabell is twelve, and her hair has grown a little darker, and she herself looks womanly, as she sits and knits with painful industry, counting the loops as she turns the heel, and pausing now and then to calculate how much she has to do before she may escape from her task. The stocking is for her father: he has an immense heel, Isabell thinks secretly, as she almost wishes that some such process as that severe one adopted by the sisters of Cinderella, could be put in operation with honest John Stewart. But yonder he stands, good man, his ruddy face whitened over, and his fourteen stone of comfortable substance fully needing all the foundation it has to stand upon: so Isabell returns to her knitting with such energy that the sound of her “wirea” is audible at the mill-door, and John Stewart, turning round, looks proudly at his bairns.

Janet stands on the threshold of the house, peeping out; and Janet by no means looks so well as her sisters. She has a heavier, darker face, a thick, ungainly figure, and looks anything but good-humoured. They are all dressed in a very primitive style, in home-made linen, with broad blue and white stripes; and their frocks are made in much the same form as the modern pinafore. But simple as its material is, Janet has the skirt of

her dress folded up, and secured round her waist—"kilted," as she calls it—exhibiting a considerable stretch of blue woollen petticoat below; for Janet has been employed in the house, by reason of her superior strength, assisting her mother and the stout maid-servant within.

Over Katie's red lip come little gushes of song, as she bends over the daisies in her lap, and threads them. The child does not know that she is singing; but the happy little voice runs on unconsciously, with quick breaks and interruptions like breath.

"Katie, I dinna ken what ye think ye're gaun to be," said the womanly elder sister. "Ye never do a turn; and it's no as if ye got onything hard. Woman, if I had the like of thae bonnie thread stockings to work instead of *this*, I would never stop till they were done!"

"But I'm no you, Bell," said Katie, running on without a pause into her song.

"Threading gowans!—they're of nae use in this world," continued the mentor. "What is't for?"

"Just they're bonnie," said little Katie.

"They're bonnie!" Isabell received the excuse with as much contempt as Lady Anne's attendant had just done.

"Eh Bell, woman!—eh Katie!" exclaimed Janet, descending from the garden paling with a great leap, "there's wee Lady Anne sitting on the burnside, and there's Nelly speaking to my faither. She's wanting something; for, look at him, how he's pointing here. Eh Bell, what will't be?"

"Weel, Nelly, gang in-by, and ask the wife," said the miller; "it's no in my hands. I never meddle wi' the bairns."

"The bairns! she's wanting some of us," cried Janet.

Isabell's stocking dropped on her knee, and they watched Nelly into the house; but little Katie threaded her gowans, and sang her song, and was happily unconscious of it all.

By and by, Mrs Stewart herself appeared at the door. She was a little fair-haired woman, rather stout now-a-days, but a beauty once; and with the pretty short-gown, held in

round her still neat waist by a clean linen apron, and her animated face, looked yet exceedingly well, and vindicated completely her claim to be the fountain-head and original of the beauty of her children.

Isabell lifted her stocking, as her mother, followed by Nelly, came briskly towards the green, and began to knit with nervous fingers, making clumsy noises with her wires. Janet stared at the approaching figures stupidly with fixed eyes; while little Katie, pausing at last, suspended her chain of gowans over her round sun-burnt arm, and lifted her sunny eyes with a little wonderment, but no very great concern.

"I'm sure it's no because she's of ony use at hame, that I should scruple to let her away," said Mrs Stewart, "for she's an idle monkey, never doing a hand's turn from morning till night; but ye see she never hauds hersel in right order, and she would just be a fash at the Castle."

At the Castle! Intense grows the gaze of Janet, and there is a glow on the face of the staid Isabell; but little Katie again unconsciously sings, and looks up with her sunny, wondering, unconcerned eyes into her mother's face.

"Nae fear; if she's no content, Lady Betty will send her hame," said the nurse; "but ye see Lady Anne, she's never done crying for little Katie Stewart."

There is a slight momentary contraction of Isabell's forehead, and then the flush passes from her face, and the wires cease to strike each other spasmodically, and she, too, looks up at her mother, interested, but no longer anxious. She is not jealous of the little bright sister—only Isabell yearns and longs for the universal love which Katie does by no means appreciate yet, and cannot well understand how it is that Katie is always the dearest—always the dearest! It is the grandest distinction in the world, the other little mind muses unconsciously, and Isabell submits to be second with a sigh.

"Such a like sicht she is, trailing about the burnside a' the hours of the day," exclaimed the mother, surveying Katie's soiled frock with dismay.

"Hout! Mrs Stewart," said the patronising nurse, "what needs ye fash about it. Naeboddy expects to see your little ane put on like the bairns that come about the Castle."

Mrs Stewart drew herself up. "Thank ye for your guid opinion, Nelly; but I'll hae naeboddy make allowances for *my* bairn. Gang in to the house this moment, Katie, and get on a clean frock. It's Lady Anne that's wanting ye, and no a common body; and ye've forbears and kin of your ain as guid as most folk. Gang in this minute, and get yoursel sorted. Ye're to gang to the Castle with Lady Anne."

Reluctantly Katie rose. "I'm no wanting to gang to the Castle! I'm no heeding about Lady Anne!"

"Eh Katie!" exclaimed Isabell under her breath, looking up to her wistfully; but the little capricious favourite could already afford to think

lightly of the love which waited on her at every turn.

Mrs Stewart had a temper—a rather decided and unequivocal one, as the miller well knew. "Ye'll do what you're bidden, and that this moment," she said, with a slight stamp of her foot. "Gang in, and Merran will sort ye; and see ye disobey me if ye daur!"

Isabell rose and led the little pouting Katie away, with a secret sigh. No one sought or cared for her, as they did for this little petulant spoiled child; and Isabell, too, was pretty, and kind, and gentle, and had a sort of sad involuntary consciousness of those advantages which still failed to place her on the same platform with the favourite. Dull Janet, who was not pretty, envied little Katie; but Isabell did not envy her. She only sighed, with a blank feeling, that no one loved her, as every one loved her sister.

CHAPTER II.

"But Lady Betty never wears them, and what's the use o' a' thae bonnie things," asked little Katie, after the first burst of admiration was over, and she stood at leisure contemplating the jewels of the Ladies Erskine—not a very brilliant display, for the house of Kellie was anything but rich.

"If we had had a king and queen o' our ain, and no thae paughty Germans—or even if it were na for that weary Union, taking away our name from us—us that never were conquered yet, and wadna be if the hail world joined to do it—Lady Betty wad wear the braw family diamonds in the queen's presence-chamber," said Bauby Rodger, Lady Betty's maid; "but wha's gaun to travel a lang sea-voyage for the sake of a fremd queen and a fremd court? And ye wadna hae ladies gaun glittering about the house wi' a' thae shining things on ilkadays, and naeboddy to see them. Na, na. Ye're but a wee bairn, Katie Stewart; ye dinna ken."

"But I think they're awfu' grand, Bauby, and I like that muckle ane the best. Do ye think the queen has as grand things as thae?"

"Weel, I'll no say for this new queen," said the candid Bauby. "She's only come of a wee German family, wi' lands no sae muckle, and naeboddy would daur to say half as rich and fruitful, as thir Kellie lands in Fife; but for our ain auld queens—didna they gang covered owre frae head to fit with pearls and rubies, and embroideries of gold, and diamonds in their croon as big as my twa nieves."

And Bauby placed these same clenched "nieves," articles of the most formidable size, close together, and held them up to the admiring gaze of little Katie; for Bauby was an enthusiast, and would utterly have scorned the Koh-i-noor.

"Bauby," inquired the little visitor, "am I to stay at the Castle?"

"Ye're up the brae, my woman," was the indirect response. "Nae doubt your faither's a very decent man, and ye're no an ill bairn yoursel, and come of creditable folk; but there's mony a wee Miss atween this and the sea would be blythe to come to Kellie, to be bred up with Lady Anne: and it's to be naeboddy but you, Katie Stewart. My certy, ye're a favoured bairn."

It seemed that Katie was slightly inclined to dispute this proposition, for she twisted up the hem of her little blue linen apron, and held down her head and pouted—but she made no articulate reply.

"Where's little Katie?" cried Lady Anne, entering the room with a haste and eagerness which gave some colour to her small pale face. "Katie, your mother's ben in the drawing-room, and she says you're to stay."

But Katie still pouted, and still made a roll of the hem of her apron.

"You're no ill-pleased to stay with me, Katie?" whispered Lady Anne, stealing her arm round her little playmate's neck.

"But I'll never see my mother," said Katie, gradually bursting into a little petulant fit of tears—"nor Bell, nor the burn. I dinna want to stay at the Castle. I want to gang hame."

"O, Katie, will ye no stay with me?" cried poor little Lady Anne, tightening her grasp, and joining in the tears.

But Katie, stontly rebellious, struggled out of the grasp of her affectionate friend, and again demanded to go home.

"Hame, indeed! My certy, ye wad get plenty of hame if I had the guiding of ye," said Bauby Rodger. "Gang hame!—just let her, Lady Anne—to work stockings, and learn the Single Carritch, and sleep three in a bed. She was to have gotten the wee closet wi' the grand wee bed, and red curtains, and to have learned to dance and play the spinnet, and behave hersel, and see the first folk in the land. But let her gang hame. I wadna stop her. She'll never be a lady; she'll learn to milk the cow, and gather the tatties, and marry a weaver out of Arncroch!"

Katie had been gradually drying her tears. "I'll no marry a weaver," exclaimed the child indignantly, with an angry flush on her face. "I'll no milk cows and work stockings. I *will* be a lady; and I dinna like ye, Bauby Rodger!"

"Weel, my woman, I'm no heeding," said Bauby with a laugh; "but though ye dinna like me, ye canna hinder me doing what my lady bids.

There's nae use fechtin' noo; for your face maun be washed, and ye maun gang in to Lady Betty's drawing-room and see your mother."

It was by no means an easy achievement, this washing of Katie's face; and the mild Lady Anne looked on in awe and wonder as her wilful playfellow struggled in those great hands of Bauby's, to which she was wont to resign herself as into the hands of a giant—for Bauby was nearly six feet high, and proportionably thick and strong, with immense red hands, and an arm nearly as thick as Katie's waist. At last, with this great arm passed round Katie's neck, securing the pretty head with unceremonious tightness, the good-humoured Glumdalca overpowered her struggling charge, and the feat was accomplished.

Glowing from the fresh clear water, and with those soft rings of hair a little disordered on her white temples, this little face of Katie's contrasted very strangely with Lady Anne's, as they went together through the great stately gallery to Lady Betty's drawing-room. Lady Anne had the advantage of height, and promised to be tall; while Katie's little figure, plump and round as it already was, gave no indication of ever even reaching the middle stature;—but the small dark head of the Earl's daughter, with its thoughtful serious expression, looked only like the shadow beside the sunshine, in presence of the infant beauty whose hand she held. Neither of them were tastefully dressed—the science was unknown then, so far as regarded children; but the quaint little old-woman garments pleased no less than amused you, when you saw the bright child's face of Katie, while they only added to the gravity and paleness of the quiet Lady Anne.

This long, gaunt, dreary gallery—how the little footsteps echo through it! There is a door standing ajar. Who has dared to open the door of the great drawing-room?—but as it is open, quick, little Katie, look in.

Only once before has Katie had a glimpse of this magnificent apartment. It looks very cold—sadly dreary and deathlike, especially as you know that that little black speck just appearing at the corner window

is the point of the mournful escutcheon put up there, not a very long time ago, when Lady Kellie died; and somehow the room looks, with its dismal breathless atmosphere, as if solemn assemblies took place in it every night. Look at those couches, with their corners inclined towards each other, as if even now spectral visitants bent over to whisper in each other's ears; and here, beside this great, stiff, high-backed chair, is a little low one, with embroidered covers, looking as if some fair antique lady, in rustling silk and lace, had drawn it close to a stately matron's side, and was talking low and earnestly, craving or receiving counsel. Here some one, with heavy chair drawn apart, has been looking at that portrait. Has been looking!—one feels with an involuntary thrill, that, leaning back on these velvet cushions, some presence to whom the fair Erskine, whose pictured face he contemplates upon the wall, was dear in the old times, may be looking now, though we see him not; and the fair Erskine perchance leans on his shoulder too, and smiles to see her portrait. Close the door reverently, children, and leave it to the dead.

In now through this matted passage to a room of much smaller dimensions, with windows looking over a fair green country to the far away sea; and this is a living room, cheerful to see after the awe of the great drawing-room. At the side of the great hearth, in which a bright fire is burning, Lady Betty sits in a large arm-chair. She is not much above twenty, but seems to think it necessary that she should look very grave and composed in her capacity of head of the house—feminine head of the house, for Lord Kellie still lives and rules his household. Lady Betty's dress is of dark silk, not the newest, and over it she wears a handkerchief of delicate white muslin, with a narrow embroidered border. A white muslin apron, with corresponding embroideries, covers the front of her dress, which has deep falling ruffles of lace at the elbows, and a stiff stomacher which you scarcely can see under those folds of muslin. Over her arms are drawn long black silk gloves without fingers,

and she wears a ring or two of some value. Her head is like a tower with its waves of dark hair combed up from the brow, and her stature scarcely needs that addition, for all the Erskines are tall. Little Katie is really awed now, and feels that there is something grand in sheltering under the shadow of Lady Betty's wing.

Mrs Stewart stands before Lady Betty engaged in earnest conversation with her. Not because Mrs Stewart is humble, and chooses this attitude as the most suitable, but because Mrs Stewart is earnest, and being in the habit of using the instrument of gesture a good deal, has risen to make it more forcible. One of her hands is lifted up, and she holds out the other, on which now and then she taps with her substantial fingers to emphasise her words.

"You see, my lady, we have nae occasion to be indebted to onybody for the upbringing of our bairns. My man, I am thankful to say, is a decent man, and a well-doing, and, if we're spared, we'll have something to leave to them that come after us; but I dinna dispute the advantage of being brought up at the Castle. The Castle's ae thing, the mill's anither; but I must have my conditions, or Katie Stewart must come hame."

"Well, Mrs Stewart, let me hear your conditions," said Lady Betty, graciously. "I have no doubt they are very sensible; let me hear them."

"She'mustna be learned to lightlie her ain friends—they're a creditable kindred, no to be thought shame of. She's no to think hersel better than Isabell and Janet, her ain sisters. She's to come to the mill aye when she can win, to keep her from pride she has nae right to. I'll not snuffer the natural band to be broken, my lady; though she is to be brought up with Lady Anne, she's still just little Katie Stewart of Kellie Mill. That's my most special condition."

"Very right; no one could possibly object to it," said Lady Betty.

"And she's to get to the kirk. Your ladyship's maid could leave her at Arncreoch, and we'll meet her there on the road to Carnbee kirk, Lady Betty. She's at no hand to gang down to Pittenweem to the

English chapel. I couldna suffer that."

"I will not ask you, Mrs Stewart," said Lady Betty, gently.

"And she's to get nae questions but the right question-book. It's easy bending the minds of bairns, and I canna have her turned to the English way, my lady. I couldna do with that; but, granting a' thae conditions, and as lang as she's happy and keeps in her health, and behaves hersel, I've nae objection to her staying at the Castle."

"Eh, Mrs Stewart, I'm glad!" exclaimed Lady Anne.

"But ye dinna say a word yourself, you monkey," said the mother, drawing Katie forward. "Are you no proud of being asked to stay wi' Lady Anne at the Castle?"

Katie made a long pause though the anxious questioning eyes of Anne were upon her, and her mother's imperative fingers were beginning to tighten on her shoulder; for Katie was wilful, and would neither be coaxed nor coerced. At last her mingled feelings gained utterance slowly.

"I would like to be a lady," said Katie, stoutly resisting her mother's endeavour to pull her a step forward; "but I like Bell, and I like the burnside—and you, mother."

Well for Katie that she added the last clause—it touched her mother's heart, and interrupted the anathema which she was about to launch at the unoffending burn.

"Bell will be better without ye—ye did nothing but keep her idle; and the burnside winna rin away—ye can come and see it and me, Katie. We'll miss ye at hame, for a' the little mischief ye are."

There was a slight quaver in Mrs Stewart's voice; but now Lady Betty rose, with that magnificent rustling sound which to Katie seemed so

grand and awful, to offer, with her own hand, a very little glass of wine.

In a corner near one of the windows, at an elaborately-carved escritoire, sat another young lady, so very silent that it was some time before you became aware of her presence. Materials for some of the "fancy" works of the time lay on a little table beside her, but at present Lady Janet was writing, painfully copying some measured paragraphs out of one manuscript-book into another. Lady Betty, the young head and ruler of the house, was super-careful in "doing her duty" to her sisters; so Janet, now too old for writing copies, conscientiously spent an hour every day, under Lady Betty's own superintendence, in copying medicinal recipes to improve her hand.

One end of the room was filled with a great book-case of carved oak. On the other side stood a spinnet with fragile legs and ornaments of ivory. The middle of the apartment was carpeted, but round the sides you still saw the beautifully clear waxed floor, in which the light glimmered and unwary walkers slid. Great window-seats, with heavy soft cushions covered with dark velvet, lined the three windows at the other end, and an elaborate embroidered screen stood in the corner beside Lady Janet's escritoire. The walls were wainscoted, polished and glimmering like the floor, and some family portraits darkened rather than enlivened the sombre colouring of the room. But still it was a very grand room, and little Katie Stewart trembled, even when bidden, to draw that tremendous lumbering velvet foot-stool, which looked like a family-coach, to the fireside, and to sit down on it, with her pretty head almost touching Lady Betty's knee.

CHAPTER III.

In the west room, which opens off this long dim gallery, Lady Anne Erskine sits busied with some embroidery. This apartment, too, is wainscoted, and has a slippery waxed floor, only partially carpeted,

and the window is high up in the wall, and gives a singular prison-like aspect to the room. The light slants full on the dark head of Lady Anne, as she bends it very slightly over the embroidery frame, which has been

raised so high that she may have light enough to work without much stooping. Quite in shadow lies this space under the window; but, near the middle of the room, the sunshine, streaming in from the western sky, makes a strong daguerreotype of the heavy massive frame and little panes of the casement. In this shady place stands Katie Stewart, holding a book high up in both her hands to reach the light. She is fourteen now, and as tall as she will ever be, which is not saying much; but those blue sunny eyes, earnestly lifted to the elevated book, are as exuberant in light and mirth as ever, and are, indeed, such overflowing dancing eyes as one seldom sees in any other than an Irish face. Her hair has grown a little longer, and is no more permitted to stray about her white brow in golden rings, but is shed behind her ears, and put in ignoble thralldom. And, with all its infant beauty undiminished, the face has not lost the petulant wilful expression of its earlier childhood—the lips pout sometimes still, the soft forehead contracts—but tall, awkward, good Lady Anne looks down from her high seat upon little Katie, and watches the pretty changeful features with the quick observation of love.

The dress of both is considerably improved, for Katie now wears a fine woollen stuff called crape, and Lady Anne's gown is silk. With a point before and a point behind, the dresses fit closely round the waist, and the sleeves are short, and terminate at the elbow with a cuff of fine snow-white linen. Lean and unhandsome are the arms of the quick-growing tall Lady Anne; but Katie's are as round and white as Anne's are angular, and look all the better for want of the long black lace gloves which her friend wears.

It is a very elaborate piece of embroidery this, over which Lady Anne bends, and has been the burden and oppression of four or five years bygone, for Lady Betty, who has had her full share in spoiling Katie Stewart, rigidly "does her duty" to her own young sister; and Anne has been forced to do her duty, and her embroidery too, many a fair hour, while Katie did little more than idle by her side.

But now hold up higher still, that it may catch the receding, fainter-shining light, this precious quarto, little Katie. Not very many books are to be had in Kellie Castle which the young ladies much appreciate—all the dearer is this *Gentle Shepherd*; and Lady Anne's embroidery goes on cheerfully as the sweet little voice at her side, with a considerable fragrance of Fife in its accent, reads aloud to her the kindly old-fashioned obsolete book. It was not old-fashioned then; for Lady Betty's own portrait, newly painted, represents her in the guise of a shepherdess, and little Katie sings songs about crooks and reeds, and Amintas and Chloes who "tend a few sheep," and the sentiment of the time sees poetry only in Arcadia. So the two girls read their Allan Ramsay, and fancy there never was a story like the *Gentle Shepherd*.

Now it darkens, and higher and higher little Katie holds her book; but that daguerreotype on the floor of the bright window-panes, and strong marked bars of their frame, fades and grows faint;—and now Lady Anne not unwillingly draws her needle for the last time through the canvass, and little Katie elevates herself on tiptoe, and contracts her sunny brows with earnest gazing on the great dim page. Softly steps the Lady Anne from her high seat—softly, lest she should interrupt the reader, stirs the slumbering fire, till half-a-dozen dancing flames leap up and fill the room with ruddy, wavering light. So linger no longer to catch that dubious ray from the window, little Katie, but, with one light bound, throw yourself by the side of this bright hearth, and slant your great Allan Ramsay in the close embrace of your soft arms; while the good Lady Anne draws a low chair to the other side of the fire, and, clasping her hands in her lap, peacefully listens, and looks at the reader and the book.

You need no curtain for that high window—and now the strong bars of the casement mark themselves out against the clear frosty blue of the March sky, and stars begin to shine in the panes. A strange aspect the room has with those dark glimmering

walls, and this uncurtained window. Deep gloomy corners shadow it all round, into which the fire sends fitful gleams, invading the darkness; and the centre of the room, between the hearth and the opposite wall, is ruddy and bright. Lady Anne, with her thin long arms crossed on her knee, sits almost motionless, reclining on her high-backed chair, and looking at Katie; while Katie, with one hand held up to shield her flushed face, embraces Allan Ramsay closely with the other, and reads. Neither of them, were they not absorbed in this wonderful book, would like to sit in the dark room alone with those mysterious shadowy corners, and that glimmering door slightly swaying to and fro with the draught from the windy gallery. But they are not here, these two girls; they are out among the summer glens and fields, beside the fragrant burnside with Peggie, or on the hill with the Gentle Shepherd.

But there is a heavy foot in the passage, pacing along towards the west room, and immediately the glimmering door is thrown open, and with a resounding step enters Bauby Rodger.

"Save us! are ye a' in the dark, my lady?" exclaimed Bauby; "never dune yet wi' that weary book; but I'll tell ye something to rouse ye, Lady Anne. I've laid out Lady Betty's wedding gown in the state cha'mer, and it's the grandest-looking thing ever ye saw. Lady Betty herself is in the drawing-room wi' my lord. If ye want to see't afore it's on, ye maun gang now."

Lady Anne was docile, and rose at once. "Come, Katie," she said, holding out her hand as Bauby proceeded to light the lamp.

But Katie contracted her brows, and clung to her book. "I want to see about Peggie. Never mind Lady Betty's gown; we'll see it the morn, Lady Anne."

"Do what you're bidden, Miss Katie," advised Bauby Rodger in an imperative tone.

"What I'm bidden! I'm no Lady Anne's maid like you," retorted Katie.

"Nobody means that; never mind Bauby," said Lady Anne entreatingly. "I would do anything you asked me, Katie; will you come now for me?"

Again the sunny brows contracted—the little obstinate hand held fast by the book—and then Katie suddenly sprang to her feet. "I'll do what you want me, Lady Anne—I'll aye do what you want me—for you never refuse me."

The lamp was lighted by this time, and fully revealed Katie's flushed face to the scrutiny of Bauby Rodger.

"Oh, Miss Katie, the like o' that!" exclaimed the careful guardian; "such a face wi' sitting on the fire! And what would Lady Betty say to me, think ye, if she saw it, for letting ye get sae muckle o' your ain way?"

Katie made no answer; she only pulled, half in mirth, half in anger, a lock of very red hair which had escaped from under Bauby's close cap, and then, taking Lady Anne's hand, hurried her away at quite an undignified pace, singing as she went, "To daunton me, to daunton me," in defiance.

"Ane canna be angry at that bairn," said Bauby to herself, as she bundled up the stray tress unceremoniously under her cap; "she has mair spunk in her little finger than Lady Anne has in a' her buik, and she's a mischievous ill-deedy thing; but yet a body canna but like the little ane. Pity them that have the guiding o' her when she comes to years, for discreet years she'll never see."

Whereupon Bauby, to console herself, caught up the distant music which she heard passing through the long gallery; and being a desperate Jacobite, and traitor to the established government, sang with energy the concluding verse—

"To see King James at Edinburgh cross
Wi' fifty thousand foot and horse,
And the usurper forced to flee,
Oh that is what maist would wanton me!"

In the chamber of state a lamp was burning, which revealed Lady Betty's wedding gown, radiant in its rich stiff folds, spread at full length upon the bed for the inspection of the new comers. But at the foot of the bed, leaning upon the heavy massy pillar which supported the faded splendour of its canopy, stood a figure very unlike the dress. It was Lady Janet Erskine, now a tall, pale, rather graceful young woman of two-

and-twenty—of a grave, kind temper, whose quietness hid very deep feelings. Lady Janet's arms were clasped about the pillar on which she leaned, and her slight figure shook with convulsive sobs. As the girls entered, she hurriedly untwined her arms, and turned away, but not before the quick observant Katie had seen her eyes red with weeping, and discovered the uncontrollable emotions, which could scarcely be coerced into absolute silence, even for the moment which sufficed her to hasten from the room.

"Eh, Katie, is it not bonnie?" said Lady Anne.

Katie replied not, for her impatient, curious, petulant mind burned to investigate the mystery; and the sympathies of her quick and vivid nature were easily roused. Katie did not care now for the wedding gown; the sad face of Lady Janet was more interesting than Lady Betty's beautiful dress.

But a very beautiful dress it was. Rich silk, so thick and strong that, according to the vernacular description, it could "stand it's lane;" and of a delicate colour, just bright and fresh enough to contrast prettily with the elaborate white satin petticoat which appeared under the open robe in front. At the elbows were deep graceful falls of rich lace; but Katie scarcely could realise the possibility of the grave Lady Betty appearing in a costume so magnificent. She was to appear in it, however, no later than to-morrow; for to-morrow the wise young head of the household was to go away, and to be known no more as Lady Betty Erskine, but as Elizabeth, Lady Colville. The intimation of this approaching change had been a great shock to all in Kellie; but now, in the excitement of its completion, the family forgot for the moment how great their loss was to be.

"And to-morrow, Katie, is Lordie's birthday," said Lady Anne, as they returned to the west room.

On the low chair which Lady Anne had left by the fireside, the capacious seat of which contained the whole of his small person, feet and all, reposed a child, with hair artificially curled round his face, and a little mannish

formal suit, in the elaborate fashion of the time.

"The morn's my birthday," echoed the little fellow. "Mamma's to gie me grand cakes, and I'm to wear a braw coat and a sword, and to be Lord Colville's best man; for Lord Colville will be my uncle, Katie, when he marries Auntie Betty."

"Whisht, Lordie, you're no to speak so loud," said Katie Stewart.

"What way am I no to speak so loud? Mamma never says that—just Auntie Anne and Auntie Janet; but I like you, Katie, because you're bonnie."

"And Bauby says you're to marry her, Lordie, when you grow a man," said Lady Anne.

"Ay, but mamma says no; for she says Katie's no a grand lady, and I'm to marry naeboddy but a grand lady; but I like Katie best for all that."

"I wouldna marry you," retorted the saucy Katie; "for I'll be a big woman, Lordie, when you're only a bairn."

"Bauby says you'll never be big. If you were as old as Auntie Betty, you would aye be wee," said the little heir.

Katie raised her hand menacingly, and looked fierce. The small Lord Erskine burst into a loud fit of laughter. He, too, was a spoiled child.

"I'll be five the morn," continued the boy; "and I'm to be the best man. I saw Auntie Janet greeting. What makes her greet?"

"Lordie, I wish you would speak low!" exclaimed Lady Anne.

"Mamma says I'm to be Earl of Kellie, and I may speak any way I like," returned the heir.

"But you shanna speak any way you like!" cried the rebellious Katie, seizing the small lord with her soft little hands, which were by no means destitute of force. "You shanna say anything to vex Lady Janet!"

"What for?" demanded Lordie, struggling in her grasp.

"Because I'll no let you," said the determined Katie.

The spoiled child looked furiously in her face, and struck out with his clenched hand; but Katie grasped and held it fast, returning his stare with a look which silenced him. The

boy began to whimper, and to appeal to Lady Anne; but Lady Anne, in awe and admiration, looked on and interfered not, fervently believing

that never before had there been such a union of brilliant qualities as now existed in the person of Katie Stewart.

CHAPTER IV.

"But what makes Lady Janet greet?" Katie could not answer the question to her own satisfaction.

Poor Lady Janet! A certain Sir Robert had been for a year or two a constant visitor at Kellie; his residence was at no great distance; and he had lost no opportunity of recommending himself to the quiet, intense Janet Erskine. He was a respectable, average man; handsome enough, clever enough, attractive enough, to make his opportunities abundantly sufficient for his purpose; and for a while Lady Janet had been very happy. But then the successful Sir Robert began to be less assiduous, to come seldom, to grow cold; and Janet drooped and grew pale uncomplainingly, refusing, with indignation, to confess that anything had grieved her. The Earl had not noticed the progress of this affair, and now knew no reason for his daughter's depressed spirits and failing health; while Lady Betty, sadly observing it all, thought it best to take no open notice, but rather to encourage her sister to overcome an inevitable sorrow.

But the Lady Erskine, Lordie's widowed mother, thought and decided differently. At present she was rather a supernumerary, unnecessary person in Kellie; for Lady Betty's judicious and firm hand held the reins of government, and left her sister-in-law very little possibility of interference. This disappointment of Janet's was quite a godsend for Lady Erskine—she took steps immediately of the most peremptory kind.

For hints, and even lectures, had no effect on Sir Robert, when she applied them. Less and less frequent became his visits—paler and paler grew the cheeks of Janet, and Lady Erskine thought she was perfectly justified in her *coup-de-main*.

So she wrote to an honourable military Erskine, who, knowing very little about his younger sister, did perfectly agree with his brother's

widow, that a good settlement for Janet was exceedingly desirable, and that an opportunity for securing it was by no means to be neglected. She wrote—he came, and with him the crisis of Janet Erskine's fate.

For the faithless Sir Robert and the belligerent brother had some private conversation; and thereafter Sir Robert sought his forsaken lady, and, by his changed manner, revived for a little her drooping heart; but then a strange proposal struck harshly on Lady Janet's ear. Her brother had interfered. To escape from his interference, Sir Robert proposed that their long-delayed marriage should be hurried—immediate—secret; and that she should leave Kellie with him that very night, "that there may be no collision between your brother and myself." Fatal words these were, and they sank like so many stones into Janet Erskine's heart.

And for this the little loud spoiled Lordie had seen her weeping—for this, Katie had observed those terrible sobs. The poor fated Lady Janet!—thus compelled to take the cold and reluctant hand which only under compulsion was offered to her, now feeling more than ever that the heart was lost. To elope too—to mock the wild expedient of passion with these hearts of theirs—the one iced over with indifference, the other paralysed with misery. It was a sad fate.

And if she hesitated—if she refused—then, alas! to risk the life of the belligerent brother—the life of the cold Sir Robert—to *lose* the life of one. So there was no help or rescue for her, wherever she looked; and, with positive anguish throbbing in her heart, she prepared for her flight.

It is late at night, and Katie Stewart is very wakeful, and cannot rest. Through her little window look the stars, severe and pale, for the sky is frosty, clear, and cold. Katie has lain long, turning to meet those unwearying eyes her own wide open

wakeful ones, and feeling very eerie, and just a little afraid—for certainly there are steps in that gallery without, though all the house has been hushed and at rest for more than one long hour.

So, in a sudden paroxysm of fear, which takes the character of boldness, Katie springs from her little bed, and softly opens the door. There are indeed steps in the gallery, and Katie, from her dark corner, sees two stealthy figures creeping towards the stair, from the door of Lady Janet's room. But Katie's fright gradually subsides, and melts into wonder, as she perceives that Bauby Rodger, holding a candle in her hand, and walking with such precaution as is dreadful to see, goes first, and that it is quite impossible to prevent these heavy steps of hers from making some faint impression on the silence.

And behind her, holding up with fingers which tremble sadly the heavy folds of that long riding-skirt, is not that Lady Janet? Very sad, as if her heart were breaking, looks Lady Janet's face; and Katie sees her cast wistful, longing glances towards the closed door of Lady Betty's room. Alas! for there peacefully, with grave sweet thoughts, unfearing for the future, untroubled for the past, reposes the bride who shall go forth with honour on the morrow; while here, with her great grief in her face, feeling herself guilty, forsaken, wishing nothing so much as to close her eyes this night for ever, pauses her innocent unhappy sister—a bride also, and a fugitive.

And so the two figures disappear down the stair. Cold, trembling, and afraid, Katie pauses in her corner. But now the gallery is quite dark, and she steals into her room again, where at least there are always the stars looking in unmoved upon her vigils; but it is a very restless night for Katie.

Very early, when the April morning has not fairly dawned, she is up again. Still interested, still curious, eager to discover what ails Lady Janet, and where she has gone.

The hall below is quite still; no one is yet up in the castle, important as this day is; and Katie steals down the great staircase, on a vague mis-

sion of investigation. Upon a little table in the hall, under those huge antlers which frown so ghost-like in the uncertain morning light, stands the candlestick which Bauby Rodger carried last night; and, as Katie's curiosity examines the only tangible sign that what she saw was real, and not a dream, and sees that the candle in it has burnt down to the socket and wasted away, she hears a step behind her—although Katie recoils with some fear when she beholds again the omnipresent Bauby.

"What gars ye rise sae early?" exclaimed Bauby, with some impatience. "It's no your common way, Katie Stewart. Eh me! eh me!" added the faithful servant of Kellie, looking at the candlestick, and wringing her great hands.

"What ails ye, Bauby?"

"It's been loot burn down to the socket—and it's a' my wyte! Gude forgie me!—how was I to mind a' thing? The light's burnt out; but ye diinna ken what that means. And what gars ye look at me, bairn, wi' sic reproachfu' een?"

"What does't mean, Bauby?" asked Katie Stewart.

"It's the dead of the house—this auld house of Kellie," said Bauby mournfully. "When a light's loot waste down to the socket, and die of itself, it's an emblem of the house. The race maun dwine away like the light, and gang out in darkness. Oh that it hadna been my blame!"

"But Bauby, I couldna sleep last night, and I saw ye. Where were ye taking Lady Janet?"

"The bairn's in a creel," said Bauby, starting. "Me take Lady Janet ony gate! It's no my place."

"Ay, but ye were, though," repeated Katie; "and she lookit sward, sward to gang."

"Weel, weel, she bid to gang; ye'll hear the haill story some time," said Bauby, lifting her apron to her eyes. "That I should be the ane to do this—me that have eaten their bread this mony a day—that it should be my blame!"

And Bauby, with many sighs, lifted away the unfortunate candlestick.

They went up stairs together to the west room, where Bauby began to break up the "gathered" fire for

Katie's benefit, lamenting all the time, under her breath, "that it should be me!" At last she sat down on the carpet, close to the hearth, and again wrung her great hands, and wiped a tear from either eye.

"There's naething but trouble in this world," sighed Bauby; and what is to be, maun be; and lamenting does nae good."

"But, Bauby, where's Lady Janet?" asked little Katie.

Bauby did not immediately answer. She looked into the glowing caverns of the newly awakened fire, and sighed again.

"Whisht, Miss Katie," said Bauby Rodger, "there's naething but trouble every place, as I was saying. Be thankful ye're only a bairn."

But indeed the little curious palpitating heart could be anything but thankful, and rather beat all the louder with eagerness and impatience to enter these troubles for itself.

That day was a day full of excitement to all in Kellie, household and guests, and anything but a happy one. Many tears in the morning, when they discovered their loss—a cloud and shadow upon the following ceremony, which Katie wonderingly, and with decided secret antagonism, and a feeling of superiority, saw performed by a surpliced Scottish bishop; and a dreary blank at night, when, all the excitement over, those who were left felt the painful void of the two vacant places. But the day passed, and the next morning rose very drearily; so Katie, glad to escape from the dim atmosphere of Kellie, put on the new gown which Lady Betty had given her, with cambric ruffles at the sleeves, and drew her long gloves over her arms, and put her little ruffled hooded black silk mantle above all; and with shoes of blue morocco, silver buckled, on her little feet, went away to Kellie Mill to see her mother.

Down the long avenue, out through that coroneted gate; and the road now is a very commonplace country road, leading you by and by through the village of Arncreoch. This village has very little to boast of. The houses are all thatched, and of one story, and stand in long shabby parallel rows, on each side of the little

street. No grass, nor flowers, nor other component of pretty cottages, adorns these habitations. Each has a kailyard at the back, it is true; but the aspect of that is very little more delightful than this rough causeway, with its *dubs* in front. A very dingy little primitive shop, where is sold everything, graces one side, and at the other is the Kellie Arms. Children tumble about at every open door; and through many of the uncurtained windows you see a loom; for Arncreoch is a village of weavers, on which the fishing towns on the coast, and the rural people about it, look down with equal contempt. Little Katie, in her cambric ruffles and silk mantle, rustles proudly through the plebeian village; and, as she daintily picks her steps with those resplendent shoes of hers, remembers, with a blush of shame, that it had been thought possible that she should marry a weaver!

But no weaver is this young rural magnate who overtakes her on the road. It is Philip Landale, a laird, though his possessions are of no great size, and he himself farms them. He is handsome, young, well-mannered, and a universal favourite; but little Katie's face flushes angrily when he addresses her, for he speaks as if she were a child.

And Katie feels that she is no child; that already she is the best dancer in the parish, and could command partners innumerable; not to speak of having begun to taste, in a slight degree, the delights of flirtation. So Katie scorns, with her whole heart, the good-humoured condescension of young Kilbrachmont.

But he is going to Kellie Mill, and the young coquette has to walk with dignity, and with a certain disdain, which Landale does not notice, being little interested in the same, by his side. Softly yonder rises Kellie Law, softly, rounded by the white clouds which float just over the head of the green gentle hill; and there the long range of his lower brethren steal off to the west, where Balcarras Craig guards them with his bold front, and clothes his breast with foliage, to save him from the winds. There is nothing imposing in the scene; but it is fine, and fresh, and fruitful—vivid with the young verdure of the spring.

But you look at your blue morocco shoes, little Katie, with their silver buckles glancing in the sun, and settle your mantle over the white arm which shines through its black lace glove, and have no eyes for the country; and Philip Landale strikes down the thistles on the roadside, with the

heavy end of the whip he carries, and smiles good-humouredly, and does not know what to say; and now on this rough, almost impassable road, worn into deep ruts by the carts which constantly come and go, bringing gain to the miller, they have come in sight of Kellie Mill.

CHAPTER V.

Isabell Stewart is nineteen now, and one of the beauties of Fife. Her eyes and her hair are darker than Katie's, her graceful figure a little taller, her manner staid and grave, as it used to be when she was a child; and though every one speaks kindly of Isabell, and she is honoured with consideration and respect more than belong to her years, she seems to lack the power, somehow, of grasping and holding fast the affection of any. Isabell has no young friends—no wooers: thoughtful, gentle, serious, she goes about alone, and still in her heart there is the old sad consciousness, the old vague yearning for dearer estimation than falls to her lot. She does not envy any one, nor grudge her little sister Katie the universal love which attends her; but Isabell thinks she is incapable of creating this longed-for affection, and sometimes in quiet places, over this thought, sheds solitary tears.

Janet's looks, too, have improved; still heavier, thicker, and less graceful than her sisters, Janet, in her ruddy, boisterous health, is a rural belle—has already, now being seventeen, troops of "joes," and rather triumphs over the serious Isabell. The beauties of the Milton, the three are called; and they deserve the title.

The house door is open. Without any intervention of hall or passage, this straightforward door introduces you to the family apartment, which is no parlour, but a kitchen, tolerably sized, extending the whole length of the house. It is the afternoon, and everything looks well-ordered and "redd up," from the glittering plates and china which you see through the open doors of the oak "aumrie" in the corner, to the white apron and shining face of Merran, the servant at the Mill. The apartment has a window at each

end—a small greenish window of thick glass, which sadly distorts the world without when you look through. But it is very seldom that any one looks through, for the door is almost always open, admitting the pure daylight and unshadowed sun.

At the further window Janet stands before a clean deal table, making cakes—oat-cakes, that is; for all manufactured of wheaten flour are scones or bannocks. Janet has a special gift for this craft, and her gown is still tucked up, and so are her sleeves, that the ruddy round arms may be used with more freedom. The girdle is on the bright fire, and Merran superintends the baking, moving almost incessantly between the fireplace and the table. Much talk, not in the lowest tone, is carried on between Merran and Janet. They are decidedly more familiar than Mrs Stewart approves.

At the other window the staid Isabell sits knitting stockings. Now and then you hear her, in her quiet voice, saying something to her mother, who bustles in and out, and keeps up a floating stream of remark, reproof, and criticism on everything that is going on. But Isabell takes little part in Janet's conversation: a slight cloud shades her brow sometimes, indeed, as the long laugh from the other end of the room comes harshly on her ear; for these two sisters are little like each other.

It is again a great woollen stocking which Isabell knits; and fastened to her waist is a little bunch of feathers, which she calls her "sheath," and in which she secures her wire. Her gown is made of dark-striped linen, open in front, with a petticoat of the same material appearing below; and of the same material is the apron, neatly secured about her round slen-

der waist. Her soft brown hair is bound with a ribbon just a little darker than itself, and her eyes are cast down upon her work, so that you cannot perceive how dark their blue has grown, until, suddenly startled by a voice without, she lifts them to throw a hurried glance towards the door, where even now appears the little splendid Katie, with Philip Landale and his riding-whip close behind.

Over Isabell's lip there escapes a half-audible sigh. Little Katie, then, is first with Philip Landale too.

"And were ye at the marriage, bairn?" inquired Mrs Stewart; "and was't awfu' grand?—and how did the prelatie minister do?"

"And eh, Katie!" exclaimed Janet, pressing forward with her mealy hands, "what a' had Lady Betty on?"

"She had on a grand gown, a' trimmed wi' point-lace, and a white satin petticoat, and the grandest spangles and gum-flowers on her train; but oh, mother," said little Katie, "Lady Janet's run away!"

"Run away! What are ye meaning, ye monkey?" said Mrs Stewart.

"The night before last, when it was dark, and a'boddy in their beds, I saw Lady Janet gang down through the gallery, out of her ain room; and she had on her riding-skirt, and was looking awfu' white, like as if her heart would break; and no lang after the haill house was up, and she was away."

"Keep me!—the night before her sister was married! Was she in her right mind, think ye?" said Mrs Stewart.

"Had she cast out with them? Where would she go, Katie?" said Isabell.

"Eh, wha did she rin away with?" asked the experienced Janet.

"It was with Sir Robert. She's married now, mother, as well as Lady Betty," said Katie; "but I dinna think she was glad."

Janet laughed, but no one else ventured to join her.

"Glad! it would ill set her, leaving her faither's house in such a like manner. Gae way to your baking, Janet, ye haverel," said Mrs Stewart. "My certy, Katie, lass, but you're a

grand lady, wi' your white ribbons and your new gown. I'll no have ye coming to my quiet house, to set Isabell and Janet daft about the fashions."

"But Isabell has as braw a cloak as me, mother," said Katie, complacently looking down upon her ruffled black silk mantle as she took it off.

"And cambric ruffles, nae less!—dead-fine cambric! Weel, my woman, see ye guide them weel; for, except ye hae a man o' your ain to work for ye, ye'll no get mony cambric frills out of Kellie Mill."

"The beauties of the Milton have less need than most folk of ruffles or braws," modestly said the young laird.

"Eh, Kilbrachmont, haud your peace, and dinna pit havers in their heads. There's plenty pride in the nature o' them, without helping't out wi' flattery. Beauties o' the Milton, said he! I mind twa lassies ance—ay, just mysel and Maisdry, my sister, if ye will hae't, Katie—that were as weel-favoured as ever stood in your shoon; and didna want folk to tell us that, either, ony mair than our neighbours; but ne'er a body beautied us."

"No for want o' will," insinuated the young yeoman; "and if they ca'ed ye not beauty, it might be because they had a bonnier word."

"Weel, I'll no say," said the little comely house-mother, with a slight elevation of her head. "Sit down to the wheel, Katie, and gie it a ca' the time I'm in the aumrie. What's to come of this lassie, I ken not; for ne'er a decent-like thing is she learned to do. Na, Lady Anne hersel is never held in such idleset; and what will ye do, ye monkey, if ye ever get a man and a house of your ain?"

"I'll gar him keep maids to me, and buy me bonnie things," retorted little Katie, taking her seat at the wheel.

"Keep maids to ye? Set ye up! If ye're e'en as weel off as your mother was before ye, I'll say it's mair than ye've ony right to expect; for I'll wad ye a pair of new ruffles, I was worth half-a-dizzen hired women the first day I steppit on my ain hearth-stane, baith to my man and mysel; and ye'll ne'er be worthy o' the like o'

your faither, John Stewart, Katie, or else I'm sair mista'en."

Little Katie turned the wheel with petulant haste, and pouted. John Stewart!—yonder he stands, honest man, with his broad bonnet shading his ruddy face, newly returned from the market—spruce, and in his Sabbath dress. But Katie thinks of the Honourable Andrew Colville, and the grand English Sir Edward, who had been at Lady Betty's marriage the day before; and instinctively the little beauty draws herself up, and thinks of Peggie in the *Gentle Shepherd*, and many a heroine more; for Katie now knows, quite as well as Lady Anne, that the Erskines, though they are an earl's daughters, will never look a twentieth part so well as the three sisters of Kellie Mill.

"I think some ane has sent Kilbrachmont here on an errand, and the puir lad has lost mind o't on the road," said Janet, now coming forward with her dress smoothed down, and her hands no longer covered with meal. "Maister Philip Landale, let a-be that clue; and Isabell there, she never sees that she's lost it out of her lap."

Young Landale started from his reverie. "Troth, I saw nae clue, Janet: ve've quicker e'en than me."

"There it is, and the guid yarn a' twisted in that lang whip o' yours. What gars ye bring such things into the house? Isabell, canna ye mind your ain wark, and no hae folk aye needing to look after ye? There, its broken! and ye'll need anither fastening in that heel."

"Weel, Janet, I'll fash naeboddy," said Isabell, quietly gathering up into her lap the clue, with its long ravelled end.

"It ought to be me that got the trouble," said young Landale, shyly, looking at the elder sister; "for I hear mair folk than Janet say my whip's aye in the gait; but it's just a custom, ye see."

"When ye dinna ken what to say," suggested the malicious Janet.

"Weel, maybe ye're no far wrang," said young Kilbrachmont, again casting a sidelong glance at Isabell, whom he had not yet directly addressed. "I'm no that ill at speaking in most houses; but for a' the minister says,

ye'll no convince me that the fairy glamour is clean gane from this world, or ever will be; for ane can speak ready enough when ane doesna care twa straes what folk think o't; while in anither place we make fuils o' oursel's beyond remeid, out of pure anxiousness to look weel in somebody's een. It just maun be, I would say, a witchcraft somegate in the air."

Isabell had never looked up; for this turning of the heel, be it known to the ignorant, is a crisis in the history of a stocking; but her usually pale forehead was crimson to the hair, and her eyelids drooped heavily as she bent over her work, which was particularly complicated just now, as several loops had dropt, and it was no easy job, with those nervous fingers of hers, to gather them up again.

"I see the guidman, Kilbrachmont," said Mrs Stewart, at last emerging from behind the carved door of the aumrie with a large square bottle in her hand. "It's weel he's come in time to countenance ye with your dram, amang a' us womenfolk; and it's real Hollands—grand stuff, they tell me, though I'm nae judge mysel."

"No that ill—no that ill, guidwife," said the miller, as he entered. "I would take a guid stoup on your warranty, though ye *are* naething but a woman. Guid e'en to ye, Kilbrachmont; but is this a' ye're to gi'e us to our fourhours, Bell?"

"I'm gaun to make some tea for the bairns and me; but ye'll no heed about that," said the house-mother. "And, man, John, do ye no see Katie in a' her braws?"

"How's a' wi' ye, lassie?" said the father kindly. "But I wadna ken ye to be a bairn of mine, if I didna see the bit face. And, Katie, if onybody says ye're owre braw to be the Miller of Kellie's daughter, aye do you tell them you're owre bonnie to be onybody's else."

"Hear to his vanity! As if onybody could see a feature of him in the bairn's hail face!" cried Mrs Stewart.

But little Katie sat in meditative silence, and turned her wheel. The wheel was a light one, and handsomely made—a *chef-d'œuvre* of the

country wright, who, among many more, was a candidate for the favour of Janet Stewart. This pretty wheel was the musical instrument of Kellie Mill. Enter the room when you would—at early morning, or when the maker of it and his rivals stole in at night, to form a lingering group round the ruddy centre of the kitchen, made bright by the light from the fireplace—you always heard the soft whirr of the wheel, brought to a climax now and then by the sharp slipping of the band, or lengthened hum with which it rebounded when all the yarn was spun. In silence now at the wheel sits little Katie, passing the thread dreamily through her fingers, and taking in all they say, only half-conscious that she does so, into her mind the while.

"There's nae news, Janet—nae news particular I hear o' in Anster," said the miller, in answer to several inquiries; "but I saw Beelye Oliphant doun-by; he was asking kindly for ye a', and special for Isabell."

There was no answer; the flush fled in a moment from Isabell's cheeks, and other loops were dropt in her stocking. Janet alone ventured to laugh, and again the long cord of young Kilbrachmont's whip began to curl uneasily about the floor.

"The like of that man for sense is no to be found, I'll take my aith o't, in the haill kingdom of Fife," said John Stewart with emphasis.

"Weel, miller, weel," said young Landale hastily, "naeboddy says onything against it. No mony thanks to him; he's as auld as Kellie Law, and

what should ail him to be sensible? Its the special quality folk look for in auld men."

"They dinna aye get it, though," said the miller. "They're selling that tea-water, Isabell, for sixpence a cup in Sillerdyke, and muckle the fisher lads yonderawa' think o't for a treat, ye may suppose; but I didna think *you* would thole such wastry in this house."

"Mind you your mill, guidman—I'll mind the house," said his wife significantly, "and we'll see whilk ane of us has the maist maistry owre our dominions at the year's end. I got the tea in a present, and Katie comesna ilka day. Make your toddy, John Stewart, and hand your peace."

"Aweel, aweel—nocht's to be won at woman's hand," said the miller. "Draw in your chair, Kilbrachmont, and gi'e us your news. Hout, man, ye're in nae hurry?"

"Weel," said Landale, with very indifferently assumed reluctance, "if ye *will* keep me, I can give Katie a convoy to Kellie gate."

Katie! A cloud fell again, dimly, sadly, over the face of Isabell. A moment before there had been a tremulous happiness upon it, not usual to see there. Now she cast a wistful affectionate look at the little pretty sister musing over the wheel, and drawing the thread slowly through her hand. There is no envy in the look, and Katie, suddenly glancing up, meets it with wondering eyes—sorrowful, inquiring—Whence have you this magic, little sister? How is it that they all love *you*?

CHAPTER VI.

"I think he's courting our Isabell," said Katie softly to herself, as the young laird of Kilbrachmont left her at Kellie gate. The night was frosty and the stars clear. Faint light and faint shadow fell across that homeward path of hers, for there was no moon to define the great trees on either side of the way; but a very little mysterious wind went whispering in and out among the boughs, with a faint echoing sigh, as though it said, "Poor me!" Katie was

used to those long, still, solitary roads; but a little thrill of natural timidity made her hurry through the dark avenue, and long to see the light from the uncurtained window of the west room; and the same feeling prompted her anxious endeavour to occupy her mind and thoughts with something definite, and so keep away from her memory the eerie stories which abounded then about all rural places even more than they do now.

"He's courting our Isabell," re-

peated Katie, under her breath, labouring to fix upon this proposition those discursive thoughts which *would* bring back to her mind the popular ghost of one of the little coast towns in the neighbourhood. Only a month ago, Davie Steele, Banby Rodger's sister's husband, had seen the Red Slippers in Pittenweem; and Katie's heart leaped to her lips as something rustled on the ground a little way before her, and she paused in terror lest these very Red Slippers should be taking their ghostly exercise by her side; but it was only a great, stiff, red oak leaf, which the new bud had thrust forth from the branch to which all the winter it had clung with the tenacious grasp of death; and, quickening her pace still a little, Katie hurried on.

But the fact that young Kilbrachmont had designs on Isabell was not of sufficient interest to keep her mind engaged, and Katie began to sing to herself softly as she went, half-running, over the solitary way. The song was about Strephon and Chloe, after the fashion of the time; but the air was a sweet Lowland one, and there were pretty lines in the verses, though they did come too distinctly from Arcadia. As she sang, her heart beat placidly, and usual fancies returned again to her mind—the grand English Sir Edward, the Honourable Andrew; but a grander Sir Edward—a more accomplished, handsomer, blither, loftier gentleman—was yet to come, attended by all imaginary splendours, to make a lady of little Katie Stewart.

There now is the light from the west room, cheering the young wayfarer; and now Banby Rodger's very real and unsentimental voice calls from a little side-entrance to Mally, one of the maids in the kitchen, suspected at present to be keeping tryst behind the garden hedge with a fisher lad, who has walked a dozen miles to-night for sake of this same tryst, and has not the slightest intention of suffering it to be disturbed so soon. Within sight and hearing of home, little Katie ventures to linger on her way, and again she thinks of young Kilbrachmont and Beelye Oliphant and Isabell.

Beelye or Bailie Oliphant is a dig-

nitary of the little town of Anstruther, on the coast—a man of substance and influence in his sphere; and John Stewart has been for some time coquetting with him about another Mill-town, very near Anstruther, of which the bailie is landlord, and which the miller thinks would be a better speculation than this mill at Kellie. Unfortunately, in the course of these transactions about the mill, the respectable bailie has seen Isabell Stewart, and the old man thinks she would make a “douce” dignified wife, worthy the lands and tenements with which he could endow her. So also thinks the miller; and Isabell has heard so much on the subject, that her heart is near the breaking sometimes, especially when Philip Landale steals in, in the evening, and hears it all, and plays with his whip, and speaks to no one.

But it is only for a few minutes that Katie can afford to think of, or be sorry for, the pale face of her elder sister; and now she has emerged from the avenue, and Banby Rodger, springing out from the side-door and the darkness, pounces upon the little wanderer like a great lion upon a mouse.

“Is this yon, Mally? Ye little cuttie! to have lads about the house at this hour at e'en, as soon as ever Lady Betty's away.”

“It's me, Banby,” indignantly interrupted the little belle.

“It's you? Bless me, Miss Katie, wha was to ken in the dark? Come in-by, like a guid bairn. Lady Anne's been wearying sair, and so has Lordie—but that cutty Mally!”

“She canna hear ye—never heed her. Banby, is the Lady in the west room?”

“Na—nae fears of her; she's in her bed—the best place for her,” said Banby, who by no means admired the Lady Erskine. “And here's me, that might have been Lady Colville's ain woman, serving an unthankfu' mistress, that doesna ken folk's value; but I did it a' for you, bairns—a' for Lady Anne and you, Katie Stewart—or I wouldna have bidden a day at Kellie, and my ain guid mistress away.”

“But didna Lady Betty ask ye, Banby?”

"Ay, she asked me; but I didna behove to do it, for a' that, unless I had likit; and weel Lady Betty kent I didna like; but for the sake of Lady Anne and you"—And Bauby lifted her apron to her eyes—"Lady Janet away, and Lady Betty away, and no a body loot do their ain pleasure in a' the house. Here's me, stayed for nae ither reason but to mind her, and I'm no to be Lady Anne's maid after a'!"

"Eh, Bauby!"

"It's as sure as I'm living; and Lady Anne's that quiet a thing herself, that aye never kens whether she wants aye or no; and she hasna the spunk to say right out that she'll hae naebody but me!"

"But she has, though," said Katie Stewart; "yes, she has—or if she hasna, I'll make her, Bauby."

"Weel, dinna get up wi' that bit passion of yours. Ye're a guid bairn—ye make folk do what you like, Miss Katie; but gang away up the stair now, and ye'll get milk sowens to your supper, and I'll serve ye in the west room mysel."

Eagerly Katie sprang up stairs, and went bounding along the dark gallery, full of her commission, and determined that Bauby Rodger, and none but she, let Lady Erskine struggle as she would, should be Lady Anne's maid.

Little Lord Erskine (whose name of Lordie had its origin in Bauby's exclamation, uttered when she carried him up the great staircase on his arrival at Kellie, that he was a wee wee Lordie, without doubt) sat again on the low chair in front of the fire in the west room. The seat was so large, that as the child leaned back on it, his small feet in their silver-buckled shoes were just on a level with the edge of the chair. By his side, in a corner, sat the quiet Lady Anne, vainly trying to reduce his tone, and preserve her hair and dress from his hands; but Lordie set himself firmly on his seat, and tugged at her lace ruffles, and threatened instant destruction to the hair, which the tall, full-grown girl already began to have combed up into a tower, as mature people wore it at the time. A faint remonstrance now and then was all that Lady Anne could utter:

the young gentleman kept up the conversation himself.

"What way is Katie Stewart staying so long? What way do you let her stay, Aunt Anne? Mamma wouldna let her; and I want Katie Stewart—I dinna like you—I want Katie Stewart!"

"And you've gotten Katie Stewart, Lordie," exclaimed Katie, out of breath, as she laid her hands on his shoulders, and shook him slightly; "but I couldna be so good to you as Lady Anne is; for if I was Lady Anne, I would lick you."

"Naebody daur lick me—for I'll be the Earl of Kellie," said Lordie.

"You're only a little bairn," said Katie Stewart.

"Ay, but he will be the Earl of Kellie, Katie," said Lady Anne, drawing herself up with a little family pride. "Lordie will be the sixth Earl, and the chief of the house."

"But if he's no a good bairn, he'll be an ill man," said Katie meditatively, leaning upon the back of the chair, and looking down upon the spoiled child; "and a' the grand gentlemen in books are grand in their manners, and aye speak low, and bow; and the Master of Colville did that when Lady Betty was married, and so did the English gentleman; but Lordie aye speaks as loud, and makes as muckle noise, as Robert Tosh's bairns in Arncreoch."

"You forget who you're speaking to, Katie Stewart," said Lady Anne.

Katie was flushed with her walk, and her hooded mantle hung half off her little handsome figure, as she bent her head over Lordie's chair, with her face bright, animated, and full of expression; but withdrawn in the corner sat the pale Lady Anne, her tall thin figure drawn up, and her homely features looking less amiable than ordinary, through the veil of this unusual pride. Brightly the firelight sparkled in Katie's sunny hair and shining eyes, but left in the shadow, cold and pale, the colourless face of her young patroness.

Katie looked up, as children do when they cannot understand that you mean to reprove them—with a half wondering smile; a check of any kind was so unusual to her. Lady

Anne's face was averted, and the little favourite began to comprehend that she had offended her. But Katie did not flinch—she fixed her eyes full on the face of her noble friend.

"Lady Anne! Banby Rodger says she's no to be your maid, though she stayed at Kellie for naething else but because she wanted to serve you; but the Lady winna let her, unless you take it up, and say it yourself."

Slowly Lady Anne's head turned—slowly her eyelids rose to meet the bright kindly gaze fixed upon her, and her pride melted like mist.

"I never meant to be angry, Katie," said the penitent.

"But will ye speak to the Lady about Banby, Lady Anne? For Banby

will leave the Castle, if she's no to serve you."

"I never thought Banby cared for me: they're all like Lordie," said Lady Anne. "Lordie says he wants you, Katie—it's never me: they all want Katie Stewart."

"No me," cried little Katie, sliding down to the carpet at her friend's feet. "Whiles I would like no to be aye with myself, but I could aye be with you—if you wanted me, Lady Anne."

The good Lady Anne! She laid her hand caressingly on Katie's pretty head, and smoothed the hair in which the light shone as in gold; for Lady Anne did not require so much as Isabell Stewart: she was content with the kindliness of this little simple heart.

CHAPTER VII.

"I wouldna say but it may be dark before we're hame, Isabell," said Mrs Stewart. "I ha'ena been in Colinsburgh mysel, ye see, this year; and your faither has twa-three odd things to look after; and Janet—*she'll* be in some fuilishness before we get within sight of biggit land; but I'll make Merran be back by six or seven, and we'll no be very late oursels."

The little house-mother stood at the door, equipped for her journey to the market-town of Colinsburgh, which was some three or four miles off. The day was a cold November one, and there were various mists about the sky, prophesying very probable rain; but it was the day of the half-yearly market, and scarcely "an evendown pour" could have kept back Janet. Very bright and picturesque looked Mrs Stewart's comfortable warm dress. The gown was of thick linsey-wolsey—the waft blue wool—the warp white linen, every thread of which had been spun on these several wheels, big and little, in the family room. As usual, the gown was open, and displayed an under petticoat of the same material, which gave as much bulk and substance to the little woman's skirts as if she had been a modern belle. But the skirts of that period were short enough to make visible a pair of neat feet clothed in

white woollen stockings and silver-buckled high-heeled shoes. A black velvet hood, snugly and closely encircling her comely face, and covering all but the edge of the snow-white lace which bordered her cap, and a plaid of bright crimson, completed her dress. It was her Sabbath-day's dress, and Mrs Stewart felt that it was handsome, and became her.

Janet and Merran had gone on before. John, with the broad bonnet of black cloth, which, as an elder, and, moreover, as a man of substance making pretensions to something "aboone the common," he wore on Sabbaths and festivals, stood at the mill-door giving directions to his man, and waiting for his wife. Mrs Stewart left the door slightly ajar as she went away; but, bethinking her when she was half-way down the garden path, suddenly stepped back on the broad flat stone which lay before the threshold, and looked in to say a parting word to her daughter.

"Isabell! keep the door shut, my woman. Let in nae gangrel folk; and see ye hae naebody standing here hawering nonsense when your faither and me come hame."

So saying, and this time peremptorily closing the door after her, Mrs Stewart joined her husband, and they went away.

The fire is made up—the hearth as clean as Merran's hands could make it; and a dim glimmer on the opposite wall shows you the little dark-complexioned mirror, at which Merran has just equipped herself for the fair. The window at the other end of the apartment, with the clean well-scoured deal-table before it, and a wooden chair standing primly on either side, looks cold and remote, and like another apartment; while the arrangements of the rest of the kitchen give you the impression that everybody is out, and that the house is vacant. A great piece of coal, calculated to burn till they all come back, and only surrounded with a border of red, fills the grate; and the cat winks so close to the lowest bar, that you see there can be no great heat on the hearth. The glistening doors of the oak aumrie are closed—every stool, every chair, is in its proper place; and only one sound disturbs the surrounding silence without or within.

A low, humming, musical sound—at present somewhat slow and languid—the soft *birr* of the wheel at which Isabell sits, drawing the fine yarn through her hand, and with her slight figure awaying forward now and then a little, as she turns the wheel with her foot. There is very little colour, very little light in her face, as she droops it, with a melancholy grace, over her graceful work. You can discern, at first, that there is anything living at all in the apartment, only by the soft lulling sound of the wheel; and so she knows the pain in her heart only by the murmur it sends—a low inarticulate cry, which rather expresses, than complains of, the pang within—sighing through all her thoughts.

They have left her alone—she is alone in all the world, this poor Isabell. They have no intention of neglect—no wish to wound or slight her; but they think she should claim pleasures for herself—should boldly take consideration like Janet, or laugh at the lack of it. But the shy Isabell can do none of these. She has come to think herself of so little account, that if she had stretched out her hand to receive some envied gift, and any other claimant did but appear, she would shrink back and lose it.

They think she does not care for the usual pleasures of youth—they cannot understand how she should care, and yet hold back with that shy reserve continually. So they leave her alone, and think it is her choice, and are not concerned about the sadness which they do not comprehend; and Isabell, feeling like old Matthew—she was no poet, or she might have said these touching words, long before Wordsworth said them—

“ Many love me, yet by none
Am I enough beloved ”—

remains alone continually, and bears it as she may.

At present there is a quiet, sad wonder in this veiled and secret heart of hers. She cannot tell how it is that she has been put back from the warm tide of life, and made a lay figure in the scene where every other one has some part to play. She thinks—and as she thinks, the tears gather slowly into her eyes—that she herself, left here alone, is as loveable as the loud Janet, now gaily on her way to the town. It is not either vanity or envy which prompts these thoughts; nor do they utter the weak sighs of self-pity: only a painful consciousness that she *has* the qualities which, in ordinary cases, produce affection and regard, makes Isabell's heart heavy within her. She wants something—some strange, mysterious faculty of being loved, which others have; and there is a yearning in her, which will not be persuaded into content.

And so, as she sits and spins, the afternoon wears on. Now and then a fragment of some plaintive song steals over her lip, half said, half sung; for the rest, Isabell sits motionless and silent, while the yarn grows on the pirn, and the wheel hums softly under her hand. But the room begins to brighten as the grey sky grows darker without, for the mass of coal has reddened, and sends off flashes of cheery light, which glimmer in Merran's little glass on the wall, and in the glistening aumrie doors; and unconsciously Isabell moves her seat into the brighter circle which the happy fire enlightens, and the warm glow casts a ruddy shadow on her cheek, and

the wheel hums with a quicker sound; while darker and darker, towards the evening, grows the eastern sky, and even in the west you can see little trace that the sun there has gone down into the sea.

She has paused for a moment in her work, and the wheel ceases to hum. What sound is that, which seems to wander about the house—now nearer, now more distant? "The East Neuk of Fife" very certainly, whistled by some one whose whistling powers are by no means inconsiderable; and suddenly Isabell's fingers fall again on the wheel, and it almost shrieks under her touch as it flies round and round.

A shadow on the further window! A head bending under the great boughs of the apple tree, to look in; and now, the whistling suddenly ceases, and a footstep begins to make itself audible, hastily approaching; and over the quick song of her wheel, and over this other sound without, Isabell hears the beating of her heart.

Lift the latch, neighbour; there are no envious keys or bolts to bar the entrance to this peaceful house; and now it is well, with natural delicacy, to leave the door a little ajar, so that sometimes the voice of the man at the mill may assure the young dweller at home that some one is very close at hand. Pleasantly now the sounds blend and mingle in this place, which was so still an hour ago; the burn without, ringing soft silvery bells into the night; the mill-wheel rustling, not too swiftly; the spinning-wheel adding its lady's voice; and on the threshold, the hasty foot—the eager, shy hand upon the latch of the opened door.

Just within the firelight now stands Philip Landale, and again his hands are busy with his riding-whip, and his eyes cast down upon it, as he says those tremulous usual words

of greeting—*usual* words; but they might be Arabic for anything either of the two know of them.

But by and by Philip Landale lays down his whip, and strangely hums the wheel of Isabell—now violent and swift—now low and trembling, like a breeze at night in spring—and now altogether it has ceased.

Ceased; and there is no sound in the apartment but the words of one hurried voice—the beating of two loud hearts. The firelight flickers on Isabell's cheek, which of itself now, dim as it was before, could make the darkness radiant, and her idle arm leans on the wheel, so that its support shakes under it; and the whip has fallen from the hand of young Kilbrachmont, as he stands before her, speaking those wonderful words.

The first—the best—the most dear;—there is one in the world, then, who thinks her so; and the tears fall heavy from her eyes upon her leaning arm, and her heart is sick for very joy.

Is it true? Look up again, and hear it; and the darkness passes out of your eyes, Isabell, and you begin to trust in the tenderness of others. Thus feels one—one whom you doubted—and now your heart grows brave in its new warmth, and you can trust all the world—can trust yourself.

The darkness grows, but these two do not see it. The mill-wheel rustles on; the burn sings to itself in the darkness; and loudly now whistles the miller's man, as he stands at the mill-door, looking out over the Collinsburgh road, in the vain hope of seeing the fitting lantern, or hearing voice or step to warn him of his master's return. But no sound salutes the listening ears of Robert Moulter; no sound—not even those near and kindly ones—disturbs the blessedness within.

AMERICAN POLITICS.

BY AN ENGLISHMAN ABROAD.

UNITED STATES, 6th May 1852.

SIR,—Here, as in England, we are in all the bustle of preparation for an election; but no two scenes can be more different than those presented by the two countries. Without attempting to contrast them, however, I will endeavour to give you some notion of what is going on here.

At first sight, American politics present nothing but a chaos of confused elements struggling with each other. Thirty-three State Legislatures are just bringing, or have brought, their sessions to an end, each having thrown some apple of discord into the general scene of turmoil; and Congress has struggled, and snarled, and quarrelled nearly to the end of its labours for this year. A dozen different candidates are striving secretly and openly for the Presidency or Vice-Presidency, on what they call here a dozen different *platforms*; and a crowd of different influences are brought forward by their friends or opponents to affect their success. Political parties are split up into numerous factions, and a multitude of citizens are holding aloof to go with the strongest, and take their chance of recompense. Each State has some peculiar crotchet or some peculiar principles for which it affects to fight; and there are, besides, other objects which band two or three States together in one cause. The east and the west, the north and the south, have each their several interests to serve; and in no country upon earth does selfishness rule more completely in political matters than here.

Such is the first aspect of things; but, gradually, a little light comes in, and a few leading facts appear. To these I shall address myself, and leave you to draw your own deductions.

One of the prime questions of the day in most of the northern, and some of the southern States, has lately been what is called "The Maine Liquor Law Question,"—that is to say, whether a law shall be passed—as in

Maine—prohibiting entirely the sale of all fermented liquors. This seems, on the first view, merely a ridiculous burst of fanaticism. Every one except the most ignorant is well aware that no sumptuary law has ever been carried into effect: every one knows that such a law could not be really put in force in any State—that it has not been so in Maine; and that although the attempt to execute it has caused much strife, some bloodshed, and great general detriment to that State, it has only served to deprive the poor of intoxicating liquors, and not the rich. Yet this law, unreasonable, tyrannical, and unconstitutional as it is, has been struggled for with a fierceness that smacks of old Puritanical fanaticism. Nevertheless, fanaticism is not the great mover in the business. The advocates of this law have, it is true, many fanatics amongst them; but the great body of the *liquor-law* men are needy politicians, who are striving to make a little political capital out of a popular cry, or timid politicians who dare not oppose a loud-tongued faction: for the tyranny of *opinion* here is worse than that of Eastern despotism. Under this aspect the question has some significance, otherwise I should not have noticed it at all; but that significance is not half as great as one would believe, from the pledges given to support no one who will not advocate the "Law;" for when the real struggle comes, all those pledges will go to the wind, and, at most, will only affect State elections.

A much more important question is the Tariff; and it is one which will enter more or less into every political combination. It has not of late been put very prominently forward; but it is not the less important on that account. The manufacturers of America cannot exist under competition with England without a higher tariff; and the simple question is, whether manufacture shall cease or not. I may return to the subject in a subsequent letter; but I shall now remark only,

that while the East, as the great manufacturing district, has been generally in favour of higher duties, the West and the South have been adverse. A change, however, is taking place in this respect. Manufacture is increasing in the West, especially since large mines have been operated upon, and has sprung up in the South. Neither is so exclusively agricultural as it was; and there has been hardly a President-making speech for the last six months which has not had some allusion to the necessity of an increased tariff. This is significant.

The great question, however, is Southern Slavery. On it hangs the fate of the United States. I shall not enter into the general question here, though I may treat of it hereafter; but I shall proceed to show only how it affects the country at the present moment. It has broken up all the old combinations. The great desideratum in constructing this republic, was so to unite numerous separate commonwealths in one general bond, as to leave to each separate State full freedom of action within itself, and yet create a power by the concurrence of all, by which questions affecting the whole might be decided. The balance required very nice adjustment between the separate power of each State and the central power of the whole. Those who would attribute greater authority to the federal government obtained the name of Whigs, and those who would leave the utmost possible separate power to each State took the name of Democrats. It would seem from this that the Democratic party were bound to leave the South to deal with the question of slavery as each separate State might think fit; but, nevertheless, the great, able, and unscrupulous body who are actively striving for the utter extinction of slavery in the United States, by whatever name they choose to call themselves, Free-soilers or Abolitionists, number amongst them both Democrats and Whigs; and, regardless both of compacts and consequences, push forward with a persevering eagerness which is full of peril to the Union itself. They avowedly consider no settlement as final, and practically show that they look upon no contract

between the States as binding, which may stand in the way of what they call a *Higher Law*. This body has hitherto been in a minority in Congress; but they make every effort to obtain a majority by endeavouring to exclude slavery from any new State applying for admission to the Union. This is, perhaps, a legitimate mode of carrying out their views; but they have recourse to other means, which only tend to exasperate the Southern States, and, beyond doubt, produce very evil results as regards the slaves themselves. The denial of education to the slaves in many Southern States, and the expulsion from some of all free negroes, were, undoubtedly, motivated upon self-preservation, as the direct tendency of the efforts of the Abolitionists was to produce a servile war. The pamphlets and pictures which they circulated were only calculated to excite a general rising of the black population, and a massacre of the whites. Slavery is, undoubtedly, a great evil; but it exists, and has existed for years; and no feasible scheme—although several have been circulated—for abolishing it by degrees, which implies any great sacrifice upon the part of the Abolitionists themselves, has met with any favour at their hands. They would cast all the loss and burden upon the South, which would still suffer even if they purchased for emancipation every slave at his estimated value.

In this state of things, a measure was lately passed, which has obtained the name of the Compromise, the most objectionable portion of which was the concession to the Southern States of a right, by means of somewhat questionable legality, to pursue a fugitive slave into non-slaveholding States, and, upon very slight evidence of the identity, to remove him without trial into the jurisdiction of the State in which his sworn master may reside. This measure was intended evidently only to give real effect to a provision of the original compact between the States, though it is very faulty in many of its provisions, and in the general wording of the Act. Upon these faults the Abolition party have seized as a point of attack; and this is the great

bone of contention. Besides the divisions between North and South, the North being generally Abolitionist, and the South compelled to be, for self-preservation, opposed to Abolition, each great party, the Whig and the Democrat, is divided between Abolitionist and Compromise parties. A majority of the Whigs in the North, and a small minority in the South, are, I believe, Abolitionists. The entire Democrats of the South, and a great proportion of the Democrats in the North, are in favour of the Compromise measure. Many who abhor slavery, and would sacrifice much to see it abolished, both of the Whig and Democrat party, strongly support the Compromise, as the only practical measure which could be devised to satisfy the Southern States in regard to their independent rights, and to guard against a complete disruption of the Union. The probability of such a disruption has, I believe, been very much over-estimated; for the safety of the States, their power, their progress, and their glory, depends entirely upon their union; and Jonathan is not a man to underestimate its advantages. Besides, this is a land of bluster; and much sound is continually followed by very small results. Nevertheless, very menacing symptoms were lately displayed in the South; and no calculation can reach the consequences of the secession, or even attempted secession, of one single State from the Union. To sum up, the result is, the population is divided really into Unionists, or Compromise-men, and Disunionists, or Abolitionists. Each body is split into a thousand different factions; and although the preponderance is really with the Democrats, upon the operation of these factions within their several great bodies the result of the coming elections will greatly depend. Should the event be the election of a thorough Unionist candidate to the office of President, supported by a Unionist Congress, the peaceful progress of the United States will be immense. Should an Abolition candidate be elected, which I think is improbable, there may be peril; but unless too deeply pledged to his party, he will probably be coerced into a moderate course.

Such is the political aspect of affairs. In regard to mere feeling, the great majority of the people, as far as I can discover, are exceedingly indifferent to the question of Slavery. The Abolition enthusiasm has worn itself out; and even in the State of New York, the attempt to get up mass meetings, general petitions, &c. &c. &c., has been given up, or proved a failure. Nevertheless, upon such principles the election will be tried, and men will vote for Cass, Butler, Buchanan, Webster, Fillmore, Scott, Douglass, as they have come out or drawn back upon the Compromise measure; and yet those men will, nine out of ten of them, care not a straw for Slavery or Abolition. These two words are merely rallying cries. The great body of the people in all lands requires some countersign, which is generally without any tangible meaning to those who use it. The great distinction of parties in this country is the *ins* and the *outs*—those who have the loaves and fishes, and those who have not. Dollar, dollar, dollar, is at the bottom of it all. Not that I mean to say some are not most sincere and honest in all their opinions and all their acts, but it is not so with the mass; nor will it ever be so, even in a degree, so long as the smallest official appointments—even that of postmaster in the most petty village—are held, not upon good service, but upon good pleasure; and officers receiving from twenty to one hundred dollars are, without fault or blame, displaced as often as the Executive changes.

This is a great evil; but perhaps morally not so bad in its consequences as the election of judges. Where a seat upon the bench is made to depend upon popular favour, magistrates must be always amenable to popular influences, or be more than men; they must administer the evils of the populace, rather than the laws of the people. I am told that the system works well in those States which have adopted it; but the Americans are very vain of all their institutions—too vain to judge quite sanely. I have watched somewhat narrowly the operation of the law regarding the election of judges, and,

as far as I have seen, it works very ill; nothing could work worse, wherever popular prejudices, popular passion, or popular folly was concerned. Who may be the new President, selected from this bag of accidents, I cannot take upon myself to say; but the tendency of the States is democratic; and unless some great mistake is made by that party, they will elect him. Fillmore, Webster, Scott, and Cass, are the most prominent candidates; but the most prominent are not always the most successful; and it would not at all surprise me to find some man almost unheard of in the contest, stepping quietly into the Presidential chair. The more a man has done for the country, the less likely is the country to choose him. It is not for what a man has done, but for what he has not done, that he is elected; for each eminent political man makes more enemies than friends. He offends a hundred where he gratifies one.

Whoever may be the President, however, the United States will hold on the even tenor of their way—increasing every day and every hour in material prosperity—augmenting

in population and resources. They will not interfere in the affairs of Europe, notwithstanding all Kossuth can say; they will not again attempt to surprise Cuba, under cover of a Creole revolution, *till a more favourable opportunity*. They will coquet with the Sandwich Islands; push their feelers into the open oyster-shell of Mexico, and as far as the narrowest part of the Isthmus, feeling a *destiny* which impels them thither. They will flatter and court the Canadians, who hate them; construct railroads and canals as highways for enterprises of all kinds; settle, populate, cultivate, develop wild districts and undiscovered resources; display many of the best, and many of the worst, features of the Anglo-Saxon character, with here and there a touch of all the different nations which they are absorbing into themselves; and in the end, I believe, before magnitude causes disjunction, or corruption produces decay, will become, what they believe themselves to be now, one of the greatest people that the earth has ever seen.—Your obedient servant,

AN ENGLISHMAN ABROAD.

MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.

BY PISISTRATUS CAXTON.

BOOK XI. CONTINUED—CHAPTER XIII.

WE have seen Squire Hazeldean, (proud of the contents of his pocket-book, and his knowledge of the mercenary nature of foreign women,) set off on his visit to Beatrice di Negra. Randal, thus left, musing lone in the crowded streets, revolved with astute complacency the probable results of Mr Hazeldean's bluff negotiation; and, convincing himself that one of his vistas towards Fortune was becoming more clear and clear, he turned, with the restless activity of some founder of destined cities in a new settlement, to lop the boughs that cumbered and obscured the others. For truly, like a man in a vast Columbian forest, opening entangled space, now with the ready axe, now with the patient train, that kindles the slower fire, this child of civilised life went toiling on against surrounding obstacles, resolute to destroy, but ever scheming to construct. And now Randal has reached Levy's dainty business-room, and is buried deep in discussion how to secure to himself, at the expense of his patron, the representation of Lansmere, and how to complete the contract which shall reannex to his forlorn inheritance some fragments of its ancient wealth.

Meanwhile, Chance fought on his side in the boudoir of May Fair. The Squire had found the Marchesa at home—briefly introduced himself and his business—told her she was mistaken if she had fancied she had taken in a rich heir in his son—that, thank Heaven, he could leave his estates to his ploughman, if he so pleased, but that he was willing to do things liberally; and whatever she thought Frank was worth, he was very ready to pay for.

At another time Beatrice would perhaps have laughed at this strange address; or she might, in some prouder moment, have fired up with all a patrician's resentment and a woman's pride; but now her spirit

was crushed, her nerves shattered: the sense of her degraded position, of her dependence on her brother, combined with her supreme unhappiness at the loss of those dreams with which Leonard had for a while charmed her wearied waking life—all came upon her. She listened, pale and speechless; and the poor Squire thought he was quietly advancing towards a favourable result, when she suddenly burst into a passion of hysterical tears; and just at that moment Frank himself entered the room. At the sight of his father, of Beatrice's grief, his sense of filial duty gave way. He was maddened by irritation—by the insult offered to the woman he loved, which a few trembling words from her explained to him; maddened yet more by the fear that the insult had lost her to him—warm words ensued between son and father, to close with the peremptory command and vehement threat of the last.

"Come away this instant, sir! Come with me, or before the day is over I strike you out of my will!"

The son's answer was not to his father; he threw himself at Beatrice's feet.

"Forgive him—forgive us both—"

"What! you prefer that stranger to me—to the inheritance of Hazeldean!" cried the Squire, stamping his foot.

"Leave your estates to whom you will; all that I care for in life is here!"

The Squire stood still a moment or so, gazing on his son, with a strange bewildered marvel at the strength of that mystic passion, which none not labouring under its fearful charm can comprehend, which creates the sudden idol that no reason justifies, and sacrifices to its fatal shrine alike the Past and the Future. Not trusting himself to speak, the father drew his hand across his eyes, and dashed away the bitter tear that

sprang from a swelling indignant heart ; then he uttered an inarticulate sound, and, finding his voice gone, moved away to the door, and left the house.

He walked through the streets, bearing his head very erect, as a proud man does when deeply wounded, and striving to shake off some affection that he deems a weakness ; and his trembling nervous fingers fumbled at the button of his coat, trying to tighten the garment across his chest, as if to confirm a resolution that still sought to struggle out of the revolting heart.

Thus he went on, and the reader, perhaps, will wonder whither ; and the wonder may not lessen when he finds the Squire come to a dead pause in Grosvenor Square, and at the portico of his "distant brother's" stately house.

At the Squire's brief inquiry whether Mr Egerton was at home, the porter summoned the groom of the chambers ; and the groom of the chambers, seeing a stranger, doubted whether his master was not engaged, but would take in the stranger's card and see.

"Ay, ay," muttered the Squire, "this is true relationship—my child prefers a stranger to me. Why should I complain that I am a stranger in a brother's house ? Sir," added the Squire aloud, and very meekly—"Sir, please to say to your master that I am William Hazeldean."

The servant bowed low, and without another word conducted the visitor into the statesman's library, and, announcing Mr Hazeldean, closed the door.

Audley was seated at his desk, the grim iron boxes still at his feet, but they were now closed and locked. And the ex-minister was no longer looking over official documents ; letters spread open before him, of far different nature ; in his hand there lay a long lock of fair silken hair, on which his eyes were fixed sadly and intently. He started at the sound of his visitor's name, and the tread of the Squire's stalwart footstep ; and mechanically thrust into his bosom the relic of younger and warmer years, keeping his hand to his heart, which beat loud with disease, under

the light pressure of that golden hair.

The two brothers stood on the great man's lonely hearth, facing each other in silence, and noting unconsciously the change made in each during the long years in which they had never met.

The Squire, with his portly size, his hardy sun-burnt cheeks, the partial baldness of his unfurrowed open forehead, looked his full age—deep into middle life. Unmistakably he seemed the *pater familias*—the husband and the father—the man of social domestic ties. But about Audley, (really some few years junior to the Squire,) despite the lines of care on his handsome face, there still lingered the grace of youth. Men of cities retain youth longer than those of the country—a remark which Buffon has not failed to make and to account for. Neither did Egerton betray the air of the married man ; for ineffable solitariness seemed stamped upon the man, whose private life had long been so stern a solitude. No ray from the focus of Home played round that reserved, unjoyous, melancholy brow. In a word, Audley looked still the man for whom some young female heart might fondly sigh ; and not the less because of the cold eye and compressed lip, which challenged interest even while seeming to repel it.

Audley was the first to speak, and to put forth the right hand, which he stole slowly from its place at his breast, on which the lock of hair still stirred to and fro at the heave of the labouring heart. "William," said he, with his rich deep voice, "this is kind. You are come to see me, now that men say I am fallen. The minister you censured is no more ; and you see again the brother."

The Squire was softened at once by this address. He shook heartily the hand tendered to him ; and then, turning away his head, with an honest conviction that Audley ascribed to him a credit which he did not deserve, he said, "No, no, Audley ; I am more selfish than you think me. I have come—I have come to ask your advice—no, not exactly that—your opinion. But you are busy?"

"Sit down, William. Old days were coming over me when you

entered; days earlier still return now—days, too, that leave no shadow when their suns are set.”

The proud man seemed to think he had said too much. His practical nature rebuked the poetic sentiment and phrase. He re-collected himself, and added, more coldly, “You would ask my opinion? What on? Some public matter—some Parliamentary bill that may affect your property?”

“Am I such a mean miser as that? Property—property? What does property matter, when a man is struck down at his own hearth? Property, indeed! But you have no child—happy brother!”

“Ay, ay; as you say, I am a happy man; childless! Has your son displeased you? I have heard him spoken of well, too.”

“Don’t talk of him. Whether his conduct be good or ill is my affair,” resumed the poor father with a testy voice—jealous alike of Audley’s praise or blame of his rebellious son. Then he rose a moment, and made a strong gulp, as if for air; and laying his broad brown hand on his brother’s shoulder, said—“Randal Leslie tells me you are wise—a consummate man of the world. No doubt you are so. And Parson Dale tells me that he is sure you have warm feelings—which I take to be a strange thing for one who has lived so long in London, and has no wife and no child—a widower, and a Member of Parliament—for a commercial city, too. Never smile; it is no smiling matter with me. You know a foreign woman, called *Negra* or *Negro*—not a blacky-moor, though, by any means—at least on the outside of her. Is she such a woman as a plain country gentleman would like his only son to marry—ay or no?”

“No, indeed,” answered Audley, gravely; “and I trust your son will commit no action so rash. Shall I see him, or her? Speak, my dear William. What would you have me do?”

“Nothing; you have said enough,” replied the Squire gloomily; and his head sank on his breast.

Audley took his hand, and pressed it fraternally. “William,” said the statesman, “we have been long estranged; but I do not forget that when we last met, at—at Lord Lans-

mere’s house, and when I took you aside, and said ‘William, if I lose this election, I must resign all chance of public life; my affairs are embarrassed; I may need—I would not accept money from you—I would seek a profession, and you can help me there,’ you divined my meaning, and said—‘Take orders; the *Hazeldean* living is just vacant. I will get some one to hold it till you are ordained.’ I do not forget that. Would that I had thought earlier of so serene an escape from all that then tormented me. My lot might have been far happier.”

The Squire eyed Audley with a surprise that broke forth from his more absorbing emotions. “Happier! Why, all things have prospered with you; and you are rich enough now; and—you shake your head. Brother, is it possible! do you want money? Pooh, not accept money from your mother’s son!—stuff.” Out came the Squire’s pocket-book. Audley put it gently aside.

“Nay,” said he, “I have enough for myself; but since you seek and speak with me thus affectionately, I will ask you one favour. Should I die before I can provide for my wife’s kinsman, Randal Leslie, as I could wish, will you see to his fortunes, so far as you can, without injury to others—to your own son?”

“My son! He is provided for. He has the *Casino* estate—much good may it do him. You have touched on the very matter that brought me here. This boy, Randal Leslie, seems a praiseworthy lad, and has *Hazeldean* blood in his veins. You have taken him up because he is connected with your late wife. Why should not I take him up, too, when his grandmother was a *Hazeldean*? I wanted to ask you what you meant to do for him; for if you did not mean to provide for him, why, I will, as in duty bound. So your request comes at the right time; I think of altering my will. I can put him into the entail, besides a handsome legacy. You are sure he is a good lad—and it will please you too, Audley!”

“But not at the expense of your son. And stay, William—as to this.

foolish marriage with Madame di Negra, who told you Frank meant to take such a step?"

"He told me himself; but it is no matter. Randal and I both did all we could to dissuade him; and Randal advised me to come to you."

"He has acted generously, then, our kinsman Randal—I am glad to hear it"—said Audley, his brow somewhat clearing. "I have no influence with this lady; but, at least, I can counsel her. Do not consider the marriage fixed because a young man desires it. Youth is ever hot and rash."

"Your youth never was," retorted the Squire bluntly. "You married well enough, I'm sure. I will say one thing for you: you have been, to my taste, a bad politician—beg pardon—but you were always a gentleman. You would never have disgraced your family and married a—"

"Hush!" interrupted Egerton gently. "Do not make matters worse than they are. Madame di Negra is of high birth in her own country; and if scandal"—

"Scandal!" cried the Squire, shrinking and turning pale. "Are you speaking of the wife of a Hazeldean? At least she shall never sit by the hearth at which now sits his mother; and whatever I may do for Frank, her children shall not succeed. No mongrel cross-breed shall kennel in English Hazeldean. Much obliged to you, Audley, for your good feeling—glad to have seen you; and harkye, you startled me by that shake of your head, when I spoke of your wealth; and, from what you say about Randal's prospects, I guess that you London gentlemen are not so thrifty as we are. You *shall* let me speak. I say again, that I have some thousands quite at your service. And though you are not a Hazeldean, still you are my mother's son; and now that I am about to alter my will, I can as well scratch in the name of Egerton as that of Leslie. Cheer up, cheer up; you are younger than I am, and you have no child; so you will live longer than I shall."

"My dear brother," answered Audley, "believe me I shall never live to want your aid. And as to

Leslie, add to the £5000 I mean to give him, an equal sum in your will, and I shall feel that he has received justice."

Observing that the Squire, though he listened attentively, made no ready answer, Audley turned the subject again to Frank; and with the adroitness of a man of the world, backed by cordial sympathy in his brother's distress, he pleaded so well Frank's lame cause, urged so gently the wisdom of patience and delay, and the appeal to filial feeling rather than recourse to paternal threats, that the Squire grew mollified in spite of himself, and left his brother's house a much less angry, and less doleful man.

Mr Hazeldean was still in the square, when he came upon Randal himself, who was walking with a dark whiskered, showy gentleman, towards Egerton's house. Randal and the gentleman exchanged a hasty whisper, and the former then exclaimed—

"What, Mr Hazeldean, have you just left your brother's house? Is it possible?"

"Why, you advised me to go there, and I did. I scarcely knew what I was about. I am very glad I did go. Hang politics! hang the landed interest! what do I care for either now?"

"Foiled with Madame di Negra?" asked Randal, drawing the Squire aside.

"Never speak of her again!" cried the Squire fiercely. "And as to that ungrateful boy—but I don't mean to behave harshly to him—he shall have money enough to keep her if he likes—keep her from coming to me—keep him, too, from counting on my death, and borrowing post-obits on the Casino—for he'll be doing that next—no, I hope I wrong him there; I have been too good a father for him to count on my death already. After all," continued the Squire, beginning to relax, "as Audley says, the marriage is not yet made; and if the woman has taken him in, he is young, and his heart is warm. Make yourself easy, my boy. I don't forget how kindly you took his part; and before I do anything rash, I'll at least take advice with his poor mother."

Randal gnawed his pale lip, and a momentary cloud of disappointment passed over his face.

"True, sir," said he gently; "true, you must not be rash. Indeed, I was thinking of you and poor dear Frank at the very moment I met you. It occurred to me whether we might not make Frank's very embarrassments a reason to induce Madame di Negra to refuse him; and I was on my way to Mr Egerton, in order to ask his opinion, in company with the gentleman yonder."

"Gentleman yonder! Why should he thrust his long nose into my family affairs? Who the devil is he?"

"Don't ask, sir. Pray let me act."

But the Squire continued to eye askant the dark-whiskered personage thus thrust between himself and his son, and who waited patiently a few yards in the rear, carelessly re-adjusting the camellia in his button-hole.

"He looks very outlandish. Is he a foreigner too?" asked the Squire at last.

"No, not exactly. However, he knows all about Frank's embarrassments; and"—

"Embarrassments! what, the debt he paid for that woman? How did he raise the money?"

"I don't know," answered Randal, "and that is the reason I asked Baron Levy to accompany me to Egerton's, that he might explain in private what I have no reason—"

"Baron Levy!" interrupted the Squire. "Levy, Levy—I have heard of a Levy who has nearly ruined my neighbour Thornhill—a money-lender. Zounds! is that the man who knows my son's affairs? I'll soon learn, sir."

Randal caught hold of the Squire's arm: "Stop, stop; if you really insist upon learning more about Frank's debts, you must not appeal to Baron Levy directly, and as Frank's father: he will not answer you. But if I present you to him as a mere acquaintance of mine, and turn the conversation, as if carelessly, upon Frank—why, since, in the London world, such matters are never kept secret except from the parents of young men—I have no doubt he will talk out openly."

"Manage it as you will," said the Squire.

Randal took Mr Hazeldean's arm, and joined Levy—"A friend of mine from the country, Baron." Levy bowed profoundly, and the three walked slowly on.

"By the by," said Randal, pressing significantly upon Levy's arm, "my friend has come to town upon the somewhat unpleasant business of settling the debts of another—a young man of fashion—a relation of his own. No one, sir, (turning to the Squire,) could so ably assist you in such arrangements, as could Baron Levy."

BARON, (modestly, and with a moralising air.)—"I have some experience in such matters, and I hold it a duty to assist the parents and relations of young men who, from want of reflection, often ruin themselves for life. I hope the young gentleman in question is not in the hands of the Jews?"

RANDAL—"Christians are as fond of good interest for their money as ever the Jews can be."

BARON—"Granted, but they have not always so much money to lend. The first thing, sir, (addressing the Squire,)—the first thing for you to do is to buy up such of your relation's bills and notes of hand as may be in the market. No doubt we can get them a bargain, unless the young man is heir to some property that may soon be his in the course of nature."

RANDAL—"Not soon—heaven forbid! His father is still a young man—a fine healthy man," leaning heavily on Levy's arm; "and as to post-obits"—

BARON—"Post-obits on sound security cost more to buy up, however healthy the obstructing relative may be."

RANDAL—"I should hope that there are not many sons who can calculate, in cold blood, on the death of their fathers."

BARON—"Ha, ha—he is young, our friend Randal; eh, sir?"

RANDAL—"Well, I am not more scrupulous than others, I daresay; and I have often been pinched hard for money, but I would go bare-foot rather than give security upon a father's grave! I can imagine nothing

more likely to destroy natural feeling, nor to instil ingratitude and treachery into the whole character, than to press the hand of a parent, and calculate when that hand may be dust—than to sit down with strangers and reduce his life to the measure of an insurance table—than to feel difficulties gathering round one, and mutter in fashionable slang, 'But it will be all well if the governor would but die.' And he who has accustomed himself to the relief of post-obits must gradually harden his mind to all this."

The Squire groaned heavily; and had Randal proceeded another sentence in the same strain, the Squire would have wept outright. "But," continued Randal, altering the tone of his voice, "I think that our young friend of whom we were talking just now, Levy, before this gentleman joined us, has the same opinions as myself on this head. He may accept bills, but he would never sign post-obits."

BARON, (who with the apt docility of a managed charger to the touch of a rider's hand, had comprehended and complied with each quick sign of Randal's.)—"Pooh! the young fellow we are talking of? Nonsense. He would not be so foolish as to give five times the percentage he otherwise might. Not sign post-obits! Of course he has signed one."

RANDAL.—"Hist—you mistake, you mistake."

SQUIRE, (leaving Randal's arm and seizing Levy's.)—"Were you speaking of Frank Hazeldean?"

BARON.—"My dear sir, excuse me; I never mention names before strangers."

SQUIRE.—"Strangers again! Man, I am the boy's father! Speak out, sir," and his hand closed on Levy's arm with the strength of an iron vice.

BARON.—"Gently; you hurt me, sir; but I excuse your feelings. Randal, you are to blame for leading me into this indiscretion; but I beg to assure Mr Hazeldean, that though his son has been a little extravagant—"

RANDAL.—"Owing chiefly to the arts of an abandoned woman."

BARON.—"Of an abandoned woman;—still he has shown more prudence than you would suppose; and

this very post-obit is a proof of it. A simple act of that kind has enabled him to pay off bills that were running on till they would have ruined even the Hazeldean estate; whereas a charge on the reversion of the Casino"—

SQUIRE.—"He has done it then? He has signed a post-obit?"

RANDAL.—"No, no; Levy must be wrong."

BARON.—"My dear Leslie, a man of Mr Hazeldean's time of life cannot have your romantic boyish notions. He must allow that Frank has acted in this like a lad of sense—very good head for business has my young friend Frank! And the best thing Mr Hazeldean can do is quietly to buy up the post-obit, and thus he will place his son henceforth in his own power."

SQUIRE.—"Can I see the deed with my own eyes?"

BARON.—"Certainly, or how could you be induced to buy it up? But on one condition; you must not betray me to your son. And, indeed, take my advice, and don't say a word to him on the matter."

SQUIRE.—"Let me see it, let me see it, with my own eyes. His mother else will never believe it—nor will I."

BARON.—"I can call on you this evening."

SQUIRE.—"Now—now."

BARON.—"You can spare me, Randal; and you yourself can open to Mr Egerton the other affair, respecting Lansmere. No time should be lost, lest L'Estrange suggest a candidate."

RANDAL, (whispering.)—"Never mind me. This is more important. (Aloud)—Go with Mr Hazeldean. My dear kind friend, (to the Squire,) do not let this vex you so much. After all, it is what nine young men out of ten would do in the same circumstances. And it is best you should know it; you may save Frank from farther ruin, and prevent, perhaps, this very marriage."

"We will see," exclaimed the Squire hastily. "Now, Mr Levy, come."

Levy and the Squire walked on, not arm in arm, but side by side. Randal proceeded to Egerton's house.

"I am glad to see you, Leslie," said the ex-minister. "What is it I have heard? My nephew, Frank Hazeldean, proposes to marry Madame di Negra against his father's consent? How could you suffer him to entertain an idea so wild? And how never confide it to me?"

RANDAL.—"My dear Mr Egerton, it is only to-day that I was informed of Frank's engagement. I have already seen him, and expostulated in vain; till then, though I knew your nephew admired Madame di Negra, I could never suppose he harboured a serious intention."

EGERTON.—"I must believe you, Randal. I will myself see Madame di Negra, though I have no power, and no right, to dictate to her. I have but little time for all such private business. The dissolution of Parliament is so close at hand."

RANDAL, (looking down).—"It is on that subject that I wished to speak to you, sir. You think of standing for Lansmere. Well, Baron Levy has suggested to me an idea that I could not, of course, even countenance, till I had spoken to you. It seems that he has some acquaintance with the state of parties in that borough! He is informed that it is not only as easy to bring in two of our side, as to carry one; but that it would make your election still more safe, not to fight single-handed against two opponents; that if canvassing for yourself alone, you could not carry a sufficient number of plumper votes; that split votes would go from you to one or other of the two adversaries; that, in a word, it is necessary to pair you with a colleague. If it really be so, you of course will learn best from your own Committee; but should they concur in the opinion Baron Levy has formed—do I presume too much on your kindness—to deem it possible that you might allow me to be the second candidate on your side? I should not say this, but that Levy told me you had some wish to see me in Parliament, amongst the supporters of your policy. And what other opportunity can occur? Here the cost of carrying two would be scarcely more than that of carrying one. And

Levy says, the party would subscribe for my election; you, of course, would refuse all such aid for your own; and indeed, with your great name, and Lord Lansmere's interest, there can be little beyond the strict legal expenses."

As Randal spoke thus at length, he watched anxiously his patron's reserved unrevealing countenance.

EGERTON, (drily).—"I will consider. You may safely leave in my hands any matter connected with your ambition and advancement. I have before told you I hold it a duty to do all in my power for the kinsman of my late wife—for one whose career I undertook to forward—for one whom honour has compelled to share in my own political reverses."

Here Egerton rang the bell for his hat and gloves, and walking into the hall, paused at the street door. There beckoning to Randal, he said slowly, "You seem intimate with Baron Levy; I caution you against him—a dangerous acquaintance, first to the purse, next to the honour."

RANDAL.—"I know it, sir; and am surprised myself at the acquaintance that has grown up between us. Perhaps its cause is in his respect for yourself."

EGERTON.—"Tut."

RANDAL.—"Whatever it be, he contrives to obtain a singular hold over one's mind, even where, as in my case, he has no evident interest to serve. How is this? It puzzles me!"

EGERTON.—"For his interest, it is most secured where he suffers it to be least evident; for his hold over the mind, it is easily accounted for. He ever appeals to two temptations, strong with all men—Avarice and Ambition. Good day."

RANDAL.—"Are you going to Madame di Negra's? Shall I not accompany you? Perhaps I may be able to back your own remonstrances."

EGERTON.—"No, I shall not require you."

RANDAL.—"I trust I shall hear the result of your interview? I feel so much interested in it. Poor Frank!"

Audley nodded. "Of course, of course."

CHAPTER XIV.

On entering the drawing-room of Madame di Negra, the peculiar charm which the severe Audley Egerton had been ever reputed to possess with women, would have sensibly struck one who had hitherto seen him chiefly in his relations with men in the business-like affairs of life. It was a charm in strong contrast to the ordinary manners of those who are emphatically called "Ladies' men." No artificial smile, no conventional hollow blandness, no frivolous gossip, no varnish either of ungenial gaiety or affected grace. The charm was in a simplicity that unbent more into kindness than it did with men. Audley's nature, whatever its faults and defects, was essentially masculine; and it was the sense of masculine power that gave to his voice a music when addressing the gentler sex—a sort of indulgent tenderness that appeared equally void of insincerity and presumption.

Frank had been gone about half-an-hour, and Madame di Negra was scarcely recovered from the agitation into which she had been thrown by the affront from the father and the pleading of the son.

Egerton took her passive hand cordially, and seated himself by her side.

"My dear Marchesa," said he, "are we then likely to be near connections? And can you seriously contemplate marriage with my young nephew, Frank Hazeldean? You turn away. Ah, my fair friend, there are but two inducements to a free woman to sign away her liberty at the altar. I say a free woman, for widows are free, and girls are not. These inducements are, first, worldly position; secondly, love. Which of these motives can urge Madame di Negra to marry Mr Frank Hazeldean?"

"There are other motives than those you speak of—the need of protection—the sense of solitude—the curse of dependence—gratitude for honourable affection. But you men never know women!"

"I grant that you are right there—we never do; neither do women ever

know men. And yet each sex contrives to dupe and to fool the other! Listen to me. I have little acquaintance with my nephew, but I allow he is a handsome young gentleman, with whom a handsome young lady in her teens might fall in love in a ball-room. But you who have known the higher order of our species—you who have received the homage of men, whose thoughts and mind leave the small talk of drawing-room triflers—so poor and bald—you cannot look me in the face and say that it is any passion resembling love which you feel for my nephew. And as to position, it is right that I should inform you that if he marry you he will have none. He may risk his inheritance. You will receive no countenance from his parents. You will be poor, but not free. You will not gain the independence you seek for. The sight of a vacant discontented face in that opposite chair will be worse than solitude. And as to grateful affection," added the man of the world, "it is a polite synonym for tranquil indifference."

"Mr Egerton," said Beatrice, "people say you are made of bronze. Did you ever feel the want of a home?"

"I answer you frankly," replied the statesman, "if I had not felt it, do you think I should have been, and that I should be to the last, the joyless drudge of public life? Bronze though you call my nature, it would have melted away long since like wax in the fire, if I had sat idly down and dreamed of a *Home*!"

"But we women," answered Beatrice, with pathos, "have no public life, and we do idly sit down and dream. Oh," she continued, after a short pause, and clasping her hands firmly together, "you think me worldly, grasping, ambitious; how different my fate had been had I known a home!—known one whom I could love and venerate—known one whose smiles would have developed the good that was once within me, and the fear of whose rebuking or sorrowful eye would have corrected what is evil."

"Yet," answered Audley, "nearly all women in the great world have had that choice once in their lives, and nearly all have thrown it away. How few of your rank really think of home when they marry—how few ask to venerate as well as to love—and how many, of every rank, when the home has been really gained, have wilfully lost its shelter; some in neglectful weariness—some from a momentary doubt, distrust, caprice—a wild fancy—a passionate fit—a trifle—a straw—a dream! True, you women are ever dreamers. Common sense, common earth, is above or below your comprehension."

Both now were silent. Audley first roused himself with a quick, writhing movement. "We two," said he, smiling half sadly, half cynically—"we two must not longer waste time in talking sentiment. We know both too well what life, as it has been made for us by our faults or our misfortunes, truly is. And once again, I entreat you to pause before you yield to the foolish suit of my foolish nephew. Rely on it, you will either command a higher offer for your prudence to accept; or, if you needs must sacrifice rank and fortune, you, with your beauty and your romantic heart, will see one who, at least for a fair holiday season, (if human love allows no more,) can repay you for the sacrifice. Frank Hazeldean never can."

Beatrice turned away to conceal the tears that rushed to her eyes.

"Think over this well," said Audley, in the softest tones of his mellow voice. "Do you remember that when you first came to England, I

told you that neither wedlock nor love had any lures for me. We grew friends upon that rude avowal, and therefore I now speak to you like some sage of old, wise because standing apart and aloof from all the affections and ties that mislead our wisdom. Nothing but real love—(how rare it is; has one human heart in a million ever known it!)—nothing but real love can repay us for the loss of freedom—the cares and fears of poverty—the cold pity of the world that we both despise and respect. And all these, and much more, follow the step you would inconsiderately take—an imprudent marriage."

"Audley Egerton," said Beatrice, lifting her dark, moistened eyes, "you grant that real love does compensate for an imprudent marriage. You speak as if you had known such love—you! Can it be possible?"

"Real love—I thought that I knew it once. Looking back with remorse, I should doubt it now but for one curse that only real love, when lost, has the power to leave evermore behind it."

"What is that?"

"A void here," answered Egerton, striking his heart. "Desolation!—Adieu!"

He rose and left the room.

"Is it," murmured Egerton, as he pursued his way through the streets—"is it that, as we approach death, all the first fair feelings of young life come back to us mysteriously? Thus I have heard, or read, that in some country of old, children, scattering flowers, preceded a funeral bier."

CHAPTER XV.

And so Leonard stood beside his friend's mortal clay, and watched, in the ineffable smite of death, the last gleam which the soul had left there; and so, after a time, he crept back to the adjoining room with a step as noiseless as if he had feared to disturb the dead. Wearied as he was with watching, he had no thought of sleep. He sate himself down by the little table, and leaned his face on his hand, musing sorrowfully. Thus time passed. He heard the clock from below strike the

hours. In the house of death the sound of a clock becomes so solemn. The soul that we miss has gone so far beyond the reach of time! A cold, superstitious awe gradually stole over the young man. He shivered, and lifted his eyes with a start, half scornful, half defying. The moon was gone—the grey, comfortless dawn gleamed through the casement, and carried its raw, chilling light through the open doorway, into the death-room. And there, near the extinguished fire,

Leonard saw the solitary woman, weeping low, and watching still. He returned to say a word of comfort—she pressed his hand, but waived him away. He understood. She did not wish for other comfort than her quiet relief of tears. Again, he returned to his own chamber, and his eye this time fell upon the papers which he had hitherto disregarded. What made his heart stand still, and the blood then rush so quickly through his veins? Why did he seize upon those papers with so tremulous a hand—then lay them down—pause, as if to nerve himself—and look so eagerly again? He recognised the handwriting—those fair, clear characters—so peculiar in their woman-like delicacy and grace—the same as in the wild, pathetic poems, the sight of which had made an era in his boyhood. From these pages the image of the mysterious Nora rose once more before him. He felt that he was with a mother. He went back, and closed the door gently, as if with a jealous piety, to exclude each ruder shadow from the world of spirits, and be alone with that mournful ghost. For a thought written in warm, sunny life, and then suddenly rising up to us, when the hand that traced, and the heart that cherished it, are dust—is verily as a ghost. It is a likeness struck off of the fond human being, and surviving it. Far more truthful than bust or portrait, it bids us see the tear flow, and the pulse beat. What ghost can the churchyard yield to us like the writing of the dead?

The bulk of the papers had been once lightly sewn to each other—they had come undone, perhaps in Burley's rude hands: but their order was easily apparent. Leonard soon saw that they formed a kind of journal—not, indeed, a regular diary, nor always relating to the things of the day. There were gaps in time—no attempt at successive narrative. Sometimes, instead of prose, a hasty burst of verse, gushing evidently from the heart—sometimes all narrative was left untold, and yet, as it were, epitomised, by a single burning line—a single exclamation—of woe, or joy! Everywhere you saw records of a nature exquisitely susceptible: and where genius appeared, it was so artless, that you did not call it genius, but emotion. At the out-

set the writer did not speak of herself in the first person. The MS. opened with descriptions and short dialogues, carried on by persons to whose names only initial letters were assigned, all written in a style of simple, innocent freshness, and breathing of purity and happiness, like a dawn of spring. Two young persons, humbly born—a youth and a girl—the last still in childhood, each chiefly self-taught, are wandering on Sabbath evenings among green dewy fields, near the busy town, in which labour awhile is still. Few words pass between them. You see at once, though the writer does not mean to convey it, how far beyond the scope of her male companion flies the heavenward imagination of the girl. It is he who questions—it is she who answers; and soon there steals upon you, as you read, the conviction that the youth loves the girl, and loves in vain. All in this writing, though terse, is so truthful! Leonard, in the youth, already recognises the rude, imperfect scholar—the village bard—Mark Fairfield. Then, there is a gap in description—but there are short weighty sentences, which show deepening thought, increasing years, in the writer. And though the innocence remains, the happiness begins to be less vivid on the page.

Now, insensibly, Leonard finds that there is a new phase in the writer's existence. Scenes, no longer of humble, work-day rural life, surround her. And a fairer and more dazzling image succeeds to the companion of the Sabbath eves. This image Nora evidently loves to paint—it is akin to her own genius—it captivates her fancy—it is an image that she (in-born artist, and conscious of her art) feels to belong to a brighter and higher school of the Beautiful. And yet the virgin's heart is not awakened—no trace of the heart yet there. The new image thus introduced is one of her own years, perhaps; nay, it may be younger still—for it is a boy that is described, with his profuse fair curls, and eyes new to grief, and confronting the sun as a young eagle's; with veins so full of the wine of life, that they overflow into every joyous whim; with nerves quivering alive to the desire of glory; with the frank generous nature

rash in its laughing scorn of the world, which it has not tried. Who was this boy, it perplexed Leonard. He feared to guess. Soon, less told than implied, you saw that this companionship, however it chanced, brings fear and pain on the writer. Again, (as before,) with Mark Fairfield, there is love on the one side and not on the other;—with her there is affectionate, almost sisterly, interest, admiration, gratitude—but a something of pride or of terror that keeps back love.

Here Leonard's interest grew intense. Were there touches by which conjecture grew certainty; and he recognised, through the lapse of years, the boy lover in his own generous benefactor?

Fragments of dialogue now began to reveal the suit of an ardent impassioned nature, and the simple wonder and strange alarm of a listener who pitied but could not sympathise. Some great worldly distinction of rank between the two became visible—that distinction seemed to arm the virtue and steel the affections of the lowlier born. Then a few sentences, half blotted out with tears, told of wounded and humbled feelings—some one invested with authority, as if the suitor's parent, had interfered, questioned, reproached, counselled. And it was now evident that the suit was not one that dishonoured;—it wooed to flight, but still to marriage.

And now these sentences grew briefer still, as with the decision of a strong resolve. And to these there followed a passage so exquisite, that Leonard wept unconsciously as he read. It was the description of a visit spent at home previous to some sorrowful departure. There rose up the glimpse of a proud and vain, but a tender wistful mother—of a father's fonder but less thoughtful love. And then came a quiet soothing scene between the girl and her first village lover, ending thus—"So she put M.'s hand into her sister's, and said: 'You loved me through the fancy, love her with the heart,' and left them comprehending each other, and betrothed."

Leonard sighed. He understood now how Mark Fairfield saw in the homely features of his unlettered wife the

reflexion of the sister's soul and face.

A few words told the final parting—words that were a picture. The long friendless highway, stretching on—on—towards the remorseless city. And the doors of home opening on the desolate thoroughfare—and the old pollard tree beside the threshold, with the ravens wheeling round it and calling to their young. He too had watched that threshold from the same desolate thoroughfare. He too had heard the cry of the ravens. Then came some pages covered with snatches of melancholy verse, or some reflections of dreamy gloom.

The writer was in London, in the house of some highborn patroness—that friendless shadow of a friend which the jargon of society calls "companion." And she was looking on the bright storm of the world as through prison bars. Poor bird, afar from the greenwood, she had need of song—it was her last link with freedom and nature. The patroness seems to share in her apprehensions of the boy suitor, whose wild rash prayers the fugitive had resisted; but to fear lest the suitor should be degraded, not the one whom he pursues—fears an alliance ill-suited to a highborn heir. And this kind of fear stings the writer's pride, and she grows harsh in her judgment of him who thus causes but pain where he proffers love. Then there is a reference to some applicant for her hand, who is pressed upon her choice. And she is told that it is her duty so to choose, and thus deliver a noble family from a dread that endures so long as her hand is free. And of this fear, and of this applicant, there breaks out a petulant yet pathetic scorn. After this, the narrative, to judge by the dates, pauses for days and weeks, as if the writer had grown weary and listless,—suddenly to reopen in a new strain, cloquent with hopes, and with fears never known before. The first person was abruptly assumed—it was the living "I" that now breathed and moved along the lines. How was this? The woman was no more a shadow and a secret unknown to herself. She had assumed the intense and vivid sense of individual being.

And love spoke loud in the awakened human heart.

A personage not seen till then appeared on the page. And ever afterwards this personage was only named as "*He*," as if the one and sole representative of all the myriads that walk the earth. The first notice of this prominent character on the scene showed the restless agitated effect produced on the writer's imagination. He was invested with a romance probably not his own. He was described in contrast to the brilliant boy whose suit she had feared,

pitied, and now sought to shun—described with a grave and serious, but gentle mien—a voice that imposed respect—an eye and lip that showed collected dignity of will. Alas! the writer betrayed herself, and the charm was in the contrast, not to the character of the earlier lover, but her own. And now, leaving Leonard to explore and guess his way through the gaps and chasms of the narrative, it is time to place before the reader what the narrative alone will not reveal to Leonard.

CHAPTER XVI.

Nora Avenel had fled from the boyish love of Harley L'Estrange—recommended by Lady Lansmere to a valetudinarian relative of her own, Lady Jane Horton, as companion. But Lady Lansmere could not believe it possible that the low-born girl could long sustain her generous pride, and reject the ardent suit of one who could offer to her the prospective coronet of a countess. She continually urged upon Lady Jane the necessity of marrying Nora to some one of rank less disproportioned to her own, and empowered that lady to assure any such wooer of a dowry far beyond Nora's station. Lady Jane looked around, and saw in the outskirts of her limited social ring, a young solicitor, a peer's natural son, who was on terms of more than business-like intimacy with the fashionable clients whose distresses made the origin of his wealth. The young man was handsome, well-dressed, and bland. Lady Jane invited him to her house; and, seeing him struck dumb with the rare loveliness of Nora, whispered the hint of the dowry. The fashionable solicitor, who afterwards ripened into Baron Levy, did not need that hint; for, though then poor, he relied on himself for fortune, and, unlike Randal, he had warm blood in his veins. But Lady Jane's suggestions made him sanguine of success; and when he formally proposed, and was as formally refused, his self-love was bitterly wounded. Vanity in Levy was a powerful passion; and with the vain, hatred is strong, revenge is

rankling. Levy retired, concealing his rage; nor did he himself know how vindictive that rage, when it cooled into malignancy, could become, until the arch-fiend OPPORTUNITY prompted its indulgence and suggested its design.

Lady Jane was at first very angry with Nora for the rejection of a suitor whom she had presented as eligible. But the pathetic grace of this wonderful girl had crept into her heart, and softened it even against family prejudice; and she gradually owned to herself that Nora was worthy of some one better than Mr Levy.

Now, Harley had ever believed that Nora returned his love, and that nothing but her own sense of gratitude to his parents—her own instincts of delicacy, made her deaf to his prayers. To do him justice, wild and headstrong as he then was, his suit would have ceased at once had he really deemed it persecution. Nor was his error unnatural; for his conversation, till it had revealed his own heart, could not fail to have dazzled and delighted the child of genius; and her frank eyes would have shown the delight. How, at his age, could he see the distinction between the Poetess and the Woman? The poetess was charmed with rare promise in a soul of which the very errors were the extravagances of richness and beauty. But the woman—no! the woman required some nature not yet undeveloped, and all at turbulent if brilliant strife with its own noble elements,—but a nature formed and full grown.

Harley was a boy, and Nora was one of those women who must find or fancy an Ideal that commands and almost awes them into love.

Harley discovered, not without difficulty, Nora's new residence. He presented himself at Lady Jane's, and she, with grave rebuke, forbade him the house. He found it impossible to obtain an interview with Nora. He wrote, but he felt sure that his letters never reached her, since they were unanswered. His young heart swelled with rage. He dropped threats, which alarmed all the fears of Lady Lansmere, and even the prudent apprehensions of his friend, Audley Egerton. At the request of the mother, and equally at the wish of the son, Audley consented to visit at Lady Jane's, and make acquaintance with Nora.

"I have such confidence in you," said Lady Lansmere, "that if you once know the girl, your advice will be sure to have weight with her. You will show her how wicked it would be to let Harley break our hearts and degrade his station."

"I have such confidence in you," said young Harley, "that if you once know my Nora, you will no longer side with my mother. You will recognise the nobility which Nature only can create—you will own that Nora is worthy a rank more lofty than mine; and my mother so believes in your wisdom, that, if you plead in my cause, you will convince even her."

Audley listened to both with his intelligent, half-incredulous smile; and wholly of the same advice as Lady Lansmere, and sincerely anxious to save Harley from an indiscretion that his own notions led him to regard as fatal, he resolved to examine this boasted pearl, and to find out its flaws. Audley Egerton was then in the prime of his earnest, resolute, ambitious youth. The stateliness of his natural manners had then a suavity and polish which, even in later and busier life, it never wholly lost; since, in spite of the briefer words and the colder looks by which care and power mark the official man, the Minister had ever enjoyed that personal popularity which the indefinable, external something, that wins

and pleases, can alone confer. But he had even then, as ever, that felicitous reserve which Rochefaucault has called the "mystery of the body"—that thin yet guardian veil which reveals but the strong outlines of character, and excites so much of interest by provoking so much of conjecture. To the man who is born with this reserve, which is wholly distinct from shyness, the world gives credit for qualities and talents beyond those that it perceives; and such characters are attractive to others in proportion as these last are gifted with the imagination which loves to divine the unknown.

At the first interview, the impression which this man produced upon Nora Avenel was profound and strange. She had heard of him before as the one whom Harley most loved and looked up to; and she recognised at once in his mien, his aspect, his words, the very tone of his deep tranquil voice, the power to which woman, whatever her intellect, never attains; and to which, therefore, she imputes a nobility not always genuine—viz., the power of deliberate purpose, and self-collected, serene ambition. The effect that Nora produced on Egerton was not less sudden. He was startled by a beauty of face and form that belonged to that rarest order, which we never behold but once or twice in our lives. He was yet more amazed to discover that the aristocracy of mind could bestow a grace that no aristocracy of birth could surpass. He was prepared for a simple, blushing village girl, and involuntarily he bowed low his proud front at the first sight of that delicate bloom, and that exquisite gentleness which is woman's surest passport to the respect of man. Neither in the first, nor the second, nor the third interview, nor, indeed, till after many interviews, could he summon up courage to commence his mission, and allude to Harley. And when he did so at last, his words faltered. But Nora's words were clear to him. He saw that Harley was not loved; and a joy that he felt as guilty, darted through his whole frame. From that interview Audley returned home, greatly agitated, and at war with himself. Often, in the course of this

story, has it been hinted that, under all Egerton's external coldness, and measured self-control, lay a nature capable of strong and stubborn passions. Those passions broke forth then. He felt that love had already entered into the heart, which the trust of his friend should have sufficed to guard.

"I will go there no more," said he, abruptly, to Harley.

"But why?"

"The girl does not love you. Cease then to think of her."

Harley disbelieved him, and grew indignant. But Audley had every worldly motive to assist his sense of honour. He was poor, though with the reputation of wealth—deeply involved in debt—resolved to rise in life—tenacious of his position in the world's esteem. Against a host of counteracting influences, love fought single-handed. Audley's was a strong nature; but, alas! in strong natures, if resistance to temptation is of granite, so the passions that they admit are of fire.

Trite is the remark, that the destinies of our lives often date from the impulses of unguarded moments. It was so with this man, to an ordinary eye so cautious and so deliberate. Harley one day came to him in great grief; he had heard that Nora was ill; he implored Audley to go once more and ascertain. Audley went. Lady Jane Horton, who was suffering under a disease which not long afterwards proved fatal, was too ill to receive him. He was shown into the room set apart as Nora's. While waiting for her entrance, he turned mechanically over the leaves of an album which Nora, suddenly summoned away to attend Lady Jane, had left behind her on the table. He saw the sketch of his own features; he read words inscribed below it—words of such artless tenderness, and such unhoping sorrow—words written by one who had been accustomed to regard her genius as her sole confidant, under Heaven, to pour out to it, as the solitary poet heart is impelled to do, thoughts, feelings, the confession of mystic sighs, which it would never breathe to a living ear, and, save at such moments, scarcely acknowledge to itself. Audley saw that he was beloved, and the revela-

tion, with a sudden light, consumed all the barriers between himself and his own love. And at that moment Nora entered. She saw him bending over the book. She uttered a cry—sprang forward—and then sank down, covering her face with her hands. But Audley was at her feet. He forgot his friend, his trust; he forgot ambition—he forgot the world. It was his own cause that he pleaded—his own love that burst forth from his lips. And when the two that day parted, they were betrothed each to each. Alas for them, and alas for Harley!

And now this man, who had hitherto valued himself as the very type of gentleman—whom all his young contemporaries had so regarded and so revered—had to press the hand of a confiding friend, and bid adieu to truth. He had to amuse, to delay, to mislead his boy-rival—to say that he was already subduing Nora's hesitating doubts—and that with a little time, she could be induced to consent to forget Harley's rank, and his parent's pride, and become his wife. And Harley believed in Egerton, without one suspicion on the mirror of his loyal soul.

Meanwhile Audley, impatient of his own position—impatient as strong minds ever are, to hasten what they have once resolved—to terminate a suspense that every interview with Harley tortured alike by jealousy and shame—to put himself out of the reach of scruples, and to say to himself, "Right or wrong, there is no looking back; the deed is done;"—Audley, thus hurried on by the impetus of his own power of will, pressed for speedy and secret nuptials—secret till his fortunes, then wavering, were more assured—his career fairly commenced. This was not his strongest motive, though it was one. He shrank from the discovery of his wrong to his friend—desired to delay the self-humiliation of such announcement, until, as he persuaded himself, Harley's boyish passion was over—had yielded to the new allurements that would naturally beset his way. Stifling his conscience, Audley sought to convince himself that the day would soon come when Harley could hear with indifference that Nora

Avenel was another's. "The dream of an hour, at his age," murmured the elder friend; "but at mine, the passion of a life!" He did not speak of these latter motives for concealment to Nora. He felt that, to own the extent of his treason to a friend, would lower him in her eyes. He spoke therefore but slightly of Harley—treated the boy's suit as a thing past and gone. He dwelt only on reasons that compelled self-sacrifice on his side or hers. She did not hesitate which to choose. And so, where Nora loved, so submissively did she believe in the superiority of the lover, that she would not pause to hear a murmur from her own loftier nature, or question the propriety of what he deemed wise and good.

Abandoning prudence in this arch affair of life, Audley still preserved his customary caution in minor details. And this indeed was characteristic of him throughout all his career—heedless in large things—wary in small. He would not trust Lady Jane Horton with his secret, still less Lady Lansmere. He simply represented to the former, that Nora was no longer safe from Harley's determined pursuit under Lady Jane's roof, and that she had better elude the boy's knowledge of her movements, and go quietly away for a while, to lodge with some connection of her own.

And so, with Lady Jane's acquiescence, Nora went first to the house of a very distant kinswoman of her mother's, and afterwards to one that Egerton took as their bridal home, under the name of Bertram. He arranged all that might render their marriage most free from the chance of premature discovery. But it so happened, on the very morning of their bridal, that one of the witnesses he selected (a confidential servant of his own) was seized with apoplexy. Considering, in haste, where to find a substitute, Egerton thought of Levy, his own private solicitor, his own fashionable money-lender, a man with whom he was then as intimate as a fine gentleman is with the lawyer of his own age, who knows all his affairs, and has helped, from pure friendship, to make them as bad as they are! Levy was thus suddenly summoned.

Egerton, who was in great haste, did not at first communicate to him the name of the intended bride; but he said enough of the imprudence of the marriage, and his reasons for secrecy, to bring on himself the strongest remonstrances; for Levy had always reckoned on Egerton's making a wealthy marriage, leaving to Egerton the wife, and hoping to appropriate to himself the wealth, all in the natural course of business. Egerton did not listen to him, but hurried him on towards the place at which the ceremony was to be performed; and Levy actually saw the bride, before he had learned her name. The usurer masked his raging emotions, and fulfilled his part in the rites. His smile, when he congratulated the bride, might have shot cold into her heart; but her eyes were cast on the earth, seeing there but a shadow from heaven, and her heart was blindly sheltering itself in the bosom to which it was given evermore. She did not perceive the smile of hate that barbed the words of joy. Nora never thought it necessary later to tell Egerton that Levy had been a refused suitor. Indeed, with the exquisite tact of love, she saw that such a confidence, the idea of such a rival, would have wounded the pride of her high-bred, well-born husband.

And now, while Harley L'Estrange, frantic with the news that Nora had left Lady Jane's roof, and purposely misled into wrong directions, was seeking to trace her refuge in vain—now Egerton, in an assumed name, in a remote quarter, far from the clubs in which his word was oracular—far from the pursuits, whether of pastime or toil, that had hitherto engrossed his active mind, gave himself up, with wonder at himself, to the only vision of fairyland that ever weighs down the watchful eyelids of hard Ambition. The world for a while shut out, he missed it not. He knew not of it. He looked into two loving eyes that haunted him ever after, through a stern and arid existence, and said murmuringly, "Why, this, then, is real happiness!" Often, often, in the solitude of other years, to repeat to himself the same words, save that for *is*, he then murmured *was*! And Nora, with her grand full heart, all her luxuriant wealth of

fancy and of thought, child of light and of song, did she then never discover that there was something comparatively narrow and sterile in the nature to which she had linked her fate? Not there, could ever be sympathy in feelings, brilliant and shifting as the tints of the rainbow. When Audley pressed her heart to his own, could he comprehend one finer throb of its beating? Was all the iron of his mind worth one grain of the gold she had cast away in Harley's love?

Did Nora already discover this? Surely no. Genius feels no want, no repining, while the heart is contented. Genius in her paused and slumbered: it had been as the ministrant of solitude: it was needed no more. If a woman loves deeply some one below her own grade in the mental and spiritual orders, how often we see that she unconsciously quits her own rank, comes meekly down to the level of the beloved, is afraid lest he should deem her the superior—she who would not even be the equal. Nora knew no more that she had genius; she only knew that she had love.

And so here, the journal which Leonard was reading changed its tone, sinking into that quiet happiness which is but quiet because it is so deep. This interlude in the life of a man like Audley Egerton could never have been long; many circumstances conspired to abridge it. His affairs were in great disorder; they were all under Levy's management. Demands that had before slumbered, or been mildly urged, grew menacing and clamorous. Harley, too, returned to London from his futile researches, and looked out for Audley. Audley was forced to leave his secret Eden, and reappear in the common world; and thenceforward it was only by stealth that he came to his bridal home—a visitor, no more the inmate. But more loud and fierce grew the demands of his creditors, now when Egerton had most need of all which respectability, and position, and belief of pecuniary independence can do to raise the man who has encumbered his arms, and crippled his steps towards fortune. He was threatened with writs, with prisons. Levy said "that to borrow more, would be but larger ruin"—shrugged his shoulders,

and even recommended a voluntary retreat to the King's Bench. "No place so good for frightening one's creditors into compounding their claims; but why," added Levy, with covert sneer, "why not go to young L'Estrange—a boy made to be borrowed from!"

Levy, who had known from Lady Jane of Harley's pursuit of Nora, had learned already how to avenge himself on Egerton. Audley could not apply to the friend he had betrayed. And as to other friends, no man in town had a greater number. And no man in town knew better that he should lose them all if he were once known to be in want of their money. Mortified, harassed, tortured—shunning Harley—yet ever sought by him—fearful of each knock at his door, Audley Egerton escaped to the mortgaged remnant of his paternal estate, on which there was a gloomy manor-house long uninhabited, and there applied a mind, afterwards renowned for its quick comprehension of business, to the investigation of his affairs, with a view to save some wreck from the flood that swelled momentarily around him.

And now—to condense as much as possible a record that runs darkly on into pain and sorrow—now Levy began to practise his vindictive arts; and the arts gradually prevailed. On pretence of assisting Egerton in the arrangement of his affairs—which he secretly contrived, however, still more to complicate—he came down frequently to Egerton Hall for a few hours, arriving by the mail, and watching the effect which Nora's almost daily letters produced on the bridegroom, irritated by the practical cares of life. He was thus constantly at hand to instil into the mind of the ambitious man a regret for the imprudence of hasty passion, or to embitter the remorse which Audley felt for his treachery to L'Estrange. Thus ever bringing before the mind of the harassed debtor images at war with love, and with the poetry of life, he disattuned it (so to speak) for the reception of Nora's letters, all musical as they were with such thoughts as the most delicate fancy inspires to the most earnest love. Egerton was one of those men who never confide their affairs frankly to women. Nora,

when she thus wrote, was wholly in the dark as to the extent of his stern prosaic distress. And so—and so—Levy always near—(type of the prose of life in its most cynic form)—so by degrees, all that redundant affluence of affection, with its gushes of grief for his absence, prayers for his return, sweet reproach if a post failed to bring back an answer to the woman's yearning sighs—all this grew, to the sensible, positive man of real life, like sickly romantic exaggeration. The bright arrows shot too high into heaven to hit the mark set so near to the earth. Ah! common fate of all superior natures! What treasure, and how wildly wasted!

"By the by," said Levy one morning, as he was about to take leave of Audley and return to town—"by the by, I shall be this evening in the neighbourhood of Mrs Egerton."

EGERTON.—"Say Mrs Bertram!"

LEVY.—"Ay; will she not be in want of some pecuniary supplies?"

EGERTON.—"My wife!—not yet. I must first be wholly ruined before she can want; and if I were so, do you think I should not be by her side?"

LEVY.—"I beg pardon, my dear fellow; your pride of gentleman is so susceptible that it is hard for a lawyer not to wound it unawares. Your wife, then, does not know the exact state of your affairs?"

EGERTON.—"Of course not. Who would confide to a woman things in which she could do nothing, except to tease one the more?"

LEVY.—"True, and a poetess too! I have prevented your finishing your answer to Mrs Bertram's last letter. Can I take it—it may save a day's delay—that is, if you do not object to my calling on her this evening."

EGERTON, (sitting down to his unfinished letter.)—"Object! no."

LEVY, (looking at his watch.)—"Be quick, or I shall lose the coach."

EGERTON, (sealing the letter.)—"There. And I should be obliged to you if you *would* call; and without alarming her as to my circumstances, you can just say that you know I am much harassed about important affairs at present, and so soothe the effects of my very short answers—"

LEVY.—"To these doubly-crossed, very long letters—I will."

"Poor Nora," said Egerton, sighing, "she will think this answer brief and churlish enough. Explain my excuses kindly, so that they will serve for the future. I really have no time, and no heart for sentiment. The little I ever had is wellnigh worried out of me. Still I love her fondly and deeply."

LEVY.—"You must have done so. I never thought it in you to sacrifice the world to a woman."

EGERTON.—"Nor I either; but," added the strong man, conscious of that power which rules the world infinitely more than knowledge—conscious of tranquil courage—"but I have not sacrificed the world yet. This right arm shall bear up her and myself too."

LEVY.—"Well said! But in the meanwhile, for heaven's sake, don't attempt to go to London, nor to leave this place; for, in that case, I know you will be arrested, and then adieu to all hopes of Parliament—of a career."

Audley's haughty countenance darkened; as the dog, in his bravest mood, turns dismayed from the stone plucked from the mire, so, when Ambition rears itself to defy mankind, whisper "disgrace and a gaol,"—and, lo, crestfallen, it slinks away! That evening Levy called on Nora, and ingratiating himself into her favour by praise of Egerton, with indirect humble apologetic allusions to his own former presumption, he prepared the way to renewed visits;—she was so lonely, and she so loved to see one who was fresh from seeing Audley—one who would talk to her of *him*! By degrees the friendly respectful visitor thus stole into her confidence; and then, with all his panegyrics on Audley's superior powers and gifts, he began to dwell upon the young husband's worldly aspirations, and care for his career; dwelt on them so as vaguely to alarm Nora—to imply that, dear as she was, she was still but second to Ambition. His way thus prepared, he next began to insinuate his respectful pity at her equivocal position, dropped hints of gossip and slander, feared that the marriage might be owned too late to preserve reputation. And then what would be the feelings of the proud Egerton if his wife were excluded from that world, whose opinion he so

prized? Insensibly thus he led her on to express (though timidly) her own fear—her own natural desire, in her letters to Audley. When could the marriage be proclaimed? Proclaimed! Audley felt that to proclaim such a marriage, at such a moment, would be to fling away his last cast for fame and fortune. And Harley, too—Harley still so uncured of his frantic love. Levy was sure to be at hand when letters like these arrived.

And now Levy went further still in his determination to alienate these two hearts. He contrived, by means of his various agents, to circulate through Nora's neighbourhood the very slanders at which he had hinted. He contrived that she should be insulted when she went abroad, outraged at home by the sneers of her own servant, and tremble with shame at her own shadow upon her abandoned bridal hearth.

Just in the midst of this intolerable anguish, Levy reappeared. His crowning hour was ripe. He intimated his knowledge of the humiliations Nora had undergone, expressed his deep compassion, offered to intercede with Egerton "to do her justice." He used ambiguous phrases, that shocked her ear and tortured her heart, and thus provoked her on to demand him to explain; and then, throwing her into a wild state of indefinite alarm, in which he obtained her solemn promise not to divulge to Audley what he was about to communicate, he said, with villanous hypocrisy of reluctant shame, "that her marriage was not strictly legal; that the forms required by the law had not been complied with; that Audley, unintentionally or purposely, had left himself free to disown the rite and desert the bride." While Nora stood stunned and speechless at a falsehood which, with lawyer-like show, he contrived to make truth-like to her inexperience, he hurried rapidly on, to reawake on her mind the impression of Audley's pride, ambition, and respect for wordly position. "These are your obstacles," said he; "but I think I may induce him to repair the wrong, and right you at last." Righted at last—oh infamy!

Then Nora's anger burst forth.

She believe such a stain on Audley's honour!

"But where was the honour when he betrayed his friend? Did you not know that he was intrusted by Lord L'Estrange to plead for him. How did he fulfil the trust?"

Plead for L'Estrange! Nora had not been exactly aware of this. In the sudden love preceding those sudden nuptials, so little touching Harley (beyond Audley's first timid allusions to his suit, and her calm and cold reply) had been spoken by either.

Levy resumed. He dwelt fully on the trust and the breach of it, and then said—"In Egerton's world, man holds it far more dishonour to betray a man than to dupe a woman; and if Egerton could do the one, why doubt that he would do the other? But do not look at me with those indignant eyes. Put himself to the test; write to him to say that the suspicions amidst which you live have become intolerable—that they infect even yourself, despite your reason—that the secrecy of your nuptials, his prolonged absence, his brief refusal, on unsatisfactory grounds, to proclaim your tie, all distract you with a terrible doubt. Ask him, at least, (if he will not yet declare your marriage,) to satisfy you that the rites were legal."

"I will go to him," cried Nora impetuously.

"Go to him!—in his own house! What a scene, what a scandal! Could he ever forgive you?"

"At least, then, I will implore him to come here. I cannot write such horrible words; I cannot—I cannot—Go, go."

Levy left her, and hastened to two or three of Audley's most pressing creditors—men, in fact, who went entirely by Levy's own advice. He bade them instantly surround Audley's country residence with bailiffs. Before Egerton could reach Nora, he would thus be lodged in a gaol. These preparations made, Levy himself went down to Audley, and arrived, as usual, an hour or two before the delivery of the post.

And Nora's letter came; and never was Audley's grave brow more dark than when he read it. Still, with his usual decision, he resolved to

obey her wish—rang the bell, and ordered his servant to put up a change of dress, and send for posthorses.

Levy then took him aside, and led him to the window.

"Look under yon trees. Do you see those men? They are bailiffs. This is the true reason why I come to you to-day. You cannot leave this house."

Egerton recoiled. "And this frantic foolish letter at such a time," he muttered, striking the open page, full of love in the midst of terror, with his clenched hand.

O Woman, Woman! if thy heart be deep, and its chords tender, beware how thou lovest the man with whom all that plucks him from the hard cares of the work-day world is a frenzy or a folly! He will break thy heart, he will shatter its chords, he will trample out from its delicate framework every sound that now makes musical the common air, and swells into unison with the harps of angels.

"She has before written to me," continued Audley, pacing the room with angry disordered strides, "asking me when our marriage can be proclaimed, and I thought my replies would have satisfied any reasonable woman. But now, now this is worse, immeasurably worse—she actually doubts my honour! I, who have made such sacrifices—actually doubts whether I, Audley Egerton, an English gentleman, could have been base enough to"—

"What?" interrupted Levy, "to deceive your friend L'Estrange? Did not she know that?"

"Sir," exclaimed Egerton, turning white.

"Don't be angry—all's fair in love as in war; and L'Estrange will live yet to thank you for saving him from such a *mésalliance*. But you are seriously angry; pray, forgive me."

With some difficulty, and much fawning, the usurer appeased the storm he had raised in Audley's conscience. And he then heard, as if with surprise, the true purport of Nora's letter.

"It is beneath me to answer, much less to satisfy, such a doubt," said Audley. "I could have seen her, and a look of reproach would have sufficed; but to put my hand to

paper, and condescend to write, 'I am not a villain, and I will give you the proofs that I am not,'—never."

"You are quite right; but let us see if we cannot reconcile matters between your pride and her feelings. Write simply this:—'All that you ask me to say or to explain, I have instructed Levy, as my solicitor, to say and explain for me; and you may believe him as you would myself.'"

"Well, the poor fool, she deserves to be punished; and I suppose that answer will punish her more than a lengthier rebuke. My mind is so distracted, I cannot judge of these trumpety woman-fears and whims; there, I have written as you suggest. Give her all the proof she needs, and tell her that in six months at farthest, come what will, she shall bear the name of Egerton, as henceforth she must share his fate."

"Why say six months?"

"Parliament must be dissolved before then. I shall either obtain a seat, be secure from a gaol, have won field for my energies, or—"

"Or what?"

"I shall renounce ambition altogether—ask my brother to assist me towards whatever debts remain when all my property is fairly sold—they cannot be much. He has a living in his gift—the incumbent is old, and, I hear, very ill. I can take orders."

"Sink into a country parson!"

"And learn content. I have tasted it already. She was *then* by my side. Explain all to her. This letter, I fear, is too unkind—But to doubt me thus!"

Levy hastily placed the letter in his pocket-book; and, for fear it should be withdrawn, took his leave.

And of that letter he made such use, that the day after he had given it to Nora, she had left the house—the neighbourhood; fled, and not a trace! Of all the agonies in life, that which is most poignant and harrowing—that which for the time most annihilates reason, and leaves our whole organisation one lacerated, mangled heart—is the conviction that we have been deceived where we placed all the trust of love. The moment the anchor snaps, the storm comes on—the stars vanish behind the cloud.

When Levy returned, filled with the infamous hope which had stimulated his revenge—the hope that if he could succeed in changing into scorn and indignation Nora's love for Audley, he might succeed also in replacing that broken and degraded idol—his amaze and dismay were great on hearing of her departure. For several days he sought her traces in vain. He went to Lady Jane Horton's—Nora had not been there. He trembled to go back to Egerton. Surely Nora would have written to her husband, and, in spite of her promise, revealed his own falsehood; but as days passed and not a clue was found, he had no option but to repair to Egerton Hall, taking care that the bailiffs still surrounded it. Audley had received no line from Nora. The young husband was surprised and perplexed, uneasy—but had no suspicion of the truth.

At length Levy was forced to break to Audley the intelligence of Nora's flight. He gave his own colour to it. Doubtless she had gone to seek her own relations, and take, by their advice, steps to make her marriage publicly known. This idea changed Audley's first shock into deep and stern resentment. His mind so little comprehended Nora's, and was ever so disposed to what is called the common-sense view of things, that he saw no other mode to account for her flight and her silence. Odious to Egerton as such a proceeding would be, he was far too proud to take any steps to guard against it. "Let her do her worst," said he coldly, masking emotion with his usual self-command; "it will be but a nine days' wonder to the world—a fiercer rush of my creditors on their haunted prey—"

"And a challenge from Lord L'Estrange."

"So be it," answered Egerton, suddenly placing his hand at his heart.

"What is the matter? Are you ill?"

"A strange sensation here. My father died of a complaint of the heart, and I myself was once told to guard, through life, against excess of emotion. I smiled at such a warning then. Let us sit down to business."

But when Levy had gone, and soli-

tude reclosed round that Man of the Iron Mask, there grew upon him more and more the sense of a mighty loss. Nora's sweet loving face started from the shadows of the forlorn walls. Her docile, yielding temper—her generous, self-immolating spirit—came back to his memory, to refute the idea that wronged her. His love, that had been suspended for awhile by busy cares, but which, if without much refining sentiment, was still the master passion of his soul, flowed back into all his thoughts—circumfused the very atmosphere with a fearful softening charm. He escaped under cover of the night from the watch of the bailiffs. He arrived in London. He himself sought everywhere he could think of for his missing bride. Lady Jane Horton was confined to her bed, dying fast—incapable even to receive and reply to his letter. He secretly sent down to Lansmere to ascertain if Nora had gone to her parents. She was not there. The Avenels believed her still with Lady Jane Horton.

He now grew most seriously alarmed; and, in the midst of that alarm, Levy contrived that he should be arrested for debt; but he was not detained in confinement many days. Before the disgrace got wind, the writs were discharged—Levy baffled. He was free. Lord L'Estrange had learned from Audley's servant what Audley would have concealed from him out of all the world. And the generous boy—who, besides the munificent allowance he received from the Earl, was heir to an independent and considerable fortune of his own, when he should attain his majority—hastened to borrow the money and discharge all the obligations of his friend. The benefit was conferred before Audley knew of it, or could prevent. Then a new emotion, and perhaps scarce less stinging than the loss of Nora, tortured the man who had smiled at the warning of science; and the strange sensation at the heart was felt again and again.

And Harley, too, was still in search of Nora—would talk of nothing but her—and looked so haggard and grief-worn. The bloom of the boy's youth was gone. Could Audley then have said, "She you seek is another's";

your love is razed out of your life. And, for consolation, learn that your friend has betrayed you?" Could Audley say this? He did not dare. Which of the two suffered the most?

And these two friends, of characters so different, were so singularly attached to each other. Inseparable at school—thrown together in the world, with a wealth of frank confidences between them, accumulated since childhood. And now, in the midst of all his own anxious sorrow, Harley still thought and planned for Egerton. And self-accusing remorse, and all the sense of painful gratitude, deepened Audley's affection for Harley into a devotion as to a superior, while softening it into a reverential pity that yearned to relieve, to atone;—but how—oh, how?

A general election was now at hand, still no news of Nora. Levy kept aloof from Audley, pursuing his own silent search. A seat for the borough of Lansmere was pressed upon Audley, not only by Harley, but his parents, especially by the Countess, who tacitly ascribed to Audley's wise counsels Nora's mysterious disappearance.

Egerton at first resisted the thought of a new obligation to his injured friend; but he burned to have it some day in his power to repay at least his pecuniary debt: the sense of that debt humbled him more than all else. Parliamentary success might at last obtain for him some lucrative situation abroad, and thus enable him gradually to remove this load from his heart and his honour. No other chance of repayment appeared open to him. He accepted the offer, and went down to Lansmere. His brother, lately married, was asked to meet him; and there, also, was Miss Leslie the heiress, whom Lady Lansmere secretly hoped her son Harley would admire, but who had long since, no less secretly, given her heart to the unconscious Egerton.

Meanwhile, the miserable Nora, deceived by the arts and representations of Levy—acting on the natural impulse of a heart so susceptible to shame—flying from a home which she deemed dishonoured—flying from a lover whose power over her she knew to be so great, that she dreaded lest he might reconcile her to

dishonour itself—had no thought save to hide herself for ever from Audley's eye. She would not go to her relations—to Lady Jane; that were to give the clue, and invite the pursuit. An Italian lady of high rank had visited at Lady Jane's—taken a great fancy to Nora—and the lady's husband, having been obliged to precede her return to Italy, had suggested the notion of engaging some companion—the lady had spoken of this to Nora and to Lady Jane Horton, who had urged Nora to accept the offer, elude Harley's pursuit, and go abroad for a time. Nora then had refused;—for she then had seen Audley Egerton.

To this Italian lady she now went, and the offer was renewed with the most winning kindness, and grasped at in the passion of despair. But the Italian had accepted invitations to English country houses before she finally departed for the Continent. Meanwhile Nora took refuge in a quiet lodging in a sequestered suburb, which an English servant in the employment of the fair foreigner recommended. Thus had she first come to the cottage in which Burley died. Shortly afterwards she left England with her new companion, unknown to all—to Lady Jane as to her parents.

All this time the poor girl was under a moral delirium—a confused fever—haunted by dreams from which she sought to fly. Sound physiologists agree that madness is rarest amongst persons of the finest imagination. But those persons are, of all others, liable to a temporary state of mind in which judgment sleeps—imagination alone prevails with a dire and awful tyranny. A single idea gains ascendancy—expels all others—presents itself everywhere with an intolerable blinding glare. Nora was at that time under the dread one idea—to fly from shame!

But, when the seas rolled, and the dreary leagues interposed, between her and her lover—when new images presented themselves—when the fever slaked, and reason returned—Doubt broke upon the previous despair. Had she not been too credulous, too hasty? Fool, fool! Audley have been so poor a traitor! How guilty was she, if she had wronged him! And in the midst of this revulsion of feeling, there

stirred within her another life. She was destined to become a mother. At that thought her high nature bowed; the last struggle of pride gave way; she would return to England, see Audley, learn from his lips the truth, and even if the truth were what she had been taught to believe, plead not for herself, but for the false one's child.

Some delay occurred, in the then warlike state of affairs on the Continent, before she could put this purpose into execution; and on her journey back, various obstructions lengthened the way. But she returned at last, and resought the suburban cottage in which she had last lodged before quitting England. At night, she went to Audley's London house; there was only a woman in charge of it. Mr Egerton was absent—electioneering somewhere—Mr Levy, his lawyer, called every day for any letters to be forwarded to him. Nora shrank from seeing Levy, shrank from writing even a letter that would pass through his hands. If she had been deceived, it had been by him, and wilfully. But Parliament was already dissolved; the elections would soon be over, Mr Egerton was expected to return to town within a week. Nora went back to Mrs Goodyers' and resolved to wait, devouring her own heart in silence. But the newspapers might inform her where Audley really was; the newspapers were sent for, and conned daily.

And one morning this paragraph met her eye:—

"The Earl and Countess of Lansmere are receiving a distinguished party at their country seat. Among the guests is Miss Leslie, whose wealth and beauty have excited such sensation in the fashionable world. To the disappointment of numerous aspirants amongst our aristocracy, we hear that this lady has, however, made her distinguished choice in Mr Audley Egerton. That gentleman is now contesting the borough of Lansmere, as a supporter of the government; his success is considered certain, and, according to the report of a large circle of friends, few new members will prove so valuable an addition to the Ministerial ranks; a great career may indeed be predicted for a young man so esteemed for talent and character, aided by a fortune so immense as that which he will shortly receive with the hand of the accomplished heiress."

Again the anchor snapt—again the storm descended—again the stars vanished. Nora now was once more under the dominion of a single thought, as she had been when she fled from her bridal home. Then, it was to escape from her lover—now, it was to see him. As the victim stretched on the rack implores to be led at once to death, so there are moments when the annihilation of hope seems more merciful than the torment of suspense.

ALPHONSE KARR.

For some time past, it has been our intention to devote a few pages to the examination of twenty-five volumes of tales, essays, novels, and drolleries, which occupy, under the initial K, a corner of our French bookcase. We know not whether M. Alphonse Karr's works are as much read in England as those of some of his popular and mischievous cotemporaries; but we suspect that they are not. He is of a different school from those clever miscreants, whose glittering pages, vivid with attractive colours that conceal the most pernicious tendencies, make his writings appear, by contrast, pale and monotonous. Some time ago, when incidentally mentioning his very charming novel of *La Famille Alain*, we extolled the propriety of many of M. Karr's works; and, indeed, when compared with the poisonous doctrines of Eugene Sue, that reckless pander to the worst passions of the populace, with the profanity and impurity of most of Madame Sand's novels, and with the unclean and anti-social lucubrations of minor scribes too numerous to mention, there are few of his books but seem innocent and unoffending. Comparative praise must not, however, be mistaken for unqualified approval. Grave faults are to be found in some of his earlier works; and we fear it must be admitted that, with the exception of *La Famille Alain*, and of one or two others, the books upon which he has apparently bestowed most pains are, upon the whole, the least unobjectionable. Two of his longest works—written, it is true, fifteen or twenty years ago, when their author was a very young man, but over which he has evidently lingered with love and painstaking—are not only unpleasant in tone and untrue to nature, but in parts immoral and licentious. Of his more recent writings, the shorter and slighter are generally the most exempt from anything likely to shock English readers. It is an unfortunate peculiarity of M. Karr's that he apparently goes out of his way to deface his fairest pages. In France he has a high reputation as a man of *esprit*; but *esprit*

includes good taste as well as wit, and to the former quality he sometimes forfeits his claim. One feels vexed at the eccentricity or perverseness which lead him to blot, by license and triviality, the most interesting of his books. When he steers clear of these shoals, his delineations frequently possess both feeling and delicacy; whilst the shrewdness and knowledge of human nature he often exhibits, prevent our believing him the dupe of the sophistry and misanthropy that sometimes flow from his pen. Desiring to judge him as favourably as he will permit us to do, and at the same time to give an instance of the bad taste of which we complain, we turn to the set of novels included under the eccentric title of *Ce qu'il y a dans une Bouteille d'Encre*. We may here observe that M. Karr's books are generally remarkable by the oddity of their names. Some of these, such as *Fort en Thème*, *Pour ne pas être Treize*, *Une Folle Histoire*, although pithy enough in French, translate but lamely into English. Others are German, as *Am Rauchen*, "Whilst Smoking," or, more freely, "Over a Pipe;" and *Einerlei*, the name given to a collection of tales, and touching whose appositeness, which is not very clear, M. Karr is perfectly inexplicit. The novels composing the "Ink Bottle" set are plainer in their appellations. One of them, called *Clotilde*, is clever but disagreeable. It contains some well-drawn characters, but all the most prominent of these are either vicious or fools. *Genevieve* is another of this series, and one of the best of the author's productions. And yet the chances are that the reader throws it aside before he has got through the first fifty pages, and denounces it as one of the common run of loose French novels, in which morality is sneered at, or at least lost sight of. In reality, the chief fault of the book—almost its only one—lies in those first fifty pages. Could we strike out or remodel them, *Genevieve* would be a very charming novel. As it is, it begins with a blemish: its commence-

ment is in M. Karr's worst style. The substance of the offending portion may be inoffensively given in very few words. Monsieur Lauter is a German, good, kind-hearted, generous, and resident at Chalons-sur-Marne. An affectation of a stoical and unbending character is his principal weakness. His wife, Rosalie, a blooming Frenchwoman seventeen years younger than himself, has rendered him the happy father of two beautiful children, son and daughter. A few years after their birth he detects her in an intrigue with an empty coxcomb, a new comer to the town. Rosalie's character, although tinged with coquetry, was previously unsullied. Lauter forgets his stoicism, puts a pistol-case under his arm, and walks out in the grey of the morning with the seducer. From that day forward neither husband nor lover are seen or heard of. This last sentence brings us to page 50, where the scene changes: a leap is taken over three years, and one reads far into the book before conjecturing the necessity of the preliminary incident. And when its intimate connection with the plot of the novel at last appears, we are under the charm of a most engaging narrative, delicately told; and the cynical levity of the commencement, already wellnigh forgotten, flashes upon our memory as doubly offensive. The incident could hardly have been dispensed with, but it might have been very differently told, with a gravity and conciseness that would have greatly increased its effect. The manner is here the offence. Doubtless there are very few of the weaknesses and sins to which humanity is liable of which the novelist may not rightfully avail himself, with the laudable view of pointing a moral and warning from vice. But he should beware of missing his aim, and making that from which it is his duty to deter, appear, even for the moment, venial or attractive. The handling may constitute all the difference between a wholesome lesson and a repugnant and dangerous picture.

"Let us talk a little," says M. Karr, by manner of heading to his tenth chapter, after effecting, in the last line of the ninth, the disappearance of M. Lauter and his rival, "of

M. Chaumier, burgess of the little town of Fontainebleau." And here we pause to remark that nothing can be more capricious and fantastical than the general arrangement of M. Karr's books. His chapters are of all lengths, from six lines to any number of pages. We could point out some of two lines, and of a line and a half, and that are considerably shorter than their argument. Sometimes he devotes a chapter to a letter to Jules Janin, or some other friend, or to the narration of an incident personal to himself, and entirely unconnected with the book, or to gossip about a dog, a flower, or a lizard—in short, to anything that comes uppermost. At first one smiles at the oddity of these digressions, and admires the neatness and independent point that some of them possess; but after a time they become wearisome, the reader considers them as knots upon the thread of the story, and wonders why they are introduced, unless with the purpose of swelling the volume—to the attainment of which object the three line chapters, made a pretext for three pages of white paper, very considerably contribute. And doubtless many of M. Karr's readers, puzzled to explain his vagaries, his occasional crude sophisms and impertinent assertions, end by imputing to him either an immoderate share of affectation, or a slight derangement in the cells of his brain, insufficient, however, to neutralise his amusing qualities as a writer. If he has his defects, he, upon the other hand, carefully avoids many to which his contemporaries are prone. He is conscientiously brief in his descriptions, and scruples not to quiz Balzac unmercifully for his long-windedness in this particular. A satirist by profession, the editor of the *Guepes* gives his brother novelist the full length of his lash. Fortunately poor Balzac's broad shoulders were pretty well used to the thong, which is applied, moreover, with all good humour. Nobody will mistake the object of the following bit of parody, extracted from *Une Histoire Invraisemblable*. A friend has been reproaching M. Karr with a brevity too great for his own interest. "When you write romances," he says, "are you not paid, like other people, by the line, the page, the sheet?"

"Certainly," replies M. Karr; "why should I not conform to the established custom in such matters?"

"Conform to established custom as much as you like, but at least study the masters of the art, and learn of them not to squander your subject. Recollect that, paid by the line, Larochevoucauld, if he had lived in our days, and lived by the produce of his pen, would have obtained by his *Maxims* scarcely a fortnight's subsistence. You have already brought upon the scene an innkeeper, half-a-dozen travellers, a conscript and his family, all of which were portraits to paint. And the inn! do you think one of the masters I speak of would have let off the inn as cheaply as you have done? Far from it. Every saucepan would have paid him toll to the tune of ten sous, at the very least. And the chimney! he would not give the chimney for fifteen francs; and there is also a carriage from which you might have extracted a profit."

"Would you have had me stop it on the road?"

"No, but that carriage owes you ten francs, which you might have paid yourself."

And the friend proceeds with caricatures of the verbose style of various literary celebrities. Thus instructed, M. Karr watches an opportunity to profit by the valuable hints he has received. Presently casual mention is made of a fan. The chance is too good to be lost. "This time," he exclaims, "the fan shall not escape toll-free; the fan shall not pass without paying a ransom. It is a fan in white satin, with golden spangles. Upon it are painted shepherds, but what shepherds! trees, but what trees! sheep, but what sheep! The shepherdess has a sprinkling of powder on her hair! a boddice of pink satin, with green ribbons; a petticoat of the same, puffed out over enormous hoops, and elegantly turned up with green bows, like the boddice. On her feet she has little shoes, with high heels; in her hand a crook, adorned with ribbons; she is seated on blue grass, beneath the shadow of lilac trees," &c. &c., to the extent of a page and a half. "I do not know many of my cotemporaries," M. Karr then observes, "who, having caught a

Watteau fan, would let the reader off so cheaply. *The most fertile of our novelists*, [Balzac is here meant,] who, after all, is a man of great talent, once built a house with the price of the description of a chest of drawers. There was nothing deficient in the house, except a staircase, but that must not be attributed to the insufficiency of the drawers, but to the absence of mind of the author, who, being his own architect, had omitted the stairs in the plan he gave to the masons—a circumstance which I neither invent nor exaggerate." This is the sort of sarcastic gossip and caricature indulged in by M. Karr, to an extent sometimes nearly as tiresome as Balzac's interminable descriptions of chairs and tables. To return, however, to M. Chaumier, of Fontainebleau, the brother of Madame Rosalie Lauter, who had married against his will, and with whom he had since held no communication. Here is his house, as described by M. Karr, who, himself an enthusiastic lover of the country, of gardens, trees, and flowers, is very happy in sketches of the kind. "The entrance was through an alley of acacias, with thick and tufted foliage, at the extremity of which was a little dark green door, where hung a deer's foot, by way of bell-handle. When the door was opened, you entered a court, each of whose flags was surrounded by a fringe of grass. In one corner was a well, so old that the stone brim was worn away, and covered with reddish-green moss. At the bottom of the courtyard stood a two-storey house, reached by a small flight of steps, with a rusty iron railing; the ground-floor comprising the dining-room, M. Chaumier's bed-room and study, and the kitchen. On the first floor were the bedchambers of little Rose Chaumier, of her brother Albert, and of Dame Modeste Rolland, M. Chaumier's confidential housekeeper. The upper story served as fruit and store-room: the linen was spread there to dry, and sometimes Honoré Rolland, Modeste's husband, and a soldier by profession, occupied it for the rare intervals during which the state could dispense with his services. In rear of the house was a large garden, of wild and uncultivated aspect. Before M. Chaumier

bought the property, the garden had been perfectly cultivated; but since then, thanks to neglect, thistles, nettles, and other weeds had choked the delicate flowers; the trees alone and a few vigorous plants had resisted, and had even attained a remarkable size. Two large apple-trees, a service-tree, over which a clematis twined, lilacs, enormous moss-grown rose-trees, formed the principal riches of the garden; poppies sowed themselves every year, and at the angle of the coping of the wall, blossomed a bright cluster of wall-flower." Add to the persons mentioned in this description Madame Rosalie Lauter and her two children, Leon and Genevieve, and we at once group together all, save one, of the prominent characters of the book. Three years after her husband's disappearance, Madame Lauter writes to her brother. Herself ignorant of Lauter's fate, she has lived repentant and retired, devoting herself to her children. "By selling all I have," she says to M. Chaumier, "I shall realise about thirty thousand francs. Will you let me go and live with you? You shall guide me in the employment of my little fortune, and in the education of my children; I will replace, for yours, the mother they have lost—and thus surrounded, we will grow old in peace and affection. Your answer, my good brother, will restore me to happiness or plunge me into deepest discouragement." In spite of the manoeuvres of Modeste Rolland, who purloins the letter from her master's pocket, and does all she dares to prevent compliance with its request, M. Chaumier, who, although a negro-emancipator and theoretical philanthropist, is not quite dead to the more practical sympathies of humanity, welcomes his sister and her children. Madame Lauter has over-estimated the probable proceeds of her little property. It yields but twenty thousand francs; and as she dares not, and will not, be a tax upon her brother, she sinks this little sum upon her life, justifying the act in her own eyes by the reflection that it will enable her to give her children a good education, which leads to everything.

four cousins grow up together.
elopment of their respective

characters; the description of their happy life in the little country-house and its wild old garden; the envy, hatred, and malice of Modeste Rolland, who racks her spiteful invention to devise annoyances for Madame Lauter, to whom she has vowed eternal detestation; the long-suffering of Rosalie, who, humbly penitent and anxious for her children, courageously and patiently submits to the petty insults of her persecutor rather than disturb the tranquillity of her brother's house—these and other domestic matters furnish M. Karr with several charming chapters, tolerably free from those unseasonable digressions and speculations with which, however, he never can entirely abstain from interlarding and deteriorating his volumes. Leon and Albert go to study at Paris; Madame Lauter sells her last trinkets, that her son may have the same allowance as his cousin. In her letters she urges him to work hard; but Leon takes this for a mere matter-of-course recommendation, and attends more to music than to books. He has a fine voice, and in a short time he becomes a proficient on the violin. This pursuit, and the recollection of his pretty cousin Rose, his childish partiality for whom is merging in manly love, preserve him from the dissipation indulged in by Albert, who is of a more volatile and frivolous character. Rebuffed by a pretty widow, whose conquest, in his boyish vanity, he fancied he had made, Albert retreats to rustication at Fontainebleau. And now begin poor Genevieve's sorrows. She loves her cousin with the purest affection, and is repaid by indifference. Albert never dreams of regarding her otherwise than as a sister, and is wholly unaware of her sentiments towards him. He tortures her by carving upon the trees of the forest the initials of his disdainful Parisian beauty, and returns to Paris for his last year of pretended study and real idleness. All this time Leon dreams of Rose, neglects his law books, and plays concertos. He is on the way to become a first-rate musician and no lawyer. An unexpected letter from Genevieve gives him a terrible shock. Madame Lauter is dead, during the absence of her brother, to whom on the eve of her

decease she dictates a letter, commending her children to his care. Two days after her funeral, M. Chaumier's fortune is trebled by the favourable termination of a long-pending lawsuit. He promises Genevieve and Leon to be a father to them, and keeps his promise tolerably well until Leon one day declares his rooted aversion to the law, and his intention to adopt music as a profession. Whereupon his uncle desires him to reckon no longer on his support, and to keep away from his house—which Leon accordingly leaves, after declaring his love to Rose and obtaining an assurance that it is reciprocated.

Besides his cousin Albert and his student comrades, Leon has one intimate, who is almost a friend. This is a fellow-lodger named Anselmo, a *fanatico per la musica*, who, attracted by Leon's musical skill, has sought his acquaintance, and occasionally visits him to smoke a pipe and listen to his violin. He makes long absences from Paris, and Leon has not seen much of him, but has nevertheless conceived a sort of affection for him, founded on the simple but distinguished manners of Anselmo, on the interest he seems to take in his affairs, and on the encouragement he gives him to struggle bravely along the up-hill road of life. Indeed, Anselmo shows a degree of good feeling and sympathy naturally captivating to a young and generous heart. After his rupture with his uncle, Leon at once proceeds to consult his friend, and to inform him of his project, or rather of his resolution.

"M. Anselmo encouraged him, and, without ceasing to be his assiduous auditor, entirely changed his manner of listening. It was no longer a personal satisfaction he sought when Leon played on the violin; he no longer gave himself up to the charm of melody. He judged, criticised, found fault, insisted on numerous repetitions of the same passages. Then, when there was an important opera, a good concert, or a great artist to be heard, M. Anselmo always had, by chance, in the pocket of his old brown coat, a ticket for the concert or theatre. One day he said to Leon—'I am very intimate with M. Kreutzer; he will be most

happy, on my recommendation, to give you the few lessons you still need; call upon him to-morrow with a letter I will give you.' Kreutzer gave no lesson under twenty francs; it was a piece of good luck Leon would never have dared to hope for. He could not help admiring the punctuality and exactness of the professor, who never abridged the lesson even by five minutes. And what equally astonished him was, that, whilst Kreutzer thus faithfully fulfilled the duties of a friendship such as is rarely met with, he never inquired after his friend. One day Leon and M. Anselmo met Kreutzer in the street, 'To whom did you bow?' said M. Anselmo to Leon.

"'Did you not recognise him?'

"'No.'

"'It was your friend, M. Kreutzer.'

"'I did not see him.'

"'It is surprising.'

"'Very surprising.'

"'He passed close to us; but neither did he seem to recognise you.'

"'One morning M. Anselmo said to Leon—'It is time for you to earn money; you have a fine talent; my friend Kreutzer will be so obliging as to give you a few more lessons, and any advice you may need. But whilst thus perfecting yourself, you must make yourself heard, and give lessons in your turn. Here is the address of a pupil with whom you will commence the day after to-morrow; he will give you ten francs a lesson. The price is almost ridiculous for a young professor; but you should give no lessons at a lower rate. There are few real connoisseurs, and the majority estimate music only by what it costs.' Leon knew not how to thank M. Anselmo; but M. Anselmo said to him—'You owe me no thanks; one of my friends, a very rich man, wishes his son to learn the violin. He asked me to tell him of a good professor; you were at hand: I must have gone out of my way not to render you this little service; and, besides, I know few professors whose play pleases me as much as yours. I am off to Germany, and shall not return till spring. Write to me sometimes, and

tell me of your success, for I am sure you will succeed. Farewell.'"

M. Karr here skips over a year in three pages, occupied by gossip about an ink-bottle and a barcarole. In the interim, Genevieve had been forbidden to see her brother, had declined obeying, and had gone to live with him. Leon, whose reputation daily augmented, and who earned a tolerable income, occupied a little apartment in the Rue St Honoré. His musical talent made him much sought after in society; and his uncle, to whom he never failed respectfully to bow when they met at a ball or concert, was not sorry sometimes to say: The young man is my nephew. "Once, when M. Chaumier had said this, he found himself puzzled to reply to the very natural question—'Why do we never meet him at your Sunday parties?' It was impossible to say—'Because I forbade him my house; and I did so because he *would* be a musician, and acquire the talent you applaud, and of which I myself cannot help being rather proud.' So, one day M. Chaumier beckoned Leon to him, and said—'Nephew Leon, there is mercy for every offence. I may have thought it right to punish an outbreak of youthful wilfulness, but I did not mean to banish my sister's children for ever from my house. Rose and Albert—when we see Albert—speak of you two every Sunday, when there are always two places empty at table, which I do not like to see. Come, then, next Sunday, with your sister, and let us forget our little differences.' By an involuntary impulse, Rose threw her arms round her father's neck, to thank him for this good thought, which he had confided to no one. Leon thanked M. Chaumier aloud, and Rose with her eyes and heart. Thenceforward Genevieve and Leon dined every Sunday at their uncle's.

"Albert had bought a solicitor's practice, and left everything to his head clerk, whilst he himself thought only of amusement."

"M. Anselmo had written twice to Leon, who had forgotten to answer him."

Perhaps the reader may already have his suspicions concerning this M. Anselmo, who, notwithstanding

the shabbiness of his only coat, abounds in opera and concert tickets, and has interest to procure, gratis, music-lessons usually paid at twenty francs a-piece. About this time he returns from Germany, in the same threadbare garb and ancient hat; traces Leon to his new lodgings, secures a room in the same house, and becomes acquainted with Rose. His arrival was opportune to raise the spirits of the brother and sister. It was a Sunday evening; they had been to dine as usual at their uncle's, and had found no one. M. Chaumier and Rose had gone upon a party of pleasure. As to Albert, he had not been seen at his father's for a week. Genevieve and Leon looked mournfully at each other. For them the Sunday was the festival that supported them through the privations and monotony of the other six days. But their concern was more for each other than for themselves. Under all disappointments, the tenderest fraternal love supported them. M. Anselmo happened to have opera tickets in his pocket. And this time, by a lucky chance, it was a whole box, instead of two places; so that Rose accompanied her brother and his friend, who soon, by his kindness and attention, became her friend also. One morning he came early to visit them. "'I have a walk to propose to you,' he said. 'I am the agent of Baron Arnberg, a rich German nobleman, who proposes residing at Paris, and I am having a house built for him in the Champs Elysées. He has given very exact instructions on all the principal points, but he leaves the details to me. The house is just finished, but wants decorations, and the garden has to be laid out. M. Arnberg has a son and daughter, whom he tenderly loves. Their apartments must be fitted up, but I am old, and have forgotten what pleases a young man; and I am entirely ignorant as to the tastes of a young lady. I want you, therefore, to help me in my undertaking with your advice. We will breakfast together at the Champs Elysées, and afterwards we will visit the baron's future habitation.' On his return from the house, where, having received *carte blanche* as to expense, he and Gene-

vieve have exhausted their imagination to devise the most tasteful adornments for the apartments of the wealthy baron's children, Leon perceives, in the Champs Elysées, then crowded with gay equipages, Rose Chaumier in a carriage with some fashionable friends, and attended by a young exquisite, assiduous for her favour. Rodolph de Redeuil galloped at the carriage door; the vehicle passed so rapidly that Leon could not be sure whether Rose had recognised him and his sister. Then, notwith-

standing M. Anselmo's philosophical commonplace, Leon felt all the painfulness of his poverty. Rodolph galloped by the side of Rose! He had no horse, he never should have one; and yet he was a good horseman, skilful and bold. He glanced at his clothes, which, for cut and freshness, could not vie with those of Rodolph. Rather unjustly, his vexation reflected itself on Rose; he felt angry with her, because Rodolph de Redeuil had a fine horse and a coat made by . . ."

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE AUTHOR INTERRUPTS HIMSELF—TOUCHING THE DIFFICULTY OF WRITING HISTORY, AND THE MULTIPLICITY OF INFORMATION ESSENTIAL TO THE HISTORIAN.

"The deuce take me if I know who was the fashionable tailor at that time."

The last fifteen words we have written form an entire chapter of M. Karr's book, and we have given it as an example of his trivial and impertinent oddity. In chapter xlv. we are informed that Anselmo bitterly lamented having torn his coat against a nail in the baron's new house. The concern he testified quite dissipated a suspicion of Genevieve's, who fancied she had seen him give a piece of gold to a poor German tailor out of work.

If Leon is sad at Rose's coquetry, Genevieve is not without her sorrows. She receives an advantageous offer of marriage, and Albert almost breaks her heart by praising the good qualities of her suitor, and urging her to accept him. Blind to the jewel that lies upon his path, her insensible cousin turns aside after tinsel. She hears of his squandering his fortune and his time upon an actress. Then, to repair his extravagance, he makes a rich marriage, and poor Genevieve cannot refuse to be present at his wedding—the funeral of her happiness.

We cannot trace a tithe of the incidents and episodes of this book, which is a sort of history or chronicle of a family, extending over several years. Early in the second volume there are a couple of chapters relating to Albert's intrigues, which had been as well omitted. Then we have some ludicrous scenes in an artist's painting

room. Here M. Karr is perfectly at home. His peculiar humour finds full scope in depicting the frolics of a party of young painters (a very numerous class in Paris) who imagine they study art whilst in reality they do nothing but smoke long pipes, make bad puns, cut jokes on their *rapin* or colour-grinder (a boy of fourteen, with long hair and a grey blouse, up to every kind of villany, and christened Gargantua, on account of his prodigious appetite,) and devise means of torturing their landlord, who occupies a floor in the same house and has the impertinence to ask for his rent. In a sitting held to deliberate upon this grave offence, and apportion a proper punishment, a variety of resolutions are adopted, and a great deal of untranslatable fun is introduced. Leon calls, and is forthwith taken to task by his brother artists for the shabbiness of his dress, and for his defection from their parties of pleasure. The truth was that the summer, by taking his pupils out of town, had sadly diminished his income; and Leon, whose affection for his only sister was a species of idolatry, stunted himself of the very necessities of life that she might enjoy its superfluities. In reply to the humorous and good-humoured, but point-blank attack of the embryo Parisian Apelles, Leon affected a rakish tone, talked vaguely of disorder, debt, dissipation, &c., &c.

"When he might have said:

"'I am badly dressed, but my

sister Genevieve lacks nothing;—her satin shoes are of the best maker, and set off her pretty foot to the best advantage; her dresses are made by the most renowned milliner; I have no cloak, but she has wood in abundance to warm herself; my sister Genevieve wants for nothing; hideous poverty approaches her not, to blight her blooming youth with its mortal breath."

Genevieve was far from suspecting the straits to which her unselfish brother was often reduced. Nevertheless she invented every sort of economy to save his money; whilst Leon, on the other hand, who trembled with grief and rage at the mere idea of her suffering a privation, invented wants for her, in order to satisfy them. "One day he found Genevieve busy repairing an old gown. That very morning he had seen upon the Boulevard various actresses and loose women magnificently dressed and drawn by superb horses. 'Good Heavens!' he had said to himself, 'what does Providence reserve for a good and virtuous girl like Genevieve, when all that is rich and beautiful in the world is lavished upon such creatures as those?' The thought had haunted him all the day; and the work on which Genevieve was engaged embittered his regrets. He sat down beside her and said: 'Why do you make up that old worn-out dress?'

"'Indeed,' said Genevieve, 'I assure you it will do me much honour this summer?'

"'Less than a new one, though?'

"'A new one would be expensive, and our means —'

"'Who told you that, my dear girl? Do you share the vulgar notion that an artist is an unfortunate wretch, doomed to live in misery and die in an hospital? The sister of a musician should be on a par with the proudest. I earn money—a great deal of money. It is my wish you should always be elegantly dressed. Give that old frock to the servant; after dinner, we will go out and buy a new one.'

"And as they passed along the Boulevards, he took her to Tortoni's to eat ice. Near them sat several ladies whose carriages waited hard by. A flower-girl came to offer a bouquet of remarkable beauty.

"'What is the price?' said one of the ladies.

"'Ten francs.'

"'It is too dear.'

"The woman offered her flowers to the other ladies, and received the same answers from all. But when she came to Leon, he threw two five-franc pieces upon the table, and presented the bouquet to Genevieve. The ladies and their male companions looked at the artist's sister with an air of curiosity.

"'What folly!' said Genevieve to her brother, as they left Tortoni's.

"'Not at all,' replied Leon. 'Are you not much prettier than all those women with their impertinent looks? I was glad to vex them a little.'

"And they entered a shop, where Leon selected the best of everything for his sister.

"The same night, before going to bed, he inked the seams of his only coat."

There is a quiet naturalness about this passage that pleases us much. We see the true artist-character: proud, generous to prodigality, self-denying and susceptible. M. Karr is happy in traits of this kind. By an accidental circumstance Genevieve discovers the poverty her brother so carefully conceals. On the eve of a dinner at the house of a pupil, she witnesses, without his knowledge, the inking of the seedy coat, the refolding of the worn cravat—all the manoeuvres, in short, resorted to by the shabby-genteel. "Genevieve noiselessly retreated; she passed a sleepless night; her brother's generosity and self-sacrifice were, for the first time, revealed to her. The next day she said nothing of her discovery; but as she passed through the room in which the old coat hung over a chair—that old coat for which many despised Leon—she stooped and kissed it with respect." And although, since the day of Albert's marriage, a low fever mined her health, and at times, in spite of her piety and resignation, she suffered from terrible attacks of despondency, the courageous girl vied with her brother in generosity and devotedness. She dismissed their only servant—a charwoman—who, for a few francs a-week, came each morning to do the housework.

"I dare not think but that God cast an approving glance on Genevieve, when in the morning, an hour before daybreak, she gently got up and lit her candle. Then she began the most menial toil: she washed the dishes, she swept the rooms—anxious above all things not to disturb Leon, who would be grieved to see her labour thus, and would insist on her ceasing to employ the only means she had been able to devise of contributing to the household expenses. But what she did with the most touching care and respect was to brush Leon's clothes. How she cherished that poor old coat, which recalled all the self-imposed privations he had borne for her! With what care she put in a stitch whose necessity she had perceived in the daytime, but of which she had not spoken, because she felt it would be adding to Leon's sorrows to show him that he succeeded not in deceiving his sister! An old coat, indeed, but an old coat more respectable than richest purple—a work nobler than the embroidery of idle women on tissues of gold and of silver.

Genevieve had delicate hands, white and tapering, with nails of a tender pink; and, with those pretty hands, she cleaned even her brother's shoes; then she put everything in its place, exactly as the charwoman did. Her work done, she prepared breakfast; then she dressed herself, and combed and braided her beautiful hair, that Leon, when he left his chamber, might find nothing in her appearance to make him suspect the task she had fulfilled. Every morning it was the same labour and the same care.

"One night Leon wished to give her money, but she showed that she still had much more than was probable;—poor girl, how happy she was that night! Leon then thought he might perhaps afford a new hat, his old one having long been kept together only by the most extraordinary attention. The next day he passed five or six times before the hatter's door, without daring to enter; at last the sight of his hat in a mirror decided him, and he went in, ashamed, for others, to have worn his hat so long—ashamed, for himself, not to wear it a little longer."

On the second anniversary of Madame Lauter's funeral, Leon and Genevieve went to Fontainebleau, and were astonished to find, in place of the wooden cross that had stood there a year previously, a slab of black marble covering their mother's grave. Her name was upon it, and various dates—one being that of her death, and another of her birth. To the others they could attach no particular meaning. The tombstone was surrounded by an iron railing: they could not ascertain who had erected it. Men had brought marble and railing from Paris, saying they were sent and paid by the family of the deceased lady.

Genevieve fell ill, and was obliged to recall the charwoman she had dismissed. Leon summoned a physician, who would not say there was no hope, but who shook his head gravely in reply to his questions, and could not deny that there was danger, although he declared it not imminent.

"One morning Leon went out, saying to Genevieve—'I will be back early, and bring what the doctor ordered.' For the first time he left her without money: Leon had none at all; but he had to give a lesson to a lady, who already owed him for tuition, and, according to custom, she would that day pay him.

"In the middle of the lesson, M. Rodolph de Redeuil was announced. Rodolph came in, kissed the lady's hand, and bowed to Leon with a protective air of such extreme impertinence that Leon had some difficulty in returning the salutation—yet more cavalierly. Leon was there as a paid professor; Rodolph, had he even been Leon's friend, would not have had the courage to own it under such circumstances; but as it was, both of them, whenever they meet, neglected no opportunity of showing their mutual dislike. Rodolph, who had less wit than Leon, had not often the advantage of his adversary—notwithstanding the superiority of position behind which he intrenched himself; and his aversion became more bitter at each meeting.

"'M. de Redeuil,' said Madame de Dréan, 'will you allow me to continue my lesson?'

"Leon felt himself change colour:

it was asking Rodolph whether he was to be sent away or not. Rodolph bowed in silence; but before he could speak, Leon had resumed his seat at the piano, and had pitched the key for Madame de Dréan. She sang, and when she had finished, Leon said: 'That is not very well sung.' Rodolph sprang from his seat, exclaiming, 'Delightful!' Leon pretended not to hear him, and pointed out to Madame de Dréan the faults she had committed; then, as the manner in which Rodolph had paid his compliment was more than disobliging to him, he added: 'There are persons who would consider it well sung, but you are too happily endowed to be satisfied with vulgar mediocrity.'

"Madame de Dréan asked Rodolph if he was musical. 'No,' was his answer, 'but for a year past I have a *poor devil* of a piano-master, who walks a league a-day through the mud to give me a lesson I hardly ever take. I have lately adopted the plan of making him play something droll to amuse me; I give him his ticket, and he takes himself off.'

"'Poor devil, indeed!' murmured Leon, 'to be obliged to submit to that.'

"'You should follow my example,' said Rodolph; 'M. Lauter plays very nicely on the violin—it would amuse you.'

"'I am well aware,' replied Madame de Dréan, 'of M. Lauter's talent. *He was so good* as to enable us to judge of it at my last party, to which *he was kind enough* to come.'

"Leon thanked Madame de Dréan in his heart; Rodolph bit his lips. 'Why did you not come?' added Madame de Dréan.

"'I do not care for music,' replied Rodolph, 'and your note informed me that your party was entirely musical: besides, I had promised—' Here Leon interrupted by a prelude upon the piano, and asked Madame de Dréan if she would sing an old ditty, to which she was particularly partial. An angry cloud crossed Rodolph's brow. Madame de Dréan got up and began the song. Whilst she sang, Rodolph, his elbow on the piano, his head on one side, ogled her with all his powers of fascination.

'Pardon me, sir,' said Leon, 'but your elbow upon the piano takes away a great deal of the sound.'

"The lesson was at an end, but, before Rodolph, Leon would not do like the *poor devil* of a piano-master, who received his ticket and *went away*;—besides, it was not thus that he was in the habit of acting with Madame de Dréan. Leon was perfectly well-bred, and a man of the world, and his pupils were generally glad to treat him with proper consideration. I except a few persons who, in their worship of gold, never really believe that what is given for money, however precious it may be, is actually worth the money exchanged for it, and who always think themselves the benefactors of those to whom they give money, however little they give, and whatever the value of what is given them in exchange; for, after all, say they, *it is not money*.

"It was nowise astonishing or unusual, therefore, that Leon, the lesson over, took a chair and remained to chat. There is nothing more disagreeable for a man than to be detected by another in ogling and looking languishing. This was the kind of vexation Leon had occasioned Rodolph when he politely begged him not to put his elbow on the piano. Madame de Dréan talked of music; Rodolph made several nonsensical remarks.

"'In France,' said Leon, 'music is strangely understood; it is *taken* like an intermittent fever. For five or six years nobody thinks of music; then it suddenly comes into fashion again; everybody loves it and talks of it, and is transported when listening to it. Young men crowd the stalls of the Italian Opera, and exclaim: *Bravo, Roubine! Brava, la Grise!* whilst Rubini and Grisi sing, so that neither they nor the rest of the audience can hear the singers thus applauded. It is pity to see the most lovely thing in the world, the most divine of arts, thus rendered ridiculous; it is a pity to see persons affecting, for want of a proper appreciation of music, an admiration, grotesque by its exaggeration, for strollers to whom they pay a thousand times more homage than to the great men of genius whose works they sing.'

"'Monsieur Lauter,' said Rodolph, 'who is now at the head of our young violinists?'

"It was impossible to ask a more malicious question; it was saying to Leon: I do not reckon you—you, a mere second-rate performer. Leon understood all the impertinence of the inquiry, and replied coldly—

"'I am, sir.'

"Rodolph thought to answer by an ironical smile. But Madame de Dréan, almost in spite of herself, cried out, 'Bravo, M. Lauter!'

"'By the by,' continued the lady, 'your delightful talent is no reason for my not paying your lessons; for when they are paid, I am still most grateful to you for giving them. I am in your debt since the last. You have my tickets, have you not?'

"That morning Leon had counted the tickets four times, to be quite sure he had not forgotten any, and to run no risk of delaying their payment; and before entering Madame de Dréan's house, he had put his hand on his pocket to make sure they were there. But the idea of receiving, in Rodolph's presence, the money for his lessons, was unbearable, and he told Madame de Dréan, he had not got his tickets. It was no consequence, she said; he could bring them another day; she was quite sure she had given him the twelfth the last time he came, and she would give him his money at once. And she went to her writing-desk.

"Money! there was money, so near to Leon's hand; money due to him, which belonged to him, which they were about to give him, which he might touch and grasp and put in his pocket—money which, in so small a compass, includes so many pleasures, so much happiness and independence, exercises such wondrous power, and dries so many tears.

"And Leon said, 'No, thank you, you can give it me some other time; it would inconvenience me to take it to-day.'

"Inconvenience him! poor fellow, might it not be thought his pockets were crammed with coin! Alas! his poor pockets were completely empty: if he left Genevieve nothing, it was because he had nothing left."

We wish it would occur to some man of heart and genius, familiar with

the subject, to write a novel founded on the struggles and tribulations of a professional musician in the nineteenth century. There is far less favour—we had almost written mercy—shown to this class of artists in England than in France and Germany; and the consequence is, that their standard of manners and respectability is here unquestionably lower than on the Continent. We speak of the class—individual exceptions are of course to be found. M. Karr's father was a pianist of some eminence, and from him the son may have inherited his quick perception of the slights and mortifications which men of real talent and keen feelings are frequently compelled to endure with a smiling countenance, if they would not lose the bread they have qualified themselves to earn by long and diligent cultivation of an art which we call "fine," but whose professors we too often treat on a level with dancing-masters and French cooks. Independently of hereditary sympathies, M. Karr is himself more than half an artist. We do not say this because we infer from passages in his writings that he cultivates, as an amateur, both music and painting, but because the artistical tone of his mind is repeatedly evident in his pages. Most of his books are admirably adapted for illustration, which some of them have obtained. They contain passages which are of themselves pictures, just as they contain pages and chapters which are very pleasing poetry, although their author has thought proper to have them printed as prose. M. Karr's love of the beauties of nature is most enthusiastic; and probably many of his readers will quarrel with him for sometimes lingering too long over their description. He loves to dilate on a flower, a tree, or a landscape, and he does it well, and with a poet's feeling. He has even written two bulky volumes, entitled *l'oyage autour de mon Jardin*—a series of letters or essays, botanical, entomological, floricultural, ornithological, sprinkled with reminiscences, classical, historical, and artistical—a perfect medley, in short, including anecdotes, *jeux-d'esprit*, and burlesque inventions à la Karr, such as could proceed from none but the whimsical editor of the *Guêpes*. We

will take a page as a specimen. It is apropos of the fragrant rocket or dames-violet, which, in French, has the prettier name of *julienne*.

"Here is the white *julienne* with its long sprays of flowers: you must stoop to enjoy its perfume; at night only does it exhale its fragrance afar. This was one of the favourite flowers of the unfortunate Queen Marie Antoinette. She was shut up in the worst room of the Conciergerie, a damp room that smelt badly. There, in the same chamber, a gendarme, separated from her only by a screen, quitted her neither by day nor by night. The queen's sole garments were an old black gown, and a pair of stockings which she mended herself—remaining with bare feet the while. I know not whether I should have loved Marie Antoinette, but who could help adoring so much misery and misfortune! A woman—her name is less known than it deserves to be—devised a joy and a luxury for her whom it was forbidden to name otherwise than as widow Capet. Madame Richard, portress of the prison, daily brought her nose-gays of the flowers she loved: pinks, *juliennes*, tuberosees, thus changing into perfume the putrid miasms of the prison-house. Thus the poor queen had something to gaze at, other than the damp walls of her dungeon. Madame Richard was denounced, arrested and put in prison; but they dared not persecute her further for her pious transgression,—and they set her at liberty.

"Subsequently, Danton, in his dungeon, exclaimed, 'Ah! if I could but see a tree!'

"The *julienne* remains Marie Antoinette's flower; to the two others still older souvenirs were already attached; the great Condé, a prisoner at Vincennes, cultivated pinks. The scent of the tuberose was formerly believed to be mortal to women in childbed. Mademoiselle de la Vallière, still a maid of honour, found herself in that predicament; upon the morrow the queen, who had her suspicions, would pass through her apartment, where she had pretended an indisposition in order to remain. She had her bed-chamber filled with tuberosees."

We laugh at some of his letters,

at others we could almost cry, and a third class we are apt to treat contemptuously, as trivial and nonsensical, until it occurs to us to ask ourselves if we have not sometimes read much greater nonsense under a far duller form. Read letter xxiii. on board a Swiss steamboat, and say if it does not, although no imitation, smack of the quaint tenderness and graceful fancy of Lawrence Sterne. See, two chapters later, how many interesting things are suggested to the author by an old wall, and how well he says them; and read—without a smile, if you can—the quiet satire of letter xxxiv. It is very short—only a few pithy lines—and we will translate it.

"There is something haunts me of late. I have spoken to you of the house, covered with moss-grown thatch, and crowned with flowering iris, that one discovers from a particular part of my garden. For several days it remained constantly closed. I asked my servant if the woodcutter no longer dwelt there.

"'No, sir, he has left these two months. He has grown rich; he has inherited six hundred francs a-year; he is gone to live in the town.'

"He has grown rich!

"That is to say, that with his six hundred francs a-year he has gone to live in a little room without air and without sun, whence he can see neither sky, nor trees, nor grass; where he breathes a nauseous atmosphere, and where his bed and only prospect is a dirty yellow paper, embellished with chocolate-coloured arabesques.

"He has grown rich! That is to say, he has been obliged to get rid of his dog, which he had had so long, because it annoyed the other lodgers in the house.

"He lives in a sort of square box; he has people on his right and on his left, above and below him.

"He has left his pretty cottage, and his beautiful trees, and his rich carpets of green herbage, and the song of the birds, and the scent of the oaks.

"He has grown rich! Poor man!"

To us, who have almost as great a foible for flowers as M. Karr himself, the pages of his *Journey round my Garden* offer most attractive pas-

sages. His rambling digressions prevent the least monotony. He wanders hither and thither with or without pretext. A magnolia takes him to China, a caprice carries him to Peru, thence he steps across to the Brazils, and tells a story of a prince who, on his return from distant travel in savage lands, was reproached by a pretty cousin with not having brought her some outlandish costume. He repelled the charge of neglect, and declared he has brought home the complete costume of an Indian queen, which was much at her service if she liked to wear it. The lady was delighted; evening came, and the travelled prince came also, bringing a box, whence he took a very pretty and very odd necklace. It passed from hand to hand, and everybody admired it. The princess put it on, and all present were in raptures to see how it became her. She turned to the traveller:

"Well?" said she.

"What?"

"The next thing."

"What next thing?"

"Yes; the remainder of the costume."

"There is nothing else. That is the entire costume of the queen in question."

The princess blushed crimson, and took off the collar as if it burned her neck.

We should like to extract the very charming chapter suggested by the death of a blackbird, the leader of the author's garden choir, slain by a troublesome friend, whose pointer has already ravaged the flower-beds; but, upon the whole, we think it better to return to Genevieve, and complete the sort of outline we have commenced of that interesting novel. We left Leon in Madame de Dréan's music-room, engaged in a wordy skirmish with M. Rodolph de Redeuil, which subsequently became so bitter—although veiled by courtly terms out of deference to the lady's presence—that when the two young men left the house together they exchanged a challenge almost before reaching the street. They then parted, and Leon's first thought was to seek a second and a pair of swords, but he remembered that the day was more than

half gone, and that he had left Genevieve without money. He thought of that he had just refused, and he cursed the vanity that led him to refuse it;—he cursed himself for forgetting his sister. And he went to his friends the painters, who had often had recourse to his purse, intending to borrow money of them. On reaching the painting room, he found the joyous, reckless artists in high glee and full conclave. The execution of the sentence pronounced against the offending landlord had commenced. The culprit's bell-rope had been cut, and was to be recut as often as renewed; his caricature had been painted on his door, on the common staircase, and on sundry walls; a number of different persons had called at his house in the course of the day, to inquire, with grave faces, "if it were true that poor M. Vasse-lin had gone out of his mind," &c. After waiting some time for an opportunity to take a friend aside and ask a loan, Leon left the *atelier* with his purpose unaccomplished. He had a new idea. He fetched his violin, which he had left at a pupil's house, and hurried to a pawnbroker's. But it was Sunday, on which day the *Mont-de-Piété* closes early. Leon was too late. Weary and despairing, and again reproaching himself for the ridiculous vanity that had made him refuse money of which he had so great need, he bent his steps homewards.

"As he crossed the *Champs Elysées*, he saw a number of persons collected together. They formed a dark compact mass, but a fitful light shone between their feet and legs. At that moment Leon's thoughts were so gloomy that, by a sort of instinct, he joined the crowd in order not to be alone. He then discovered the cause of the assemblage—it was a man playing on the violin, and the light he had seen from afar proceeded from four ends of candle, which burned upon the ground in front of the musician. At the moment when Leon joined the circle, the man put his violin under his arm, and with hat in hand made the tour of his audience. Leon walked away, for he had nothing to give, and entered the dark shadow of the trees. 'That man,' said

he to himself, 'has just received money which would make me very happy; he is going to take his wife and children their supper. And I—and Genevieve!'—A sort of shudder came over him at a thought which just then presented itself confusedly to his mind, and which he dared not attempt to fix before his eyes;—he walked on with hasty steps,—then he stopped short. Again he continued on his road,—then turned back again; he could not quit the Champs Elysées. Once more he stood still and said to himself:—'Have I not done enough cowardly things for one day? What am I more than that man? Is not he, on the contrary, more than I am; he who, for his family, conquers his pride and plays in the street? What do I fear?—to be despised?—Is it more contemptible to beg than to let one's sister suffer? And what do I do each day of my life? Do I not play upon the violin for money?—Shame?—it is pride I ought to feel in playing to get money for my sister. In my whole life I shall never have done anything so great and so noble;—so much the worse for him who despises me; he will be a man without feeling, and what matters to me the scorn of such a man?' Again he strode along in great agitation.—'Oh! my God!' he exclaimed, 'I thank thee for the talent thou hast bestowed on me! Oh! my sister, forgive me for having hesitated!'

"Leon's eyes flashed; he felt himself great and strong; his heart was big with a noble pride. He took his violin from its case,—rested his back against a tree, and played a sacred and beautiful melody, to which angels might have listened with quivering wings and humid eyes. What first suggested itself to him was the grand, the divine music of Beethoven. His bow had incredible power. The astonished promenaders stopped. Leon then played Weber's *Last Thoughts*, that sad and poignant music which seems to pierce to the very heart. The listeners looked at him, and exchanged remarks in a low voice and with an air of respect.

"He is well dressed."

"He has a distinguished air."

"His eyes are very fine."

"What a pity!" &c.

"A pretty woman, first of all, stooped down and placed—without throwing it—a five-franc piece in Leon's hat. She rose again, blushing, and beautiful with a divine beauty. Ah! dear lady,—if the man of your heart beheld you at that moment, you will be recompensed;—all his life long he will repay your charity with love and adoration, as God repays it you in grace and in touching beauty.

"Several persons followed the example shown them. One man pressed through the crowd, and fumbled in his pocket; but he looked at the musician, and exclaimed, 'Leon!'

"'Anselmo!' cried Leon. And they fell into each other's arms.

"The crowd pressed curiously around them. Anselmo picked up Leon's hat. 'Give me this money,' he cried, 'good and noble young man; give it me, that I may hoard it as a precious relic! Fain would I treasure it in my heart!'

"Anselmo called a hackney coach, and got into it with Leon. As they drove along, Leon told Anselmo all his misfortunes. Before going home they purchased what was wanted for Genevieve.

"'I am very late, my poor Genevieve,' said Leon.

"'I did not notice it,' said Genevieve, who had passed four hours weeping. 'I have been asleep; my eyes are still quite heavy.'"

Anselmo has just returned from one of his long journeys. After seeking his cousin Albert in vain, Leon asks Anselmo to second him in his duel with Rodolph. His friend regrets the necessity for the meeting, but ultimately consents, and repairs by appointment, early the next morning, to Rodolph's house, to settle preliminaries with his second, a young officer, who proposes swords as the weapons to be employed.

"'Swords let it be,' replied Anselmo, 'since M. de Redeuil desires it; although the choice of arms belongs to M. Lanter.'

"'You appear very expert in such affairs, sir,' said the officer.

"'I, sir! I never fought but once in my life; and that was breast to breast, one pistol loaded, no wit-

nesses, on the bank of a river, into which the survivor was to throw his antagonist's corpse. It was not an ordinary duel.'

"'At what hour the meeting?'

"'Ah! that is the question,' said Rodolph. 'I am compelled by a most important affair to call this morning upon the envoy of a German court. It is already late, I should like to put off the affair till to-morrow.'

"'I have no instructions to object to such delay.'

"'To-morrow, then, at seven in the morning.'

Anselmo's reference to his duel confirms suspicions previously excited, that the benevolent old German is the father of Leon and Genevieve. The reader is not equally prepared to discover what is soon afterwards revealed; namely, that Anselmo Lauter, the widowed husband of the erring and unhappy Rosalie, is identical with Baron Arnberg, the wealthy minister and confidential friend of a German sovereign. At the baron's house in the Champs Elysées, that same day, all the chief personages of the tale are assembled—Leon to wait upon a new pupil, Genevieve to seek some needlework which the poor suffering girl had begged M. Anselmo to procure for her, M. Chaumier and Rose to hand over the title-deeds of the house and garden at Fontainebleau, sold to a stranger, who has tempted M. Chaumier by a high price. Thanks to his own and his son's extravagance, Rose's father is a poorer man than before he won his famous lawsuit. Albert too appears at the house in the Champs Elysées—the same concerning whose decoration Genevieve and Leon were consulted—in custody of bailiffs who have arrested him on the suit of Baron Arnberg for non-payment of a bill of exchange. And Rodolph de Redeuil comes, his ordinary assurance greatly abated, humbly to crave a favour of the noble and influential ambassador. We have not room for further details. The *dénouement* is good, and the probabilities are throughout well sustained. In the termination of the book, the cheerful and the sad are happily blended. The interest felt

for the generous, unselfish, and courageous Leon, is all along in no way less strong than that inspired by the mild, patient, self-denying Genevieve. And Leon's happiness consoles the reader in some degree for the untimely fate of his sweet sister. Rose and Leon are of course married, but Genevieve—poor Genevieve, heart-stricken in her bloom, droops and falls like a frosted flower. The air of the world was too chilly for her tender soul. To the last she was unaware of her approaching death, and sweet smiles decked her wasted features as she fondly anticipated the joy of embracing her brother's child, as yet unborn. Before the infant saw the light, the flowers grew fresh and fair upon Genevieve's grave.

The reperusal of M. Karr's works, some of which we had not opened since their first appearance, many years ago, has confirmed our previous conviction, that few French writers of the present day, even of the more refined and less wilfully-mischievous class, can be unreservedly recommended to English readers. Few even of the best of them can always avoid the introduction of offensive sentiments and descriptions. With the majority the propensity to occasional levity and irreverence, and sometimes to profanity and indecency, is quite irresistible. We are disposed to acquit M. Karr of any deliberate and intentional evil tendency. He writes according to his perceptions, and for a French public, and there is nothing in his books likely to shock his countrymen, most of whom would doubtless laugh heartily at the Britannic prudery, that could take exception to the highly coloured and revolting narratives of the dissolute Stephen, and of the feeble and unprincipled Maurice. On the other hand, with some of his tales and sketches, only the ultra fastidious will find fault, and some will be deemed harmless even by the most rigid. If we have weighed upon his defects, it has been to neutralise the too favourable impression that might be conveyed by our extracts, which are all specimens of his happier manner. Examples of his worst style would not suit our pages.

NEPAUL.

If we apply to literary commodities the general mercantile rule, that demand creates supply, we are bound to believe that the British public is in a fever of curiosity concerning Nepaul and the Nepaulese. Such is the inference naturally to be drawn from the almost simultaneous appearance of four works relating to that country and people, at least two of which are manifestly mere speculations on the popular avidity, real or supposed, for further information concerning the history, circumstances, and peculiarities of one of the most remarkable neighbours of our Anglo-Indian empire. It is now just two years since the meteor-like apparition of the brilliant Nepaulese ambassador and his showy suite flashed for a few weeks through the tepid atmosphere of a London season, causing a pleasurable excitement amongst used-up fashionables and languid belles. The tawny, jewel-bedecked strangers from the distant East, with their strange habits and profuse expenditure, their rumoured crimes and exploits, produced so great a sensation here, and were so evidently suggestive of scribbling to any one possessing a slight personal knowledge of Nepaul, and sufficient literary skill to fabricate a book concerning it, that we cannot but wonder that, with the exception of Captain Cavenagh's meagre and unsatisfactory volume, no books upon the subject have appeared until two years after the period of the Nepaulese mission to this country. Now, however, they come in crowds. With-

in one month we have three authors in the field. Captain Cavenagh, whose work preceded those of these three gentlemen but by a few months, is a Bengal officer, writing from Dum Dum, and publishing in Calcutta. His successors are persons of very various professions and social position. A highborn naval commander, whose life has been divided between Belgravia and the quarterdeck, claims precedence by rank, although the latest to appear. Just before him came Mr Oliphant, a young lawyer from Colombo, who in his turn had been anticipated by Captain Thomas Smith. We learn from the title-page of this last-named writer that, from the year 1841 to 1845, he was assistant political agent at Nepaul. From him, therefore, we had a right to expect infinitely the best account of that country, seeing that he passed in it almost as many years as each of the three other writers passed days. How far he profited by his opportunities, and will bear comparison with his cotemporaries, we shall presently attempt to show.

At foot of this page we have placed the names of two old but excellent works upon Nepaul—those of Colonel Kirkpatrick and Dr Hamilton. This may at first seem superfluous, seeing that the two respectable quartos were published as long back as 1811 and 1819; but upon examination we have found that some of the four modern works we have taken in hand are so very largely indebted to the colonel and the doctor, that we are

An Account of the Kingdom of Nepaul, &c. By COLONEL KIRKPATRICK. London, 1811. 4to.

An Account of the Kingdom of Nepal. By FRANCIS HAMILTON, M.D. Edinburgh, 1819. 4to.

Rough Notes of the State of Nepal, its Government, Army, and Resources. By CAPTAIN ORFEUR CAVENAGH, 32d Regiment, Bengal Native Infantry. Calcutta, 1851.

Narrative of a Five Years' Residence at Nepaul. By CAPTAIN THOMAS SMITH. London, 1852. 2 vols.

A Journey to Katmandu with the Camp of Jung Bahadoor. By LAURENCE OLIPHANT. London, 1852.

Journal of a Winter's Tour in India; with a Visit to the Court of Nepaul. By CAPTAIN the HON. FRANCIS EGERTON, R.N. London, 1852. 2 vols.

convinced their authors, although they have themselves rarely remembered to acknowledge their obligations, will feel grateful to us for taking the trouble to point them out.

Captain Cavenagh accompanied the Nepaul mission to England in the year 1850. His three months' abode in this country, in company with the Nepaulese, does not, however, necessarily imply a residence in Nepaul of sufficient length to enable him to give even the "rough" account of its "state, government, army, and resources," promised on his title-page. Allured by this promise, we hoped and expected to find in his volume a brief but satisfactory sketch of the present state of Nepaul, with perhaps (what was much wanted) a concise review of its history and progress since the days of Kirkpatrick and Hamilton. But we soon found, from his own admissions, that the time he had passed in the country was totally inadequate for the necessary investigations, and for the acquisition of anything like an accurate knowledge of its political condition or physical features. In short, however intelligent he may be, a few days could not suffice to acquire much information regarding Nepaul; and we are driven to the conclusion, fully borne out by his own preface, and by many passages of his book, that this is compounded of hasty surmises, ill-digested observations, and of such scraps of information as he collected in conversation with the Nepaulese envoy and the members of his suite. The value to be attached to this last ingredient of his pages strikes us as infinitesimally small, when we call to mind the wily character of the Ghoorkas, their skill in dissimulation, and their fondness for misleading those who plague them with questions. Such considerations were too trivial to impede Captain Cavenagh's progress. There seems to have been vividly present to his mind the necessity of giving to the world a volume which, if it did nothing else, should at least advertise all men of the important fact of his having been lately in political charge of the mission from the court of Khatmandu to that of St James's. This is the sole result likely to ensue from his publication, whose really valuable

and solid portions are due to previous writers from whom he frequently borrows—sometimes with acknowledgment, often without—at the same time that he coolly declares in his preface that Nepaul was a *terra incognita* until he unfolded its secrets. The fact is, that he has taken up quite the wrong line. Had he limited himself to an account of the origin, progress, reception, travels, and adventures of the Nepaul mission, he had abundant opportunities, and possibly sufficient talent, to compose a very interesting volume, such as would have conferred upon his Hibernian patronymic a twelve-month's immortality. Instead of that, he goes into various matters upon which he is imperfectly informed, pilfers Kirkpatrick, commits blunders, and exposes himself.

But we almost lose sight of the delinquencies of Captain Orfeur Cavenagh, when his book is placed in juxtaposition with the next in order of publication, the "Narrative" of Captain Thomas Smith. It is impossible not to be prepossessed in favour of two such tidy volumes, bound in laurel green, (allusive, doubtless, to the Captain's bays,) and bearing on the lid a stately golden elephant, upon whose back sit the Captain and two companions, on their way, we presume, to one of those tremendous hunting parties in which our author performed feats that would make Gordon Cumming or Gerard the Lion-slayer tear their hair for envy. Passing on to the dedication, we are further induced to consider the book respectfully, by finding it inscribed, "by gracious permission," to Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge. We ourselves attach little importance to dedications, which, whether to dear friends or to exalted patrons, are apt to border upon the fulsome or the fawning. But there are writers who take a different view of the subject, and who are anxious, but often unable, to obtain license to address their books specially to some person notable for virtue, genius, or elevated rank. Such license, it appears to us, should not be conceded without a certainty that the book will at least do no discredit to the patronage.

"Other works," artlessly remarks Captain Smith in the final paragraph of his preface, "have appeared with reference to Nepaul; but the author of the present one confidently believes that no complete account of the kingdom, and all that relates to it, has been published until now."

In the exercise of our critical vocation, we have occasionally met with astounding examples of impudence in print, but anything more brazen than this we do not remember to have encountered. "*Other works* have appeared with reference to Nepaul!" Certainly no one can know this better than Mr Smith, seeing that, out of the two hundred and ninety-four pages composing his first volume, the better part of a hundred have been taken *verbatim et literatim* from Kirkpatrick! This without any acknowledgment. Kirkpatrick's work being antiquated and cumbrous in form, and at present very scarce, Captain Smith apparently supposed that he might cut slices from it by wholesale, fearless of detection. He will now perhaps sue for mercy, on the ground that the only good parts of his book are those which he has stolen. But he has not even the merit of an accurate copyist. The ridiculous blunders he has committed in transcribing, stare one in the face on every page. A clumsy appropriator, he has defaced his booty. He begins his second chapter by the following lines, whose slip-slop style stamps them as his own:—

"It is manifestly the duty of every writer to render his details clear to the meanest perception; and there is certainly no better way of reaching completeness than by the assumption that every reader is *totally ignorant of the matter treated*, yet avid for information, and entirely dependent on the *author's accuracy and conscientiousness*!"

The italics are ours. *Totally ignorant*, Mr Smith evidently trusted his readers would be, of Kirkpatrick's account of Nepaul, which he proceeds systematically to plunder. Haunted, we suppose, by a lurking apprehension, scarce acknowledged to himself, he has conducted his purloinings upon a sort of petty larceny plan, taking a paragraph here and there, dodging

to and fro, wielding his scissors with a tailorly dexterity well calculated to elude detection. To justify the unfavourable opinion we have expressed of his work, we must here refer a little from it to Kirkpatrick. Smith, p. 56, will be found to be identical with passages from Kirkpatrick, p. 40 to 45. But at Smith, p. 58, a leap is taken to p. 159 of Kirkpatrick, who, for once, and for a wonder, is referred to as an authority. Here we have inaccuracies by the bushel. Mr Smith writes thus:—

"The name, says Colonel Kirkpatrick, by which the town (Khatmandu) is distinguished in ancient books, is Gorgoolputten: the Newars call it Yindaisé; whilst, amongst the Parbuttias, or mountaineers, it is styled Kulti-poor—an appellation which seems to proceed from the same source with Khatmandoo, and derived, it is believed, from its numerous wooden temples, which are amongst the most striking objects in the city. . . . The houses are of brick and tile, with pitched or painted roofs."

Many of the names of places in this paragraph are mis-spelt. Kulti-poor, for instance, is a blunder. It should be Kathipore, signifying "town of wood." Captain Smith's "painted roofs" are pent-roofs in Kirkpatrick, and so forth. Kirkpatrick is copied pretty steadily up to p. 164, and then his plagiarist reverts to pages 91–4, and makes more mistakes, writing "habitable" for "hereditary," and "unsupported" for "unsupplied." It would be both wearisome and unprofitable to trace all Mr Smith's thefts and inaccuracies. Many of these latter unluckily alter the meaning, or destroy the sense of the passages containing them. For instance, at page 67, where he borrows largely from Kirkpatrick, p. 17, we were utterly puzzled by the following line:—"In a previous page mention has been made of the *enormous fruit-trees* which are to be found in the Terai." There being about as many fruit-trees in the forests of the Terai as there are strawberry plants on the glaciers of Mont Blanc, we stood aghast at the ridiculous assertion, until we discovered that *fruit* should have been *forest*. Here is another specimen of correct transcription:—

"Some of the woods—the Dubdubea, for example—a sort of ash, abounding in the Terai which is a powerful astringent, and constitutes an article of trade."—*Smith*, i. 67.

"At Jhurjhury we met with a tree called Dubdubea, the leaves of which abound in galls, containing from one to six winged insects. Its wood was somewhat of the ash kind, and the gall powerfully astringent."—*Kirkpatrick*, p. 20.

According to Mr Smith's version, either the ash or the Terai is a powerful astringent; and not a word is said of the galls. At p. 76 (Smith) we are told that the Nepaulese cows "differ considerably in comparison with our English cattle." The meaning not being very clear, we refer, as usual, for an explanation, to Kirkpatrick, and there find, p. 180, the

identical remark, with the substitution of "suffer" for "differ," which former word certainly makes better sense and better English. Nepaul cows discussed and dismissed, we pass on to dogs, and find (this is really too bad) the rival captains, Cavenagh and Smith, both helping themselves at the expense of defunct Kirkpatrick. Here is the passage:—

"The animal known in Bengal by the name of the Nepaul dog, is, properly speaking, a native of the upper and lower Tibets, from whence they are brought to Nepaul. It is a fierce, surly creature, about the size of an English bull-dog, and covered with thick long hair."—*Kirkpatrick*, p. 134-5.

"The dog, generally known as the Nepal dog, is also, properly speaking, a native of Thibet. It is a fierce, surly creature, about the size of an English bull-dog, and covered with thick long hair."—*Cavenagh*, p. 103-4.

"This dog, which is known in Bengal by the name of the Nepaul dog, is, properly speaking, a native of the Upper and Lower Tibets, whence it is usually brought to Nepaul. It is a fierce and surly creature, about the size of an English Newfoundland, and covered with thick long hair."—*Smith*, i. p. 76-7.

Here we find Smith coming out victoriously with an original idea. Having, we may suppose, during his five years' residence in Nepaul, had frequent opportunities of contemplating the canine species in all the various phases of their interesting existence, he ventures authoritatively to correct the portrait sketched by Kirkpatrick, and copied by Cavenagh. The Nepaul dog does bear greater resemblance to a badly-bred Newfoundland, both in appearance and size, than to a bull dog. So, for once, Smith is not only original, but accurate. It is, doubtless, under the influence of the exhilaration occasioned by this proud consciousness of independence and veracity, that he shelves Kirkpatrick for a while, after taking only two chapters from him, and goes out a-hunting. We must beg those persons who may hereafter read the *Smithian Memorials of Nepaul*, not to burthen the memory of Colonel Kirkpatrick with the venatorial extravaganzas they will find included between pages 80 and 120 of volume one. Aided, apparently, by a jumbled reminiscence of Cornwallis, Harris, Gordon Cumming, and Baron Munchausen, Captain Smith improves upon his models,

and outdoes all his predecessors in the jungle and the hunting field. The first achievement he records is his "terrific combat" with a monstrous elephant, a perfect devil, according to the Nepaulese Rajah's account, against which he (the Rajah) had sent, two years previously, a couple of six-pounders. But the elephant had scattered the artillerymen, and upset the guns. How the latter were moved through the forest—and *such* forests as those of the Terai—we are not informed. Nothing daunted, Smith set out with his battery, consisting of "two double-barrelled rifles, one single rifle, carrying a three ounce ball, and three first-rate double guns." In a very short time, "many deer, eleven tigers, and *seven rhinoceroses*," (!) bit the dust before the unerring muzzles of this modern Nimrod. This, however, was the mere prelude to the play. The real tragedy was to come. But we must extract a small specimen of Captain Smith's *own*.

"The morning dawned splendidly; we were all in excellent spirits, and the two chiefs, in appearance at least, were as brave as lions. While we were examining our guns, and carefully arranging our ammunition, the savage Shikar Bassa elephant was marked down, having been

discovered in his usual retreat. In order if possible to render the deity 'Goruck,' more wrathful, he had only the day before destroyed a Brahmin for firing a matchlock ball into his elephant's side, [whose elephant's side!] the Brahmin having been provoked to do so by the elephant destroying and eating up two fields of rice for his own private amusement. I saw the poor priest's mangled remains close to his hut; not a vestige of humanity remained, [we are curious to know what did remain,] so frightfully had the brute trampled on and kneaded his body, that not a bone escaped uncrushed; legs, arms, and carcass could only be compared to some disgusting, indescribable mass, well pounded and furnished with a skin covering. This exhibition excited my anger, and I vowed the destruction of the destroyer."

That vow registered, need we say that the elephant's doom was sealed! The Nepaulese chiefs who accompanied the Captain were rather shy of the enterprise; but he encouraged them, promising to go to their rescue should they be attacked. After this, of course they could no longer hesitate. However, the elephant soon sent them to the right about. Captain Smith alone stood fast, and prepared to fight the brute on foot. We shall not inflict upon our readers the whole account of the action, but we must extract one or two of the Captain's prime bits.

"The enemy soon showed symptoms of the humour he was in, by tearing down branches of the trees and dashing them in all directions; many of them were *thicker than my body*."

Now Captain Smith must surely be aware that no elephant can quite accomplish this, although he can push down a tree with his head. It is the old story over again. He is supposing his readers to be "entirely dependent on the author's accuracy and conscientiousness." Poor readers! Presently, having received a rifle ball in the forehead, the elephant "turned up his trunk to examine the wound, sucked out the blood, and throwing it over his head and shoulders, appeared to experience considerable astonishment." A second bullet having struck the elephant's forehead, "he staggered and rolled about as if he had been turned round three or four

times, again felt over his bleeding forehead, sucking out *pints of blood* with his trunk, and showering it over his head and body, which, originally black, *had now been changed to a deep scarlet*." As we are told that this elephant was no less than eleven feet four inches in height, and, of course, of proportionate bulk, he must have employed a large quantity of blood in colouring himself thus completely. Nevertheless he fought on for a considerable time longer, and fell only after a desperate conflict of two hours' duration. Desiring to proceed to more important matters, we shall not dwell upon Captain Smith's inconsistencies, which are endless, or upon his exaggeration androdomontade, which are simply ludicrous. This ferocious elephant, he tells us in one place, had set two generations of Nepaulese at defiance. A few pages further on, we learn that he had been "for ten years the terror of that part of the Nepaul forest." So that in Nepaul five years is a generation. Then we are told of the wild bull, called the Ghowrie Ghai, whose horns are "about eighteen inches in diameter at the roots." This is a real staggerer, far surpassing anything within our experience. We have searched in vain amongst horned beasts, both living and dead, not for a parallel, but for an approximation to this. The colossal fossil remains found by Dr Falconer and Major Cantley, in the Sewalik range, and some of which were sent from Saharunpore to the British Museum, include some pretty big specimens; but they are mere toothpicks compared to those of Captain Smith. The Captain is of course acquainted with the Indian mode of calculating an elephant's height, by multiplying the circumference of its foot-print; perhaps he will inform us how many times round the horn gives the altitude of a Ghowrie Ghai. Eighteen or twenty hands at the shoulder, he tells us, is the common measurement of this fierce and formidable animal. If any of our readers, when passing down Regent Street, will step in and see Sampson, the Brobdignag horse, over which Jung Bahadoor vaulted, they will get some idea of what twenty hands are—that being, if we

rightly remember, somewhere about Sampson's height at the shoulder, and they will be able to decide for themselves how far they may believe Captain Smith's wonderful tales, which we confess that we receive with extreme mistrust. Having told us how he knocked over one of these gigantic bulls, and after a flourish about his "keepers," (good, this, in Indian jungles,) he lays down his pen, resumes paste and scissors, and recommences despoiling and mutilating the unfortunate Kirkpatrick.

Far superior indeed to Captain Smith's elephantine romance is the account of an elephant hunt, to be found at p. 53 to 59 of the "Journey to Katmandu." Those six pages are the best and most truthful bit of Mr Oliphant's little book, which it is now time to examine. Mr Oliphant has adopted a great deal of his matter from Captain Cavenagh. In other places he has drawn upon Kirkpatrick, either at the fountain-head, or filtered through Cavenagh's pages. In justice, however, we must mention that Mr Oliphant hints, in his preface, that only a portion of his book has the merit of novelty; and really, when we get a volume of two hundred pages, well printed on good paper, and bound in brick-dust, for half-a-crown, it is cruel to be captious on the score of originality. Mr Oliphant, we have no doubt, has taken a great deal of pains with his book. From Captain Egerton's work, and from other sources, we find that he travelled in company with Captain Cavenagh, of whose "Rough Notes" he has only too freely availed himself, since he has thereby been led to father statements whose accuracy, to say the least, is very doubtful. When writing of things he himself did and saw, there is freshness and merit in his descriptions, but these are apt to disappear when he gets to second-hand work, and he falls alternately into flippancy and inflation of style. When helping himself from Cavenagh's pages, he enriches his extracts with epithets and magniloquent adjectives; thus seasoning his plagiarisms, and giving a dramatic colouring to his friend's more homely narrative. We shall presently come to examples of

this. Meanwhile, we gladly observe that, in one instance at least, he has shown discretion in his borrowings, and has abstained from endorsing a very rash, and, as we cannot doubt, a totally unfounded charge brought by Captain Cavenagh against an official of high character and distinguished accomplishments. This occurs when he relates the death of Bhém Sen Thappa, Mahtabur Singh's uncle, and predecessor in the office of prime-minister of Nepaul. We must make a brief extract from Mr Oliphant.

"For an unusual number of years did this able minister (Bhém Sen) retain the management of affairs. He was ultimately placed in confinement, on the charge of being accessory to the murder of the Rajah's children by poison. His enemies resorted to an ingenious, though cruel device, to rid themselves altogether of so dreaded a rival. Knowing his high spirit and keen sense of honour, they spread the report that the sanctity of his *senana* (harem) had been violated by the soldiery, which so exasperated him that he committed suicide, and was found in his cell with his throat cut from ear to ear. This occurred in the year 1839." (P. 97.)

This passage is taken, almost word for word, from Cavenagh, who adds the following, which Mr Oliphant has wisely omitted:—

"I have often heard it asserted, that one word from the British representative would have averted this catastrophe; but, unfortunately, when an attempt was made by some members of the court to ascertain his sentiments, he declined expressing any opinion, and from that moment the degraded minister was doomed."

The British resident here referred to is Mr Brian H. Hodgson, well known as an able official, a distinguished scholar, a first-rate naturalist, and member of most of the learned societies of Europe. We feel ourselves called upon to enter an indignant protest against the unjustifiable manner in which, upon no better authority than mere hearsay, and apparently without an effort to investigate the facts of the case, Captain Cavenagh brings this serious charge. He has "heard it asserted," indeed! Now we happen to be aware that, at

the very time Captain Cavenagh was inditing his precious volume, Mr Hodgson was within a few days' post of him, at Darjeeling, in the Himalayas. It would have been an easy matter for this dealer in random assertions to have addressed him, and to have obtained from himself the satisfactory explanation which we are convinced he would have given of his conduct at the time of Bhém Sen Thappa's downfall. If "one word" from Mr Hodgson would have saved the life of so eminent a person as General Bhém Sen, it is evident that he was guilty of a grave dereliction of duty in not speaking it. When imputing such neglect to a representative of the British Government in any part of the world, Captain Cavenagh was bound to enter more into detail, and to state his grounds for the accusation. We well know that, since we first possessed India, non-interference has ever been one of the great principles acted upon by each successive Government; but in a case where so trifling an exertion on the part of a British resident would (according to Captain Cavenagh) have

proved the salvation of a distinguished minister, we cannot for an instant believe that the exertion would not have been promptly and willingly made—not the less willingly, certainly, that, as we know, Mr Hodgson was once the intimate friend of Bhém Sen. The subject, however, scarcely needs dwelling upon. No jury would convict on such contemptible evidence as Captain Cavenagh's hearsay.

Whilst upon the subject of rash and unproved accusations, we are led to consider an affair which occupies a very prominent place in the narratives of Messrs Cavenagh, Oliphant, and Smith. We refer to the murder of Mahtabur Singh, uncle of Jung Bahadur, to whom the crime has been popularly imputed, but against whom it has never been proved by satisfactory evidence. Captain Cavenagh tells the tale in his usual confident, off-hand manner, as though none must dispute his verdict; Mr Oliphant coincides with him in all the main points; Captain Smith relates the story with an important difference. We give the corresponding extracts from the three books:—

"On the night of the 17th May 1845," says Captain Cavenagh, "he (Mahtabur Singh) was summoned to the palace. The order was too peremptory to admit of his declining to attend. No sooner had he reached the apartment in which the Rajah and Rani were sitting, and approached to pay his respects, than a shot was fired by General Jung Bahadur, from behind a screen at one end of the room. The unfortunate Sirdar rushed forward as if to implore mercy; but having received a mortal wound, only proceeded a few paces ere he fell, and was almost instantaneously despatched by repeated blows of the kukri, (Nepaul knife,) inflicted by persons in attendance on the monarch."—*Rough Notes*, p. 229.

"One night, about eleven o'clock," (this is Mr Oliphant,) "a messenger came from the palace to inform Mahtabur Singh that his services were required by their Majesties—for the Queen had always kept up a semblance of friendship with him. Without the slightest suspicion, he repaired to the palace; but scarcely had he ascended the great staircase, and was entering the room in which their Majesties were seated, when the report of a pistol rang through the room; the fatal bullet pierced the heart of the gallant old man, who staggered forwards, and fell at the feet of the wretched woman who had been the instigator of the cruel murder. It is difficult to say what were the motives that prompted Jung Bahadur to the perpetration of this detestable act."—*Journey to Katmandu*, p. 104.

"The unfortunate Matabur," Captain Smith writes, "was aroused at eleven o'clock at night, and a peremptory order for his attendance compelled him to appear at court. The Rajah grossly abused him, in which he was ably aided by the heir-apparent, telling him that he was a traitor, and that he had caused him, by false representations, to destroy the late Pandee ministers, who, he now found, were innocent.

"A signal was then given, and twenty soldiers moved up with loaded muskets. The Rajah ordered them to fire at and destroy the traitor. The unfortunate Matabur fell, frightfully wounded, and in this state he implored mercy. But the Rajah ordered the soldiers to reload and despatch him. This murder occurred in the upper rooms of the palace."—*Five Years in Nepal*, ii. 103.

Now, there is not the slightest doubt that Mahtabur Singh was treacherously murdered, at the instigation of the Rani. But, in our

opinion, there is room for very considerable doubt whether Jung Bahadur's hands are stained with the blood of his father's brother-in-law—

not his father's brother, as Mr Oliphant erroneously states. We are more disposed to credit the account of the affair given by Captain Smith, who, we conclude, from his title-page, was political assistant at Nepaul at the time it occurred, and in that capacity must have had the best opportunities of knowing the exact details of so important an event in the political annals of Khatmandu as the murder of a powerful minister. If we do not greatly err, one of the chief duties of a political assistant in India is that of keeping the diary of the Residency to which he is attached; and we cannot but suppose that Captain Smith has here repeated that which, in all probability, he recorded at the time in the usual routine of his duty. We do not think it is particularly graceful on the part of Messrs Cavenagh and Oliphant thus to put forward and exaggerate the least favourable view of the conduct of a man to whom they are both indebted—the former for good pay, the latter for kindness and hearty hospitality—who is well known to be warmly attached to his British allies, extremely anxious for their good opinion, and unable, owing to his ignorance of our language, to reply to the accusations brought against him, however unfounded and galling. Captain Cavenagh's longer connection with Jung Bahadoor renders him more blameable than Mr Oliphant, for whom we must make some allowance on the ground of youthful heedlessness, and of his evident anxiety to make a telling book. The young proctor from Colombo is a great lover of startling effects; and some of those he produces are quite worthy of Astley's circus. His account of the events that ensued upon the assassination of Guggun Singh (Mahatabur Singh's successor) would need but a little expansion to form a most imposing trans-pontine melodrama, which, aided by live horses and blank cartridges, could not fail to attract crowded audiences. Here he again heaps all manner of crimes at Jung Bahadoor's door, taking his cue, as usual, from Captain Cavenagh, who gives the same story, but in less elevated strain. It is an account of a Nepalese *coup d'état*, and is a

specimen of Mr Oliphant's *fine* style, a style of which we strongly advise him to get cured before again committing himself to print.

"At this moment Jung gave the signal for the seizure of Futtah Jung. The attempt was no sooner made than his son, Karak Bikram Sah, imagining that his father's life was at stake, rushed forward to save him, and, seizing a kukri, had already dealt Bum Bahadoor a severe blow, when he was cut down by Dere Shum Shere Bahadoor, then a youth of sixteen or seventeen. Futtah Jung, vowing vengeance on the murderers of his son, sprang forward to avenge his death, and, in another moment, Bum Bahadoor, already seriously wounded, would have fallen at his feet, when the report of a rifle rang through the hall, and the timely bullet, sped by the hand of Jung Bahadoor, laid the gallant father by the side of the no less gallant son. . . . There still confronted him (Jung) fourteen of the nobles, whose leader had been slain before their eyes, and who thirsted for vengeance; but the appearance at his side of that faithful body-guard, on whose fidelity the safety of the minister has more than once depended, precluded them from seizing the murderer of their chief. It was but too clear to these unhappy men what was to be the last act of this tragedy. Jung received the rifle from the hand of the man next him, and levelled it at the foremost of the little band. Fourteen times did that fatal report ring through the hall, as one by one the rifles were handed to him who could trust no eye but his own, and at each shot another noble lay stretched on the ground. Abiman Singh alone escaped the deadly aim; he managed to reach the door, but there he was cut almost in two by the sword of Krishn Bahadoor.

"Thus, in a few moments, and by his own hand, had Jung rid himself of those whom he most feared. In that one room lay the corpses of the highest nobles of the land, shrouded by the dense smoke still hanging in the confined atmosphere, as if to hide the horrors of a tragedy that would not bear the light of day."

Seduced by the odour of Surrey sawdust that emanates from Mr Oliphant's flowery periods, we have been led into a longer extract than the intrinsic value of the text warrants. It will be observed that all Mr O.'s rifles "ring through the hall," and we need hardly direct attention to the fine poetical figure of the corpses shrouded in smoke. We are rather struck by

the improbability of fourteen Nepaulese nobles standing quietly to be shot down, one after another, instead of pursuing the course which was to be expected from the brave and warlike character of their nation, and rushing upon their enemies, to die desperately fighting. But the fact is, that we attach extremely little credit to the whole story, which we suspect was palmed upon Captain Cavenagh by some mischievous Ghoorka, whom he indiscreetly pestered with silly questions. We are confirmed in our mistrust by a reference to Captain Egerton, to whose journal we have as yet paid less attention than it really deserves. Although this honourable author be now and then a little grand and Bahadoorish in his tone, we may at once pronounce the few chapters of his book which relate to Nepaul (with the portion relating to British India we have not at present to concern ourselves) to be in decidedly superior taste, and altogether a favourable contrast, to the works of Messrs Oliphant and Cavenagh. There is no book-making or ambitious writing in his pages; he has just logged down, in a plain manner, what he noticed on the road, without dragging in unauthenticated stories, or indulging in unhandsome attacks on a hospitable entertainer; and thus has he composed a light, but very readable and pleasant, work. Here is a page of it, containing his account of Jung Bahadoor's rise:—

"Saturday, Feb. 1.—Raining cats and dogs. The Chundagiri Pass is said to be so slippery that it is doubtful whether we should get across it, and it would, at all events, be very difficult and very bad work for the Coolies, so we resolved to stay till to-morrow. I heard to-day what I suppose is the true history of our friend Jung's accession to power. The first move was the assassination of a certain general, Guggun Singh, a great friend and ally of the queen, or maharanee. In the confusion arising from that murder, three other chiefs were assassinated—by whom, nobody seems to know; but probably friend Jung was at the bottom of it. One was also cut down by Budree Nur Sing. The maharanee's object seems all along to have been the placing her own son on the throne, which she could only contrive by removing the king's son (the present rajah.) This, Jung would not at all agree to (he was then not prime-minister,

I believe, but a man of authority in the army.) So the good lady settled to do away with him too. She had long been the real ruler of the country, and had not been sparing of blood in enforcing her authority, the maharajah having taken himself off to Patan, in a fright, soon after the massacre of the chiefs before mentioned. In furtherance of her plans, she got another friend of hers appointed prime minister, with power to get rid of her enemies. Jung, however, got intimation of this, and, summoning his friends, he started instantly for the Durbar, where he found the maharajah and the heir-apparent together. On his way he met the new *soi-disant* prime-minister, and after a few civil remarks on that gentleman's conduct, he effectually stopped his game, by making a sign to an attendant, who instantly killed him with a rifle-shot. That enemy removed, he had little difficulty in getting rid of the remainder. The maharanee and her sons were sent to Benares, whither the maharajah, after his deposition, subsequently followed them, and Jung has ever since been in possession of the supreme power."

It is evident that this sketch was written with Mr Erskine, the political agent, and the author's host, at his elbow, in the Residency; doubtless as an agreeable enough manner of beguiling the time until the "cats and dogs" ceased to descend. Captain Egerton says not a word about the fourteen dead hits made by Jung Bahadoor, although he carefully notes the shooting of the "*soi-disant* prime-minister." This is a strong additional reason for discrediting Messrs Cavenagh and Oliphant's version of the wholesale murders. Captain Egerton, it will also be observed, says nothing of Jung's having killed his uncle. Surely, had the fact of his having done so ever been ascertained, or even had the circumstance been only strongly rumoured, or generally credited, some one of the inmates of the Residency would have told the bloody tale to Captain Egerton, and he would have entered it in his journal, through which we have searched in vain for any reference to such an affair, and for the expression of censure which would doubtless have accompanied it. Instead of this, we find that Captain Egerton concludes his short narrative of the events in connection with Jung Bahadoor's rise with the following highly favourable remarks—remarks

which he assuredly would not have made had he believed his hero guilty of the acts charged against him by Captain Cavenagh and Mr Oliphant:—

“He (Jung) does not appear to have made any sanguinary use of this power; on the contrary, he rather comes out of the affair with credit, when one considers his education and the customs of the country.”

The reader must observe that, whilst Captain Egerton had excellent opportunities, as an inmate of the house of the Governor-general's agent at Khatmandu, of obtaining correct information concerning the recent political changes and events in that country, his acquaintance with Jung Bahadoor was so brief that it would be absurd to suspect him of distortion of facts arising from personal partiality, even though the character of a British naval officer did not sufficiently preclude the suspicion. On the other hand, Captain Cavenagh, long attached to the mission, and Mr Oliphant, whom the Nepalese ambassador picked up at Colombo, took with him to Khatmandu, treated and entertained with unbounded hospitality, have returned the minister's friendship and confidence by circulating, as matter of history, tales much to his disadvantage, and which they would be greatly embarrassed to prove. Poor Jung Bahadoor may well exclaim, “Save me from my friends!” Captain Cavenagh is to blame for such requital of kindness and good companionship. We acquit Mr Oliphant of *malice prepense*, although his book is, perhaps, the more really mischievous of the two, for he intersperses his narratives of bloody murders with praises of Jung's “generous and noble qualities,” and “estimable traits,” calculated to impress his readers with the belief that it is only by doing violence to his feelings, and by reason of his zeal for truth, that he prevails with himself to display the dark pages in the history of a man for whom he cherishes a warm and friendly regard. Another notable point in his narrative of these matters is, that he professes to have heard many of the particulars in the form of admissions from Jung Bahadoor's own lips (as at pages 112 and 143.) Now, if we admitted this to

be exactly true, it would prove exactly nothing, except considerable indiscretion on Mr Oliphant's part in thus publishing to all the world admissions made in confidential intimacy. For the Ghoorka character is so subtle and strange, and Ghoorka motives of action are so deeply concealed and incomprehensible, that it is impossible to say what peculiar mental ratiocination may have influenced Jung Bahadoor to misstate facts or mystify his young English friend. But the fact is, that we reject, as untrustworthy, any information which Mr Oliphant may profess to have derived from the mouth of the Nepalese minister, until he satisfies us that he has at least a colloquial knowledge of Hindustani. Jung Bahadoor never knew fifty words of English. We cannot say how many words of Hindustani are at Mr Oliphant's command, but he himself confesses his “limited knowledge” of that language; and certainly his book contains many indications that that knowledge was indeed of a most limited description. And when he was subsequently travelling in India with Lord Grosvenor, Mr Leveson Gower, and Captain Egerton, various passages in the journal of the latter gentleman show pretty plainly that none of the party had more than a smattering of the native tongue.

Such are the slender attainments, as a Hindustani linguist, of the gentleman who chronicles Jung Bahadoor's history from his own lips.

It is unnecessary further to pursue the investigation of Jung Bahadoor's conduct in the various critical situations of his eventful career. Some of our readers will, perhaps, think we have already devoted to the matter more of our space than its interest warrants. We think differently. Jung Bahadoor is unquestionably a very distinguished and remarkable man. He is the first Hindoo of high caste and conspicuous rank—coming, too, from the very hotbed of Hindooism, of which Pusputnath is the most sacred shrine—who has had courage and strength of mind to risk himself in Europe, braving unknown perils, the prejudices of his countrymen, and the maledictions of the fanatical fakeers, who, when he

departed, stood upon the shore and cursed him aloud. He is evidently susceptible of the influences of civilisation, and quite able to profit by the expression of public opinion in this country. How sensitive he is to it was shown by his sparing the lives of the conspirators who attempted his soon after his return to Nepaul. "What will they say in England?" was his reply, when urged in the durbar to send the discomfited plotters to execution. To assail him with exaggerated or unfounded charges is not the way to confirm the civilising deference which he entertains for the verdict of the English nation. Nor is it handsome treatment of a man who has given incontestable proof of his good-will towards this country. It may be new to many of our readers, but it is not the less authentic, that during the last Sikh war Jung Bahadoor wrote to Lord Dalhousie offering to march at the head of a brigade of his gallant Ghoorkas to co-operate with our troops. To appreciate this proposal, it must be borne in mind that he was already commander-in-chief and prime-minister, and that, by absenting himself from Nepaul, he would have materially imperilled his interests and high position. Lord Dalhousie replied in one of those judicious and admirable letters for which he is noted, cordially acknowledging the noble and disinterested offer of the Nepaulese general, but assuring him that the Indian government was, and would ever be, fully able, unassisted, to crush all opposition. The brief correspondence was equally honourable to the brave volunteer and to the distinguished statesman who so appropriately combined a grateful and conciliatory refusal with a well-timed assertion of the irresistible power of our Anglo-Indian government.

Having exhibited some of the faults of Mr Oliphant's volume, we willingly turn to its better qualities. We have already referred to his excellent account of an elephant hunt. Here is an equally truthful and pleasant sketch of a day's shooting:—

"I found my first experience in shooting from a howdah to be anything but agreeable. The deer bounds through the long grass as a rabbit would through tur-

nips; and at the moment one catches a glimpse of his head, the elephant is sure to be going down a steep place, or stopping, or going on suddenly, or trumpeting, or doing something which completely balks a sportsman accustomed to be on his own legs, and sends the ball flying in any direction but the right one. Our line of elephants consisted of upwards of one hundred, and they beat regularly and silently enough, except when the behaviour of one of them irritated some passionate mahout, who would vent his wrath upon the head of the animal, by a blow from a short iron rod, or would catch him sharply under the ear with a huge hook, which he dexterously applied to a sore kept open for that purpose; then a loud roar of pain would sound through the jungle, for a moment, much to our disgust, as it startled the deer we were gradually and silently approaching.

"The pig, which formed part of the gamebag of the afternoon, was, in the first instance, only severely wounded, and an elephant was commanded to finish the poor brute, as he lay grimly surveying us, his glistening tusks looking rather formidable—so at least the elephant seemed to think, as for some time he strongly objected to approach him. At last he went timidly up, and gave the boar a severe kick with his fore-foot, drawing it back quickly, with a significant grunt, which plainly intimated his opinion that he had done as much as could reasonably be expected of him. His mahout, however, thought otherwise, and, by dint of severe irritation on the sore behind his ear, seemed to drive him to desperation, as the elephant suddenly backed upon the pig, and, getting him between his hind legs, ground him together, and absolutely broke him up. After this, we went crashing home, regardless of the thick jungle through which we passed, as the impending boughs were snapped, at the word of the mahouts, by the obedient and sagacious animals we bestrode."

This is all very good. After relating his own hunting adventures, Mr Oliphant, when giving particulars of Jung Bahadoor's career, and finding himself, he says, in a story-telling mood, proceeds to narrate how the minister once distinguished himself by the capture of a *musk elephant*. Now, in turning to page 130 of *Kirkpatrick*, we find an engraving and an interesting account of the Kustoora, or musk-deer:—

"A native of the Kuchâr, or Lower Tibet, but met more commonly in some

parts of that extensive tract than in others. They would not appear, however, to be very numerous anywhere; and though a considerable portion of the Kuchâr is subject to the Ghoorkalis, the Nepaulians procure the Kustoora principally from the vicinity of Neyat, Dhyboon, and one or two other places. This animal is most usually caught by means of a snare, made of a particular kind of mountain bamboo, of which it is reported that the whole species is occasionally blasted at once, not a single tree remaining that does not rapidly decay. The blight, however, never happening till the annual seed has fallen into the ground, the plant is abundantly renewed in due course of production. Very little pure musk is to be obtained at Khatmandu; and there is still less exported from Nepaul. Indeed, I have been assured that even the musk contained in the *nâfeh*, or bag, still attached to the body of the animal, is not always found unadulterated, and that its purity can only be relied on when the Kustoora is received directly as a present from some person on whose lands it has recently been caught."

Having read this description of the small animal which supplies the precious perfume in niggard quantities, we hunted further, but in vain, for some mention of the musk-elephant, of which we had never before heard. We thought how delighted would be Mr Atkinson of Bond Street, and Mr Smyth, of the Civet Cat, and other proprietors of similar sweet-scented establishments, at this sudden and enormous augmentation of their resources, for which they were doubtless indebted to the zoological zeal of the young Cingalese jurist. Presently, however, on examination of the context, our fragrant illusions were dispelled. We had already been puzzled, whilst reading Captain Egerton, by that officer's repeated mention of "a rogue elephant;" and it now struck us that the naval commander's "rogue," and Mr Oliphant's "musk," were intended to designate the state of sexual madness in which an elephant is said to be *must*. We cannot sufficiently laud the playful and exquisite delicacy of the sea-captain, at the same time that we admonish the proctor to rub up his Oordoo, and to correct, in any future edition of his book, the not unfrequent errors he has committed when writing names of places and

employing native terms. At page 81, for instance, when describing the great square in Khatmandu, he tells us that it "is well paved, and contains the Chinese pagoda, composed entirely of wood, from which it is said the town derives its name." We should have expected him to know that Khatmandu, or Kathipore, means "the town of wood," (the original material of its construction,) with the name of which the temple has neither more nor less to do than any other wooden edifice in the place. We are rather curious to know where Mr Oliphant picked up the remarkable piece of information with which, a few lines further on, he presents his readers:—

"In Nepaul it is a rule that the death of one great animal should be immediately followed by that of another; and when a Rajah dies, a rhinoceros is forthwith killed to keep him company."

Surely some waggish Oriental has been amusing himself at the expense of the smooth-faced Feringee.

Any reference to blunders naturally reminds us of Captain Smith, whom we left some pages back, clipping paragraphs from Kirkpatrick, and sticking them into his own dapper duodecimos. After a while he lays aside Kirkpatrick, turns to the Nepaul Blue Book, and from it concocts a sort of history of the Nepaulese war. This fills about two hundred pages, and gets him well on into his second volume. "Nepaul, since the war," is dismissed in sixteen scanty pages. Brief as these are, they abound in mistakes. Khatmandu is printed *Estnordoo*; Mr Brian Hodgson is Mr W. Hodgson; the ex-king of Nepaul is stated to be dead, which must be very recently, for only a few months ago he was all alive. But perhaps the Captain has been consulting a somnambulist. With his opportunities, as political assistant in Nepaul for five years, how easy ought it to have been for Captain Smith to have produced a really good and useful book, which should have worthily succeeded Kirkpatrick and Hamilton. We hope some day to witness the appearance of such a work. Nepaul and Khatmandu are far-off places and outlandish names, known until lately but to

few; yet they are not without interest to all who heed the prosperity and progress of our Indian empire. It is an ancient tradition—and in the minds of all Hindoos the belief still lurks—that from Nepaul will proceed the liberation of India from the European yoke; that thence will be struck the first blow at English power in the East. We smile at the absurdity of the notion as we compare a map of India in Warren Hastings' time and one of Arrow-smith's of the same regions at the present day; and whilst noting the vast spread, in the interval, of the "British pink" defining our territo-

ries, we cannot but anticipate, that at no very distant date, when Jung Bahadoor shall perhaps have passed away from the scene—victim of fierce insurrection or bloody feud—Nepaul, the Switzerland of the East, shall acknowledge, like its neighbours, the supremacy of Britain. The prospect, even if remote, of such a contingency, gives unquestionable interest and importance to that rich and fertile region; and should stimulate to the task of its description writers more competent, careful, and conscientious, than the majority of those with whose works we to-day have had to deal.

THE CELESTIALS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE greatest social phenomenon of the present day is Emigration; and the myriads of the human race who are now precipitating themselves from one region of the world to another, rival in number and outvie in power even the countless hordes who from age to age, in early times, submerged the mighty empires of the South. "*Time was, time is, and time shall be again,*" was the oracular response of the Brazen Head of Friar Bacon; and now the cycle of ages has brought round again the Emigrating Era of mankind. But how different is the modern phenomenon from that which marked its track of yore in characters of blood and fire! In ancient times the flood of emigration rolled from the Desert, but now from the heart of Civilisation;—then it dashed its barbaric waves against all that man, by long centuries of toil, had achieved in power and knowledge; but now it diffuses itself peaceably, everywhere spreading abroad the crowning knowledge to which our race has hitherto attained;—then its object was to plunder the wealth of man, now it is to develop the riches of nature.

To the reflecting eye, the working of that mighty Hand that guides the world was never more observable in human affairs than now. Is it needful to say why Gold and Emigration now stand out prominently as the moving impulses of mankind? Is it not evident that Europe is labouring in the throes of a mighty social experiment, and that unless it were relieved

at this critical period of its starving and discontented masses, society itself would perish in the convulsion? And does not the attractive glitter of Gold direct this Exodus, as the pillar of cloud and fire guided the Israelites of yore, away from the old seats of civilisation into the desert-places of the world, there to accomplish the Divinely ordained mission of our race, to "replenish the earth and subdue it?" The age of Gold, like the age of Emigration, has again dawned upon the world; an age how different from that dreamed of by the poets! but an agency more grand and world-wide—more fraught with present changes and future blessings—than any which the poetic imagination has ever conceived. The golden legend first whispered to wondering ears on the banks of the Sacramento, has now filled the wide world with its fame. The golden Apparition that first was seen standing, beckoning from afar, by the lone shores of the Pacific, has now drawn all men after it, and established an empire where four years ago there was a solitude. And what was the great design of this Californian discovery, but to empty the labour-markets of the Eastern States of the Union in order to make room for the starving myriads of Ireland, who, in their turn, left an opening in the Emerald Isle for the energy and Protestantism of the Anglo-Saxons. It opened a ready asylum in the New World for the proscribed, ruined, or frightened refugees from the Revolu-

tions of Europe; and, as if in anticipation of some still greater crisis yet to come, Australia, groaning under a plethora of new-found wealth, starving Croesus-like in the midst of her gold, cries aloud to Europe for men to till her fields, to tend her flocks, or to satiate their restless energies by the exploration of her fifteen hundred miles of auriferous mountains. That her call is already being answered, any one may see at a glance. What city of our own country but is now sending forth her hundreds, what town her tens, what village or hamlet of the land but has some family or individual bound for the land of promise? And, what is worthy of notice, the emigration-fever—like all fevers when they become epidemic—has now mounted from the lower classes to the higher; and the same relief seems about to be afforded to our world of clerks, and milliners, and better artisans, as has already relieved the pressure, and kept up the wages, of our suffering peasantry.

There is one remarkable and significant fact connected with the recent gold-discoveries. They have all been made "in the uttermost parts of the earth," and within the bosom or on the shores of an ocean of all others the least whitened by the sails or cheered by the presence of civilised man. Although abounding with islands and archipelagos transcendent alike for beauty and productiveness—where Nature has been enriching the soil by the fall of the leaf throughout five-and-forty centuries,—where sun and breeze, wood and water, shore and sea, present endless prizes to the enterprise of civilisation,—no maritime power, no sea-loving people, has ever arisen upon the shores of the Pacific Ocean. From the dawn of history, that longest of the earth's sea-boards has sent forth no navy to explore, and occupy, and reclaim the fertile isles and semi-continent which compose that sixth division of the globe which we now entitle Oceanica. Does it not seem as if those vast ocean-realms have been reserved by Providence until now, in order that they might become the empire of that free Anglo-Saxon race, which, cradled

in a little island of the West, has come to throw its mighty arms around the whole world?

But Providence ever attains the greatest ends by the simplest means; and the same agency of Gold which is so remarkably influencing the destinies of Europe, promises to accomplish a phenomenon, less important, it may be, but even more astounding, for the Asiatic world. The disasters resulting to China from its late war with us,—the increase of taxes—the injury to commerce and employment in certain provinces of the Empire—and the general unsettling of large masses of the people, as well as the partial infusion of European ideas in the maritime districts,—have greatly broken up the apathy and stay-at-home spirit of the Celestials; and no sooner did news of the gold-discoveries reach Canton, than the mania seized upon them also; and the remarkable spectacle was witnessed of a nation which had kept itself apart from the rest of mankind since the Deluge, coming forward to compete with its fellow-races for the spoils of the earth. The Hermit Nation came forth from its cell into the world, to wonder and be wondered at—but above all, to *work*, and to show that there is an industry and intelligence in the population of China which some even of the European nations would do well to acquire.

"Quite a large number of the Celestials," said a Californian journal a year ago, "have arrived among us of late, enticed hither by the golden romance which has filled the world. Scarcely a ship arrives here that does not bring an increase to this worthy integer of our population; and we hear, by China papers, and private advices from that empire, that the feeling is spreading all through the sea-board, and, as a consequence, nearly all the vessels that are up for this country are so for the prospect of passengers. A few Chinamen have returned, taking home with them some thousands of dollars in Californian gold, and have thus given an impetus to the spirit of emigration from their fatherland which is not likely to abate for some years to come."*

* *Daily Alta California*, May 12, 1851.

Hitherto, the Chinese who left their own country generally found their way in native vessels to Borneo, Siam, and the Straits, where their situation has not always been safe or satisfactory, and their junk voyages almost invariably attended with great risk, as well from pirates of divers nations as from the common perils of the sea. Despite these difficulties, however, for several years past a large and rapidly increasing emigration of Chinese labourers has taken place to different parts of the adjoining islands and countries, amongst others to Singapore,—the emigration to which dependency of the British Crown was chiefly conducted in the following singular manner:—The owner of a native junk engages with a number of free but penniless Chinese to convey them to Singapore, upon the understanding that, on their arrival at that port, they will each engage with such residents as are in want of servants or labourers, to work for them for a certain period without other remuneration than board and lodging, the parties so engaging them paying as an equivalent the amount of their passage-money from China; the length of servitude thus freely, and on both sides cheerfully, bargained for, being dependent on the relative state of supply and demand. This mode of obtaining labour by private enterprise has proved quite successful, and has been carried on, to some extent, for many years, with the sanction of the British authorities, and to the satisfaction and profit of shipowner, employer, and employed.

The reports of those Chinamen who first returned from California to their own country, of the good reception they had met with there, and of the perfect security of the voyage when made in the ships of the Foreigners, gave an incalculable impulse to the emigration-fever of the Celestials; and they are now finding their way, in great and increasing numbers, not only to California, but to Australia, Cuba, and our West Indian colonies. To these latter, a supply of labour suited to a tropical climate is a desideratum of primary importance, if we would not see those magnificent islands irremediably relapse, as they are fast doing, into a state of wilderness,—

and of such labour China is both willing and anxious to yield an unlimited supply. An experiment to test the practicability of importing Chinese labourers into Cuba was made about four years ago, when there were introduced into Havanna 581 Coolies from Amoy—638 having embarked there, and 57 having died on the passage and in quarantine. These labourers were distributed among various planters as apprentices, receiving four dollars each a-month. At the commencement, several of the masters were dissatisfied with them, but experience soon proved their value; and recently, a number of the most intelligent proprietors in Cuba, consulted by the local authorities, declared that they had found the Chinese in their service “laborious, robust—almost as much so as the best Africans,—more intelligent, and sufficiently docile, under good management.” They moreover expressed themselves desirous that immigration should be encouraged, and ready to take a certain number into their employment; and some of them deem it quite possible to cultivate their properties with Chinese exclusively. In consequence, a contract has been made a few months ago by an English house (Syme, Muir, & Co. of Amoy) to introduce eight thousand Coolies into the island, and the entire number is by this time subscribed for—the planters engaging to pay the importers at the rate of 125 dollars a-head—the Coolies to be apprenticed for eight years, and to receive four dollars a-month each during the time of their service. We understand that there is every prospect of such emigration assuming a permanent and increasing character, and one of the best-informed of our English firms (W. P. Hammond & Co. of London) entertain “great hopes that the docility and usefulness of the free agricultural labourers of the province of Fokhien, in China, will be the means at no distant time of entirely superseding slavery in the great island of Cuba.”

A desire to avail themselves of a similar arrangement has already been evinced by the planters in British Guiana, and in other of the West India colonies; and the avidity with which

the Chinese would embrace such an opportunity of honest industry, may, perhaps, be best evidenced by the following extract from the private letter, dated in March last, of a British merchant settled at Amoy :—

“ We have just despatched a vessel with 410 labourers for Honolulu, Sandwich Islands. They were all fine, strong, able-bodied young men, engaged for three to five years at three dollars per month, with food, &c., for men, and at two to two-and-a-half dollars per month for boys.

“ The only sorrowful parties were those whom we were compelled to reject from disease or deformity. These we placed a distinguishing mark upon, but this they removed, and presented themselves for selection three or four times. We were obliged to send them from alongside in hundreds, and the last day the rush was so great we thought they would have almost taken the vessel from us. *This demand for labour is a most providential thing for this province, the poverty and destitution of which is incredible.*”

Here, then, we have, on the one hand, a starving population of Celestials craving for employment, and, on the other, valuable estates capable of adding to the wealth of the British Empire by the production of immense quantities of sugar, cotton, coffee, &c., almost going out of cultivation, and their formerly affluent proprietors praying for the very labour which is so earnestly asking for employment; and is it possible that prejudice or a mistaken philanthropy will be allowed to step in and prevent an interchange of benefits so mutually desirable? We cannot think it. Any one who does not believe in the Voltairian doctrine that the world is ruled by Chance, must be struck with the cheering coincidence that this very period, when for the first time the final extinction of the African slave-trade seems almost within our reach, should be the season at which Providence is throwing open to the world the immense supplies of labour which for thousands of years it has been rearing secluded in a distant corner of Asia. China Proper and its dependencies contain some three hundred and sixty millions of inhabitants—considerably above one-third of the whole population of the globe—and could furnish, out of its mere floating population, a much larger

number of free labourers than the whole west coast of Africa could furnish of slaves. Moreover, an immense proportion of the Chinese contrive to exist only by means of the most hard and unflagging labour,—living from hand to mouth, and devouring everything, however unclean in our eyes, which can conduce to the keeping together of soul and body. A bad season, or an overflowing of their canals and rivers, reduces millions to absolute starvation, from which all the efforts of the Imperial Government are insufficient to extricate them—myriads perishing, from such causes, every fourth or fifth year. It is a work, then, of pure benevolence to both the Chinaman and the Negro, if you can at once relieve the hunger of the former and preserve the freedom of the latter,—if you can convey the one to those fields of remunerative industry which are to him a Paradise, and retain the other in his cherished deserts from which there is so little temptation to remove him.

Australia is another field to which Chinamen have begun to flock, and where their services are almost equally desirable. They have a most acute scent for anything in the shape of money, and the temptation of the auriferous Blue Mountains of Sydney was more than Chinese nature could resist. In the *Australian intelligence* contained in the *Times* of 19th March last, we read, that “ many cargoes of Chinamen have been sent for, and one shipload had just arrived. They will be employed at good wages as shepherds, while thousands of honest families in England are yearning for the means of procuring the same advantage, and that, not as paupers, but with a feeling that they would faithfully make repayment.” The hardship to our own countrymen so correctly expressed by the *Times* is now greatly removed, by the steps recently taken to facilitate their passage to the sheepwalks and gold-fields of our Antarctic possessions; and no one can doubt their great superiority to the Chinese,—not, perhaps, in patient industry and thriftiness, but in most of the qualities which characterise a good subject and citizen in a free state.

Australia, with her unrivalled stores-

of the precious metals, is certain ere long to receive a large influx of those roving Celestials; but at present it is in the Eldorado of California that they are to be seen in the greatest numbers and to the best effect. The latest intelligence from China shows that the fame of the American gold-region has already become widely diffused throughout the south-eastern provinces of China. "During the past month," says a letter dated from Canton on the 27th of March last, "there has been not a little excitement among people connected with foreigners, and who have means of learning anything of the 'gold hills,'—more especially among those whose acquaintances in California have described the advantages of the country, or, on returning to China, have spread the report of their good fortune. Letters from Chinese in San Francisco and further in the country, have been circulated through all this part of the province; and the accounts of the successful adventurers who have returned would, had the inhabitants possessed the means of paying their way across, have gone far to depopulate considerable towns. The number of men that have gone, and that are now preparing to embark, is so considerable, and the employment which has been thus unexpectedly afforded to shipping, at a moment of great depression of freights, is so remarkable, that we have no doubt the subject will excite the attention of all who are interested in the trade of the East." The writer then gives a detailed list of the ships dispatched from Hong-Kong, Macao, and Whampoa, with Chinese passengers, between the 1st of January and the 27th of March this year; and another list of vessels which had not then sailed, but which were under engagement to go,—with the number of men taken by each. The total number of emigrants gone and going amounts to 16,807, which, taking the average passage-money at forty dollars a-head, would give a passenger-freightage of 672,280 dollars. The total number of ships gone and going was sixty, of which one-half had sailed before the date of the letter. The details which accompany this statement leave no doubt of its accuracy, and it is still further corroborated by the last letter of the

Times' Correspondent, dated San Francisco, May 2, which states that immigrants "are continually arriving in batches of 500 to 1000 in every vessel from China, and 10,000 are reported as ready to come forward in a fleet of merchantmen from Canton and other ports."

One circumstance connected with this Chinese emigration to California, is peculiarly favourable to the carrying trade between these two countries,—namely, that the men who emigrate intend to return, and will probably go to and fro. In no case, as yet, have Chinese *families* removed from the country, and all the social habits and national feelings of that people are opposed to such a step. Almost without exception the emigrants are adult males, and their purpose is simply to gain something by their labour in California, with which to return to their native country. It is thus that emigration begins in all countries. The young and strong, the restless and buoyant, are the class to whom the aids and comforts of home are least necessary, and on whom its ties hang lightest. It is amongst them, accordingly, that the first emigrants are found; but seldom do even they, on embarking, resign the prospect of revisiting the land of their birth and the home of all that the heart holds dearest. Even when such pioneers of civilisation were the bold sons of our own land, and when the region they steered for was the distant Antipodal settlements of New Zealand and Australia, how few of them went out otherwise than with the view of accumulating a hard-won competency, and returning with it to spend his after-life amidst the merry "homes of England." A majority of them failed, indeed, and remained in the land of their adoption; but the recollection of our readers will, we doubt not, fully corroborate our statement when we say, that it is only within the last few years—and, more peculiarly, since the monetary and commercial difficulties of 1847—that whole families have begun to forsake our shores, or that the mass of our emigrants have gone forth with the resolution of never again setting foot upon the soil of Britain.

As it has been with us, so will it,

in good time, be with the Chinese. Once the tide of emigration has set in steadily and strongly, in any country, men throw themselves into the stream as into a Lethe,—become oblivious of the past and all its enchaining associations, and think only of the future and of the land whither they are going. The Chinaman reverences his Sycee silver as heartily as the Yankee worships the “almighty dollar;” and the inducements for him to exchange his own densely-peopled country for the gold-producing region of California are manifest and manifold. If we contrast the gains of labourers, mechanics, and miners in California, with the wages received by the same classes in China, the disparity in favour of the former is prodigious. In January last, the wages of day-labourers at San Francisco were at “five to eight dollars per day, or one dollar per hour;” whilst on the Canton side of the Pacific, the earnings of a man belonging to the class now emigrating to San Francisco would not be more than four or five dollars a month. In other words, a *day's* work in California would earn equal to a *month's* wages in China! In such circumstances, unless some unforeseen difficulty should arise, there is little prospect of any diminution in the Chinese emigration across the Pacific. Accustomed to the simplest mode of living, having few wants, and moreover actuated by the strongest passion for gain, it is probable that success will continue to attend them in the Western Eldorado; and so long as the rates of wages there continue high, and toleration is extended to them by the jealous and domineering Americans, we see nothing to check the emigration-movement in that direction.

Since the above was written, news has arrived from California which, for the moment, give a new complexion to affairs, by informing us that the Americans have grown jealous of the money-making Chinese, and are commencing a species of proscription against them. The *Marysville Herald* of 4th May states that a meeting of miners had been held in that town, at which it was resolved, that “whereas large numbers of foreigners, and Chinese especially, are overrunning

and occupying a large portion of the mining lands in this vicinity, to the injury and disadvantage of American citizens; and whereas we hold that the mineral lands of California by right should belong to and be held solely by American citizens, therefore” no Chinaman was to be thenceforth allowed to hold any mining claim in the neighbourhood. And from a letter in the *Sacramento Union*, of date May 2, we learn that “the excitement in regard to the Chinese is rapidly extending along the banks of the North Fork of the American River, and daily expulsions are taking place. This morning some sixty Americans ranged down the river some four miles, driving off two hundred—quietly removing their tents, strictly respecting their persons and property—except in one instance, when a Celestial seemed inclined to be obstreperous, his ‘cradle’ was thrown into the river. The same company intend to proceed *en masse* to Horseshoe Bar this afternoon, to concert measures with the miners there to ‘start’ some four hundred located at that place. A band of music is engaged to accompany the expedition! Nearly all of the eighty thousand or ninety thousand American miners are fully determined to submit no longer to have the public lands robbed of their only treasure.”

The letter of the *Times'* Correspondent, published in that newspaper on the 18th ult., states that the assumed evil which the Chinese inflict upon California is, the carrying away nearly all the gold which they amass, without any commensurate expenditure in the country; and that the Governor has thought fit to address a special message on the subject to the Legislature. The argument for the expulsion of the Chinamen is founded on the narrowest principles, and will soon be reversed; for, whatever may be the interest of the Americans to expel them from the mines, for the sake of the gold, it is still more their interest to keep them in the country, in order that, by cheapening labour, they may give to gold an additional value. Moreover, not to mention the indirect advantages of this immigration in extending the commercial relations of California with China, there

falls to be considered the *direct* benefit to American shipping afforded by their passage-money; the money they expend in rents, purchase of land, and building of houses; the taxes which they pay, the large sums contributed by them to the Custom-house in duties upon imported goods; the cost of their outfit for the campaign in the mines, and the travelling fare they pay in getting transported to diggings.

But the Chinese know what they are about as well as most men, especially where money is in question; and accordingly, through some of their spokesmen, among whom a Celestial rejoicing in the name of Hab-Wa is chief, have published a letter in reply to the Governor's message. "Hab-Wa and his friends' letter," says the *Times'* Correspondent, "is a most excellent production, and full of sly humour. They tell the Governor that in their country all *great* men are *learned* men, and that a man's rank is just according to his *education*. The inference is obvious, that the Governor, being a great man by virtue of his high office, must of course be also a 'learned' man. This is a severe hit. There is another, of a more generic character. 'We do not deny that many Chinese tell lies; and so do many Americans, *even in courts of justice*.' Hab-Wa evidently thinks the latter failing something worse than a 'white lie.' The tenor of this letter has turned the tide a good deal in favour of the Celestials, and it is sincerely to be hoped that the prejudice against them will soon die away."

The character of the Chinese who have settled in various parts of the Indian Archipelago, seems to vary from peaceful to turbulent according to the rule they are under; but we believe our readers will peruse with interest the following creditable testimonial to their conduct, and highly amusing description of their habits, in California:—

"Through their chief here, and their agent, Mr Woodworth," says a San Francisco journal, "they have got possession of a large tract of land on the Moquelumne, which they have commenced cultivating, and are fast settling it. They are among the most industrious, quiet,

patient people among us. Perhaps the citizens of no nation, except the Germans, are more quiet and valuable. They seem *to live under our laws as if born and bred under them*, and already have commenced an expression of their preference by applying for citizenship, by filing their intentions in our courts. What will be the extent of the movement now going on in China and here, is not easily foreseen. We shall undoubtedly have a very large addition to our population; and it may not be many years before the Halls of Congress are graced by the presence of a long-queued Mandarin sitting, voting, and speaking beside a Don from Santa Fé, and Kanaker from Hawaii.

"While writing the above, a letter from a Chinese at home to a China 'boy' in this country has been shown us by Mr Gregory, and it will be forwarded by his express to its destination at the Indian Gulch, where its Celestial recipient is digging gold, and will feel himself happy by the news from home. Many letters pass to and fro between China and California; and at each departure of ships for the Celestial Empire, its children here send off to their friends beyond the Pacific, great numbers of California papers. It may be seen from this how intercourse is increasing and knowledge extending. The day of fencing the world and information out of China has for ever passed away. The glitter of our gold has passed the gates of the Cousin of the Sun and the Moon, and the disciples of Confucius are coming, and have come, to qualify his philosophy with the wisdom of Washington and the utility of Franklin.

"Gradually their wooden shoes give way to the manufactures of Lynn, and kindle a fire for barbecuing a rat dinner. The long queue eventually passes away before the tonsorial scissors, and stuffs a saddle or is woven into a lariat. The yard-wide nankeen unmentionables are found unsuited to our windy climate and neater fashions, and are succeeded by a much better fit. Hats and other American garments succeed; and soon the chief distinction consists in the copper colour, the narrow angular eyes, the peculiar gibberish, and beardless faces. When these national costumes shall have passed away, national prejudices, whether of politics, morals, or religion, are pretty certainly on their road to amalgamation. The 'China boys' will yet vote at the same polls, study at the same schools, and bow at the same altar, as our own countrymen."

The anniversary of Washington's

birth (22d of February) is a great day in California, as it deservedly is in other parts of the Union; and from a chit-chat letter of a Philadelphian settled at San Francisco, we give an amusing account of the part which long-tailed Celestials took in this year's ceremonial, which seems to have been quite a World's Fair sort of thing:—

"All countries and ages were represented in the ceremonies of the day. Scarcely had the French, Spanish, and Hebrew societies passed from the view, before some two hundred Celestials, or, as their banner termed them, 'China Boys of San Francisco,' came before the admiring gazer. To describe their appearance fully is out of the question. Preceded by their mandarins and a band of music, straggling and evidently amused with their position, came this large delegation of our most orderly and industrious citizens. Long tails and short tails, plaited and falling down the back from beneath the fancy East Indian felt or straw hat—white, blue, green, red, yellow, and every imaginable colour of pantaloons, some loose and only to the knees, the nether part of the limb covered with a long nankeen stocking, and others made tight to the form and fitting closely, by the aid of strings, to the Chinese shoe. Many other characteristics might I mention, but no single one excited the risibilities of the concourse of spectators more than the music. Seated in an express waggon were six musicians, playing tunes which to them seemed most soul-stirring, although to us most heart-rending. One air (if so it may be called) was *martial*, and its efficacy in peace or war must be about the same as the sounds produced by a stick with smooth surface rubbed across one with the edges notched."

Of this truly remarkable race, which have thus, in these "latter days," begun to diffuse its myriads over the world, it is mortifying to think how little we know with certainty. It is an opinion universal among all who have actually been in China, that "people at home know nothing of it, except its tea and silk, its porcelain, japan, and ivory wares. Of the people, the country, the government or its policy, from Parliament and the Ministry downwards, they know less than the Chinese do of the English." A sweeping assertion, not readily to be swallowed by John Bull,

but one which the Great Exhibition of last year served rather to corroborate than refute. The products of China, indeed, occupied a by no means insignificant place in that marvellous collection, but they consisted chiefly of articles drawn from private collections, with which our home public was already pretty familiar. To this, however, at the ceremonial of the Opening, there was one illustrious exception,—a living product of China set off by its manufactures, which, next to Royalty herself, proved the greatest attraction on that ever-memorable day. Now, who was this Celestial cynosure of all eyes? Was he a Mandarin of the red button or of the blue? How many little packets of ginseng had he been complimented with by the old Emperor? Or had he ever been permitted the rare distinction of riding on horseback within the precincts of the Imperial palace? Finally, had he ever been presented with a three-eyed peacock's feather, that *ne plus ultra* of Celestial celebrity, or with a pavonian feather with any eyes at all? Not he!—he was no other than a Coolie or artisan, who had been playing the part of a Mandarin on board the Chinese junk in the Thames—or, as some of the newspapers styled it, the "*Imperial junk Keying*"—and who, like a pig in rich trappings, had impudently thrust himself upon the elite of nations assembled within the fairy-like walls of the Crystal Palace! The novelty of the sight, his droll deportment and bizarre costume, naturally enough excited the liveliest interest of the general audience; but sundry effronteries were perpetrated by him for which any less celestial visitor would have been put in the stocks, and an amount of gullibility displayed by the London journals for which we did not give them credit. It was provoking enough to see so venerable and illustrious a personage as the "Great Duke" duped by this impudent Chinese, and that even around the Queen of England there was no one sufficiently informed to save her from being imposed upon; but it was supremely absurd and inexcusable on the part of the first-class newspapers to speak, and that editorially, of "the Mandarin

Heshing," "the Chinese gentleman in full native costume," "his Excellency the Mandarin," "the Chinese Commissioner, attended by his Secretary," "the Illustrious Foreigner," "the Representative of the vast empire of China," and suchlike grandiloquent and hypothetical titles. And yet we find one of these same leading morning papers commencing its notice of the Chinese department of the Exhibition with the self-satisfied assurance that "*with no foreign country are the English more familiar than with China!*" Truly, as saith the poet,

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

Without stopping to depict the only other note-worthy specimens of the "Celestials abroad," with which we are acquainted—namely, to use the words of the Canadian *Patriot*, "a Chinese Lady, said to be the daughter of a Canton Mandarin of the third class, her maid-servant, her musical preceptor, and his daughter and son," who were being exhibited to large crowds, a few months ago, in the St Lawrence Hall of Toronto—who "sang several songs in the Chinese language, and performed several pieces of music on a variety of Chinese instruments"—who had "learned to speak English sufficiently to make themselves understood," but had unhappily picked up "a low vulgar Yankee slang," doubtless from "the American gentleman who accompanied and described them," but a variety of whose statements were "not to be relied on." Without stopping, we say, to tell anything more about this interesting quintet, on the strength of whose appearance the editor of the *Patriot* proposed "to write two or three articles upon China," we think it time to conduct our readers to the home of this interesting people, and venture upon a word or two about the Flowery Land ourselves. We have seen its "blackhaired myriads" very eager and resolute in pushing their fortunes abroad, and it is not unnatural that we should now desire to see something as to how matters are going on amongst them at home.

As our remarks in this article refer only to the present, and not to the

philosophy of the past, it is needless for us to comment on the remarkable phenomenon which China exhibits in the history of the world—of a people working out for themselves, in the earliest times, a civilisation independent of all foreign aid, and adhering to it so steadfastly that, comparatively, at least, though not actually, it has remained unaltered until now. Whatever changes there have been in the political administration of the empire, there has been none in the theory of government, which regards the sovereign and people in the light of father and children. To do the Celestial Emperors justice, the great majority of them endeavour to fulfil their heavy parental duties to the best of their abilities. But only consider what it is to be the father of some three hundred and sixty millions of human beings! Such a potentate, we should think, can scarcely have a moment of even ordinary satisfaction. A deficiency of the circulating medium, a bad season, an inundation, an epidemic, and suchlike miseries, are ever turning up to disturb his peace of mind, and literally "set him to his prayers." Old Taou-kwang, the late Emperor, was quite a pattern in this respect. "He was absent on no festive occasion," says Mr Gutzlaff,* and in China *festive* and *religious* are synonymous adjectives; "and especially when threatened calamities seemed to be near at hand, he was very careful in the performance of his duties. If no rain had fallen for many months, he might be seen in sackcloth, like a common penitent, approaching the idols, imploring them to look down upon the nation for whom he interceded. He went through the regular fastings and preparations; and, not to be behind, he often appeared at the altar to perform the duties of a high-priest." One may smile at these things; but it is a lesson even for Christians of all degrees, to see a heathen potentate overwhelmed in cares, and burdened with the turmoil of a constant and all-important occupation, yet always finding time and heart for those rites and austerities by which he hopes to please heaven and benefit his people.

* *Life of Taou-kwang.* By the late Rev. C. GUTZLAFF. London: 1852.

No one will wonder at the emigrating spirit now alive in China, when he is informed that the most common evils to which the Celestials are subject is that crowning misery, starvation. The population is extremely dense; the means of subsistence, in ordinary times, are seldom above the demand; and, consequently, the least failure of the rice-crop produces utter wretchedness amongst hundreds of thousands of the people. Dreadful disorders, in such circumstances, arise, which even the strongest Government would be inadequate to repress. A total change seems to take place in the peaceful nature of the people, and many a patient labourer turns fiercely upon his rich neighbour, to plunder his substance. "No one," says Gutzlaff,* "can have any idea of the anarchy which, on such occasions, ensues, and the utter demoralisation of the people. Yet, as soon as relief is afforded, and a rich harvest promises fair, the spirit of order again prevails, and outrages are put a stop to. The people then combine, arm themselves, and proceed in thousands to catch marauders like wild beasts. No mercy is shown on such occasions, and the Mandarins, on account of their weakness, cannot interfere." This is just a very effective species of Lynch law; and it is not a little instructive to remark how this system has arisen alike in the United States and in China—amidst the youngest of the Anglo-Saxon, and the oldest of the Mongolian branches—from the same cause, namely, the weakness of the executive government.

Owing to the geographical peculiarities of China, one of the most frequent causes of famine is the overflows of its great rivers. Three years ago, Mr Wade informs us,† the Yellow River and the Yangtse-keang burst their embankments, and inundated to a frightful extent the level country through which they flow, and which is the very garden of China. "The rains have been falling for forty days," says a memorial to the Emperor, "until the rivers, and the sea, and the lakes, and the streams,

have joined in one sheet over the land for several hundred *li*, [three *lis* are equal to one English mile,] and there is no outlet by which the waters may retire." In the province of Hupih alone, says the Padre Marzetti, a district 230 miles long by 80 broad was under water, and in two of its larger cities the damage done amounted to between three and four millions sterling. Woo-chang-foo, the capital of the province, "fared no better;" while the smaller towns fared infinitely worse; ten thousand people were destroyed, and domestic animals drowned in untold numbers; crowds even of the first families were begging bread, and (horror of horrors to the pious Celestials!) coffins were floating about everywhere on the face of the waters. Thus the loss of lives in this single province was equal to that by which we purchased the immortal victory of Waterloo. Such an inundation is too stupendous for the European mind adequately to comprehend its extent, and is said to have exceeded any similar disaster in China within the memory of the present generation.

The Emperor and his court did their utmost to alleviate the wide-spread distress. Taxes were remitted, gratuitous distributions of grain made from the public stores, and subscriptions for the sufferers opened throughout the empire. Nevertheless these appliances fell far short of remedying the evils, and many governors of provinces sought to conceal their incapacity by a timely resignation. "Your servant," says one styled Woo-wan-yung, in his memorial to the Emperor, "has set up altars in all places; and, followed by his subordinates, has gone hither and thither, sacrificing early and late, shedding bitter tears, and crying aloud for grief; but he has been unable to succour the afflicted." If he had been cutting drains and building dikes, it would have been more to the purpose. "Shuddering and bewildered," proceeds the luckless Governor, humbly speaking of himself in the third person, "at his meals, he cannot swallow his

* *Life of Taou-kuang*, 113.

† *Notes on the Condition and Government of the Chinese Empire in 1849.* (Chiefly from the *Peking Gazette*.) Hong-Kong, 1850.

food ; during the night, as he hears the rain falling, he wanders about his dwelling. He knows not what measures to adopt, and beats his breast at his own incompetency." This is all very fine ; but we think the rescript of the Vermilion Pencil must have astonished him. The Emperor very coolly writes back that "Woo-wan-yung's despatch is the extreme of stupidity, absurdity, and audacity ! He has had the sense only to accuse himself of a fault, but has not thought of discharging his duty to the utmost. If, whenever there were a season of difficulty, all those upon whom devolves the personal charge of our dominions were to act like Woo-wan-yung, what would become of the misery to which the myriads and tens of myriads of the black-haired race are exposed ?" The luckless Governor is then deprived of his button, but ordered to remain at his post—with the assurance, that if he is successful, he may yet in some measure atone for his transgression. "But if it again appears," says the Emperor, "that he does not know how to exert himself, and that his administration is, after all, so unsuccessful as to send the people wandering to the streams and ditches, [to drown themselves ?] his crimes will of course be severely dealt with. When Our word has once gone forth, the law follows it ; and We shall assuredly not allow the least mercy to be shown him. Tremble and attend ! Respect this !"

Old Taou-kwang was a sad miser. He could never be got to put his hands in his own pocket to pay his expenses ; and, among other similar eccentricities, he used to confer the repairing of his palaces, as a special mark of his regard, on some favoured courtier ! Inundations, accordingly, and such-like costly disasters, grieved him exceedingly ; so that he adopted the notable plan (but not very original one, either in China or in Europe) of raising money by *sales of rank*. The result of the measure has naturally been, to increase the evil it was meant to cure. Mercenary or incompetent men got into the Government offices, whose embezzlements rendered fresh sales of rank necessary ; then more embezzlements ; and so the mischievous system goes on. To

such an extent is this selling of rank carried, that, on an average of the seven years preceding 1850, the money thus raised in Cheh-keang has annually amounted to upwards of £93,000 ; while the whole pay of the civil and military officers of that province only amounts to £100,000 ; so that more than nine-tenths of its expenditure (exclusive, however, of the sums for public works) has been made up by riches unfairly reaping the rewards of merit.

Incapacity is thus very prevalent among the Chinese officials ; but, bad as this is, their corruption and corruptibility is a still more formidable evil. Their main science of government seems to be,—to give bribes to all above them, and to receive bribes from all below them. In truth, the Government offices, from Peking to Thibet, are one vast hive of peculators. Take *one* province and *one* excise department as a sample. In Shan-tung the salt-tax should yield a fixed revenue of £40,000 ; but the arrears in 1849 amounted to nearly £30,000, of which £22,000 was interest due on collections from 1844 to 1848. "An inquiry, under the auspices of a High Commissioner, resulted," says Mr Wade, "in the arrest of the present governor of the province, four ex-governors, his predecessors, and eight ex-directors of the Gabelle, accused of collusion with the salt monopolists, and general abuse of their trust. . . The Minister of Finance was also implicated." The governor of Shan-si was exiled in the early part of the same year, on account of the extortion of a relative of his, and others in the province ; but his misdeeds were so eclipsed by the rapacity of his successor, that he was recalled and promoted. Similar instances of speculation might be endlessly multiplied ; and in a recent decree the Emperor even threatened to send his Lords of the Treasury "to the Board of Punishments, who will make strict inquiry, and, upon proof of the facts, award the proper penalties. . . . Governors-general and governors guilty of previous connivance at, or subsequent suppression of, such acts, shall be treated with the utmost rigour." In China, not even a transit of Government goods from one place

to another can take place, without those in charge making the most of their opportunity. Thus we learn that the supply of copper for the Imperial mint, despatched in the beginning of 1848 from Yun-nan in the south-west, had not reached Peking by the end of 1849!—the real cause of the delay being the avarice of the officials in charge, who profitably employed their leisure in laying fees upon such boats as they met or overtook, upon the pretext that they were obstructing the passage of the Government vessels. Indeed, so thoroughly national is this predilection for fraud and dishonesty, that an Imperial proclamation offering a reward almost always closes with the assurance that Government will keep faith—that it will not “eat its words;” and the issue of licenses, or the payment of a sum, is usually guaranteed to take place in open court, “to prevent any extortion on the part of the clerks and runners.”

Although the whole of this vast Empire uses the same character to express its ideas, and obeys the same Sage in its institutions, still there is frequent collision and rebellion. Foreigners, who know nothing about the internal state of the country, are apt to imagine that there reigns lasting peace; but nothing is more erroneous. Under the oppression of the greedy Mandarins, and other causes—such as dearth and demagogues—insurrections of villages, cities, and districts are of frequent occurrence, without in any great degree affecting the stability of the Government. In these cases, the destruction of property and the hostility of the people to their rulers (especially if these have been tyrants) is often carried to great excess, and instances are on record of the infuriated mob broiling their magistrates over a slow fire. On the other hand, the Government, when victorious, knows no bounds to its cruelty, and the treatment of political prisoners is of the most shocking description. Fear is the great parent of cruelty in all parts of the world, and it ought to be confessed that the Mandarins have good grounds for apprehensions.

There is an immense Chinese rabble ready to seize every opportunity to commit ravages upon industrious citizens, and to plunder the Governmental stores; and they never fail to do so whenever the attention of the Mandarins is directed to the defence of the country, or when they are beaten in the field. This was frequently exemplified during the war with this country; for whenever our troops took a city, the mob completely plundered the houses, taking away even doors and window-frames. In the capital, especially, there is an immense floating population of this abandoned character, which, like the *classes dangereuses* of Paris, require quite an army for their repression; and one of the greatest apprehensions of the Imperial Government, when the British fleet cast anchor in the Peiho river, on whose banks Peking is situated, was, that the mob of the city would profit by the confusion, and would rise *en masse* the moment our forces arrived in the neighbourhood. Another cause of alarm, doubtless, was, that the capture of the metropolis would have paralysed the whole machinery of Government throughout the empire. The political administration of China, like that of France, is a centralised bureaucracy; and the consequence in both countries is the same—the party in possession of Paris and Peking being the virtual rulers of the empires to which they belong.

The Chinese have a saying in their language, that “a mob of people is more dangerous than a troop of wild beasts;” and their manner of dealing with these popular demonstrations is very curious: the police have strict orders never to interfere, as they conceive that difficulties are more likely to arise from meddling, than benefits to accrue from suppressing them by force. “There was an extraordinary instance of this at Canton, only a few years ago,” says Lord Jocelyn,* “when the opposition to the opium-trade first broke out. The people refused to admit the soldiers to search their houses, and, forming themselves into parties or trades, barricaded the streets. The

* *Six Months with the Chinese Expedition.*

Government immediately gave in, and the military made no further attempts at the time." "Everybody who has travelled in China," says Mr Fortune,* "knows that, wherever the natives are enterprising and bold, they set the Government at defiance, whenever it suits their purpose to do so. For example, what can the Government do, if the natives on the coast of Fokien—a bold and lawless race—choose to disobey its orders? Positively nothing. Even farther north, where the Mandarins are more powerful—in Shanghae, for example—the Chinchew men, as they are called, often fight pitched battles, with firearms, in the streets and in the open day; and the Mandarins, with all their soldiers at their backs, dare not interfere. The system of apprehension and punishment in such cases is so curious, that I must not omit to mention it. The belligerents are allowed to fight as long and as fiercely as they choose, and the soldiers never interfere; but when the weakest side is overpowered, and probably a number of lives lost in the affray, they come down in great force, and seize and carry off to punishment the most defenceless; and, in circumstances of this kind, they are not over particular about seizing the most riotous, or those most implicated in the disturbances, provided those they seize are the weakest and least able to resist."

We learn from the posthumous work of Gutzlaff, already quoted, that the danger from these popular *émeutes* has greatly increased since the War. The attempts of the Government to replenish the exhausted exchequer, by imposing heavier taxes, encountered a most determined resistance from the people. The soldiers, who were ordered to enforce payment, were in most cases driven back, and the Government was obliged at last to hush up the matter by effecting a compromise. This disastrous attempt begat similar resistance in other parts of the country; and the comparative disrespect into which the Emperor and his Mandarins had fallen, in consequence of their defeat by the "bar-

barians," greatly augmented the boldness of the malcontents. "Democratic assemblies, in which the rights of man were declared," rose in many parts of the country. "The elders and gentry took the lead in this matter, and demanded that, in all measures in which the happiness of the people were concerned, they should be first consulted. If there was anything that did not suit their wishes, they instantly remonstrated; and, if this proved ineffectual, they proceeded with an immense crowd to the Government offices, and carried by force what was denied to courtesy."

In Canton and its environs, a belief had prevailed that the populace could beat the Barbarians, and permission was accordingly given to wear arms and organise a numerous militia. The leaders of this movement, however, either were, or soon became, demagogues, and began to hold monster meetings for political ends. In this emergency the characteristic policy of the Chinese Government was manifested—which is, to adapt itself to circumstances, and to yield, rather than put the supreme authority in jeopardy by firm resistance. Seeing the impossibility of stemming the popular current, many Mandarins sided with the people, doubtless with the wise object of endeavouring to gain the direction of these dangerous movements. Every effort was made to rule by the masses, and to establish practically the truism, that the Government exists for the benefit of the people, not the people for the benefit of the Government. This warded off any direct collision between the State and its subjects, but, as was to be expected, much anarchy arose in consequence of the weakening of the Executive. In one case "a prefect," says Gutzlaff, "having beaten an innocent man in the streets, the sufferer appealed to his fellow-citizens, collected a crowd of more than ten thousand, and proceeded directly to the establishment of the obnoxious Mandarin, which was burnt down, and razed to the ground; a declaration being made, that in such a manner would the sovereign people avenge themselves."

* *Three Years' Wanderings in China.*

The military were called out, but would not attack the people; and the Government, utterly powerless, had to overlook the insult. . . . Similar scenes of outrage and popular revenge occurred in many parts of China, and the ascendancy of the populace daily increased. Men of the worst character, gifted with a glib tongue, put themselves at the head of the movement, and did incalculable mischief. The Mandarins were often obliged to buy off these demagogues, and to make their peace by very large and important concessions. Thus the whole state of society underwent a change, such as had never been anticipated. The people armed themselves, and paraded in large masses, ostensibly for the purpose of exterminating the robbers, but in reality to terrify the Mandarins."

Is this "somnolent" China we are reading of, or is it a leaf from the opening scenes of the French Revolution? The events are strangely alike in both cases, but the career of democracy in the two countries can never be alike. The French rose against a system and a class—the Chinese do neither. There are no castes, no privileged classes with them, and the Mandarins and officials have risen from the common mass. It is the abuses of power only against which the Chinese protest, not against its form. They admire and venerate with their whole heart the Governmental system of their country, which is not only associated with their whole past history, but which adapts itself admirably to the national spirit. It is no mere theoretical constitution, such as have lately been so much in vogue in Europe,—it is a perfect embodiment of the Chinese predilections in government, and has grown with the growth and strengthened with the strength of the people. Dynasties fall, but the constitution remains, and probably will remain as long as China is a united Empire. The present Executive, however, has been undergoing sundry rude shocks. "Amidst all this turmoil," says Gutzlaff, "citizens and peasants turned politicians, and neglected their work; great poverty and misery were the consequences, and only a few, urged by sore experience, returned

to their useful and profitable occupation. Favoured by such circumstances, large bands of robbers assembled, and committed terrible ravages upon the country; indeed, they became at length so numerous and powerful as to set the Government at defiance, and to make the forces brought against them contemptible."

Such calamities befalling the Empire have induced many writers to speculate on its speedy disruption and downfall. In these anticipations we cannot concur, and incline much rather to the opinion more maturely formed, two and a half years ago, by Mr Wade, our Assistant Chinese Secretary at Hong-Kong. Justly attaching much importance to the pernicious influence of the sales of rank in undermining the strength of the Imperial Government, he says:—

"This error is always quoted as a chief one amongst those that have led to the downfall of previous dynasties; and its manifest injustice, and necessarily increasing mischief, joined with the poverty of the exchequer, and consequent recurrence to so disastrous a remedy, apparently more often than of old, incline us to apply to the State the words of its great philosopher, spoken of himself a few days before his death:—

'The mountain is crumbling,
The strong beam is yielding.'

"Still, widely as the grievance must be felt, it may be long ere the outcry against it be sufficiently general to menace the security of the present line; the difficulties of intercommunication are great, news of all kinds travel slowly, and the propagation of written opinions, save in placards, which only affect an immediate neighbourhood, seems less a habit with this people than with any who have the command of a press. The selfishness of clanship is also opposed to a community of feeling; a district or province is not supposed to be much interested in the oppression or affliction of the one adjoining it, as was shown in our invasion in 1842; and the inhabitants of many a country-side wage real and endless war with their nearest neighbours. A revolution would but transfer the present form of government to other hands, as the Chinese are unacquainted with the nature or merits of any other, and complain neither of the present mode of government, nor of the laws, in which they are not stated to discern any defect, but

simply of the abuse of the latter. There is, at all events, no general expression of dissatisfaction at this, or any other measure now in force; and, notwithstanding all that is here assumed to be evidence of the Empire's decay, there is not, as yet, to be detected any prognostic of its immediate dissolution. Its Sovereign neither contemplates nor attempts any act of aggression, such as that of the latter monarchs of the Ming, the strife ensuing upon which, after the struggle of half a century, seated his ancestor upon their throne. In Peking, the Paris of his dominions, he maintains a large army, by various ties affected towards him rather than to any Chinese aspirant to the crown. He has been at pains to conciliate his Mahomedan colonies [in the west] two years since again in rebellion, but now on better terms with his border subjects, and returning to their allegiance. The pirates, whose presence in the south has moved some at home and abroad to prophesy the speedy downfall of his dynasty, have risen, it is true, from the command of a few vessels to that of a formidable fleet in the last four or five years; but they have never taken a place of political importance, and the remnant that escaped our men-of-war last autumn have tendered their submission, and are dismissed to their homes."—(P. 90-92.)

On the 25th of February 1850, a few weeks after the above opinion was expressed, the Emperor Taou-kwang died, after a reign of nearly thirty years, and was succeeded by a son not quite twenty years old. The immature age of the new Emperor was not a favourable circumstance at a period so critical; and he has not since shown much wisdom in dismissing from his counsels such men as Keying and Muchangah, who were the long-chosen ministers and friends of his father. His reign has hitherto been a troubled one. In a month or two after his accession, the province of Kwangse, west of Canton, became the theatre of a rebellion against the Imperial authorities; and the leader was *said* to have the disposal of fifty thousand men, and to display banners inscribed with "Extermination to the Tartar, and restoration of the Ming (or native) Dynasty." The mountainous country occupied by the rebels is naturally so strong, that they seem able to retire at will into positions where they can set the Government forces at defiance; and

as the copper-mines which supply the Imperial mint lie in that quarter, it is likely enough that no small proportion of it now falls into the hands of the insurgents. Last autumn, the aspect of affairs had grown so serious, that the Governor-general of the two provinces (Sen) had to quit Canton in person with a large force; and at the commencement of the present year, the Emperor's troops had suffered severely in a contest with the rebels; and the inhabitants of Canton were becoming apprehensive that a continuation of such warfare would place their tempting city in some jeopardy. When we consider the enormous extent of China, however, it is evident that what would constitute a fatal rebellion in most countries, is but a small matter in the Celestial Empire; and even should this revolt prove ultimately successful, (which is probable enough,) no decisive results are soon to be looked for.

Providence ordained the original dispersion and seclusion of the different branches of mankind, in order that each nation might work out for itself social, religious, and political institutions of its own; so that in the latter days, when a remarkable development of the locomotive agencies once more reunited the race, nations might profit by the experience of their neighbours as well as by their own,—that the various failures and successes of humanity throughout four thousand years might all be turned to account, and that Truth might at last emerge from amidst the thousand shades of error. The fulfilment of that beneficent design seems now drawing near to its accomplishment. The present aspect of the world bespeaks the gradual demolition of the barriers which nations have so long reared against their fellows, and the finger of Providence points to a consummation more glorious still. The Temple of Humanity is enlarging,—the walls of partition are being broken down,—and the nations are gathering together into the same courts, preparatory to the still distant worship of the same God.

The three great empires of the world, the British, the Russian, and the Chinese,—the Anglo-Saxon, the Slavonian, and the Mongolian—within the last few years have been rapidly

approaching each other,—the two latter by land, the former by both land and sea. China has spread through Mongolia to the shores of the Caspian and the heights of the Caucasus, and has come in contact with the Mahomedan population of Western Asia and the Christianity of the Russian prefects. Russia, the great nascent power of the Old World, has rolled her armies across Siberia up to the foot of the Great Wall, and now casts a covetous eye upon the northern portion of the Celestial Empire, in order to obtain possession of the mouths of the great river Amour, which forms the only navigable outlet for the products of her Siberian dominions. Britain, firmly seated on her Indian throne, has reached with her fleets every harbour of the Flowery Land, has menaced its capital with her broadsides, and dotted its shores with her settlements. Five of its maritime ports we hold in common with the natives, and on the island of Hong-Kong a British dependency has arisen almost within gunshot of its southern capital. But it is by another branch of the Anglo-Saxon race that the greatest impression upon China is destined to be made; and the same era which has brought the British army to the gates of Nanking has established the Americans in force on the shores of the Pacific. From the harbours of California, that restless and enterprising people are besetting with their merchantmen the Chinese waters, and already a naval armament has passed through the Golden Gate on its way to the adjoining territories of Japan. The Bay of San Francisco is nearly opposite to the mouth of the Yangtse-keang, the artery of Central China, and the fair isles of the Archipelago, linking the Old World to the New, are convenient stepping-stones between. Another year may not elapse before the Sandwich group is annexed to the Union; and, strong with the strength of all the hardy desperadoes whom the rudest and roughest races of the West have poured into California, how long will it be before some more fortunate Aaron Burr, some wiser and braver Lopez, plants the banner of the Stars and Stripes on the opposite coast of Asia?

From these events, as well as from the rapid rise of our Australian Empire, it is evident that the Pacific Ocean is about to become the arena of the latest and possibly crowning achievements of our race on earth; and the name given to it three centuries ago may prove to have been unwittingly prophetic of its future history—of the comparative millennium which its peaceful waters are yet destined to witness. The numerous isles of that vastest of oceans will cease to be the *Ultima Thules* of navigation, and themselves give birth to kingdoms. Already the stalwart Anglo-Saxons, after compassing the earth from the rising to the setting, and from the setting to the rising sun, are meeting amidst the solitudes of that virgin ocean; but new combinations of mankind are there preparing, to play the leading parts in the last act of the long drama of human life. The New World commenced the fusion of the varied nations of the Old, but it is on the shores, or in the bosom, of the Pacific that that fusion is to be consummated. There, the diverse elements of the population of Eastern America are gathered to a focus, and, blending with those of China and the intervening isles, will by and by settle in peace in California. Auriferous Australia will ere long be the scene of an analogous combination; and at this moment, in New Zealand, a fusion is in progress between the most powerful of the Caucasian races and the most elevated of the Australasian. Gold is now the great lodestar of the nations, and is yet destined to break up the seclusion of the hermit races of India and China. It was gold abroad and distress at home that first covered the Atlantic with ships and its western shores with a new population,—and the same agencies of Providence are now doing a like service for the Pacific. But the progress of the human race, though slow and liable to many fluctuations, is, on the whole, ever onwards; and instead of the labour-market of the new empires of Oceanica being supplied, like that of Eastern America, by means of violence, and with the captive savages of Negroland, it will be voluntarily occupied by the free and industrious outpourings of China.

THE GENERAL ELECTION.

THE funeral bell has tolled, and the hybrid Parliament is numbered with the things that were. Perhaps it is as yet too early to commence an elaborate biography, or to weigh accurately against each other the merits and the demerits of the departed body. A decent interval must be allowed, not for grief—for there are few, if any mourners—but for reflection, ere we essay so formidable a task; and, in the mean time, more pressing duties force themselves upon us. The character of the last Parliament is of less importance to the nation than the composition of that which is to come. In 1847, we could tolerate a make-shift House of Commons—in 1852, the issue has become more awfully important.

There is yet a breathing time—a very short one—before the action actually commences; and we shall attempt to use it profitably: for it is of the utmost importance that every elector in the kingdom should be made aware of the true nature of the coming struggle, which is not one of parties, but emphatically one of principles. It is now plain beyond contradiction—indeed it is hardly denied—that an intimate league has been formed between Popery and Democracy—that the champions of the intolerant faith have united with the leaders of the movement party, to make a combined and general assault upon our institutions, civil and religious—and that all minor differences of opinion have been amicably adjusted. The Radicals are willing to aid the Papists in their attacks upon the established churches—the Papists are ready to second the Radicals in their schemes of organic change. It is long since we foresaw that such an alliance must necessarily be formed—indeed, we believe that every one who has watched the course of public events with an observant and unprejudiced eye, must have noted various symptoms which were significant of that dangerous coalition. It was not before the power of the Conservative party, as arrayed in the House of Commons, that the Whig Ministry fell. They

were the victims of their own expediency—they pandered to their own ruin. They had not the moral courage to resist innovation of any kind by a manly declaration of principle, and an appeal to the support of the people. Lord John Russell never seemed to know when he had firm ground beneath his feet. He gave way at every assault, and was ultimately driven into a morass. At the close of 1850, much of the Protestant sympathy of the country was with him, and he might have retained it had he chosen to act boldly or wisely. He did neither; for he was afraid to forfeit the support of the Papists in Parliament, and believed that he might conciliate them by the introduction of a measure which was simply a miserable sham. In this attempt he totally failed. He disgusted the nation at large, and the Papists were clamorous against him. In like manner, while pretending to resist the onslaught of the Radicals, he intimated that he was himself prepared to lay a scheme before the country which would certainly secure the acquiescence of all who wished for a reasonable reform. He brought in his bill, which alienated from him the support of the great majority of the electors, whilst it did not by any means satisfy the requirements of the chiefs of the Radicals. The fact is, that, under Lord John Russell, Whiggery has changed its character. The old Whig, in times when men were not ashamed of bearing that party denomination, now so greatly and so justly degraded, differed not much, in many important points, from the modern Conservative. He was strictly constitutional in his notions; and professed himself always ready to maintain the equable balance of power. But the Russellite Whig is entirely a different being. He piques, or professes to pique himself, on the fact that he is a member of the "great Liberal body;" and, accordingly, whenever he can do so conveniently, and especially when in opposition, he fraternises with the Radicals. To secure Radical support, and to keep office, was the great aim

of the Russell Administration. It was not easy to do so without according at least some share of power and perquisites to the democrats; but although the appetites of some of them were gratified in a small way, it was impossible to conciliate the leaders without submitting to a far greater partition of power than would have suited the arrangements of the Whigs. Latterly, therefore, there was mutiny in the Liberal camp. Lord John Russell's right to the leadership, and his capability of discharging its functions in a creditable and effective manner, were boldly and openly questioned by more than one leader of the free-lances. Their party traditions, about which the Whigs are so fond of gabbling, were sneered at and laughed to scorn; and Whiggery, in its simple form, became a creed which no man was eager to avow. He who has failed to observe, during the last month, since the election movements generally commenced, the odium in which Whiggery is held by the ultra Liberals throughout the country, must indeed have been a negligent spectator of passing events. "Can we carry a Whig candidate?" is a question now commonly asked and anxiously considered in places which, a few years ago, were entirely under Whig domination.

If the Whigs really had a principle beyond the rules of expediency, or if those traditions of theirs could be reduced to anything like a settled line of action, there might yet be hope for them as a party; but there neither is, nor has been for many years, anything in their conduct or policy to inspire enthusiasm, or to gain them efficient recruits from the rising generation. The liberal youth become Radicals, not Whigs. Why should they do otherwise? They are told every day that Whigs and Radicals are both members of the great Liberal party; and as there is really no distinctive boundary, they naturally pass to the extreme. It is a vast mistake to suppose that a *juste milieu* party can be maintained without a principle. A party so situated, or so constituted, has lost the power of propagation; and this is precisely the position of the Whigs. They are daily losing ground in the country; but their prejudices are so strong, and their con-

ceit is so largely developed, that they cannot be brought to apprehend the true reason of their decadence.

We are sorry to be compelled to write thus, because it consists with our knowledge that a great many persons, who hitherto have called themselves Whigs, are deeply mortified and ashamed of the conduct of their leader since he lost his tenure of office. The open advances which he made to the Radicals—his solemn consultations with them—the humility and almost contrition which he evinced when the intimation was given that his Government had not been constructed upon a sufficiently "Liberal" basis—and his evident anxiety to assure the democrats that, if opportunity were offered him, that error at least should be amended,—all these things, we say, were little calculated to inspire confidence in the minds of men who already regarded his reform measure as a dangerous and uncalled-for innovation. And the question now arises for them to consider—what, under such circumstances, are they to do? What line of conduct ought they to pursue in the exercise of their electoral franchise? The Conservative and the Radical alike know their course, and can have no difficulty in following it. The moderate Whig, or the man who has hitherto professed himself as such, is indeed in an embarrassing position. He is, in truth, without any leader; for, though he might have accepted, sorely against his will, Lord John's late progressive panaceas, he cannot bring himself to believe that a Government maintaining the Manchester doctrines could be otherwise than pernicious, and probably destructive, to the country; yet, by voting for a thick-and-thin supporter of Lord John Russell, he is plainly contributing to promote the crisis which he regards with absolute horror. For there is no medium. The old standard has totally disappeared. Sir James Graham, who is recruiting on his own account, is bidding boldly against Lord John; but although that intrepid knight appeals audaciously to the antecedents of his political career, quite enough is known regarding it to make any honest man, who values his character, shy of giving in his adhesion to such a

moss-trooping adventurer. One must needs be as unscrupulous as Christie of the Clinthill, to take service with him of Avenel. And it is undoubtedly a very pregnant, and, we believe, an unprecedented fact, that, out of the many addresses which have yet been issued by intending candidates, *not one sets forth, as a ground of confidence, the fact that the issuer was a regular supporter of the measures of the Whig Government.* No one has ventured to rest his claims upon that; on the contrary, there is an evident disposition shown to select and parade some occasion on which the Whig member voted directly in the teeth of Lord John Russell—whether by sufferance or not, Mr Tuffnell only knows. So that, when facing a constituency, it is universally acknowledged to be no recommendation that the candidate went along with the late Ministry! What inference are we to draw from that as to the general estimation in which my Lord John Russell is held?

The general inference which we draw from it is—that there no longer exists in the State a Whig party, properly so called. Its leaders have abandoned principle—never having had much to abandon—and gone over to the camp of the Radicals, where they abide rather as inglorious hostages than as honoured guests. Every man is now free to think and act for himself. If he is in favour of democracy, he has only to follow the example of his old leaders—if he prefers constitutional doctrines, he must necessarily support Lord Derby; for, in truth, there is no other choice left to him. The Radical party is not by any means to be despised. It carries with it great numerical strength, some wealth, and no inconsiderable amount of active intellect. Its leaders have this advantage over the Whigs, that they know what they want, and have no scruple about adopting any means to gain their object. They are well experienced in warfare and strategy, and have—we shall not deny it—achieved at least one triumph, however scandalously gained, which has served them better than many an honest victory. When the late Sir Robert Peel avowed that the men of the Manchester school had conquered his conviction upon one most impor-

tant point of national economy, he did more to elevate the Radicals than could have been effected by the life-long labours of a dozen of their ablest champions. Lord John Russell's subsequent concessions to them can hardly be regarded as triumphs.

We, of course, deny the doctrines of the Radical party, and set them at utter defiance. We know very well what they want, and so does every one who is possessed of an ounce of intellect. There may be among them, unquestionably, shades of opinion as to the extent to which democratic innovation should be carried—some adopting America as a model, and others confining their aspirations, as we lately heard a railway director phrase it, to the establishment of a "monarchical republic." But in one thing they are all agreed; and that is, to open the floodgates with all convenient speed, leaving the question of the proper amount of hydraulic pressure to be afterwards determined. On that issue they come before the electors; and on that, in the space of a day or two, the public have to decide. There is no great difficulty in such a case, when Conservatism—that is, attachment to, and determination to uphold, the fundamental institutions of the country—is opposed to that vague desire for change which has ruined every nation in which it has become a ruling passion. But what are we to do with the Whig candidates—more especially with such of them as are "Ministerial Whigs?" The point is worth consideration.

In the first place, what good is to be gained by the return of a "Ministerial Whig?" He is simply a henchman of Lord John Russell; and Lord John, as we all know, is at present in a very anomalous position, having no camp of his own, and sojourning in the tents of the Philistines. Nor is there any prospect whatever of his being allowed to resume his independence. Just as the Marquises of Montserrat appeared of yore at the Crusades, nominally at the head of a splendidly equipped body of Estradiots, who apparently obeyed their masters, but were actually under the control of a mean-looking emissary in black, who was the representative of the junta of Venice—so does Lord John Russell now come forward as

the ostensible leader of the party, whilst, in reality, there is a Manchester "gentleman in black" at his elbow, who directs the whole motions of the squadron. Such power is never exercised indiscreetly. The plenipo from Venice did not venture to issue direct orders to the troops—he contented himself with indoctrinating the Marquis for the time being, in private, and in that way contrived to manage matters without creating a public scandal. But not the less, on that account, were the Estradiots under his command. Now we look upon the "Ministerial Whigs," as no better than so many Estradiots. Their fealty may be undoubted, when the orders are once given, but it is very important to understand who has the issuing of the orders. And we shall frankly state, without reservation, that we have no predilection in favour of those same Estradiots. Mercenaries ought always to be regarded with the eye of suspicion; and the term "mercenary," in our times, requires a liberal interpretation. We do not apply it, or wish to apply it, in any offensive sense. We recognise perfectly, in adherence to hereditary notions, and even connection, a fine spirit in some cases, in others a dogged resolution, which is said to form part of the English character. But these qualities, however commendable they may be in the abstract, may be very ill applied. Mephistopheles describes himself as the spirit that is always obstructive:—

"Ich bin der Geist, der stets verneint!"

And we fear that a good many of the "Ministerial Whigs," who are at present supplicating electoral support, would be puzzled to explain to the constituencies what line of conduct they propose to adopt beyond inveterate and determined opposition to her Majesty's present Government. This is simply faction in its worst form; and the man who pursues such a course is—we need not mince the matter—acting a disloyal part. Large license has always been conceded in this country to the conduct of parties, so long as parties, however differing from each other in opinion and in principle, were content to abide within the prescribed limits of the Constitution, and were actuated rather by re-

gard to the public welfare, than by desire of political supremacy. The bartering of principle for popular support—the selling, as it were, of conviction for the miserable aims of ambition—was but a recent innovation; and, if we are to believe their own historian, Mr Roebuck, it originated entirely with the Whigs. Since then, we have beheld the humiliating spectacle of rival chiefs, regardless of their duties to the Crown, bidding eagerly against each other, abandoning religious principle, and surrendering vested interests without remorse, if by so doing they could either secure or continue the supremacy of their party. It is against that system, the effects of which will long be felt, both in the mother country and in the colonies, that Lord Derby has taken his stand; and all those who wish well to the British Constitution have reason to congratulate themselves that the reins of Government are held by so strong and vigorous a hand. With the cuckoo cry of education on his lips, but with no corresponding ideas or matured scheme in his brain, Lord John Russell was ready to have swamped the intelligence of the existing electoral body, by the admission of a roaring torrent of ignorance, prejudice, and irreligion. The people, according to his enlightened notion, were to have votes first, and to be taught their duties afterwards. In his own person, the premier stands at this moment as the most notable example of the evils of that system of pandering to popularity for political support, of which he may almost be considered the originator. The consequences of his conduct have been the ruin of his once powerful party, and a material diminution of that respect in which his name was formerly held.

In every instance, therefore, in which a notorious Ministerial Whig appears in the field, the electors ought, if possible, to extract from him a distinct enunciation of the principles on which he proposes to act. This may not be an easy matter, for Whig candidates, under such circumstances, are as slippery as eels, and it requires some skill to hold them. To force a declaration of policy from a very experienced Whig might almost puzzle a conjuror; for the veteran

shuffler has seen too many changes in his day to let him commit himself lightly; and, moreover, he has always in his budget a large stock of commonplaces which he can apply with considerable dexterity. It is pleasant to hear him talk of "the spirit of the age," and "the stream of onward progress." Next follows an allusion to "Mrs Partington and her mop, sweeping back the waters of the Atlantic"—a humorous figure very much in request at the Whig side of the hustings; or, if the orator affects the historical vein, he will make direct reference to Canute. We flatter ourselves that we have contributed to abolish appeals to "the Revolution settlement of 1688," which used to be dragged in with such amazing pomposity; and, certainly, remarks about Sidney and Hampden are not quite so common as they were. But the words "reform," "education," and "improvement," are stock terms; and they admit of expansion by means of expletives to almost any extent. The worst of it is that such terms do not refer to any existing ideas in the mind of the speaker; but, for all that, they are brave words, and, when uttered by a voluble Pistol, may impose upon a credulous Fluellen. It will, however, be both prudent and satisfactory to get a little deeper than this, and to ascertain the intentions of the Parliamentary candidate, with regard both to the present Ministry and to the late leader of his own party; for we know the nature of the man too well to anticipate that Lord John Russell will not use every means in his power, and avail himself of any opportunity that may occur, to prevent a fair exposition of the policy of Lord Derby from being laid before the next Parliament. These are tactics which have been adopted before now, and may be attempted again, and their object and effect is to damage an Administration before it has announced its scheme of action. Such a line of conduct is neither fair nor honest, nor does it ever receive the approbation of the country; still, it is necessary to be prepared for every contingency. Lord John Russell knows very well that he cannot again attempt to conduct the business of the country on the same footing and with the same col-

leagues as heretofore. In the last Parliament he had every advantage which a statesman could desire; and yet, after five years of blundering, vacillation, and expediency, he ignominiously fell. In vain has he endeavoured in his manifesto, issued to the electors of the city of London, to represent himself in the light of a high-minded martyr—of an Aristides sent into banishment solely because he was styled the Just. The parallel will not hold. What cardinal virtue Lord John Russell may affect specially to represent, we do not know; but we never heard him talked of either as the Wise or the Just. Besides, as we are told by Plutarch, Aristides acquiesced in his sentence; the late leader of the Whigs is clearly in rebellion against his. These manifestoes, which the noble lord seems to find a peculiar delight in promulgating, are sometimes rather damaging to the author. This one, in particular, is not likely to exalt him in the eyes of the nation, for it contains no clear explanation of the causes of his Ministerial failure. If all his measures were good, as he says they were—for he has ever imitated the Pope in claiming infallibility as his attribute—how comes it that he is not now in office? He was supposed to command a good working majority at the commencement of the late Parliament; what has become of it since? What malignant demon interfered to prevent him from taking as usual his whitebait this summer at Blackwall, along with Mr Wilson of Westbury and his other convivial colleagues? It was public opinion that drove him from his seat; and, in spite of all that has been written or said to the contrary, public opinion, as regards him, has undergone no manner of change. His is not a mind capable of originating, considering, or carrying into effect any comprehensive measure. His dogmatism prevents him from seeing, and, of course, from acknowledging, any error of judgment in the course which he has once thought proper to pursue. Free Trade may have caused vast ruin among the producing classes of the country—may have swelled the tide of emigration tenfold—may have laid Ireland desolate; yet still it is to be persevered in, and, if possible, extended, because it was taken up by

the Whigs. Nay, even when cases of gross injustice and oppression are shown to have arisen from the operation of the present commercial system, he is prepared to refuse all remedy for these, because they are the results of Free Trade, which theory he has honoured by his adoption. And it is impossible not to see that, in his recent attempts to lower the franchise, he was less actuated by any sense of the abstract justice and propriety of such a measure, than by a hope of repairing the loss of his popularity by means of a dangerous agitation. Few, except his own immediate satellites, and those who, along with him, were driven from office, and who are naturally desirous to regain it, wish to see Lord John Russell again installed as the First Minister of the Crown. Possibly, also, the Radicals may wish it, as the easiest and readiest method of achieving the great object of their ambition; but let them once be brought in along with Lord John Russell—let a Cabinet once be constructed of Whigs and Radicals, and from that day forward the leadership will pass into other hands. It is to us quite amazing that a man of Lord John Russell's experience should be blind to the inevitable consequences of such an unnatural union, which, irrespective of the injury it would assuredly entail upon the best interests of the country, could only end in his own degradation. Are there no points of vast difference existing between him and Mr Cobden? Is he prepared to adopt the ballot, and extend the suffrage as far as the latter would desire? Is he at one with him in his view regarding armaments, and willing to adopt the suggestions of the Peace Congress, which would leave the shores of Great Britain exposed to hostile invasion? Is he ready to undertake a crusade against the Church, to deprive the prelates of their seats in the House of Peers, and even to abolish the Upper Chamber as an institution unsuited to the spirit of the times? Is he prepared, also, to provoke the hostility of foreign states, at the same time when he is taking steps for reducing the military establishments of Britain? Is he prepared to cast off the Colonies as encumbrances, and to absolve them from

their allegiance to the mother country, leaving them to form elsewhere what new alliances they please? If not prepared to do these things—and we trust and believe that he is not so prepared—why was it that he made such broad and unequivocal advances to the Radical party? Why did he, in the first moments of opposition, go to Mr Cobden, supplicate his advice, and place himself in a great measure in his hands? No one will believe that the men of Manchester, who have never scrupled to express something very like contempt for the policy and measures of the noble lord, were to be won over simply by an idle compliment, or that they would accord him their support without making their own terms, and having good security for the fulfilment of the bargain. We would very anxiously entreat those of the electors who, though professing Liberal opinions, are utterly averse to such schemes of wild innovation as are advocated by the chiefs of the Radicals, to consider deliberately how far they are entitled, directly or indirectly, to support a man who has placed himself in such a position. Let them also maturely consider what would be the consequences of that support, should it again lead to a Ministerial crisis and change. The return of the Whigs to power is plainly a thing impossible. There must be a coalition, and that coalition can only take place between the Whigs and the Radicals. The latter party never give way—the former never maintain their ground. A Whig-Radical Ministry might not last—we have too much reliance on the good sense of the country to suppose that possible—but it might continue long enough in office to do us incalculable harm. For example, it might, and in all probability would, destroy our relations with foreign powers, and, perhaps, not only endanger, but disturb the peace of Europe. It might stir up agitation at home by propounding visionary schemes; and excite a crusade against property by the revival of the Socialist doctrines. It might throw our Colonies into rebellion, and lose to us for ever the fairest parts of our Empire. And for what weighty object are such hazards to be incurred?

Simply that my Lord John Russell may be made Premier in the room of the Earl of Derby!

The newspaper press has of late been facetious and fierce by turns on the subject of what they are pleased to call the want of a fixed principle on the part of Lord Derby's Government. The Opposition writers, who bring to their task a great deal of varied talent, say that they are not aware of the policy which Lord Derby intends to pursue, and they set this forward broadly as matter of complaint. Now, with all deference to these gentlemen, we venture to think that Lord Derby has already explained his views more openly than any previous Minister has done; and that, if there be misapprehension anywhere, it certainly is not his fault. With regard to our foreign relations, which always must depend upon emerging circumstances, he has distinctly explained the principles on which he means to act; and those principles have generally received the approbation of the country, as being wise, sound, and dignified. He is desirous for the maintenance of peace; opposed to that system of interference and protocolling which, during the administration of the Whigs, gained us the ill-will of almost every nation in Europe; determined to respect the rights of other countries, to oppose unjustifiable encroachment, and to uphold the honour of Great Britain. At home he has declared his intention of resisting organic changes, of standing by our ancient institutions, of upholding the dignity of the law, of providing for the defence of the nation in case of emergency, of remedying defects in our internal administration wherever these may be shown to exist, and of permitting no one interest in the country to thrive at the expense of another. His views on the subject of education are those of a man who reverences the Word of God, and will not permit the fountain of all knowledge to be polluted or choked up. He will defend Protestantism as the faith of the realm, against the insolent aggressions of the intolerant Church of Rome. On all these points Lord Derby has spoken out plainly and unambiguously; and surely these are sufficient to indicate the general features of that policy which he proposes

to follow out. As to fiscal matters, it is rather too much to expect that the budget of next year should be stated before its time; or that an express declaration of the mode in which it is proposed that taxation shall hereafter be levied should have been laid before a moribund Parliament, to distract their attention from the expedition of the necessary public business, and, in all human probability, to lead to a protracted debate, without any possibility of a practical result. He has been quite specific on the subject of protection as regards free trade in corn. Retaining his opinion that the change effected by Sir Robert Peel was highly impolitic, he has left that question to the decision of the country at large, declaring that he will not attempt to reimpose any duty without the concurrence of a greater majority in the House of Commons than that which he expects to command. What further amount of divulgement could our brethren of the press expect?

We suspect, however, that their expressed disappointment is rather feigned than real. They do not attempt to fasten the charge of wilful concealment upon Lord Derby in person; but, with considerable ingenuity, they pick out here and there, from the speeches and addresses of his colleagues, passages and phrases which they aver to be contradictory of one another, and it is upon these that they found their allegation of a want of fixed principle on the part of the Government. In a word, they want, for election purposes, to show that there is an incongruity in the opinions of various members of the Cabinet on the subjects of Protection and Free Trade.

Supposing that there were such incongruity, we cannot see how that can be made any matter of complaint. We have it on the best authority—that of the Whig leaders—that Free Trade was only introduced, and could only be viewed, as an experiment; and really, without arrogating infallibility, as Lord John Russell does, to human judgment, we cannot see how it could be otherwise. All the calculations upon which the Free-Traders relied, in the long and stormy debates preceding the abolition of the corn duties, have turned out to be erro-

neous—all the representations of the League have been falsified by actual experience. Let us advert to some of those, in order to show that we are not overstating the case. Both Mr Cobden and Mr Wilson, of the *Economist*, maintained that the repeal of the Corn Laws would not materially lower the price of corn; and in that view Lord Grey coincided. Experience, being somewhat more trustworthy than the *Economist*, has shown that they were in the wrong; for the price of wheat has fallen from an average of rather more than 55s. to about 40s. per quarter. Mr Tooke, in his estimate of the quantity of wheat and flour which would be brought into this country under Free Trade, set it down at from 1,500,000 to 2,000,000 quarters yearly; we have since seen the imports rise to three times that quantity. Then it was confidently anticipated that the countries which supplied us with grain would take off an extra quantity of our manufactures—the result has been directly the reverse, for our exports to these countries have fallen. Reciprocity was prophesied—it has not appeared. As to the state of trade, there is no more disastrous year on record than that which has just gone by; and emigration, the surest symptom of a declining State, has increased at an enormous ratio since the Corn Laws were repealed. We allude to these things simply as facts, not as arguments; and we think that they establish clearly this, at least, that the promoters of the measure were entirely mistaken in their estimate of its results. That they were so cannot be considered as any serious stain upon their sagacity, for the question was one of prodigious magnitude, and practically insoluble, until submitted to the test of experience. At the same time, they ought to derive a lesson of humility from this absolute refutation of their predictions, and abstain from that rash tone of dogmatism which never was, and never can be, the characteristic of the wise politician. Will the gentlemen who aver that free trade in corn must now be a thing perpetual, tell us when it was that the experiment ended, and the irreversible law began? The income-tax is older than free trade in corn; and by a parity of reasoning, we suppose, that too must

be held as irreversible. But, in reality, it is the height of folly and presumption for men to talk in such a fashion as this. No measure, no system, commercial or otherwise, which was ever devised by the wit of man, can be said to be irreversible. It may not be politic to reverse it, but reversible it must remain; and for this plain reason, that it is impossible to guard against the occurrence of circumstances which may render its repeal a matter of absolute and vital necessity. Protection was an experiment while it lasted; Free Trade is an experiment, and nothing more. A great commercial nation like ours cannot afford to dogmatise. We must never regard any measure, when carried, as final, or so perfect that it cannot be altered. We must look steadily and continuously at its effects upon the industry, the wealth, and the morals of the people; and submit it to change or modification if it prove in any way hurtful to these. It is very strange that, of all men, the Whigs and Radicals should stand up in favour of irreversible legislation! Why, the maintenance of that doctrine, in a modified form, was precisely the ground of the accusation which they used to bring against the old Tory party.

What circumstances may arise in the course of a single year to alter or influence public opinion with regard to the great commercial question of the times, no man living can foretell. The discovery of the gold beds of California, and the consequent influx of the precious metals, alone prevented the recurrence last year of a commercial crisis which threatened to be as disastrous as that of 1847. The same cause, combined with the partial failure of the Continental crops, has arrested the decline of prices; but who will venture to say that the commercial respite is more than temporary, to be followed by a fearful reckoning; or that the averages of the present year will not be lower than those of the last? All that can be said is this, that, in the present temper of the nation, and in the present position of the question, it would be unwise and impolitic to attempt the reimposition of protective duties upon corn; and, although our conviction as to the necessity of protection to all branches of native industry remains unaltered, we

should be sorry to give such rash counsel as might lead at once to a transfer of political power to the hands of the democracy, and thereby give rise to even greater evils than those which at present exist. Nay, we go further, and repeat, what we have always maintained, that it would be a most unfortunate circumstance for the agricultural interest if their claim to protection against unlimited foreign imports were to be considered apart from that of other interests in the country. It is not a speciality which is involved—it is a principle, and one of universal application; though, as regards many kinds of manufacture, at present sheltered by considerable customs duties, the Free-Traders have taken care that there shall be no equality of competition. What course may be pursued with regard to those branches of industry, we know not. It would be, no doubt, most repugnant to the feelings of a statesman, who believes that unrestricted imports are incompatible with high taxation, to complete the work which has been so ruthlessly and determinedly carried out to a point only short of absolute consummation, and to call upon the few remaining protected branches of industry to share the general lot. And yet we do not see, when principle is set forward as the guide, how such a result can be avoided. Justice is, of all things, to be regarded as the most precious; and where protection is removed from one quarter, it ought to be removed from all. We are not now demonstrating the impossibility of entire Free Trade, under the existing circumstances of the country, else we should insist upon the agricultural restrictions, which still prevent a farmer from growing what crop he pleases, and selling the produce in the free British market. It does seem rather hard upon the British agriculturist, who hears the cry of Free Trade daily dinned in his ears, that he may not cultivate tobacco, nor make sugar from beet-root, nor grow hops, nor make malt, without incurring penalties, or, at all events, being subjected to a heavy excise duty. We know perfectly well, that if these things were allowed, there would be such a deficiency in the national revenue as could only be supplied by such a further enormous addition to direct taxation, as would

unseat any Ministry that ever was formed; and yet we are calmly told by the Free-Traders that there are no peculiar burdens on agriculture! Is restriction or prohibition not equivalent to a burden? We should like to have a glimpse of Mr Bright's face, if the Legislature were to prohibit the manufacture of his patent carpets.

However, there is nothing to prevent the removal of the existing duties upon manufactures, whether plain or made up; because such duties are precisely in the category of those formerly levied upon grain—that is, they are not important as items of the public revenue. They exist for the purposes of protection, and nothing more. And, if our view be correct, that the community of interests in all branches of industry should be observed as strictly as possible, and no advantage be given to one over the other, in order that the great question may be brought to a proper issue, we hesitate not to say, that the sooner the Free-Trade scheme is made perfect the better. Neither Sir Robert Peel nor the Whigs dared make it perfect. The former began—not bravely nor manfully—by assailing the small undefended interests, and quashing them by his early tariff. The blow at the agricultural interest may be considered as his final display; but that achievement simply heralded his appearance as an exceedingly crest-fallen victim. The Whigs, knowing very little about the matter, advanced to sugar and the Navigation Laws, at the instigation, we believe, of Mr Labouchere, who was the only man among them competent to the summation of an account; and there they rested. Why should we blame them? They had got all they wanted. They were in possession of Downing Street; and as to attacking any of their friends and allies in the manufacturing interest, the idea would have been perfect madness. What did they care about entire Free Trade, or equalisation of interests? They were no enthusiasts likely to run any risk in such a cause. It was their business to keep well with the manufacturing Radicals, and to blink all questions which might arise touching their peculiar interests; and therefore it was that, although the late Ministry proclaimed themselves absolute devotees

of Free Trade, they never ventured to carry out their professed principle in all its integrity. It is strange to see how impulses of humanity suddenly arise in Ministerial bosoms. "Good heaven! sir," said a leading Whig to a friend of ours, as he urged the equity of allowing French silks, satins, and velvets, to be imported at a lower rate than fifteen per cent—"Good heaven! sir, would you really become a party to ruining Spital-fields?" Our informant shrunk from the accusation; at the same time, considering that his distinguished acquaintance was a large proprietor in a district which shall be nameless, he ventured to ask him whether he did not think that the same rule applied to tenants who were bound by lease? The reply was hardly satisfactory: inasmuch as the liberal proprietor intimated that, after the failure of his existing tenants—from whom, by the law of hypothec, he expected to be entirely indemnified—there were plenty people of capital, from a neighbouring burgh, who would be ready to bid for the occupancy. He admitted that they knew nothing about the business, and were certain to lose; but then, farming was a healthy pursuit, and would always command the surplus capital of towns. So that he would rather, if possible, keep up manufacturing monopoly, in the hope that the profits so obtained might ultimately be expended on the improvement of the land of which he was the legitimate owner. We do not think that there are, in reality, many proprietors of this stamp; or that, if there were, they would find their expectations realised. But we cannot see why one class in the country is to be treated on principle in a different way from another. Why should the staples of Paisley and Sheffield be protected, whilst the great staple of our agricultural counties is laid open to the competition of the world? No reason can be alleged save one, which we believe to be strictly true; and that is—that the existing protected interests could not survive without the customs duty to save them from foreign competition. And if we go further, and ask why this should be the case, we invariably receive the same reply which formed our great plea for the agriculturists, that taxation being lighter

abroad, and labour consequently cheaper, the Continental article could be offered in the British market at a price which would not afford the means of subsistence to the British artisan.

We put forward this point, because it has been hitherto by far too much overlooked. The Free-Traders, not without reason, have calculated that the Protectionists would be slow to adopt their tactics in any degree; and they have been particularly careful to avoid any discussion on the subject. We have good grounds for stating that, during the last two years, they have been apprehensive lest a fair challenge should be made to them in Parliament to carry their imperfect plan into entire operation; and we can very well understand the reason of their anxiety: because there is not a single argument which they could urge in behalf of the protected manufacturing interests, which does not apply with tenfold force to the interests which they have already assailed; and they know quite well, that, if equal justice were done, Free Trade, as a system, would be exploded before a twelvemonth was over. For the same reason, they are resolved to make a determined stand against the equalisation of burdens. No matter whether the claims of the landed interest for relief are equitable or not, the Free-Traders are determined to withstand them to the uttermost; and it is well worthy of remark, that Mr Cobden has repeatedly announced his intention of opposing those claims, on the ground that they have been sanctioned by consuetude, and submitted to for a long period. Mr Cobden may be an effective orator, but he is an exceedingly bad reasoner. Can he not see that, if consuetude is to be made the ground for refusing relief from unequal burdens, consuetude also ought to have been admitted as an irrefragable plea for protection? The case is just this: You give a man a privilege, and you charge him with certain duties beyond his fellows, in respect of it. Subsequently you remove the privilege—are you still entitled to exact the extra duties? Tyranny is a word abhorred in England, and so is injustice; and yet we will venture to say that no absolute monarch who ever sate upon a throne,

no eastern satrap, no Turkish divan, ever ventured to propose more bare-faced measures of tyranny and injustice than have been openly advocated, in the British Parliament and in British assemblies, by the chiefs of the Free-trading party. They had their victory, (how gained, it is not now necessary to discuss;) but instead of improving it on their own principles, instead of acting like men of honour and patriotism, they seem bent upon pure spoliation; and propose that, in all time coming, the owners, occupiers, and tillers of the soil shall be considered as the mere Helots of the enlightened class who set the machinery of the mills in motion. Although slow to recognise this, from the part which they have been compelled to act, many of the old Whig party, who have not only a large stake in the prosperity of the country, but who are actuated by honourable motives, have been startled by the effrontery of the proceedings of the ultra-Free-Trade and Radical faction. They begin to perceive, as they ought to have perceived long ago, that they have been fostering a snake, which is now ready to sting them; that they have simply been made use of for the purpose of forwarding designs which, when carried into effect, will prove as prejudicial to them as to any other section, class, interest, or party in the community. They may thank themselves, or rather they may thank Lord John Russell, for that. They are in the position of the men of the Gironde—too honourable and just to go along with the men of the Mountain, and yet unwilling to fall back on ground which they ought to occupy, if they wish to be really useful. Now, let us see if there is anything whatever to prevent them from giving their impartial assistance towards such an equitable adjustment of burdens, as will at least place all interests upon a common footing. We cannot for the life of us understand why any man, whatever his opinions may be, should hesitate as to this; and we are distinctly and unequivocally told that such measures will be among the earliest submitted by the Ministry to the new Parliament. There will be no return to Protective duties, until that is demanded generally by

the country; but an attempt will be made to reconstruct our internal taxation, which at present is confused and unequal, upon a fair and intelligible basis, so that property of all kinds may contribute its just quota to the State, and the existing anomalies be removed. Surely that is a reasonable proposal. It in no way impinges on the Free-Trade doctrines, and may be acceded to quite frankly and consistently by men of any party. If Lord John Russell shall think fit to oppose such an adjustment, after the institution of a proper inquiry, there remains only one construction which can be placed upon his conduct. We shall then be compelled to consider him as so utterly abandoned to faction, that he will rather deny justice than grant it, when the claim is advocated by his political opponents. Such, however, we trust, will not be the course pursued by many of his former followers. The task undertaken by Government is unquestionably a difficult one, but it cannot longer be delayed. The Whigs shrank from it, with a just diffidence in their own capacity, preferring the sweets of office to the good of the nation, and giving as little labour as possible in return for their appointed emoluments. It is to be hoped that now, when awakened from their lethargy by disaster, they will not use their recovered consciousness entirely in the way of obstruction.

In a crisis such as the present, the recorded opinions of the electors of the commercial seaport towns will be regarded with the utmost anxiety. Apart altogether from the question of the Corn Laws, it has become evident to those who understand the nature, and have watched the working, of that commercial system which has abandoned reciprocity, that the trade of this country is in a most unsatisfactory condition. In our number for April, the commercial disasters of 1851 were stated and illustrated by a correspondent who possesses the most accurate means of knowledge. Since then we have received a copy of the *Fifth Letter on the Balance of Trade*, by Mr Newdegate, to whom the country is largely indebted for his indefatigable zeal in investigating this most important subject, and supplying, by his own labour, abstracts

which ought to have been officially compiled. We now request the attention of our readers to the following balance-sheet, which exhibits the result of the commerce of the nation

during the bygone year in a distinct and intelligible form, and which but too palpably refutes the stereotyped prosperity allegations of the Whigs:—

BALANCE-SHEET FOR 1851.				Market Value.
Imports, enumerated,	.	.	.	£106,043,038
Ditto, unenumerated,	.	.	.	6,824,443
				£112,867,481
				Market Value.
Exports, British and Irish produce and manufactures,	.	.	.	£62,067,974
Ditto, foreign and colonial, enumerated,	.	.	.	10,630,268
Ditto, ditto, ditto, unenumerated,	.	.	.	445,743
				73,143,985
Excess of imports over exports,				£39,723,496
British freight,	.	.	.	£9,798,535
Commission and charges, 6 per cent on the whole imports,	.	.	.	6,772,049
Insurance, 1½ per cent on ditto,	.	.	.	1,693,012
Merchants' profit, 6 per cent on ½ths of ditto,	.	.	.	2,539,519
Ditto at 6 per cent on ½ths of the exports,	.	.	.	2,742,899
Insurance, 1 per cent on the whole of ditto,	.	.	.	781,440
Charges, 3¼ per cent on ditto,	.	.	.	2,377,180
				26,654,634
Net balance against this country,				£13,068,862

"No one," says Mr Newdegate, addressing himself to the present President of the Board of Trade, Mr Henley,—"no one who has gravely and impartially considered this subject,—and no one is more likely or more competent so to consider it than yourself,—can fail to understand, how seriously and how immediately the commercial condition of this country may be affected by the legislation of foreign countries, and by the conduct of foreign Governments in this respect; or fail to reflect upon the fact, that since the total practical and avowed abandonment of the system of reciprocity by the Legislature and last two Governments of this country, foreign Governments by means of their tariffs can and do legislate, uncounteracted and uncontrolled, in matters deeply affecting, not only their own commerce, but that also of this country.

"No one who has any, however partial, information on this subject, can doubt that foreign Governments acknowledge the obligation, which the late Governments of this country have unfortunately repudiated; namely, that it is the duty of every Government to consider first, in regulating their tariffs, the interests and industry of the nations which they respectively govern, and by which they are respectively supported; or doubt that foreign Governments are daily acting upon this principle.

"No one can fail to recognise the fact, that the question of whether our present commercial policy needs or needs not revision or modification, deeply agitates

public opinion in this country; and that it is a subject of grave doubt whether the present policy is or is not disastrous, as I believe it to be, to the preservation and profitable employment of the national capital, to the social condition of this country, and eventually to the integrity of the empire."

We are exceedingly gratified to observe from this pamphlet that Mr Newdegate has applied himself to the task of preparing and publishing a compendium of the tariffs imposed by foreign countries. During the last two years we have repeatedly felt the inconvenience arising from the want of such statistical information, and have searched for it in vain amongst the cumbrous blue-books, which professed to give some record of our national transactions. Whether from supineness, or from a notion that the information, if granted, would not bear out the assertions of those who were worshippers of the present commercial system, certain it is that the late authorities proceeded so slowly in the matter, if they did proceed at all, that those who took an active interest in such questions could only arrive at a knowledge of details by resorting to foreign sources. Possibly the Whigs conceived that, with such an obliging authority and animated pædia at hand as the Editor of the

The perusal of this table is very suggestive, for it clearly shows that, by pursuing Free Trade, we have failed in gaining increased access for our manufactures to the markets of the civilised world. Free Trade in corn may be defended on other grounds, but not on the plea that it has induced reciprocity on the part of the nations who furnish us with large cereal supplies. Our present practice is opposed to that of every other country; a fact which, of itself, ought surely to temper the confidence of our political economists, who possibly may be right in their views, but who certainly have the misfortune to be opposed in this matter by the convictions and experience of statesmen in all other countries of the world. No people have studied Political Economy more anxiously than the Germans, who are, though it is the fashion to call them visionaries, upon such points more practical than ourselves. The Germans openly deny and impugn the soundness of our commercial doctrines. Few doubt the sagacity of Russia in all that concerns her own aggrandisement, and yet the Russian statesmen regard our policy as absolutely suicidal. France, though invited to reciprocate, has refused the offer; and the acute Americans pronounce us to be commercially insane!

We do not expect that considerations such as these will weigh much with the electors in the inland boroughs throughout the kingdom. Retail dealers are usually bad judges of political economy; and they will seldom reason or act upon anything which is beyond the scope of their own immediate observation. The balance of trade is a subject beyond the reach of municipal intellect, as now exhibited in our civic assemblies. But in the great commercial towns, such questions are well understood and eagerly canvassed. Upon their solution depends the wellbeing of the merchant—and under him, of all those in his employment; and, consequently, arguments which might be overlooked in a city like Edinburgh, where Sec-tarianism and Dissent are held to be the proper tests of Parliamentary ability, tell, with the utmost force, in such a place as Liverpool. We con-

less that we look to the decision of the commercial towns, as contradistinguished from the pure seats of manufacture, with much anxiety. Their verdict, at such a time, is most valuable, and will so be received; because any error in commercial policy which may be committed by a government, necessarily exhibits its effects, in the first instance, amongst them, and is later in reaching other classes of the community. And we would implore the electors to remember how much depends upon the decided expression of their opinions just now. Great difficulties are in the way of Government; and those difficulties can only be obviated by the frank and hearty adhesion of all those who are convinced that the commercial experiment is not working well for the true interests of the people. Let them remember that an opportunity such as the present, for repairing the bad effects of hasty legislation, may not soon occur again; and let them deliberately consider what the consequences would be, if such losses as were experienced last year became of frequent occurrence. Without reciprocity it is plain that we are throwing away all our other advantages. We are met, and will still continue to be met, with high import duties—less on account of the revenue which these bring to the states which impose them, than for the direct encouragement of their own domestic manufactures. With imports greatly exceeding the exports in value, prices have declined materially in this country; and in many most important branches of industry the wages of labour have been lowered. This is not a state of things which ought to, or can, continue; and it is so far fortunate that, at the present time, no external disturbing causes can be held out as specious reasons for the decline. To whatever extent that decline may prevail, it arises solely from our own system; and it is the imperative duty of the electors interested in commerce, to declare whether or not that system has received their approbation.

We do not feel inclined to speculate on the result of the contest, which, before another number of the Maga-

zine can be issued, must be brought to an end. We know that Conservative principles have been steadily advancing; and that the Liberal party is greatly disunited and divided. Since the commencement of 1848, the scenes which have been enacted on the continent of Europe have given fearful warning against democratic change; and even those who are democratically inclined might profit by the example, since, in almost every case, military despotism has succeeded to unlicensed anarchy. What this country requires, and what all good men should pray for, and do their utmost to promote, is stability, not change. But the activity of the age develops itself in political as well as in other forms; and there are always to be found men who, rather than remain content in their native respectable obscurity, will attempt to enter the Legislature, and clamber into power, by espousing violent doctrines. In our larger cities and towns the progress of the tribune is sufficiently well known. Some aspiring dealer in the hard line, who is gifted with more brass than his neighbours, and who is proportionally conceited, fixes upon the Established churches as a grievance, and so becomes a kind of leader among the acrid champions of Dissent. By the votes of the Seceding myrmidons he is returned to the town council, where he is great upon all questions of economy—docking salaries, criticising accounts, and cutting down estimates, in a manner that might do credit to the stingiest purser of an emigrant vessel. Having thus founded his character as an economist, he naturally aspires to higher things; and, being of a scheming turn of mind, he effects such a combination of divers interests among the municipal councillors, that, in due course of time, he is elevated to the civic chair. Even in that high eminence he will not remain content. Although reasonably deficient in literature, and not remarkable for his high breeding, he gradually conceives the notion that his proper arena lies within the walls of St Stephen's. He does not think that, in point of arithmetic, he is one whit inferior to Mr Joseph Hume. He has dined with Mr Cobden, and has failed to be impressed

with the superior elegance of his manners. He knows that he can speak quite as well as nine-tenths of the honourable members who make it an invariable practice to object to the estimates; and he flatters himself that he is not at all the sort of man whom anybody can succeed in putting down. In order to achieve the object of his ambition, he organises a clique or junta, composed of men who are entirely devoted to his interests; and of this mystic body, which, in every large town is regarded with superstitious terror, he becomes the leading spirit. Not the Old Man of the Mountain had more power over his fanatical followers, than has the civic ruler over the Dissenting fathers of their tribe. But, as it is not supposed that the more respectable part of the community will view his pretensions with a favourable eye, our acute functionary does not come forward at once, but adopts the Fabian policy. By himself, or through his agents, he throws obstacles in the way of every other candidate; amuses rival committees with the prospect of a common understanding, and persuades them to make proposals to men who, as he knows very well, can never become his rivals. After this has gone on for some time, and the constituency have become impatient, some faithful satellite rises in his place, and declares that he can no longer stifle in his bosom the impulse which urges him to suggest "our excellent first magistrate" as by far the fittest man to represent the borough in Parliament. At the word, up rise the clique, and the pawlike proposal is straightway rancously ratified. After a faint protest, like that of the ancient bishops, or the Speaker of the House of Commons, whom it was established etiquette to force into the chair, the excellent first magistrate accepts the trust; and, in all probability, after being proposed and seconded by a couple of subordinate Gracchi, is elected. But he had much better have remained at home. Local reputations, however bright they may appear in the eyes of a clique, fade rapidly in the House of Commons; and the aspiring senator very soon begins to find that there is some difference between Parliament, wherein he is a cipher, and the motley assemblage in which he once presided

as supreme. His manners, dialect, and style of oratory are all strange to the gentlemen of England. His minuteness wearies, his pertinacity disgusts them; and he is speedily set down as that most insufferable of all characters, a bore, and is universally avoided. Of course, this is gall and wormwood to his naturally jaundiced disposition. Always Radically inclined, he becomes ten times more democratic than before, and continually transgresses the scriptural precept, by speaking evil of dignities. At every general election there is a fresh crop of these representatives, neither doing credit to themselves, nor conferring any honour on the places which send them to Parliament; and it is very remarkable that most of these men are returned by the larger constituencies. We remember to have been, a good while ago, very much struck by the leading article in the *Times*, which incontestably proved that the very worst members of the House of Commons represented the largest number of electors. The reason of it we take to be this: Few men of education and delicacy of feeling can bring themselves to submit to the ordeal, which is now passing into a custom—at least it is so in Scotland—of being catechised and questioned by every elector and non-electer who has grammar enough to make himself intelligible. A very amusing and also instructive catalogue of such questions might be preserved. “What div ye think o’ preemygeniture and the Irish bishops?” was a query put not long ago to one candidate. “Wha pit oot Lord John Russell?” was an intended poser put to a Conservative; but the prompt reply—“Lord Palmerston,” made the Liberal inquirer resume his seat in a greater hurry than he rose. “Wull ye vote for the aboleetion o’ Church and State?” was the inquiry of one Seceding cobbler, who considered the State to be an institution at least as objectionable as the Church. Sometimes the audience are facetious, and in a playful mood. “Ma freends,” said a western asthmatical bailie, rising with the evident intention of heckling a candidate—“ma freends, ye a’ ken I’ve got a weak voice.” “We a’ ken ye are a weak body a’thegither!” was the candid response of the electors. Where there is a

district of united burghs, as in Scotland, it is not uncommon to see a notorious Radical acting in the capacity of a sleuth-hound. His business is to follow the candidate from place to place, and insult him by a repetition of precisely the same questions. No matter how absurd the question may be, the candidate is expected to answer it; and let him answer it as fairly and clearly as language will allow, the odds are that the querist sits down with an intimation that he is not satisfied, and accuses the candidate of quibbling. Really this is a practice which ought to be ended at once. In every town there are men, known by head-mark, who attend to put questions, not for the purpose of eliciting information as to the principles of the candidate—which is quite legitimate, provided these are not distinctly set forth in his address—but for that of indulging their own vulgar appetite for insolence; and such fellows ought at once to be ejected from the meeting by the common concurrence of every respectable elector. But, independently of this, which is, after all, but a temporary nuisance, a large urban constituency is invariably fickle, and not much more to be relied upon, in the matter of impulse, than a mob. Let a man slave as he may, his seat is never secure. Whilst he is doing his duty to the utmost of his ability in Parliament, some wily competitor is engaged in undermining him at home. Therefore it is that the best qualified men rather shrink from than court the honour of representing large constituencies in Parliament; and therefore it is that so many of these seats are virtually ceded to the democracy. A mayor or provost, if he has his wits about him, may contrive, through his municipal connection and influence, to unseat and supplant the wisest man that ever sat in the House of Commons.

We wish it were possible to impress the electors generally with the conviction that a man may make an excellent civic ruler, without possessing that judgment, intelligence, or sagacity which ought to be considered the indispensable requisites for a member of the British Parliament. There are many scales of vision. A man may

be able very well to conduct the contracted affairs of a municipality, without having the education or expansion of mind necessary to enable him to form a sound opinion upon matters involving the dearest interests of the Empire. We shall concede at once that the members of the Manchester school are competent to the consideration of questions of local economy. They are quite able to look sharply after civic funds, and can detect, through a kind of instinct, any attempt at peculation. But put them in a higher sphere, and what do we find? They would rather see the country invaded, than pay for a standing army or maintain an effective militia. They are for cutting down everything which is expensive, irrespective altogether of its utility. They would rather see the Colonies abandoned, than incur any charge for the support of their establishments; and they are utterly indifferent to the national position or renown. They make idiots of themselves at peace congresses, talk trash about fraternity, and believe in their hearts that Free Trade is a nobler thing than Christianity. In short, they have simply the accomplishment of pedlars, and nothing more. They estimate literature and learning as they would measure tape; and consider a new taking pattern for a calico print as the highest achievement of the fine arts. These men are not of the stuff from which efficient legislators are made. They are entirely incapable of comprehending the duties of the trust which they seek; and it would indeed be a black day for Britain when the majority of the senate was composed of such narrow-minded chaffers.

Undoubtedly, had the Conservative tactics in the larger towns been wiser and more decided, the number of such men who are now pressing forward to Parliament would have been materially diminished. The great mistake lies in the apathy which prevails regarding the municipal elections—it being exceedingly difficult to find respectable Conservative candidates willing to offer themselves for seats at these council-boards. Some men will not take the trouble; others dislike the society to which they necessarily must be introduced; and some

—very foolishly, as we think—affect to undervalue the dignity. There may be something in the two first reasons; but we would beg our friends to remember, that, without some trouble and inconvenience, nothing in this world that is worth having can be gained. And surely it is a poor compliment, and, at the same time, a sad discouragement, to the few who manfully persevere in the attempt to maintain at least some appearance of Conservative representation at these boards, that others, who have their time even more at their own disposal, should shrink from undertaking what is actually a public duty. As for the last view, it is simply childish and absurd. To be a member of council implies an honourable trust, which any man, be his position what it may, should be proud to hold. In former days, for example, the provostship of the metropolis of Scotland was held by the first nobles of the land; and, though times have since altered, as well as the methods of election, it is a scandal and a disgrace to find our most eminent citizens recoiling from the management of municipal affairs, as if these were beneath their notice. We speak plainly, because we feel that this is just matter of reproach; and it is full time that the error which has prevailed for many years should be amended. Municipal institutions must exist, and municipal representatives have, in many ways, a vast deal in their power; in especial, their example and influence is most powerful on the occasion of any election. And yet what do we find, too generally, to be the case? Those citizens who from talent, education, position, and wealth, ought to take the lead in municipal affairs, are rarely members of the town councils. They might be elected if they chose to offer themselves, but they will not; and consequently, the trust devolves, in many cases, upon brawling demagogues of the coarsest stamp, or upon virulent Dissenters, who bid fair, in the process of time, to monopolise the whole of our municipal representation. Now, when it is considered that in Scotland some of the municipalities have large powers—such as those of electing clergymen of the Established Church, and professors in the universities—

the importance of having men duly qualified to exercise such important functions, becomes at once apparent. Notwithstanding this—notwithstanding the exceedingly questionable exercise, on more than one occasion, of their patronage on the part of Dissenting majorities—both Conservatives and Whigs (we speak of the old respectable party) seem content to abandon the municipal field almost entirely to the Radicals and Seceders. We do not write this without a serious purpose. We think that now is the time, when the result of previous supineness is made apparent to them in more than one important place, to warn the Conservatives that, in hanging back from participation in municipal matters, they are, in fact, giving direct influence and political power to their most bitter and malignant adversaries. If proper men were found to discharge the civic offices, the democratic influence at urban elections would be most materially diminished. It is utterly preposterous to suppose that if men of education, character, and position, came forward as candidates for the civic representation, they would not, in the majority of instances, be preferred to the sorry specimens of administrative intellect who now constitute the majority of our civic councillors. We have no wish to dilate on this topic, which, perhaps, is rather foreign to our subject. It is, however, one of great importance, which the electors would do well to consider before the recurrence of another period of municipal change. We do not say broadly that the constitutional battle is to be fought at the civic polling-booths; but we do say this, that, by neglecting the latter, and by not assuming their fair share of municipal responsibility and action, the constitutional party are yearly losing ground in our cities and larger towns, and subjecting themselves to the recurrence of periodical political defeat.

In one other respect, those electors who wish well to the constitutional cause ought to take a lesson from the conduct of their opponents. The Radicals and Dissenters—we need hardly add, the Papists—are always upon the alert. They keep up their registrations, which the Conservatives do

not with anything like proper zeal—it being nothing unusual to find, on the eve of an election, that men who have possessed the necessary qualification for years, have never given themselves the trouble of applying to be placed on the roll. Not so is it with our opponents, who neglect no opportunity of adding to their electoral strength. On the occasion of an election, almost every man of them registers his vote; and further, they spare no trouble in the preliminary work of the canvass. They have a distinct object to gain, and they exert themselves as if the success depended upon the individual efforts of each. Whereas, among many of the Conservatives, there is a degree of apathy which is almost unaccountable. Some men cannot be brought to vote at all, either because they are actuated by whim, or are influenced by some personal considerations relating to the candidates. One man will not vote against a particular Liberal, because he has known him from his youth upwards. Another will not vote for a Conservative candidate, because he has had some squabble with him regarding railway matters. Another does not think that Lord Derby will get a working majority in the new Parliament, and therefore he declines to put his shoulder to the wheel. We need not comment upon the weakness, but we desire to point out the gross folly and miserable effects of such conduct. This is no ordinary crisis. Upon the success of Lord Derby depends the maintenance of Constitutional and Protestant principles in this country; and every vote which is withheld or thrown away adds to the chances of our adversaries. It is a scandalous thing that a Conservative voter, under any circumstances, should require persuasion to perform what is his manifest duty. If private considerations are to be allowed to interfere, when candidates are fairly in the field—if personal pique, or personal motives, are to be deemed more weighty than the claims of principle—if indolence and apathy are carried to such an extent that registered voters, of known opinions, will not take the trouble of even going to the poll—how can it be expected that the Government will be able to make head

against an active, fierce, and unscrupulous democracy? There is but one rule to be observed on such occasions as the present. Let no man calculate chances for himself, nor regulate his conduct according to his anticipations of the result of the contest. Wherever a Conservative candidate—one who will generally support the present Government, and uphold our Protestant institutions—is in the field, let him have the cordial, strenuous, and early support of every Conservative voter. If, in the mind of any, there exist personal objections to a candidate, let these be generously waived, on the consideration that it is not the man, but the cause, that they are called upon to support. Any show of lukewarmness at such a time has the effect of damping the spirits and chilling the enthusiasm of the more ardent and energetic of the party; it inspires our opponents with confidence, and, in many cases, may materially contribute to their success. And now we have done. Late as the period is, we are not without hope that the observations which we have ventured to make may be useful in confirming the minds of some, and in opening the eyes of others, to the vast importance of the contest which is about to take place. We cannot overrate its magnitude. This is the grand struggle between Constitutional principle and Democratic ambition—between Protestantism and Popery, now all the more dangerous, because we find it in intimate alliance with Liberalism and Infidelity—between

Nationality on the one side, and Cosmopolitanism on the other. We repeat, as we have said before, that, should Lord Derby fail in commanding a majority in the House of Commons, the return of the Whigs to power, in the same position and on the same principles as before, is absolutely impossible. We must, in that case, expect that all the parties who are at present using their utmost influence to obtain a return hostile to her Majesty's Ministers, will be represented in the next Cabinet; and should that event occur, it requires no prophet to foresee that the most reckless changes, and the most disastrous results, must inevitably occur. But we have little fear for the issue. If the Conservatives bestir themselves boldly and with becoming spirit—if the right-thinking men throughout the country who know the value of the blessings which they enjoy, and who are opposed to organic change, make their voices distinctly heard—they constitute a body more numerous and influential than that which is opposed to them, and which, even now, is making the most desperate exertions to obtain a majority in Parliament. Let us, on the other side, be resolute and active—let us comport ourselves as becomes the greatness and the dignity of our cause—and most assuredly we shall be able to defeat that foul and unnational coalition which has dared to menace the integrity of Church and State, of the Protestant faith, and of the time-honoured institutions of the realm.

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NORTH.

Milton, who had unremittingly studied the classical Art of Poetry, and who brought into the service of his great and solemn undertaking all the resources of poetical Art, which prior ages had placed at his disposal, whose learning, from the literature of the world, gathered spoils to hang up in the vast and glorious temple which he dedicated—He might, without offence to the devout purpose of his own soul, borrow from the devotion of those old pagan worshippers the hint, and partially the form, of those exordial supplications.

SEWARD.

He opens the *Paradise Lost* with Two Invocations. Both implore aid. But the aid asked in one and in the other is different in kind, as the Two Powers, of whom the aid is asked, are also wholly different. Let us look at these two Invocations in the order in which they stand.

“Of Man’s first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, heavenly Muse, that, on the sacred top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed,
In the beginning how the heavens and earth
Rose out of chaos: or, if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa’s brook that flow’d
Fast by the oracle of God; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.
And chiefly Thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for Thou know’st: Thou from the first
Wast present, and, with mighty wings outspread,
Dove-like, sat’st brooding on the vast abyss,
And mad’st it pregnant: what in me is dark,
Illumine: what is low, raise and support;
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.”

The First is taken, hint and form both, from Homer. Homer, girding up his strength to sing the war of confederated Greece against Troy and her confederates, makes over his own overpowering theme to a Spirit able to support the burden—to the Muse.

Sing, Goddess, he begins, the Anger of Achilles.

NORTH.

Even so Milton. After proposing in a few words the great argument of his Poem—that fatal first act of disobedience to the Creator, by which our First Parents, along with His favour, forfeited Innocence, Bliss, Immortality, and Paradise, for themselves and their posterity, until the coming of the Saviour shall redeem the Sin and loss—he devolves his own task upon a Muse, whom he deems far higher than the Muse of his greatest predecessor, and whom he, to mark this superiority, addresses as the *Heavenly Muse*.

TALBOYS.

She is the Muse who inspired on the summit now of Horeb, now of Sinai; when for forty years in retreat from his own people, yet under their Egyptian yoke, he kept the flocks of his father-in-law Jethro—the actual Shepherd who, from communing with God and commissioned by God, came down into Egypt again to be the Shepherd of his people and to lead out the flock of Israel.

SEWARD.

She is the Muse who, when the Hebrew tribes at length seated in the promised land—when Zion in the stead of Sinai was the chosen Mountain of God—inspired Psalmists and Prophets.

TALBOYS.

And the reason is manifest for the distinguishing of Moses. For all critics of the style of the inspired Writers distinguish that of Moses from all the others, as antique, austere, grave, sublime, as if there were in him who conversed personally with God greater sanctity of style, even as his face shone when he came down from the Mount; as the whole character and office of Moses was held by the Hebrews, and is held, perhaps, by us, as lifting him above all other prophetic leaders.

NORTH.

He was the founder of the Nation, and the type of the Saviour.

TALBOYS.

Milton desires for his work, all qualities of style, as the variable subject shall require them. Not only the high rank of Moses as the author of the Pentateuch required that he should be named, but this in particular, that Moses was the historian of the Creation and Fall.

NORTH.

One might for a moment be tempted to confound the inspiration here meant with that highest inspiration which was vouchsafed in those holy places, and which we distinguish by the unequivocal name of revelation. But on reflection we perceive it not possible that Milton should have ascribed such an office to an Impersonation—those awful Communications which distinguished those persons chosen by the Almighty to be the vessels of his Will to the Children of Men. His revelations, we are instructed to believe, are immediately from himself.

TALBOYS.

Somebody said to me once that Milton's First Invocation to the Muse is oppressed with Mountains; that it is as if he had shaken out what he had got under the head Mountains, in his Common-Place Book; and—

NORTH.

Somebody had better have held his tongue. No. They occur by natural association. He wants aid of the Muse who inspired Moses—I suppose, who sustained—that is, gave his style—of the other writers in the Old Testament. To suppose her visiting Moses on either peak of the Sacred Hill where he had his divine communions, is obvious and inevitable, and, I hope, solemn and sublime too. To suppose her accompanying the migration of the Israelites, and as she had devoutly affected their Sacred Mountain of the Wilderness, also devoutly affecting their Holy Mountain at the foot of which they built their Metropolis, is a spontaneous and unavoidable process of thought. Sinai and Sion represent, as if they contain embodied, the religion and history blended of the race. And if the divine Muse has two divine Hills, how can Milton help thinking of the quasi-divine Hill on which were gathered the nine quasi-divine Sisters? Doubtless, three distinct Mountains in the first sixteen lines, if absolutely considered, may seem cumbersome and overwhelming. But accept them for what they are in the Invocation; the two first localisings of the one Muse, they are easy. Why should not her wing skim from peak to peak? and Parnassus loom in the distance on the horizon.

SEWARD.

A more urgent and trying question is, *what* does he invoke? We have a sort of biographical information respecting the Address to the Spirit. Milton did believe himself under its especial influences, and the Address is a direct and proper Prayer. But *what* is this Muse? To us the old Muses—whatever they may have been to the Greeks—are Impersonations, and nothing more, of powers in our own souls. If name attest nature, such is the muse of Milton—a power of his own soul—but one which dwelt also in the soul of the great Hebrew shepherd. Say, for the sake of a determining notion, the power

of the austere and simple religious sublime. A human power, but moved by contact of the soul with divine subjects. Perhaps I say too bluntly that those old Muses were mostly but impersonations of human powers. An abstruse, difficult, and solemn part of our existence is touched, implicated. We find when we are deeply moved that powers which slept in us awake;—Powers which have before awaked, and fallen back in sleep;—Powers, too, that have never before awaked.

NORTH.

But what do we know of what is ultimate? If there is a contact of our spirits with the universal Spirit, if there are to us divine communions, influences, how do we know when they begin and end? It *seems* reverent and circumspect to view poetical inspiration as a human fact only, but we are not sure that it is not even more religious to believe that the unsuspected breath of Deity moves our souls in their higher and happier moments. Be they motions of our own souls, be there inferior influences mingled, those Muses were names for the powers upon this view—for the powers and mingled influences upon another. On the whole, I think that the distinction is here intended generally; and that the heavenly Muse represents the human soul exalted, or its powers ennobled by contact with illuminating and hidden influences—as the prophets Isaiah, Ezekiel, Jeremiah, have each quite the style of their own humanity in writing under the governance of the Spirit.

SEWARD.

I consider the free daring with which all Poets of the modern world, at least, have, for the uses of their Art, converted Powers and Agencies into imaginary beings. I consider the respects in which the Poet has need of AID. He wants aid if he is to penetrate into regions inaccessible to mortal foot or eye—if he is to disclose transactions veiled since the foundations of the world; but this aid the Muse cannot afford to the *Christian* Poet, and we shall presently see that he applies for it to a higher Source. But the Poet who undertakes to sing of Heaven and Earth, of Chaos and of Hell, who comprehends within his unbounded Song all orders of Being, from the Highest and Greatest to the Lowest and Least—all that are Good and all that are Evil, and all that are mixed of Good and Evil—and all transactions from the date, if we may safely so speak, when Time issued from the bosom of Eternity to the still distant date, when Time shall again merge in that Eternity out of which it arose, and be no more:—That Poet, if any, needs implore for a voice equal to his theme, a power of wing measured to the flight which he intends to soar; he needs for the very manner of representation which he is to use—for the very words in which he is to couch stupendous thoughts—for the very music in which his pealing words shall roll—aid, if aid can be had for supplication.

NORTH.

Yes, Seward. We consider these things. We consider the laborious, learned, and solemn studies, by which we are told, by which Milton tells us, that he endeavoured to qualify himself for performing his great work, and I propose this account of this first Invocation, stripped of its Poetical garb. In the first place, that the subject of desire to the Poet—the thing asked—is high, grave, reverend, sublime, fitted Style or Expression. As for the addressing, and the power of the wish, you may remember that, as we hear, employing human means, he assiduously read, or caused to be read, the profane, and his native, and the Sacred Writers—drawing thence his manner of poetical speech.

TALBOYS.

"Heavenly" Muse is opposed to "Olympian" Muse; as if "*Hebraic*" to "*Hellenic*;" as if "Scriptural" to "Classical;" as if "*Sacred*" to "*Profane*;" as if Muse of Zion to Muse of Pindus. Therefore we must ask—What "*Muse*" ordinarily means? We know what it meant in the mouth of a believing Greek. It meant a *real person*—a divine being of a lower Order. But Milton is a Christian—for whom those deities are no more. *They* are, in his eye, mere imaginations—air.

"For Thou art heavenly! *She* (the Hellenic) an empty dream."

And so already—

"The meaning, not *the name*, I call."

To wit, the Hellenic is to him a name—*air*.

SEWARD.

We must ask—What does, in ordinary Verse, not in sacred poetry, a Christian poet mean, when He names, and yet more when he invokes, the Muse—the Sacred Sisters nine? And we are thrown upon recognising the widely-spread literary fact—not unattractive or quite unimportant—that Christendom cherished this reminiscence of Heathendom; that, in fact, our poetry seems to rest for a part of its life upon this airy relic of a fled mythology—varied in all ways, Muse, Helicon, Hippocrene, &c. Greatest Poets, not poetasters, the inspired, not the imitative and servile—and at height of occasion.

Thus Shakspeare—

"O for a Muse of fire that would ascend
The highest heaven of invention!
A kingdom for a stage!" &c.

Spenser—at entering upon his vast Poem—

"Me all too mean the Sacred Muse areeds."

And the master of good plain sense in verse, Pope, acknowledges the ineradicably rooted expression—

"Drink deep, or taste not the *Pierian spring*."

I put these together, because I doubt not but that Milton in *choosing* and *guarding* (just like Tasso) the word, looked this practice of Christian, or christened poets, full in the face; and spoke, founding upon it. Muse, to his mind *inventing* his Invocation, had three senses. Imaginary Deity of a departed belief—An Authoritative Name, thence retained with affection and pride by Poets of the Christian world—Or, something new, which might be made for his own peculiar purpose, or which Tasso had begun to make, undertaking a Poem after a sort sacred.

TALBOYS.

I cannot believe that the word which has held such fond place in the minds of great poets, and all poets, can have been a dry and bald imitation of antiquity. Doubtless it had, and has, a living meaning; answers to, and is answered by, something in their bosoms—the Name to which Shakspeare and Spenser clung, and which Milton put by the side of the Holy Spirit and transplanted into Heaven.

NORTH.

Our attention is first reflectively directed upon recognised Impersonations in Poetry. But we are very much accustomed to misunderstand the nature of Poetry; for we are much accustomed to look upon Poetry as an art of intellectual recreation, and nothing more. Only as a privileged Art—an Art privileged to think in a way of its own, and to entertain, for the sake of a delicate amusement and gratification, illusory thoughts which have never had belief belonging to them. And meeting with Impersonations in poetry, we set down Impersonations amongst the illusory thoughts thus imagined and entertained for intellectual pleasure, and which have never been believed. It is a mistake altogether. Poetry has its foundation in a transient belief. Impersonations have held very durable belief amongst men. When we reflect and take upon us to become cognisant of our own intellectual acts, we are bound to become cognisant of these illusions—to know that they must have temporary belief—that they must not have permanent belief.

SEWARD.

"Sing, *Heavenly Muse*." Milton redeems the boldness of adventurously transplanting from a Pagan Mythology into a Christian Poem, and thus

imparts a consecration of his own to a Heathen word ; but the primitive cast and colouring remain, satisfying us that we must here understand an Imaginary Being.

NORTH.

The Seventh Book again opens with an Invocation for aid, and again to the same person.

We find in the opening verses the personality attributed with increased distinctness, and with much increased boldness. A proper name is given, and a new imaginary person introduced, and a new and extraordinary joint action attributed to the Two.

"Descend from Heaven, Urania—by that name
If rightly Thou art called—whose voice divine
Following, above the Olympian hill I soar,
Above the flight of Pegasean wing !
The meaning, not the name, I call : for Thou
Nor of the Muses nine, nor on the top
Of old Olympus dwell'st ; but, heavenly born,
Before the hills appeared, or fountain flowed,
Thou with Eternal Wisdom didst converse ;—
Wisdom thy sister, and with her didst play
In presence of the Almighty Father, pleased
With thy celestial song."

She is now named—*Urania*. (The former title given her—" *Heavenly Muse*"—is equivalent.) But because one of the Nine Muses was named *Urania*, he distinguishes—

"The meaning, not the name, I call."

She is described as conversing before the creation of this Universe, and playing with her Sister Wisdom, in the presence of God, who listens, pleased, to her song.

In this bold and tender twofold Impersonation, I seem to understand this.

Wisdom is the Thought of God respectively to the connection of Causes and Effects in his Creation, or to the Laws which constitute and uphold its Order : considered as Useful.

This Thought is boldly separated from God, and impersonated as One Sister.

Urania is the Thought of God, relatively to the Order and Harmony of his Works :—considered as Beautiful.

When God sees that his Creation upon each day is "good," (which expression Milton is careful to repeat upon each day,) we must understand that he regards it in *both* respects.

The Invocation is, therefore, placed with a perfect propriety at the beginning of the Book which is occupied in describing the Creation.

For the meaning here attributed to *Urania* *playing* with Wisdom before the pleased Father, compare the passage where the dance of the Angels has been compared to the motions of the stars, and the Speaker, the Archangel Raphael, adds :

"And in their motions harmony divine
So smooths her charming tones, that God's own ear
Listens delighted."

Where the audible harmony of the spheres and the song of *Urania* seem to be as nearly as possible one and the same thing—namely, Music—which is The Beautiful in one of its kinds, used, with extremely profound and bold imagination, for expressing The Beautiful in all its kinds.

Who is it that, in presence of the Everlasting Throne, converses with her sister, Eternal Wisdom ; plays with her—singing, the while, so that the awful Ear of Omnipotence bends from the Throne, listening and pleased ?

The majestic Invocation opens the Seventh Book of the *Paradise Lost* ; the Seventh Book of the *Paradise Lost* is occupied from beginning to end

in amplifying, with wonderful plenitude, exactness, beauty, and magnificence of description, the First Chapter in the Book of Genesis. In other words the Seventh Book of *Paradise Lost* describes the Week of Creation—the six days of God's working, and the seventh of His rest.

Milton moulds, at the height of poetical power, into poetical form thoughts that are universal to the Spirit of Man. What then, we must ask, are the two Thoughts that rise in the Spirit of Man, looking with its awakened and instructed faculties upon the Universe of God? Assuredly one is, wonder at the adaptation of Means to Ends—that fitness of which all human Science is nothing but the progressive, inexhaustible revelation. This is that Eternal Wisdom, whom the Poet daringly finds a distinct inhabitant of the Empyrean. The other thought, insuppressibly arising upon the same contemplation, is, wonder of the overwhelming beauty that overflows the visible creation. This is the *Heavenly Muse, Urania*. The purpose of the Divine Mind to create the Useful Order of Things is impersonated as *Eternal Wisdom*. The purpose of the Divine Mind to create the Beauty of Things is impersonated under a name which the Poet boldly and reverently supplies. Milton's description of the six days completely displays the two notions: it impresses the notion of Useful Order and Beauty.

SEWARD.

These verses, which introduce the Creation of Man on the sixth day, impress the two distinctly—

“Now Heaven in all her glory shone;”

—that is, for the Beautiful:

———“and roll'd
Her motions, as the first great Mover's hand
First wheel'd their course;”

—that is, for Useful Order.

“Earth in her rich attire
Consummate lovely smiled;”

—that is, for Beauty.

“Air, water, earth,
By fowl, fish, beast, was flown, was swum, was walked,
Frequent.”

Here is again the Adaptation, the Useful Order,

“Of all yet done;”—

namely, Man;—again Design, Order, Wisdom.

And when the whole work is finished, the *two characters* are set side by side, as answering, in the Mind of the Creator, to His antecedent purpose.

“Here finished He, and all that he had made
View'd,—and behold all was intensely good;
So even and morn accomplished the Sixth day:
Yet not till the Creator, from his Work
Desisting, though unwearied, up returned,
Up to the Heaven of Heavens, his high abode,
Thence to behold this new-created world,
The addition of his empire, *how it showed*
In prospect from his Throne, how GOOD, how FAIR,
Answering his great Idea.”

Here *good* expresses the *Useful Order*—*fair* the *Beauty*.

TALBOYS.

The Heavenly Muse descended upon Earth is then the God-given Intelligence, in the Human bosom, of The Beautiful. It is the Faculty, as we are more accustomed to speak, of the Sublime and Beautiful;—a human ability, raised in the sacred writers by divine communions—Milton desires, but can

hardly be thought in that first Invocation, or in this, (Book VII.) directly to pray, that the powers of his mortal genius may receive similar exaltation.

NORTH.

Speak boldly.

SEWARD.

I do.

TALBOYS.

The Heavenly Muse, in Heaven, is God's thought of the Beauty which shall be in the Universe to be created. The heavenly Muse, upon Earth, is the Thought or the Faculty of Beauty, as originally given to the soul of man, as nourished by all human ways, and specifically and finally as attuned and exalted by expressly religious contemplations and communions—in Moses by converse with God face to face, as a man with his friend. You remember Jeremy Taylor, sir—

NORTH.

I do.

TALBOYS.

In Milton, by reading the Scriptures, by prayer and meditation, by the holiest consciousnesses, in which he seems to have apprehended even for himself some afflux vouchsafed of spiritual help, light, and support more than ordinarily has been understood in the Protestant Church, if less than enthusiasts have claimed. In a word, the Heavenly Muse upon Earth is the Human Sense of Beauty fashioned to the uttermost, hallowed by the nearest approaches to the Deity that are permitted to the individual human person who happens to be in question, but who must be understood as one living under the revelation of the true God. In strictness of speech, Heavenly Muse upon Earth is at last, as I said, Scriptural Muse opposed to Classical Muse.

NORTH.

Well said, my excellent Talboys.

TALBOYS.

Upon our thoughts, my dear sir, the distinctions, Heavenly Muse in Heaven, upon Earth, visiting Moses, visiting Milton, four different aspects of one thing force themselves. Are they all well comprehended under one Impersonation?

NORTH.

Yes—from the bold nature of Impersonation, which comprehends always a *variable* thought. For Imagination blends and comprehends rather than it severs and excludes. It delights in conceiving that as another manner of acting in some imaginary being which the analytical understanding would class as a distinct metaphysical faculty. It delights in unity of creation; and, having created, in bestowing power, and in accumulating power on its creature. I have heard people say that Collins, in speaking of Danger—

“Who throws himself on the ridgy steep
Of some low-hanging rock to sleep”—

confounds the Power, Danger, and the endangered Man. But I say he was right in such poetical confusion of one with the other.

TALBOYS.

Might one word, my dear sir, be dropped in, purporting or reminding, that the Beautiful, or Beauty, is here used, with its most capacious meaning, to comprehend many other qualities distinct from the Beautiful taken in its narrowest acceptance among critics. For example, the solemn, the sublime, and many other qualities are included, that are distinct from the Beautiful, taken in the mere sense that critics have attached to it; all such qualities agreeing in this, that they affect the mind suddenly, and without time given for reflection, and that they appear as a glory poured over objects as over the natural universe. The large sense of the term Beauty belongs to a perfectly legitimate use of language—a use at once high and popular; as every one that the beauty of creation includes whatever affects us with irreflective

admiration—appears as a glory—stupendous forests—mountains—rivers—the solemn, boundless munificence of the starry firmament. Milton says there is terror in Beauty—and we may say there is a beauty in terror.

NORTH.

The holy Mind of the Poet has been represented from his life ; the holy aspirations of his Genius have been shown from the record of his literary purposes ; the holy meaning of the *Paradise Lost* from the Two Invocations. You may go on to examining the Poem well prepared ; for you now know in what Spirit of thought it was entered upon and composed, and in what Spirit of thought you must engage in, and carry through, the examination of the Poem. You can understand that Milton, sanctified in Will by a dedicated life—intellectually armed and accomplished by the highest mere human learning, as a Scholar, as a Thinker, as a Master of his own sublime and beautiful Art—enriched by more solemn studies, whether of God's written word or of its devout and powerful expounders, with all the knowledge, especially claimed by his task, which a Mind, capacious, profound, retentive, indefatigable, could bring to the celebration of this most stupendous theme ;—finally, led—as he, in all reverence, believed himself,—upheld, and enlightened by the Spirit of supernal grace, prayed for and vouchsafed ;—that He, coming,—by nature and by nurture such and so fitted,—to relate anew and at large—and as if He, the Poet, were himself enfolded with the garb of a Prophet,—as if He were himself commissioned from on High, and charged with a second, a more explicit and copious, an ampler and more unbosoming revelation,—that *History*, full of creating Love and provoked Wrath,—full of zeal and loyal truth, in pure angelical creatures, and of hateful revolt—full, in the lower creature, Man, at first of gracious and ineffable glory and bliss, and native immortality, then of lamentable dishonour, sin and misery, and death—You can readily conceive that Milton approaching to begin this Work, to which alone the desires, to which alone the labours, to which alone the consecration of his genius looked—that he, indeed, felt in his now near, in his now reached undertaking, a burthen overwhelming to his mortal strength ; and that his prayer, put up for support, rose indeed from his lips as men pray who are overtaken with some sharp fear and sore constraint.

TALBOYS.

Yet, sir, irreverence has been felt, and will be felt, by those who take low and narrow views, in the treating of sacred subjects, as themes of poetry.

NORTH.

Shall we stand back awed into silence, and leave the Scriptures alone, to speak of the things which the Scriptures declare ? This is a restraint which the Human Spirit has never felt called upon to impose upon itself. On the contrary, the most religious Minds have always felt themselves required in duty to dedicate their best faculties of reason to the service of religion—by inquiring into, and expounding, the truths of religion. But Reason is not the sole intellectual power that God has given to Man, nor the sole faculty by the use of which he will be glorified. Another power native to the same spirit, granted to it now in more scant and now in overflowing measure, is the faculty of verse and of poetical creation ; and it is no more conceivable that we are bound to withhold the efforts of this power from its highest avocations, than that we are under obligation to forbear from carrying our powers of rational investigation to the searching of the Scriptures.

SEWARD.

The sanctity of spirit in which Milton wrote hallows the work of Milton. He was driven back by no scruple from applying the best strength of his mind to the highest matters. Holding him justified for attempting the most elevated subjects in verse, we must bear in mind what is the nature of Poetry, and beware that we do not suffer ourselves to be unnecessarily alarmed or offended when we find the Poet, upon the highest occasions, fearlessly but reverently using the manner of representation inseparable from his Art.

NORTH.

What is this Manner of Representation ?

TALBOYS.

It may be said in a word. Poetry represents the Inward and the Invisible by means of the Outward and the Visible.

The First great law of poetical Creation is this: that the Kingdom of Matter and of the bodily senses, transformed by the divine energy of genius, shadows forth and images out the Kingdom of the Mind and of Spirit.

NORTH.

Accordingly, in this great poem, the name Heaven continually meets us as designating the blissful abode where the Omnipresent God is imagined as from eternity locally dwelling in light uncreated—the unapproachable splendour of his own effulgence. There, the Assessor of his throne, the Divine Son, sits “in bliss embosomed.” And there, created inhabitants, are the innumerable host of happy Angels. At first, all—whilst all stand upright—and until the sin of Satan casts out one-third part of the number. The Imagination of the poet supposes a resemblance to Earth; for beauty and delight—hills, rocks, vales, rivers and fountains, trees and Elysian flowers. Although he endeavours to dilate the fancy of his reader in speaking of Heaven with conceptions of immense extent, it is a limited, not a boundless, Heaven; for it is conceived as resting upon a base or firmament, and as being enclosed with crystalline walls. Palaces and towers, which the angels have built, are spoken of in Heaven.

The course of the Poem sometimes leads us into CHAOS. We are to imagine an infinite abyss of darkness, in which the formless embryos and elements of things toss and war in everlasting uproar. A Ruler and other spirits of darkness will be found dwelling there. Here height, breadth, and time and place are lost. But the tremendous gulf is permeable to the wings of angels. A more important seat of the transaction to which we shall be introduced is, “the place of evil,” made, after the rebellion of the Angels, their habitation and place of punishment—“the house of wo and pain”—HELL. It is described as having various regions—fiery and frozen; hideous mountains, valleys, and caves. Five rivers, named and characterised from those that flow through the Hell of classical antiquity—and, in particular, a boiling Ocean, into which the rebel Angels are supposed to fall. Notwithstanding the flames, a heavy gloom prevails throughout. It is immensely extended, but has a solid ground—“a dungeon horrible,” walled and overvaulted. The whole of the Fallen Angels are at first imprisoned in Hell. But they escape. Hell has Gates kept by Sin and her Son Death. The Fallen Angels build in Hell a palace and city called Pandemonium. Hell is situated in the lowest depth of Chaos, out of which it has been taken.

This Visible Universe is represented as built subsequently to, and consequently upon, the Fall of the Angels. You are to imagine this Earth of ours, the Moon, the Sun, the planets, the fixed stars, and the Milky Way—all that sight can reach—as enclosed in a hollow sphere: that is, firmly compacted. Satan alights upon its outside, and walks about it: and it serves to defend this enclosed visible Universe from the inroads of Chaos and primeval darkness. On the Earth, created in all the variety that we behold in it, excepting that the climates are all happy, our Two first Parents live in the Garden of Paradise, planted by God. The unimaginably vast enclosing Sphere hangs by a golden chain from the battlements of Heaven.

SEWARD.

Yes, sir, Poetry represents:—

Things of the Mind by Things of the Body—the Spiritual Kingdom by the Kingdom of Matter, or of the Senses.

TALBOYS.

So the world of *metaphors*, which express the powers and acts of the mind by organs and actions of the body, or by images from nature.

So, expressly, Allegory.

NORTH.

So, here, Spirits are clothed in visible human form. They walk, they fly

with wings. Their disagreeing becomes a War waged with violent weapons. High and Low in space have a moral meaning. So *ocular* light and darkness. Even the omnipresent God appears as having a local divine residence, and speaks with a voice. The Eternal Eye sees, the Eternal Ear hears. He sits, invisible through brightness, on a Throne.

These modes of thinking, or of representing rather, follow our minds. We may, by a great effort of abstraction, throw them off. It is for a moment. They return, and hold habitual dominion in our thoughts.

TALBOYS.

Milton has boldly given such determinate Shape, as to constitute a seeming reality, without which he would be without power over us—who *know* by our senses, *feel* by our senses—i.e. habitually attach feelings moved by things inward to things outward; as our love, moved by a soul, to a face.

NORTH.

It is remarkable that Poetry, which above all human discourse calls out into our Consciousness the Divinity that stirs within us, at the same time casts itself with delight into the Corporeal Senses, as if the two Extremes met, or that either balanced the others. We see a reason in this. Passion cleaves to the perceptions of the Senses. Upon these impressions Imagination still feeds and lives.

SEWARD.

Moreover, Nature herself shows us Man, now half as the Child, now half as the victim, now half as the victor—of his place.

TALBOYS.

Therefore, great Poetry, that will most potentially represent Man's innermost spirit, sets out, often, from his uttermost circumstances.

In the Philoctetes, and Œdipus at Colonus, what pains to delineate place!

What pains to make you present in the forest of Arden,—and in the Island!

NORTH.

This outward Picturesque, embosoming the Human Pathetic and Sympathetic, is known to the great Father of Poetry.

Homer paints for *eye* and ear; but usually with brief touches.

TALBOYS.

The predominance given in Verse to the Music over the Sense—the conspicuous power of the Music, perhaps calls the Soul into the Senses.

NORTH.

But there is a more comprehensive view. The Mind in the treatment of its Knowledge ranges between two Extremes. It receives the original givings of Experience, at the utmost particularised and individualised, determined under conditions of time, Place, Individuals. It reduces individuals into Kinds, actions into Laws, finds Principles, unveils Essences. These are the ultimate findings of Reason. The Philosophical Mind tends to these—dwells in these—is at home in these—is impatient of its knowledge whilst unreduced. This is the completed victory of Intelligence over its data. It is by Comprehension and Resolution the Reduction of Multitude into Unity. At the same time, the Mind leaves the turbulent element of Sense, and passes into a serene air, a steadfast and bright and cold sky. Now, then, Poetry dwells or makes a show of dwelling at the other extreme—in the forms as they were given. What semblance, what deception, may be in this, is another question. But this is her ostentation. She imitates to a deception, if she does not copy these original givings. She represents Experience, and this she does for the sake of the Power of Affection which attends the forms of Experience. For the most part these original givings are involved in sensible perceptions, Eye, Ear, Hand, and beating heart. How will you escape from them? Eye, above all, the reigning faculty of communing with Earth and Sky. So as that he who is shut out from the world of sight, seems to us to be shut out from the world; but he who is shut out from the world of Sound: not equally so. Nevertheless, that which Poetry requires is not—

TALBOYS.

You were going a few minutes ago to say something more about Impersonations, sir.

NORTH.

Nothing new. We are warranted by universal human experience in assuming it as a psychological fact, that we are formed with a disposition irresistibly carrying us to see in things out of ourselves, *ourselves reflected*—in things that are without life, will, and intelligence, we conceive life, will, and intelligence; and, when the law of a stronger illusion swaying our faculties constrains us to bestow an animated form, we bestow our own. By these two intellectual processes, which in one way or another are familiar to our experience, but which seem strange when we reflect upon them, and try to understand them, we make human-shaped Impersonations of inanimate things, and of abstract notions! If we would know the magnitude of the dominion which this disposition constraining us thus to Impersonate has exercised over the human mind, we must go back into those ages of the world when this disposition exerted itself, uncontrolled by philosophy, and in obedience to religious impulses, when Impersonations of inanimate Objects and Powers, of Moral Powers, and of notions formed by the understanding, filled the Temples of the nations with visible Deities, and were worshipped with altars and incense, hymns and sacrifice.

TALBOYS.

If not new, how beautifully said, sir! These for the second time.

NORTH.

If we will see how hard this dominion is to eradicate, we must look to the most civilised and enlightened times, when severe Truth has to the utmost cleansed the understanding from illusion, and observe how tenaciously these imaginary beings, with imaginary life, hold their place in our Sculpture, Painting, Poetry, and Eloquence; nay, and in our quiet and common speech; and if we should venture to expatiate in the walks of the profounder emotions, we shall sometimes be startled with the sudden apparition of boldly-impersonated thoughts, upon occasions that did not seem to promise them, whereof one might have thought that interests of overwhelming moment would have effectively banished the play of imagination!

SEWARD.

Impersonation is the highest poetical figure. It is in all degrees and lengths, from a single expression up to the Pilgrim's Progress and Fairy Queen.

TALBOYS.

Good, Seward.

SEWARD.

It is, as you say, strongly connected with this disposition in the human mind, to produce—and believe in Power in external nature—Nymphs, Genii, Fairies, Neptune, Vulcan, Apollo, and every belief in mythology. This disposition is, the moment it sees effects which strongly affect it, to embody upon the spot the cause or power which produced them. In doing this in the old unenlightened world, it filled Nature with Deities, and not Nature only, but the human mind and life. Love was a Deity; Fear and Anger were; Remorse was in the Furies; Memory was Mnemosyne; Wisdom was in Pallas; Fortune was, and Ate; and Necessity and Death were Deities.

TALBOYS.

I seem to have heard all that a thousand times before.

SEWARD.

So much the better. In some of Homer's descriptions, names that look like Impersonations are mixed with acknowledged Deities—Remorse, for instance, with Fear and Flight, which Virgil copies. Now, I don't know what he meant. I hope, for the sincerity and simplicity of his poetry, that they are not his own Impersonations for the occasion, walking with Deities of national belief.

TALBOYS.

Eh?

SEWARD.

The moment you allegorise fabulous poetry—that is, admit it to have been allegorically written, you destroy from it the childlike verity of belief.

TALBOYS.

Eh?

NORTH.

Now in whatever way we are to understand these Impersonations, the result as to our question is much the same.

SEWARD.

What question, sir?

NORTH.

What question? If they are meant as *real*, though not Impersonations of the Poet, they were Impersonations of the human mind from an earlier and more believing time. Whether they were simply and purely from human feeling, in the bosom of human society, or were framed for the belief of others by the skilful artificers of belief, is not of positive moment as to the evidence to the operations and dispositions of the human mind. Those who presided over the national life of every religion might deliberately contrive, and might deliver over to the credence of their nation, imaginary powers, conceived with inventive imagination, as a Poet conceives them. But the very inventions, and still more the simple faith that received the inventions, show the intellectual disposition to embody in living powers the causes of effects. The faith of the people shows further the disposition and ability of the human mind to attribute reality, and that by force of feeling, to the creations of its own intellect, and particularly its aptitude to cleave to those creations in which it embodies power of which it strongly feels the effects. But I would rather believe that such faith has often formed itself in the bosom of simple societies without devisers—that men have conceived and felt till they believed; that they felt delight and beauty in a gushing fountain till they believed in a presiding spirit as fair—that the sun, the giver of light and warmth, of the day and of the year, could not appear to them a mere star of day, a larger, brighter fire. They felt a gift in his rays, and in their influence, and deified the visible orb. They thought of—they saw the terrors of war, and believed that some Power delighting in blood stirred up the hearts of men to mutual destruction.

TALBOYS.

If those ancient poets in whom this mythology remains, are to be received sometimes as delivering known and accepted names as beings, sometimes as supplying from their momentary inventions unreceived names, then this view of the case also affords proof of the same disposition we have spoken of. It shows the disposition of men to believe in powers the immediate causes of impressive effects; and the Poet must be conceived as suggesting and delivering the shape and name of Powers which it is already believed must be, though themselves are not known—not as inventing them deliberately and ornamentally, nor as declaring them from an assured and assumed knowledge. This disposition to produce shapes of powers which in early ages is attended with positive belief, afterwards remains in imagination—art, though not extinct in the work of our mind for dealing in realities. Do we, sir, ever divest ourselves of a belief in Death, Chance, Fate, Time? But a strong belief overrules with us all such illusions of fancy, withdrawing all power to the great source of power. Therefore, such a disposition, though it continues, is in real thought much oppressed and stifled, and shows itself almost accidentally, as it were, rather than in any constant opinion, for in deliberate opinion it cannot hold. But in Poetry, even in Eloquence, it remains. There we allow ourselves in illusion; and the mind leaps up with a sort of rejoicing, to recover its old liberty of deceiving itself with splendid fictions.

SEWARD.

Which is again an instance of the two different forms in which Imagination is seen in the earlier and later age—in the first, realised in belief—in the last, having its domain in the avowedly ideal world of Poetry.

NORTH.

I confess, my dear friends, it appears to me not easy to explain how the mind is enabled, desire it as much as it will, to pour its own capacities into insensate things. When Lear says, "Nature, hear! dear Goddess, hear!" his passion will not believe but that there is a hearer and executor of its curse; and it imagines nature capable of hearing. "If prayers can pierce the clouds and enter heaven, why then, give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses." Does not all Passion that addresses itself to inanimate objects throw into them a feeling? Would not the Invocation be idle to the unresponsive and unhearing? This, then, is the nature of human passion, that, when vehement, it cannot conceive that its will is not to be fulfilled. If there are no adequate ministers, inadequate ministers must take their place. Inanimate things must become agents. "Rise, rise, ye wild tempests, and cover his flight."—"Strike her young bones, ye taking airs, with lameness." This is one demand, then, of passion, the execution of its purposes. Another demand of passion is sympathy. This, we know, is one of its first and strongest demands. If, then, men will not, or are not present to sympathise, that which surrounds must. The boiling passion finds it easier to believe that winds and rocks feel with it, than that it is sole, and cut off from all participation. Hence the more exuberant passion animates things, our own gladness animates nature.

SEWARD.

And how well has Adam Smith said how our sympathy includes the dead! Of all that feel not, it may with the readiest illusion embrace those who once felt; and what do we *know* that they do not yet feel? Now, if this can be granted as the nature and power of passion, that, without any better ground than its own uncontrollable efflux, it can blend itself into that which is around it—that it believes lightnings and floods will destroy, merely from the intensity of will with which it wills them to destroy—though here the fitness for destruction is a reason; but if it imagines that, undestroying, they will rise to destroy, that peace shall be converted into danger, and sleep into anguish, that food shall not nourish, and winds shall not waft, rather than it shall be left without vengeance, or baffled; then may we say that there is in Passion an absolute power of carrying itself out into other existence, and that no other condition, in such existence, is necessary, save that it shall become *obviam* to passion in its mood. If so, then, of course, any reason from analogy or causation becomes a very potent one to attract such passion and opinions formed by passion. Let this be established in passion at its fiercest, wildest height, and the principle is obtained. It is then the disposition of the mind under emotion to diffuse its emotion, bending the things around to suit its purposes, or at least filling them with sympathy with itself. In either case, upon this reason, that only so can the will which rises with its emotion ever be satisfied. This principle given, strongest in strongest passion, but accompanying all emotion, is the root of Impersonation. All intellectual analogies, all coincidences of reality with the demands of emotion, will quicken and facilitate this act of the mind; but neither analogies nor coincidences, nor any other inclining reasons, are requisite. The emotion will reconcile and assimilate any object to itself, if it is reduced to them. Here then is a principle sufficient to animate all nature, all being, and to any extent or height. This seems to be the foundation of Impersonation—that it is the nature of man to fill all things with himself. It is plainly a radix for all poetical Impersonation. He makes and reads everywhere reflection of mind; he does this without passion, that is, not without feeling—for in all ordinary thought there is feeling—but without transported passion. His strong passions in their transport show us in plainer evidence how he involves all things with himself, and subjects all things to himself; and his gentler feelings do the same. He is almost the cause of a world of mind revolving round and upon himself—he makes himself such a centre; this is the constant temper and the habitual mode of conceiving and hearing of all minds.

TALBOYS.

We seem, sir, to be talking of Imagination?

NORTH.

If the act of imagination is the perception of the sublime—of the beautiful, of the wonderful—then pleasure is an element of the product;—for without pleasure, the Sublime, the Beautiful, the poetically wild or solemn, does not exist. All other ingredients, if pleasure be absent, leave the compound imperfect—the thing undone. Therefore Addison says boldly, the pleasure of Imagination, whom Akenside follows. But further, Talboys—I believe that in Imagination poetical, there is always—or almost always—Illusion. I cannot get it out of my head as a main element. In its splendour, this is past doubt—in Impersonation—Apostrophe to the dead, or absent, or unborn—Belief is in the power of your curses—seeing the past or future as present; and in the whole fiction of Epos or Drama, the semi-belief in the life and reality of the feigned personages.

TALBOYS.

A certain degree of passion, sir, appears to be requisite for supporting Illusion. We well know that in all the history of Passion, to produce illusion is the common operation. Why not in Imagination?

NORTH.

In natural passion, gentlemen, the Illusion reigns unchecked. In the workings of poetical imagination the Illusion is tempered and ruled, subdued under a Law, conformed to conditions and requisitions of art. Men resist the doctrine of Illusion. They dislike to know to what an immense extent they are subject to Illusions. I have no conception of Beauty or Sublimity that does not require, for effecting it, some transfusion of life and spirit from our own soul into the material object—some transmutation of the object. If so, the whole face of the Universe is illuminated to us by Illusion.

TALBOYS.

If you are asked in what parts of the Iliad Imagination assumes its most powerful sceptre, you cannot help turning to the supernatural. Everything about Gods and Goddesses—Olympus—Jupiter's nod—Vulcan making armour—all the interpositions. The terrestrial action is an Isle that floats in a sea of the marvellous; but this is for us at least Illusion—fictitious creation—the top of it. So in Shakspeare; for we are obliged to think of the Ghosts, Witches—Caliban—Ariel.

NORTH.

Existences, which we accept in the sheer despite of our knowledge—that is, of reason. The rational king of the Earth, proud of his reason, and ignorant of his Imagination, grows ashamed when the facts of his Imagination are obtruded upon him—denies them—revolts from them. To restore the belief and faith in Imagination, and to demonstrate its worth, is an enterprise obligatory on philosophy. The world seems returning to it, for a while having abhorred it. Our later poets have seen both Cause and Effect. Do you believe that thinking a child like a flower does not increase your tenderness for him or her, and that the innocence of the flower does not quicken and heighten by enshrining its beauty? Child and Flower give and take.

TALBOYS.

Excellent. We put down, then, as the first stone in all such argument—that the act of Imagination—or the poetical act—be they one or two, is accompanied with belief.

SEAWARD.

Fancy, Wit, have a touch of belief.

TALBOYS.

Even a play upon words has a motion towards belief.

NORTH.

No metaphysician has ever, that I have read, expounded belief. Has Hartley? This quasi-belief, or half-belief, against better knowledge, must be admitted as a sure fact or phenomenon. I don't care how hard it

may be to persuade anybody to believe as the foundation of a philosophy an absurdity, or self-contradictory proposition, "That you believe to be true, that which you know to be false." There the fact is; and without it you build your house in the air—off the ground. Soften it—explain it. Say that you know for one moment, and in the next know the contrary. Say that you *lean to belief*—that it is an impression, half-formed—imperfect belief—a state of mind that has partaken of the nature of belief—that it is an impression resembling belief—operating partial effects of belief. But unquestionably, no man, woman, or child has read a romance of Scott or Bulwer or Dickens, without seeing their actions and sufferings with his soul, in a way that, if his soul be honest, and can simply tell its own suffering, must by it be described as a sort of momentary belief. What are the grief, the tears, the joy, the hope, the fear, the love, the admiration, and half-worship—the vexation, the hate, the indignation, the scorn, the gratitude, yea, and the thirst of revenge—if the pageant floats by, and stirs actually to belief? The supposition is an impossibility, and the theory lies on our side, and not on Johnson's, who has nothing for him but a whim of rationalism. I take novels—because in them it is a common proof, though this species be the less noble. But take Epos from the beginning. Take Tragedy—take Comedy—and what is, was, or will it be, but a half-unsubstantial image of reality, waited upon by a half-substantial image of belief, the fainter echo of airy harps? My drift is, that our entire affection, passion—choose your word—attended with pleasure and pain of heart and imagination—the love, the hate in either, are the sustaining, actuating soul of the belief. Evidence, that as the passion thrills, the belief waxes, and that—

SEWARD.

Clear as mud.

TALBOYS.

As amber.

NORTH.

I see in Imagination a power which I can express to my own satisfaction by two terms, of which you, Seward, sometimes look as if you refused me the use, disabling me from defining for you. For myself, I see "Passion moulding or influencing Intellectual Forms." As the language stands hitherto, I do not see my way of getting out of the two terms. You want, on the lowest steps, a very elementary description—something far below the Poet—something as yet far short of the sublime, the beautiful, and the wonderful. Tell me some one who has felt fear, or anger, or love, or hate—how these have affected for him the objects of simple apprehension or of conception; of sight, for instance—of sound? Has anything through his fear seemed larger—through his hate wickeder, than it is? For that differencing of an object by a passion, I know no name but Imagination. It is the transformation of a reality; that seems to me to be the ground of what we more loftily apprehend under the name Imagination.

The great differences in the different psychological states and facts arising out of the different passions or passionate moments, are various, endless. Such influences from pleasure and pain, from loves of some sort, and from hates of some sort, take effect for us in all the objects with which we have intercourse. They maké what it is to us. They make man what he is to us. They are the life of our souls. They are given to all human spirits.

SEWARD.

We have, all of us, clean forgotten Milton.

SCENE II.—*The Van.* TIME—*Midnight.*

NORTH—TALBOYS—SEWARD.

NORTH.

May the bond of Unity lying at the heart of the *Paradise Lost*, be said to be the following *Ethical Dogma*?

"The Good of the created rational Intelligence subsists in the conscious consent of his Will, with the holy Will of the Creator."

His Good:—i. e. his innocence and original happiness, whilst these last:—his virtue and regained happiness, if he attain virtue and regain happiness:—these and the full excellence of his intellectual and natural powers—

TALBOYS.

It is Ethical, and more than Ethical.

NORTH.

The Innocence and Fall of the Rebel Angels:—The Bliss and Loyalty of the Upright:—(Consider Abdiel:) The Innocence and Fall and Restoration of Man:—are various Illustrations of this great Dogma. The Restoration, as respects Man himself:—and far more eminently as respects the person of the *Uncreated Restorer*.

SEWARD.

This central Thought, radiating in every direction to the circumference, cannot be regarded as a theological notion, coldly selected for learned poetical treatment. The various and wonderful shaping-out, the pervading, animating, actuating, soul-like influence and operation;—direct us to understand that in the Mind of Milton, through his day of life, a vital self-consciousness bound this Truth to his innermost being:—that he loved this Truth;—lived in and by this Truth. Wherefore the Poem springs from his Mind, by a moral necessity.

TALBOYS.

Four great aspects of Composition, or Four chief moods of Poetry appear in the *Paradise Lost*. 1. The Sublime of disturbed Powers in the *infernal Agents*:—fallen and, ere they fall, warring. 2. *Heaven in humanity*: while Adam and Eve are "yet sinless."—A celestial Arcadia.—The purer Golden Age. 3. *Man, Earthly*: when they have eaten.

"I now must change *Those* notes to TRAGIC."

4. *Heaven*;—extended, wheresoever the good Angels go.

These Four greatly dissimilar aspects are each amply displayed:—and much as they differ, are wonderfully reconciled.

SEWARD.

Milton sets before our eyes in utmost opposition, God and Satan—i. e. Good and Evil, namely—*Good*, as Holiness and Bliss inseparably united in God—*Evil*, as Wickedness and Misery united inseparably in Satan.

NORTH.

The Poem represents the necessary eternal War irreconcilable of the Two—throughout the Creation of God—namely, first in Heaven the abode of Angels—next upon Earth the abode of Men.

SEWARD.

The Poem represents in Heaven and upon Earth, God as the willing infinite Communicator of Good:—as, in Heaven and upon Earth the perpetual Victor over Evil.

TALBOYS.

And Evil—in Heaven and upon Earth as necessarily *Self-Destructive*: *videlicet*, in this visible shape: that from God's Heaven and from God's Earth all reason-gifted Doers of Evil—that is, all doers of moral Evil—are cast out into perdition.

NORTH.

The Poet himself has declared in the outset the purpose of his Poem. It is to establish in the mind of his readers the belief in the Two great Truths:—That the Universe is under the government of Eternal and Omnipotent Wisdom:—and that this Government, as far as it regards Mankind, is holy, just, and merciful. This essential truth, infinitely the most important that can be entertained, since it comprehends all our good, all our evil—all happiness, all misery—temporal—eternal;—all the destinies and conditions of the human race;—was worthy the taking-in-hand of such a Teacher. This truth He *might have* illustrated, from *any* part of human history;—and with great power and evidence from a great many parts—both for obedience and for disobedience—in the case of individuals *and* of communities.

But He found one part of human history, where this truth shines out in its utmost strength—namely, where the Obedience and Disobedience are those of two individuals, and, at the same time, of all Mankind;—and where the illustration of the truth is beyond all comparison convincing, since the conjunction of the Happiness and the Obedience is *here* promulgated—since the Happiness and the Obedience are *here* formally bound together—the Disobedience and the Misery—by the promising and the menacing voice of the Almighty.—The *Disobedience takes effect*;—and first creates human misery.

SEWARD.

Milton took then this instance, *preferable* to all others, because above all others it emblazons, as if in characters written by the finger of Heaven, the Truth which he would teach;—notwithstanding the stupendous difficulties of the attempt into which he plunged;—committing himself, as He thus did, to unfolding before mortal gaze the Courts of Heaven;—to divulging for mortal ears colloquies held upon the celestial everlasting Throne;—to delineating the War of Creatures (*i. e.* the Angels) against the Creator, &c. &c.

NORTH.

Observe, moreover, that, although Man's Obedience and Fall from Obedience is the *theme* undertaken, yet the *Truth* undertaken has other illustration, in the Poem, and reaches into higher Orders of Being. For instance, in the Order of Angels, there occurs *twofold* illustration—namely,

1. By the Opposition presented of unfallen and fallen Angels.

2. And, amongst the rebellious Angels themselves, by the unspeakable contrast exhibited of their first happy and their second unhappy state;—their sinless glory and their horrible punishment.

Far higher yet,—immeasurably higher,—in the divine Messiah, the *Obedience* is the grace, the glory, and the happiness of his Being!

TALBOYS.

God is the Creator and Upholder—*Satan*, the Destroyer. *God* is the rightful Monarch of the Universe, unassailably seated on his everlasting Throne. *Satan* ever attempts Usurpation, and is ever baffled.

Pride is the inward Self-exaltation of a Creature. Observe that *Exaltation* is proper *raising from* a lower degree held to a higher degree, not before held. *God* is eternally the Highest;—a state which precludes the idea, strictly spoken, of *Exaltation*.

NORTH.

Therefore, to *Satan*, as proud, is opposed the *Self-humiliation* of the Son—whom *God* thereupon exalts.

Pride, in *Satan*, considered as *undue Self-exaltation*, stands (when we follow out the opposition in which he stands to *God*) opposed to *due*, legitimate, rightful height, or Supremacy, Sovereignty. *Satanic Pride* is undue self-exaltation, at the height, in the Creature.

But this, in the Creature, is a self-enthroning, a self-idolising, a self-deifying.

SEWARD.

The Creature *depends* upon the Creator. The Creature is bound to the Creator by a million of distinct relations.

If you ask for One Relation, that shall contain all the others, it is *this One*,

Dependency. That is to say, that, so long as you own your dependency, so long is there no true relation that you can deny. But, if you deny your dependency, therewith and therein you deny *all* your other true relations. The *first* motion towards (i. e. in the direction of—i. e. relating to) God, of pride in the proud Creature, is the denial of *dependency*. Satan *denies his dependency*. Both in the *Past*—for he denies his Creation, and avers that he had never heard such a thing mentioned. And in the *Present*, by renouncing his allegiance, opening war, &c. He denies the Creature's continual derivation from the Creator, when he says, (as if in the *Future*,) "our own right hand *shall teach us* highest deeds."

NORTH.

If it should appear necessary to vindicate expressly and at length the character which has been affirmed as one main character of the *Paradise Lost*, namely, that it is an *Ethico-didactic* Poem, the proofs offer themselves to the hand more thickly than that they can easily be all gathered.

They are *Implicit* and *Explicit*. The *Implicit* or inferential Proofs—Proofs involved in the tenor of the displayed History, and which are by reflection to be drawn out and unfolded—are of several kinds, and, in each, of the highest description.

Thus, the Main Action of the Poem, or the *Fall of Man*, teaches us that the Goodness and Happiness of the Creature subsists in the inviolable conformity of his Will to the holy Will of the Creator. Thus again :—The great Action is *inductive* to this Main Action—that is to say, *The Fall of the Angels*, which, by an easily-springing sequence of Moral Causes and Effects, brings on the Temptation, and, too easily, the Seduction of Man—as loudly inculcates the same sublime and all-comprehending Ethical Truth. And thus again :—That Third *highest* Action, which is incorporated into the Main action—*The Redemption of Man*—provided, in the Counsel of God, as remedial to the fatal Catastrophe of the Fall, and, according to the reverently-daring representation of the Poet, as undertaken in Heaven even ere the need that asks for it has befallen in Paradise upon Earth—this awful Mystery of the Divine interposing Grace irresistibly preaches the same solemn doctrine. Hell, and Earth, and Heaven proclaim with One Voice :—"Cleave, Oh Child of dust and Heir of Immortality, cleave and cling inwardly, by thy love—by thine obedience, outwardly—to the all-wise and all-righteous Will, which has called the Worlds and their Inhabitants into Being, and has imposed upon the worlds, and upon those which inhabit them, its bountiful and upholding Laws!—O cleave and immovably cling to that holy and gracious Will, which the Angels forsook and they fell!—which Man deserted, and—He fell!—which the Son of Man fulfilled, and He lifted up fallen and lost, but *now restored* Man to the peace of God upon this Earth, and to the bosom of God in Heaven."

SEWARD.

Such, explicitly worded, is the admonishment, grave and high, which continually peals amidst the majestic and profound harmonies of this consecrated Poem—the admonishment the most loudly, the most distinctly heard.

TALBOYS.

Milton represents inordinate Pride, or the temper, in excess, of inward self-exaltation, as the chief element in the personal character of Satan; yet the great Archangel has maintained his Obedience to the Almighty King. The opinion of wrong done to himself, of an imposed humiliation in another's exaltation exasperating his haughty self-idolatry, first rouses him into active disloyalty and rebellion, and to the desire and endeavour of dispossessing the Monarch of Heaven, and reigning in his stead. The open outward war which Satan is represented as waging with sensible weapons and armoury, with innumerable spirits banded in confederacy upon his part—the setting up his own throne in the north—the march across heaven—the attempt, such as it is described, at invading the very throne of Omnipotence—amongst other lights in which they may be contemplated, may be contemplated in this light, namely, that the Outward expresses, depicts the Inward.

The proud Apostate Spirit, in conceiving offence and displeasure at God's rule and ordinance, has already within his own mind rebelled against God—he has made his own Mind the field of an impious war.—We must conceive within his mind a sovereign throne erected, whereupon,—so long as He remained obedient, loyal, good,—the rightful Monarch sate, in undisputed supremacy.—From that Throne within his mind, as soon as Satan rebels, in will, God is dispossessed:—and on that internal usurped Throne the rebel now sits;—in imagination, his own King, and his own God. That which outwardly he attempts, and in which outwardly he must fail:—that inwardly he has attempted—and in that—attempts it—inwardly He must succeed.

NORTH.

A Spirit created good and great has voluntarily foregone its native inborn goodness, and, in consequence, involuntarily foregoes its native inborn greatness. There is in the Universe but one fountain of all that is holy, divine, good, amiable or pure.—This left, we drink troubled waters. No one can tell the alliances of wrong with wrong. Truth, justice, good-will—alone are magnanimous. He who has been shown at the highest of self-power,—of intellectual strength—of empire over spirits—of their willing idolatry, which extols him equal to the Highest in Heaven,—He is gradually brought down low, lower, lowest—by voluntary and imposed humiliation:—self-incarnate in bestial slime—turned into a monstrous serpent on his belly prone, and hissing amongst hissing. Has Milton in painting the fallen Archangel changed his hand, and checked *his* pride? He has delineated for our admiration; he has delineated for our scorn—for our pity, also.

TALBOYS.

One meaning pervades the delineation. The pride which alienates Satan from God, alienates him at last from himself.—He is wicked, and the ways of wickedness are crooked and creeping. The haughtiest of spirits in seeking to revenge his just punishment stoops to the lowest abasement. A great lesson is written on the front of this great revolution. A mind has let go of its only stronghold, and it slips lower and lower. We have seen a Spirit exalted in the favour of the Creator;—high in rank, strong in power, rich in gifts, radiant with glory, seated in bliss;—and the same cast down into misery and into dishonour. The Cause is, that he has deserted Obedience and Love.

NORTH.

This is not a picture removed to a distance from us, to be looked at with wonder. It is a lesson for each of us.

Can we not imagine the Poet himself telling us this?

Can we not raise our thoughts, to fancy Milton drawing the moral of his astonishing picture?

"You are Spirits," he might say to us—"the creation of the same hand. Heavenly gifts are yours, and heavenly favours; and notwithstanding the fall of man, gleams, vestiges are yours of heavenly glory. To you the same choice is offered of adhering, or of separating yourselves. In you is the same ground of temptation, the same difficulty of adhering, a misunderstood *self-love*. You too are tempted to enthrone self upon the usurped throne of the divine legislator. To obey the law of right—to follow out the law of love, is only difficult because we feel, in every instance of being called upon so to do, that we are called upon to make some sacrifice of ourselves. It is an error—a mistaken feeling. We are called upon to sacrifice not ourselves, but a *present inclination*, which self suggests. Make the sacrifice—obey, fulfil the law that makes the claim upon you, and you will find that you have relinquished a fallacious, for a real good. Follow the false inclination, and you will find that instead of enthroning yourselves in the despite of Heaven's King, you have begun to descend steps of endless descent.—Be warned by terrible example."

TALBOYS.

We see of mankind some that are lifted up in power and exalted by their native powers—mighty minds holding ascendancy over other minds—Kings

—Conquerors—Philosophers—sitting upon the thrones of the Earth, or upon intellectual thrones. To them there is the same hazard. There is the same inward solicitation of pride—the same impulse to self-idolatry. They would usurp—would extend power. Adversaries of God and Man—and knowing themselves for such—the madness of Ambition seizes upon their hearts, and on they go. They seek Exaltation—they find abasement. The false aggrandisement which they have laboured to acquire may or may not be wrested from them. But assuredly the inward abasement will hold on its appointed way.

Their end is high, but their means will be low. Ambition disjoined from good is divorced from true greatness. The consciousness of right aims alone sustains the genuine self-respect of the mind, struggling its way through the obstacles which the strife of human affairs presents. One law—one principle—one rule of action—takes dominion of the spirit which has surrendered itself to the allurements of a selfish ambition:—It has One Motto—one war-cry—“*To succeed!*”—The character of the means can no longer be a reason for declining them—and the proudest of Men stoop the lowest.

SEWARD.

If we read the History of humankind, we see this in the slaves to the lust of earthly empire:—in the slaves to the lust of renown. They suffer a double change from the higher and better nature given them. They have hardened themselves against shame. They harden themselves too against pity.—What does the misery which he strews in his path trouble the *famous conqueror*?—His chariot-wheels crush under them the gardens of humanity—He rides over human heads.—And what does it concern him who uses the high gifts of intelligence not for extending the useful domains of human knowledge,—but for aggrandising his own name—what does it concern him though, to plant his proud reputation, and multiply the train of his adherents, he must pull down heavenward hopes, in millions of human hearts?—that he must wither in them the flowers of the affections?—that he must crush the sacred virtues, which repose upon received belief?—The hero of Infidelity recoils as little from these consequences of his fame as the hero of a thousand battle-fields.

NORTH.

There is withal a Pride, which, whilst dwelling with the mind, is rebellion. There is a Pride of the Creature, which reluctantly acknowledges, which refuses to acknowledge, benefits derived from the Creator.

TALBOYS.

Yes; self-contradictory as the mood of mind seems, there is a temper in man, which may be certainly recognised, that throws off the obligation of gratitude and the belief of dependence. Thus, the feeling of Pride in intellectual talents implies that he who is in this way proud, views his talents, in a measure, as originally his own. He refers them to himself, and not beyond. If he looked at them as given, there would be an end of Pride, which would give way to the sense of heavy responsibility.

NORTH.

What a great passage in Milton is that descriptive of—

TALBOYS.

Upon a day of the heavenly year the Almighty Father, upon his Holy Mount, before the assembled Angels, manifests the Son—proclaims the Son, the head over all Principalities and Powers, and requires to be paid him accordingly the homage and obedience of the whole angelical host. The whole angelical Host pay, as required, their homage. But not all gladly and sincerely. One of the highest Archangels—if not the highest—whose heavenly name is heard no more—but upon Earth and in Hell he is called Satan and Lucifer—envies and revolts in heart at this new vicegerency. He intends rebellion:—beguiles the next Angel in authority under him, and with him, pretending a command from the celestial King, withdraws the legions who are bound in service to his hierarchal standard into the northern quarter of Heaven. With such precision does Milton dare to imagine, even in the

highest, the scenes and procedure of his Poem. There the false Archangel proposes to his followers that they shall resist the ordinance imposing a new reign over them. The followers thus addressed are *one third part* of the whole celestial host. One Seraph resists—refuses to forego his original, proper allegiance, and flies back. The rest march in arms against the Mount of God. They are encountered by an equal number of the faithful Angels. Two days the fight rages in the celestial fields. The second of the two days closes the unequal, hopeless conflict. The Messiah goes forth to war; and the rebellious angelical multitude are precipitated from the verge of Heaven into the fiery pit of Hell, newly created, and yawning to receive the vanquished and cast-out numbers without number from their unimaginable fall.

NORTH.

What, according to Milton, is Pride? Milton's answer is in one word. Satan aspires to sit upon the Throne of God. Then in angel or in man there is but one meaning of the word Pride. He unseats God, and sets up another—namely, Self—in his place. The comparison of Man's Sin to Satan's, is by Milton distinctly affirmed. The Almighty says—

“ ——— *Man disobeying,*
Disloyal breaks his fealty, and sins
Against the high supremacy of heaven,
Affecting Godhead.”

I suppose the meaning to be universally applied to man's transgression—namely, to break a law is virtually to set aside the Lawgiver, and to legislate for yourself. The act may, indeed, be more or less conscious, wilful, reflective; may more or less *intend* siege and defiance to Heaven. Proud Sin *most intends* this; and even the Sin of Pride, simply as constituted in the Will, ere going forth into action. I understand that moral offences, into which impetuous passions hurry, however undeliberated, and although they *intend* simply the gratification of desires, and cannot well be said to include a proud scorn of the laws that they break—for there is often more rash oblivion of than stiff-necked opposition to the laws broken—yet partake of the character condemned in Satan; and condemned in man also by these words put into the mouth of the Almighty. Every the most thoughtless and reckless breach of a law sets aside the Lawgiver, and usurps legislation to the law-breaker. The law-breaker makes his own law. No doubt, however, there are more heedful offenders. There are those who look the law in the face, and with impious hardness of heart, and wilfully approaching God, break his laws. They are proud Sinners.

TALBOYS.

In the Seventh—the Book of the Creation—we are told

“ The World was made for Man, and Man for God.”

This is not so much perceptive or demonstrative as it is enkindling: a dear and near tie—elation by consciousness of a high purpose in his Creation, and gratitude for the love which thus ennobled him in creating him. If he reverences himself he is bound to a Creator, whose designs in him are thus expounded. Related hereto, but distinct, and more incidental, is the Philosophy of Man's nature, propounded by Raphael, who nevertheless propounds as if upon divine revelation made to himself at the moment. This philosophy, delivered in three words, appears to me exceedingly sublime, and profoundly true.

“ There wanted yet the master-work, the end
Of all yet done; a creature who, not prone
And brute as other creatures, but endued
With sanctity of reason, might erect
His stature, and upright with front serene
Govern the rest, self-knowing; and from thence
Magnanimous to correspond with heaven,
But grateful to acknowledge whence his good

Descends, thither with heart, and voice, and eyes
Directed in devotion, to adore
And worship God supreme, who made him chief
Of all his works."

Here Milton describes Man as being—1. *Self-knowing*. That is the root. 2. Thence, great souled, and communicating with Heaven. 3. Thence also acknowledges himself as dependent. 4. Still thence grateful for the good. 5. Still thence adoring, praising. 6. From his height of Being—as chief of God's works here below.

SEWARD.

He knows himself.
That is to say, he knows the God-like and God-allied and God-tending in his nature.

He knows his Nature as exalted—as capable for divine communions and influences, aspirations, joys, desires.

And knowing this, he boldly cherishes these desires and joys—aspires to these communions.

As Milton says, he is—

"From thence
Magnanimous to correspond with Heaven."

NORTH.

But knowing himself, he knows himself weak—unable to create—unable to furnish his own good. Hence

"But grateful to acknowledge whence his good
Descends."

SEWARD.

And why should self-knowledge educe *gratitude* from dependence?

NORTH.

I imagine, because self-knowledge includes the distinct *intelligence of his own good*. But he cannot know his own highest good—cannot really understand his happiness, and be ungrateful. How can you to the Giver of Love be ungrateful for the gift of Love?—if you know truly the happiness of love—*i. e.*, know yourself as a Spirit endowed for loving—and know him for the giver? It would be a self-contradiction in Spirit.

SEWARD.

And why do you, *the* self-knowing, adore and praise?
I think that Milton expresses this—

"Thither with hearts and hands and eyes,
Directed in devotion to adore,
Who made him chief
Of all his works."

NORTH.

As if the discernment of his own constitution as chief of creation peculiarly summoned him to acknowledge with adoration—*i. e.*, with awful ecstasy of admiring—the Constitutor. Is it not a high, solemn, sublime, true thought, that Man's discernment of his own exaltedness, immediately and with direct impulse, carries him God-ward—as on the summit of a high hill you are next heaven, or seem to be next it?

TALBOYS.

This passage beginning—

"There wanted yet the Master-work,"

contains an undoubted imitation of Ovid.

"Sanctius his animal, &c.
Deerat."

And Ovid's is surprisingly noble—for him—the *Sanctius* alone is quite

enough. That is the heathen contemplation of Man. How many of us know ourselves and our fellows as holy? Nevertheless, Milton makes that which was high and impassioned—logical, comprehensive, and sublime.

SEWARD.

Sanctity of Reason is hallowed and hallowing Intelligence. It is implied that in the best and truest actions of our understanding, there is an afflux of Deity, and that, as Bacon says, we are akin to God by our Spirits.

NORTH.

Well alluded to.

TALBOYS.

The sublime passage, which describes Man's creation, besides the moral influence and incitement of its main bearing—that Man is "the end of all yet done"—that he is made in the likeness of God—that here only the Father is distinctly and especially announced as consulting and co-operating with the Son—besides the call that is thus made upon Man to revere and guard the Spirit implanted in him—and besides the formal precept with which it concludes, inculcating compliance with the sole prohibition, is, in the following respect, also remarkable, when we look for testimonies to the frame of mind in which the Poem was written. To wit: The passage appears to embosom, in a very few words—in half-a-dozen verses—an entire system of Ethics in the germ, or general thought. Milton appears to lay as its basis the faculty which Man possesses of *Self-Knowledge*, which he seems nearly to identify with Reason. Hence, very loftily, but very summarily, he deduces the general moral condition of Man, and his highest, that is to say, his religious obligations. We must understand, no doubt, that the other inferior obligations are to be similarly deduced. But the bare fact, that Milton *so places* (and so compendiously) this high and comprehensive speculation in a striking manner, attests the temper of thinking in which the whole Poem has been composed. In such a fact we unequivocally read that which has been repeatedly here affirmed upon all kinds of evidence,—that the *Paradise Lost* was to Milton the depository (within room at once confined and ample) for his lifelong studies; and in particular, that, holding the office of a Poet at the highest—that is to say, seeing in every one upon whom the high faculties of Poetry are bestowed, a solemn and missioned Teacher to Men, Milton hoped, in this great Poem, to acquit himself of this responsibility laid upon his own Spirit.

NORTH.

In the Kingdom of God's Love, to obey him and to promote happiness is one and the same thing. To disobey him and to destroy happiness is one and the same thing. If it were possible for a finite being to see the consequences of his actions as God sees them, he would perform precisely the same actions, whether he aimed at augmenting to the utmost the welfare of God's Creation, or endeavoured to the utmost to conform his actions to God's Will.

SEWARD.

Unable to penetrate consequences, should he have access to know God's Will—he will by this means have a safe rule of effecting that which the right, loving disposition of his Mind desires, but which his imperfect foresight disables him from accomplishing by his own computation of results.

TALBOYS.

Nor is it unreasonable to say that nations unvisited by God's Word have access to know, in some imperfect measure, his Will—and to use it for their guidance—and that they have done so;—for all the nobler nations, and perhaps all the nations—or all, with few exceptions—at least those high Gentile nations who have left us their own hearts disclosed and recorded in writings, have witnessed, as follows:—They have regarded the primary Affections by which the family is bound together within itself—and those affections by which a nation is bound as a brotherhood within itself—as Divine

Laws speaking in their bosoms. Yet more solemnly they have acknowledged the voice of Conscience, dividing Right from Wrong, in each man's innermost Thoughts, as a divine oracle, shrined in the human heart.

SEWARD.

Yes, Talboys; their Orators, their Historians, their Philosophers, their Poets, their Mythologies, and their Altars, witness to the fact of their having thus apprehended themselves to live under a Divine Legislation.

NORTH.

When, therefore, not idly and presumptuously arrogating to themselves to divine and calculate consequences removed from their faculties, they did, in simplicity of soul, follow out the biddings of these holy charities, and the dictates of this inwardly prophesying monitor, they were so far, in the light and in the eye of Reason—VIRTUOUS. They did so far—if we may dare so highly to pronounce—conform themselves to God's will. They did this, designing—even in the dim light in which they walked—to do this. And so far conforming themselves, after their imperfect apprehension, to his laws, they were so far producers of happiness. Their conformity—their production of human happiness, and their virtue—flowed in one channel—were one and the same stream.

SEWARD.

Even this solemn conviction, which seems to carry its own evidence in itself, derives confirmation from weighing the connection of human happiness with human actions. The feelings which carry us to accept implicitly, and without the suggestion of a doubt, the Will of God as the law of our actions, are in themselves principal sources of Happiness—the Obedience itself is the firmest and only secure foundation of Happiness. He whose will we are to obey is the Sole Giver of Happiness. And if we could begin with searching our own Being into its depths—the laws of Happiness which we should there discover would point out to us, as the effectual and unfailing sources, and the necessary condition of happiness, those qualities of action, which we know as the immutable attributes of the Divine Will—Truth, Justice, Holiness, Love.

NORTH.

The Moral Nature of Man is to be regarded as something which may rise from very low to very high degrees. And what is manifestly true of it in one state may not be as manifestly true of it in another. To understand it, my dear friends, we must regard it in its nearest approaches to perfection. From that observation of it, we must endeavour to establish principles, and deduce Rules, which we may be able afterwards to apply to judging of its inferior states. We cannot equally expect, from observing its inferior states, to find the rule that will enable us to comprehend its highest.

SEWARD.

My Preceptor teacheth well.

NORTH.

The highest Moral State of the Human Mind is unquestionably that in which it knows Deity, in his perfections; in which his Known Law is adopted as the express and supreme Law of Life;—in which the affections due towards him are strong, pure, full, habitual;—in which all the other affections, under subordination to these, are directed, each in due degree, towards its due object; and in which Conscience is known, as a declarer of the Divine Will, when other testimony is silent, is revered as such, and holds authority sufficient to decide the choice whenever the Will fluctuates in its Obedience to its highest affections.

TALBOYS.

From this state, which is that to which every human being is bound to aspire, you would deduce grounds of judging of those inferior moral conditions which tend to the attainment of this highest?

NORTH.

I would; and it will be found that these are moral, either because they bear an imperfect and broken resemblance to this state, or because they have a visible tendency towards it.

TALBOYS.

Believing, then, that the Human Soul only reaches the fulness of its nature, and the exaltation of its powers, when it Knows itself in the presence of God, when it looks up to Him, and endeavours, not in hidden thought merely, but in action and life, to adore His Will, we must not allow as possessing the same excellence, and participating in the same Nature of Morality, any state in which we cannot discern footsteps of the same Deity, where the breath of the same spirit cannot be felt? That, on the other hand, we embrace with affection, and with moral anticipation, whatever seems even remotely to be animated with this influence, and to tend to this result?

NORTH.

Yes. To an observer looking in this spirit upon the affairs of men, there will be no difficulty in approving and condemning those who, in the same light as he himself enjoys, conform to or condemn what he acknowledges as the highest Law. The two extremes of virtue and crime fall distinctly and decisively under the test which he recognises. The nature of the merit, the nature of the Guilt, of those who in the highest degree conform to this Law, and of those who most audaciously trample upon it, cannot be mistaken.

SEWARD.

But between these there are infinite degrees, to which it may often be extremely difficult to apply the same rule of Moral Estimation.

NORTH.

Alas! alas! He who looks forth from himself with the views of human perfection which I have described, must regard the world with sorrow and compassion, perceiving how much the great body of mankind are departed from the happiest and fittest condition of their nature—how they are become immersed in passions and pursuits which disguise from their own knowledge the very capacities of their being, and degrade and destroy their powers by withholding from them even the prospect of their original destination!

SEWARD.

Such must, indeed, be his melancholy view of mankind at large, comparing them, as he needs must do, with the idea of that excellence of which they are capable, and which they ought to attain.

NORTH.

But when he descends from that height of contemplation, and, mixing with them, makes himself more intimate with their actual condition, he will look on them in some degree in a different light; for, my good Seward, he will then consider, not so much what they *want* of perfection, as those *tendencies towards* it, which are still actually undestroyed among them, and which are continually found exerting themselves—with irregular impulses, indeed, and with uncertain and variable direction; but which still do exert themselves, throwing gleams over human nature of its true happiness, and maintaining to Man, in the midst of all his errors, the name and dignity of a Moral Being.

TALBOYS.

Methinks, sir, what would appear to such a Mind most grateful and consolatory in the midst of the aberrations of the human Soul, and of its darkness as to the knowledge of its Chief Good, must be the sight of those beautiful Affections which fill the hearts of human beings towards one another, and the observations of the workings of that Conscience, which in its mysterious intimations admonishes men of their departure from the Eternal Laws, though they know not whence the voice comes, nor how profound is its significance. In these great and pure affections, and in the rectitude of conduct thus maintained, he would recognise the fulfilling of that Divine Will, in harmony with which is all Good, and in revolt from which is all Evil. To him, then, the Human Will would appear thus far to maintain its conformity with the Divine: and he would witness Obedience to the Universal Law, although those who fulfilled it did but imperfectly understand their own Obedience, or conceive to what authority it was paid.

NORTH.

If the great natural Affections were made at first in perfect harmony with

the Affections of Religion, they will still bear that character. And they do so, for they still appear to us in themselves pure and holy. If that is their character, then their very presence in the soul will be in some degree a restoration of its own purity and holiness. And this also is universally felt to be true: to such a degree that, most strongly to describe those feelings, we apply to them terms derived from the language of religion. We call those ties sacred: we call those duties Piety. They re-induce upon the Soul that purer, loftier nature, which the ordinary course of the world has troubled; and in doing so, they not only bring the Mind into a State which is in harmony with the Divine Law, but they do, to a certain degree, begin Religion in the Soul. This intimate connection between the strongest feelings of the heart and its holiest thoughts, discovers itself when the whole heart is wrung by the calamities to which through those feelings it lies open. When the hand of Death has rent in one moment from fond affection the happiness of years, and seems to have left to it no other lot upon Earth than to bleed and mourn, then, in that desolation of the spirit, are discovered what are the secret powers which it bears within itself, out of which it can derive consolation and peace. The Mind, torn by such a stroke from all those inferior human sympathies which, weak and powerless when compared to its own sorrow, can afford it no relief, turns itself to that Sympathy which is without bounds. Ask of the forlorn and widowed heart what is the calm which it finds in those hours of secret thought, which are withdrawn from all eyes?—ask what is that hidden process of Nature, by which Grief has led it on to devotion? That attraction of the Soul in its uttermost earthly distress to a source of consolation remote from Earth, is not to be ascribed to a Disposition to substitute one emotion for another, as if it hoped to find relief in dispelling and blotting out the vain passion with which it laboured before: but, in the very constitution of the Soul, the capacities of human and of divine affection are linked together; and it is the very depth of its passion that leads it over from the one to the other. Nor is its consolation forgetfulness. But that affection which was wounded becomes even more deep and tender in the midst of the calm which it attains.

SEWARD.

Assuredly such a spectator of human nature as we have imagined could not be indifferent to such a tendency of these natural emotions. He could not observe with unconcern even the nascent streaks of light, the dawning of a religious mind. He would call that Good which, though it had no distinct and conscious reference to anything above the Earth, did yet, by the very preparation it made in the Soul for the reception of something more holy, vindicate to itself a heavenly origin.

NORTH.

Even the Ancients, contemplating that Power in the Mind which judges so supremely of Right and Wrong, could call it nothing else than a God within us. He then who, in the highest light of knowledge, contemplates the human mind, will be yet more strongly impressed with this SANCTITY of the Conscience, which affected even minds lying under much darkness and abasement, and therefore alienated from such perceptions. He undoubtedly will regard this principle as a part of original Religion not yet extinct in the Soul: will, as such, esteem and revere it; and conceiving the highest perfection of human nature to consist in its known and willed Conformity to the Divine Will, will regard with kindred feelings even this imperfect and unconscious conformity to that Law, which is thus maintained by the human spirit, resolutely and proudly struggling, in the midst of its errors, against a yet deeper fall.

TALBOYS.

And, sir, it must be remembered that, as the degrees of moral goodness are different in the various dispositions and actions of men, though they all fall under the description of one morality; so, too, the feeling of moral approbation exists in very different degrees in different minds, though in all it bears a common name. If the moral sensibility is not enlightened and

quicken'd by those feelings which belong to its most perfect state, its judgments will be proportionally faint and low. As in its virtue there is a lower virtue, which tends merely to a Harmony with the Divine Will, so, in the judgment of virtue, there is a lower judgment, which implies no more than that he who judges has his own mind brought into a state in which there is a tendency to the same sacred and solemn apprehensions.

NORTH.

The Moral judgments of men are vague and undefined ; but they are accompanied universally with a solemn feeling : not merely of dislike—not, in the highest degree, of mere detestation and hate—not merely with reproach and resentment for violating the benevolence, and invading the happiness of human nature ; but there is a sensation of awe accompanying the sentiment of condemnation, which visibly refers to something more than what is present to our eyes on the face of the smiling or the blasted Earth. Among all nations, the abhorrence and punishment of crime has always reference to some indignation that is conceived of among higher powers. Their Laws are imagined to be under a holier sanction, and in their violated majesty there is apprehended to be something of the anger of offended Deity. Hence the wrath of Punishments, which have been conceived of as fulfilling heavenly displeasure ; and those who have inflicted signal retributions have imagined that they avenged their Gods as well as the broken laws of men.

TALBOYS.

This feeling of a superhuman authority present in the affairs of men shows decisively what is the tendency, in natural minds, of moral feeling, when it is aroused to its greatest height ; the season in which it may be expected best to declare its own nature.

NORTH.

Nor did this awe of a superior power present in the consciences of men, and violated there, discover itself solely in the vindications of punishment ; but the great acts of virtue also led men to thoughts above humanity ; nor did they otherwise conceive of the impulses of the mind, in the noblest actions, than as inspirations from the divinity.

SEWARD.

These opinions and views have prevailed in nations ignorant of religion, but in whose powerful nature the native sentiments of the human spirit disclosed themselves in full force ; among whom, therefore, its actual tendencies may best be ascertained.

NORTH.

The same truths, deeply buried in human nature, may be recognised in different forms wherever its voice speaks in its strength. If one people have believed that Furies rose from their infernal beds to dog the steps of the murderer, wandering upon the Earth, others, from the same source of preternatural feeling, have believed that the body would bleed afresh at his approach, and that his unappeased ghost would haunt the place where Guilt had driven it out from life. The very conception of such crimes dilates the spirit to conceptions of the unseen powers which reign over human life, which walk unperceived among the paths of men, and which are universally believed to be enemies or punishers of human wickedness. If the history of superstition might be told at large, it would represent to us the conscience of man laid open by his Imagination, and would disclose, in fearful pictures, the reality of that connection which subsists in our nature between the apprehension of Good and Evil in the soul of man, and the apprehensions cognate with it of a world of invisible power, of which it is the eternal law that Good is required, and Evil hated and pursued.

TALBOYS.

These evidences attest that, even among those who have the least knowledge of Religion, whose judgments are least moulded by its spirit, there is an inseparable connection between Conscience and Religion ; that its strong emotions always carry the soul to those conceptions which are most akin to its powers.

NORTH.

If, under the circumstances which produce the strongest feeling, such a tendency shows itself distinctly and in remarkable forms, then, under all circumstances, there will be fainter and more indistinct perception of this tendency?

SEWARD.

Even so, sir.

NORTH.

For this is the nature of the human Mind. Our feelings are not always determined by distinct thought; but there is a sort of presaging faculty in the soul, by which it foresees whither its own conception tends, and *feels*, in anticipation of those thoughts, into which the imagination would run if it were left free.

SEWARD.

I am not sure, sir, that I fully understand you.

NORTH.

Thus certain strains of thought are felt to be joyous or solemn when they are barely touched, and in the ready sensibility, feeling begins to arise, though no ideas are yet distinctly present to which such feeling fitly belongs. The mind shudders or is gladdened at the distant suggestion of what it knows, if pursued, would shake it with horror, or fill the blood with joy.

TALBOYS.

Every human being must have had such experience.

NORTH.

This is a fact of our nature too well understood by those whose mind labours with any store of fearful or bitter recollection, into which they dread to look. The approach to some place hideous to the memory, produces the shivering of horror before it is beheld; and even within the spirit, in like manner, the approach to those dark places of thought where unsoothed sorrows lie buried, startles the mind, and warns it to turn the steps of thought another way.

TALBOYS.

The feeling that "that way madness lies;" and the recoiling from it, through a forefeeling of the pain which lies in the thoughts that might arise, is common to all strong passion that has held long possession of the mind.

NORTH.

A similar state is known in these imitations of passion, the works of art;—Music has power over us, not by the feelings which it produces distinctly in the mind, but by those many deep and passionate feelings which it barely touches, and of which it raises up, therefore, from moment to moment, obscure and undefined anticipations. In Painting, the Imagination is most powerfully excited often not by what is shown, but by what is dimly indicated. What is shown exhausts and limits the feelings that belong to it; what is indicated merely, opens up an insight into a whole world of feelings inexhaustible and illimitable.

SEWARD.

Such, indeed, is the nature of our mind; and these are examples of a general principle of thought and feeling.

NORTH.

This capacity of the Mind to be affected in slighter degree, but in similar manner, by anticipated feeling, is to be noticed in respect to *all* its more fixed and important emotions. It enters as a great element into all its moral judgments. The judgment of right or wrong is quick and decisive, but is rather unfrequently attended with very strong emotion. Those strongest emotions belong to rare occurrences; for the greater part of life is calm. But they have been felt, nevertheless, at times; so that the soul distinctly knows what is its emotion of moral abhorrence, and what its emotion of moral veneration. When lesser occasions arise, which do not put its feeling to the proof, it still is affected by a half-remembrance of what those feelings have been: a slighter emotion comes over it—an apprehension of that emotion which would be felt in strength, if it could be given way to. Thus even the very name of crimes

affects the mind with a dim horror, though the Imagination is still remote from picturing to itself anything of the reality of acting them. Whatever great conceptions, then, are so linked in actual Nature with our moral emotions, that under the passionate strength of these emotions they must arise, some slight shadow of the same conceptions, some touch of the feelings which they are able to call up, will be present to the mind whenever it is morally moved.

SEWARD.

Ay, sir, I now see the meaning—of the application—of all your discourse. If there is in the depth of our Nature such a connection between our Moral and our Religious conceptions, that our moral feelings, when exalted or appalled in the highest degree, will assume a decidedly religious character, then even in their slighter affection they will be touched, even from a distance, with that religious temper.

NORTH.

And does not this appear to be precisely the case?

SEWARD.

It does appear that the two kinds of feelings are so connected, that in the strongest moral feeling Religion is sensibly present, and that in its weaker emotion there is a slight colouring of the same feeling—faint and indistinct indeed, but such as to give to all our judgments of right and wrong a something of solemnity that is distinct from the ordinary complexion of human affairs, from the ordinary judgment of human interests or passions.

NORTH.

This connection which is perceived in individual Minds may be observed in considering the differences of national character. The different nations of the earth have exhibited the moral nature of man in very different degrees of strength. It will be found that they have also possessed in very different degrees the spirit of Religion; and that the two have risen or declined together. This is true both of the nations of the old world who were enlightened, and of the Christian nations, who have preserved their Religion in various degrees of purity and truth, and whose morals have always borne a corresponding character. If there is a people light and fickle in their moral character, the same unfixedness and levity will be found in their religion. But whatever nation has embraced with deep and solemn feeling the tenets of their faith, will be found to be distinguished in proportion by the depth of their moral spirit. The dignity of their Mind appears not in one without the other, but in the two united.

TALBOYS.

Thus, then, in those minds in which the two are imperfectly unfolded, they are united, as in those in whom they are most perfectly unfolded. But with this difference:—that where Religion in its most perfect form is known, there it enlightens and exalts the moral feelings. Under its imperfect and erroneous forms, conscience applies to men's hearts in some degree the defects of religion.

FROM STAMBOUL TO TABRIZ.

POLITICS, since the year 1848, have engrossed so unwonted a share of the attention of the reading world, that there can be no doubt that, in more than one European country, books of great literary and scientific interest have been withheld from publication until more tranquil days should give them a better chance of the welcome they merit. Such has avowedly been the case with Dr Wagner's latest work, the fourth and most important of a series suggested to him by several years of Oriental travel and study. It was, if we rightly remember, in the second book of this series, relating to Armenia,* that he announced his intention of reserving for a final work the more important results of his rambles and observations. Previously to the Armenian volume he had published his account of Caucasus and the Cossacks,† to the general reader more interesting than any of its successors. Third in order of appearance came the Journey to Colchis;‡ and now, believing that his countrymen's taste for books of foreign travel and adventure is reviving, he puts forth two copious volumes, containing all that he has to say, and that he has not previously published, concerning his Eastern journeyings and residence.

Dr Wagner is one of the most experienced, indefatigable, and, as we believe, one of the most trustworthy and impartial of foreign literary travellers. On a former occasion we explained how his strong natural bent for travel and scientific research had overcome many and great obstacles, and had conducted him not only through various European countries, but with a French army to Constantinople, and afterwards over a great part of Western Asia. His present book is comprehensive and somewhat desultory in its character. It details the author's residence in the Alpine region of Turkish Armenia, his tra-

vels in Persia, and his adventurous visits to certain independent tribes of Kourds, whose country is immediately adjacent to that interesting but unsafe district of Kourdistan, where Schulze, the German antiquarian, and the Englishman Browne (the discoverer of Darfour) met a bloody death, and rest in solitary graves. Dr Wagner is sanguine that, now that the revolutionary fever has abated, many will gladly quit the study of newspapers, and the contemplation of Europe's misty future, to follow him into distant lands, rarely trodden by European foot, and some of which have hitherto been undescribed "by any German who has actually visited them." As the most novel portions of his book, he indicates his visits to the mountain district south of Erzurum, and his excursions east, south, and west of the great salt lake of Urumiah, the Dead Sea of Persia. A keen politician, and this book being, as we have already observed, a sort of omnium-gatherum of his Eastern experiences, political, scientific, and miscellaneous, he devotes his first chapter to what he terms "a dispassionate appreciation of Prince Metternich's Oriental policy," (chiefly with respect to Servia,) which chapter we shall avail ourselves of his prefatory permission to pass unnoticed, as irrelevant to the main subject of the book. Equally foreign to the objects announced in the title-page are the contents of Chapter the Second, in which, before taking ship for Trebizond, he gives a hundred pages to the Turkish capital, promising, notwithstanding all that has of late years been written concerning it, to tell us something new about Constantinople, and bidding his readers not to fear that he is about to impose upon them a compilation from the innumerable printed accounts of that city, which have issued from female as well as male

Reise nach Persien und dem Lande der Kurden. Von MORITZ WAGNER, 2 vols. Leipzig: Arnold. London: Williams & Norgate. 1852.

* "Ararat and the Armenian Highlands." Blackwood's Magazine, No. CCCCIII.

† "Caucasus and the Land of the Cossacks." Blackwood's Magazine, No. CCCC.

‡ *Reise nach Colchis, &c.* Leipzig, 1850.

pens, "from the days of Lady Montague down to Mrs Ida Pfeiffer the far-travelled, and Madame Ida Hahn Hahn the devotee." He fulfils his promise. His sketches from the Bosphorus are not only amusingly written, but novel and original. Dr Wagner, it must be observed, set out upon his Eastern wanderings well provided with circular letters of recommendation from Lord Aberdeen and M. Guizot to the various British and French agents in the countries he anticipated visiting. From the Russian government he also obtained, although with greater difficulty, similar documents. The natural consequence was, that, at Constantinople, and elsewhere, he passed much of his time in diplomatic and consular circles, and to such intercourse was doubtless indebted for much useful information, as his readers unquestionably are for many pungent anecdotes and entertaining reminiscences.

Upon an early day of his stay in Constantinople, Dr Wagner was so fortunate as to enjoy a near and leisurely view of his Highness Abdul Meschid. It was a Friday, upon which day the Grand Seigneur is wont to perform his devotions in one of the principal mosques of his capital. In the court of the great Achmet mosque, Dr Wagner saw a crowd assembled round a group of twenty horses, amongst which was a slender, richly-caparisoned, silver-grey Arabian, of extraordinary beauty and gentleness. It was a favourite steed of the Sultan's. Presently the door of the mosque opened; the grey was led close up to the lowest step; a slender Turk came forth, descended the steps stiffly and rather unsteadily, was assisted into saddle and stirrup by black slaves, and rode silently away through the silent crowd, which gave back respectfully as he passed, whilst every head was bowed and every hand placed upon the left breast. No shout or cheer was heard—Turkish custom forbidding such demonstrations—nor did the sovereign requite by salute or smile his subjects' mute reverence. At that time Abdul Meschid was but twenty years old. His appearance was that of a sickly man of thirty.

Early excesses had prematurely aged him. His cheeks were sunken; lines, rarely seen in youth, were visible at the corners of his eyes and mouth; his gaze was fixed and glassy. Dr Wagner is witty at the expense of another German writer,* who saw the Sultan since he did, and sketched his personal appearance far more favourably.

"It is possible, however," he says, "that with improved health the Sultan's figure may have improved and his countenance have acquired nobility, so as to justify the description of the genial author of the 'Fragments.' Possible is it that Dr Spitzer's† steel pills, combined with the seraglio-cook's strong chicken broth and baths of Burgundy wine, may have wrought this physical marvel, have given new vigour to the muscles, have braced the nerves, and have imparted to his Highness's drooping cheeks that firm and healthful look which the learned German declares he noted on the occasion of his audience. Abdul Meschid has still youth on his side; and when such is the case, nature often willingly aids the physician's inadequate art. At the time I speak of, it is quite certain that the young Sultan looked like a candidate for the hospital. His aspect excited compassion, and corresponded with the description given to us of him by the German sculptor Streichenberg, who certainly contemplated his Highness more closely and minutely than the 'Fragment' writer, seeing that his business was to carve the Padisha's likeness in ivory. As an artist, Mr Streichenberg was not particularly edified by the lean frame and flabby countenance of so young a prince. Not to displease his sublime patron, he was compelled to follow the example of that other German sculptor, who, commissioned by his royal Mæcenas to model his hand and leg for a celebrated dancer, adopted, instead of the meagre reality, the graceful ideal of the Belvidere Apollo, and so earned both praise and guerdon. The person of the Grand Seigneur appeared to Streichenberg, as it did to me, emaciated, relaxed, narrow-breasted, and faded. Two years

* Fallmerayer—*Fragmente aus dem Orient.*

† The Sultan's physician.

later, when I again saw the Sultan, in the solemn procession of the Kurban-Beiram, a renegade, who stood beside me, exclaimed, 'Were I the Sultan, and looked as he looks, I would never show myself in public.'"

Close behind the Sultan rode the chief of the eunuchs, a fat negro from Sudan, mounted upon a horse as black as himself; and behind him came a young Turk of remarkable beauty, whose thick raven-black beard contrasted with the whiteness of his complexion, as did his whole appearance with that of the sickly sovereign, and with the dingy, monkey-like physiognomy of the Kisslar Aga. Beside such foils, no wonder that the picturesque young Oriental, with his profile like that of some Saracen warrior, and his dreamy thoughtful eyes, found favour with the fair. Riza Pasha was his name; he was then the seraglio-favourite, the lover of Valide, the mother of the Sultan. He alone pulled the strings of Turkish politics, and made the lame old Grand Vizier, Rauf Pasha, dance like a puppet to whatever tune he piped.

The Sultan and his suite were attired in the reformed costume—in blue frocks of Polish cut, red trousers, and the red fez, with its abundant blue tassel drooping over it on all sides. Scarcely had they ridden out of sight when a group of very different character and appearance issued from the chief gate of the mosque, gathering on its way far more demonstrations of popularity than did Abdul Meschid and his Kisslar Aga. It was composed of Turkish priests and doctors—*Ulemas*, with their *Mufti* at their head—all in the old Turkish garb, with ample turbans and huge beards. The sympathy of the people with these representatives of the old régime was expressed by far lower bows, by more fervent pressure of hand on heart, than had greeted the Sultan's passage. The holy men looked kindly upon the crowd, amongst whom the Mufti occasionally threw small coins, which naturally augmented his popularity, and secured him many followers and good wishes. Dr Wagner remarks upon the present contradictory and anomalous state of Turkish dress. At the festival of the

Kurban-Beiram he saw the Sultan and all the state officials, from the Grand Vizier downwards, in European uniforms—narrow trousers, gold epaulets, tight-buttoned coats, collars stiff with embroidery. But at the collar the Frank ceased, and the Oriental reappeared. There was the long beard, and the brimless fez. With this last item of costume, the boldest Turkish reformer has not as yet dared to interfere. The covering of the forehead with a peak or brim to the cap is an innovation for which the Turks are not yet ripe. It is considered the outward and visible sign of the Giaour, and a Turk who should walk the streets of Constantinople in a hat, or in a cap with a peak, would be stoned by the mob. The prejudice springs from the duty stringently enjoined upon every true believer, to touch the ground with his forehead when praying. Hence, to wear a vizard over the brow appears to the Turk like contempt of a religious law. A bold European in the service of the Porte advised Sultan Mahmoud to put leathern peaks to his soldiers' caps. On duty they would keep off the sun; at prayer-time the caps might be turned round upon the head. But Mahmoud, passionate reformer though he was, shrank from offering so deadly an affront to Turkish fanaticism. Neither did he dare, like Peter the Great, to crop his subjects' beards. The well-intended changes which he did introduce were sufficiently startling, and to many of them, even at the present day, the nation is scarcely reconciled. In a picturesque point of view, the new style of dress, intended as the signal of a general change in Turkish usages and institutions, is anything but an improvement upon the old one. The physical prestige of the Oriental departed with his flowing robe, with his shawls and his rich turban.

"These fat-paunched, crooked-legged pashas," exclaims Dr Wagner, "what caricatures they appear in their buttoned-up uniforms! Formerly, when the folds of their wide garments concealed bodily imperfections, the Turks were held to be a handsome race. Now, in Constantinople, a handsome man, in the reformed dress, is an exception to the

rule. The Turks of the towns are rarely slender and well-built; and the tall, muscular figures which one so commonly finds amongst Arabs, Persians, and Tyrolese, are scarcely ever to be seen in Turkey. Neither do we see in Turkish cities anything to remind us of the fine knightly figures of the Circassians—although, from the female side, so much Circassian blood runs in the veins of the higher classes of Turks. The indolent manner of life, the bringing up of boys in the harem until the age of puberty, too early indulgence in tschibouk-smoking and coffee-drinking, and premature excesses of another kind, have all contributed to enervate and degrade an originally vigorous and handsome race."

In the whole Beiram procession, Dr Wagner declares, there were, besides Riza Pacha, but two handsome men amongst all the Turks of the higher class there present. Of the numerous array of officers and soldiers, it was but here and there that he saw one tolerably well-made, and athletic figures were still more rarely observable. Worse than any looked the debilitated Sultan, cramped in his tight coat, oppressed by his heavy epaulets and gold lace, his diamonds and his plumes, and leaning languidly forward on his fine charger. What a contrast with the portrait of the Emperor Nicholas, which Dr Wagner saw when visiting the summer seraglio of Kadi-Köi! Opposite to a divan upon which Abdul-Meschid was wont to repose—whilst his tympanum was agreeably tickled by the harmony of half-a-dozen musical boxes, playing different tunes at the same time—stood two costly porcelain vases, whereon were painted likenesses of the Emperor and Empress of all the Russias. They were presents from Nicholas to the Sultan. "The Emperor's gigantic and powerful frame and martial countenance were admirably portrayed. The painter had given him a mien and bearing as though he were in the act of commanding his grenadiers. As a contrast, I pictured to myself the Turkish monarch reposing his feeble frame upon the luxurious velvet divan; the ruler who prefers ease in his

harem to a gallop at the head of his troops; the trill of his musical boxes, and the flutes of dancing dervishes, to the clatter of cuirasses and the thunder of twelve-pounders." Russia and Turkey are well typified by their rulers. On the one hand, vigour, energy, and power; on the other, weakness, decrepitude, and decline. What wonder if, as Dr Wagner relates, the young Archduke Constantine, when visiting the city that bears his name, gazed wistfully and hopefully from the lofty gallery of the Galata tower on the splendid panorama spread before him, as though dreaming that, one day, perhaps, the double eagle might replace the crescent upon the stately pinnacles of Stamboul!

After passing in review several of the most remarkable men in Turkey, Reschid Pasha, Omar Pasha the Renegade, Tahir Pasha, the fierce old admiral who commanded the Turkish fleet at Navarino, and who—never well disposed towards Christians—regarded them, from that disastrous day forward, with inextinguishable hatred, Dr Wagner speaks of the representatives at Constantinople of various European courts, briefly retracing some of the insults and cruelties to which, in former times, the ambassadors of Christian sovereigns were subjected by the arrogant Porte, and noting the energy and success with which Great Britain alone, of all the aggrieved powers, and even before the empire of the seas had become indisputably hers, invariably exacted and obtained satisfaction for such injuries. He remarks with admiration upon the signal reparation extorted by Lord Ponsonby in the Churchill case, and proceeds to speak in the highest terms of that diplomatist's able successor.

"The most prominent man, by his political influence, as well as by his spirit, character, energy, and nobility of mind, in the diplomatic world of Pera, was and is, to the present day, the Englishman Stratford Canning. With external advantages, also, Nature has endowed this man more richly than any of his colleagues, whether Turks or Franks. He is of a very noble figure, and possesses that innate, calmly dignified majesty which

characterises Britannia's aristocracy. Totally free from affectation or theatrical manner, he has a thoughtful brow, marked with the lines of reflection and labour, and fine deep blue eyes, whose meaning glance seems to reveal a host of great qualities, and to tell, at the same time, that with the highest gifts of a statesman is here combined a warm, a generous, and a sympathetic heart."

Dr Wagner was presented to Sir Stratford Canning by a German friend, and the ambassador seems completely to have won his heart, partly by the admiration he expressed of Circassia's heroic struggle against the overwhelming power of the Czar, and by his sympathy with the Nestorian Christians of Djulamerk—at that time persecuted and cruelly handled by Beder Khan—but still more by the general liberality of his views, and by his un-diplomatic frankness of speech and manner. The Doctor pays a warm tribute to his high qualities, and to his success and diplomatic triumphs at Constantinople; and Dr Wagner's eulogiums are, in this instance, the more to be valued that he does not often bestow them upon our countrymen, but more frequently dwells upon their less amiable qualities. As a philanthropist and man of high honour, he says, Sir Stratford Canning is really a rarity in old Byzantium, where, for so many centuries, tyranny and servility, corruption and lies, have established their seat. And he proceeds to exhibit the less favourable side of the character of the diplomatic corps at Constantinople, bearing with particular severity upon an Austrian envoy, concerning whom he tells some good stories—one, amongst others, of a diamond ornament, which brought great ridicule and discredit upon the internuncio. When Ibrahim Pasha was driven out of Syria, the Sultan, in token of his gratitude, ordered the court jeweller to manufacture costly diamond ornaments for the ladies of the British and Austrian ambassadors. Lady Ponsonby (we abridge from Dr Wagner) duly received hers, but Count Stürmer intimated, on behalf of his lady, that she would prefer ducats to diamonds. The cunning Austrian well knew that upon such occasions the jewellers were wont to

take large profits. So he had it mentioned at the seraglio, by one of his dragomans, that the ambassadress was no lover of trinkets, but would willingly receive their value. To this there was no objection, and the pleasant sum of half a million of piastres was transferred from the Sultan's treasury to the internuncio's strong box. If the Austrian flattered himself that the transaction would be unknown, he was terribly mistaken. Pera is the Paradise of evil tongues, and next day the ambassadress's dealings in diamonds were the talk of the town. Count Stürmer had many enemies and no friends; even his attachés had little attachment for him; the story was too piquant to be lost, and it was repeated with a thousand good-natured embellishments and commentaries, until it came round to the ears of the person principally concerned. Thereupon, the wily ambassador devised a plan to outwit the gossips. The finest diamond ornaments in the best jeweller's shop in the bazaar were ordered to be sent to the Austrian embassy, on approval. An order for diamonds had been received from Vienna. The jeweller, anticipating a prompt sale and good profit, hastened to send the best he had. Meantime a number of the members of the different embassies were asked to dinner. At dessert, Count Stürmer led the conversation to the Sultan's generosity and gallantry to ladies, and, turning to the Countess, asked her to show their guests the beautiful set of diamonds she had received as a present from his Highness. Great was the company's admiration of the costly jewels—far greater their astonishment at this ocular refutation of the current tale which had transformed the brilliants into piastres. They had thought the sources of their information so sure! The ambassador noted and enjoyed their confusion. But, clever as the trick was—in political matters its author had never exhibited such ingenuity and inventive talent—its success was but temporary. The sharp noses of the Pera gossips smelled out the truth. Having served their purpose, the jewels were returned to the jeweller, and one may imagine the shout and halloo

that resounded through the drawing-rooms, coffee-houses, and barbers' shops of Pera and Galata, when the real facts of the case were at length verified beyond a doubt.

The admission made by Dr Wagner in another place, that the hotel of the Austrian internuncio was remarkable for its hospitality, and was the chief place of meeting in Constantinople for foreigners and natives of distinction, should perhaps have induced him to take a more indulgent view of Count Stürmer's dealings in diamonds. Go where you will, says a French proverb, you shall always be welcome if you take with you a fiddle and a frying-pan. Dinners and dances are amongst the most important of diplomatic duties; and the Austrian may have thought he could better dispense with diamonds than with these. At his hotel, during one of Dr Wagner's visits to Constantinople, that singularly successful soldier of fortune, General Jochmus, was a constant guest. This fortunate adventurer, of insignificant family at Hamburg, who has been indebted, for his remarkable rise, partly to his gallantry and talents, partly to extraordinary good luck, and who has passed through half-a-dozen services, always with more or less distinction, began his career in Greece, afterwards joined the Anglo-Spanish Legion, passed thence into the native Spanish army with the rank of general, quitted it on account of an insult received from a French tailor settled in Spain, and for which the feeble and *Afrancesado* Christino government dared not give him the satisfaction he justly demanded, and, at the time referred to by Dr Wagner, was Ferik-Pasha in the Turkish service—subsequently to become Imperial minister under the brief rule of the Archduke John. His skill as a chess-player, Dr Wagner informs us, is still more remarkable than his military talent. When in command of the Turkish army in Syria, at the time that Ibrahim Pasha and his Egyptians were about to retreat through the desert, Jochmus, entering Damascus—long a stronghold of chess—challenged the best players in the place to a match, and carried off the victory. From this officer, and from

other Europeans of high rank in the Turkish service, Dr Wagner, who loves to speculate on the political future of the East, and on the probable or possible infringements of Russia upon the territories of her weaker neighbours, gathered opinions, valuable although very various, as to the military power of Turkey, and her means of resistance to Muscovite aggression. The Doctor entertains a very high respect for the power of Russia, strikingly illustrated by the recent crisis, when, with one army guarding Poland and another warring in the Caucasus, she was able to lend a third—not far short of two hundred thousand men—to the neighbouring empire, which was on the point of being overturned by an insurgent province. In his second volume he talks ominously of the result of an anticipated conflict between an Anglo-Indian and a Russian army, predicting victory to the latter, even whilst recognising the justice of the high encomiums passed by another German writer on the corps of British officers in India. "An impartial and competent observer and judge of most of the armies of Europe, Leopold von Orlich, who has written a valuable book of travels in India, assures us that that numerous body of officers (eight hundred and twenty staff officers, and five thousand five hundred of inferior rank) has not its equal in the world with respect to military spirit and efficiency, and that he never witnessed in any army so much mutual self-devotion as amongst the officers and soldiers of the British Indian host. Thirst for action, high spirit, self-confidence and practical good sense, are the special characteristics of the English officers." Than this, nothing can be truer. Dr Wagner proceeds to theorise on the probable defection of the Sepoys, in the event of a Russian army showing itself on our Indian frontier. Theories referring to such remote and improbable contingencies we need hardly be at the pains to combat; and, indeed, were we to take up the argumentative cudgels every time that Dr Wagner's frequent political digressions hold out temptation so to do, we should get to the end of our paper and have got never a step from Constantinople.

Our present object being the general examination of a book of travels, we prefer accompanying the Doctor on board the Austrian steamer *Stamboul*, bound for Trebizond. Thence his road was by land, south-eastward to Erzurum, travelling with Turkish post-horses—not in a carriage, but in the saddle and with baggage animals—at first through a garden of azaleas and rhododendrons, of geraniums and ranunculuses; afterwards through an Alpine district, over dangerous mountain-paths, unequalled, he declares, for the hazards of the passage, by anything he ever met with in the European Alps. Whilst traversing these bridle-roads, which are often scarcely two feet broad, with precipices of giddy depth now on the right hand and then upon the left, travellers keep their saddles and trust to the good legs, prudence, and experience of their horses. Dr Wagner witnessed more than one accident. A pack-mule fell over a precipice, but escaped with the fright and a few bruises. A Turkish official had a very narrow escape. His horse slipped upon a wet rock, fell, and lay where he fell. The Turk found himself with half his body under the horse, the other half hanging over a gulf which gaped, in frightful profundity, at the edge of the road. “I had passed the dangerous spot,” says the Doctor, “but one minute before him; I heard the fall, looked round, and saw the Turk just below me, in that horrible position. The horse lay with the saddle turned towards the precipice, down which it seemed inevitable that, at the first effort to rise, he and his rider must fall. But the animal’s fine instinct saved both itself and its rider. Snorting, with dilated nostrils and ears erect, the brave horse gazed down into the chasm, but made not the slightest movement. The Turk remained as motionless; he saw the peril and dared not even shout for aid, lest he should scare his horse. The utmost caution was necessary in approaching him. Whilst the Pole and I quickly alighted and descended to his assistance, the Turk’s companions had already got hold of his bridle and coat skirts, and soon horse and man stood in safety upon their six legs.”

The Pole here referred to—John

Saremba was his name—accompanied Dr Wagner from Constantinople as a sort of guide or travelling servant, and was his stanch and faithful follower during very long and often dangerous wanderings. He spoke Turkish and Italian, could cook a good pilau, and handled his sabre, upon occasion, with dexterity and effect. The story of his eventful life, which he related to his employer after dinner at Gumysh Haneh, a town between Trebizond and Erzurum, whilst their companions enjoyed the *Kef*, or Oriental idleness after meat, is unquestionably the most interesting digression of the many in Dr Wagner’s book. Wonderful to relate, Saremba, although a Pole and a refugee, claimed not to be either a count or a colonel. His father had been a glazier in Warsaw, and brought his son up to the same trade. When the Polish revolution broke out, in November 1830, young Saremba entered the service as a volunteer, was present at the battles of Grochow, Praga, Iganie, Ostrolenka, but neither received wounds nor obtained promotion. It is rare to meet a Pole who has not been at least a captain, (the Polish army lists of that period being now out of print.) Saremba admitted that he had never attained even to a corporal’s worsted honours. After the capture of Warsaw, his regiment retreated upon Prussian ground. Their hope was that the Prussian king would permit their passage through his territory, and their emigration to America. This hope was unfulfilled. They were disarmed; for a few weeks they were taken good care of; then they were sent back to Poland, there to be drafted into various Russian regiments, or sent, by troops, to the interior, or to Caucasus. The latter was Saremba’s lot. Incorporated in a Russian regiment of the line, and after many changes of garrison, he found himself stationed at the camp of Man-glis, in the neighbourhood of Teflis.

In Saremba’s company there were sixteen Poles besides himself. Seven of them had fought in the revolutionary war; the others were recruits, enlisted since its conclusion. One of the number was married. Their treatment by the Russian officers was

something better than that of the other soldiers, Russians by birth. This proceeded from no sympathy with the Polish cause, but from an involuntary feeling of compassion for men superior in breeding and education to the Russian boors, and who were condemned for political offences to the hard life of a private soldier. More dexterous and intelligent than the Russians, the Poles quickly learn their duty, and would monopolise most of the chevrons of non-commissioned officers, had not the colonels of regiments instructions on this head from the Czar, who has little confidence in Polish loyalty. Sarembea was tolerably fortunate in his commanding officer; but the latter could not always be at his subaltern's elbow, and the poor Poles had much to put up with—bad food, frequent beatings, and extra duty, as punishment for imaginary offences. When to these hardships and sufferings was added the constant *heimweh*—the ardent and passionate longing after home, which has often driven Swiss soldiers, in foreign services, to desertion, and even to suicide—no wonder that every thought of the Poles was fixed upon escape from their worse than Egyptian bondage. There is peculiar and affecting interest in Sarembea's narrative of this portion of his adventures, which Dr Wagner gives in substance, he says, but, as we are disposed to believe, pretty nearly in the Pole's own words.

"When off duty, we Poles often assembled behind the bushes of the forest that encircles the camp of Manglis; sang, when no Russian was within earshot, our national Polish airs, which we had sung, during the revolution, in the ranks of our national army; spoke of our homes, of days gone by, and of hopes for the future; and often, when we thought of all we had lost, and of our bitter exile in a wild foreign land, we all wept aloud together! Well for us that none of our officers witnessed that. It would have gone hard with us.

"We formed innumerable plans of flight into Turkey, but, lacking any accurate knowledge of the country, we for a long time dared not come to a positive resolution. Meanwhile, we took much trouble to acquire the Tar-

tar tongue, and to extract information from the inhabitants concerning the way to Turkey. One of our comrades helped a Tartar peasant in the neighbourhood of Manglis to cultivate his fields, receiving no payment, in order to make a friend of him, and to question him about the country. The Tartar soon divined his project, and willingly lent himself to facilitate our escape. Flight to Persia would have been easiest; but the Tartar would not hear of that, for he was a Sunnite, and detested the heretic followers of Ali. He advised us to fly to Lasistan, as easier to reach than Turkish Armenia. My comrade was compelled to promise him that, once beyond the Russian frontier, we would adopt Islamism. The Tartar minutely explained to him the bearings of the heavens, taught him the names of all the mountains and rivers we should have to cross, and of the villages in whose vicinity we must cautiously conceal our passage. Should we find ourselves in extreme difficulty or danger, he advised us to appeal to the hospitality and protection of the nearest Mollah, to confide to him our position, and not to forget to assure him of our intention to become good Mussulmans as soon as we were on Turkish territory. After we had quite made up our minds to desert at all risks, we required full three months for preparation. Wretched as was our pay, and scanty and bad our rations, we husbanded both, sold our bread and sought to accustom ourselves to hunger. Some of us were mechanics, and earned a few kopeks daily by work in our leisure hours. I worked as glazier for the Russian officers. Our earnings were cast into a common fund. The summer drew near its end: already the birds of passage assembled and flew away in large flocks over the high mountains of Manglis. We watched their flight with longing and envy. We lacked their wings, their knowledge of the way.

"More than once we faltered in our resolution. Some Russian deserters, who had been captured and brought back to camp by Cossacks, when attempting to desert into Leaghistan, were condemned to run the gauntlet thrice through a thousand men, and we

Poles were compelled to assist in flogging the poor wretches almost to death. Deep and painful as was the impression this made upon us, hope and the ardent longing for freedom were yet more powerful. We fixed the day for flight. Only one Pole of our company, who was married to a Cossack's widow, and had a child by her, detached himself from us and remained behind. With knapsacks packed, and loaded muskets, we met, at nightfall, in the forest. There we all fell upon our knees and prayed aloud to God, and to the blessed Virgin Mary, that they would favour our design, and extend over us their protection. Then we grasped each other's hands, and swore to defend ourselves to the utmost, and to perish to the last man sooner than submit to be taken back to camp and flogged to death by the Russians.

"We were fourteen men in all. Some had suffered from fever; others were debilitated by bad nourishment. But the burning desire for liberty, and dread of the fate which awaited us in case of failure, gave vigour to our limbs. We marched for thirteen nights without intermission. By day we concealed ourselves in the forests; during the darkness we sometimes risked ourselves in the vicinity of the roads. When the provisions we had in our knapsacks were exhausted, we supported ourselves partly with the berries we found in the woods, and partly with half-raw game. Fortunately, there was no want of deer in the woods. Towards evening we dispersed in quest of them, but ventured to fire at them only when very near, in order not to squander our ammunition and betray our hiding-place to the Cossack piquets. For this latter reason we dared not light a fire at night, preferring to suffer from cold, and to devour the flesh of the slain beasts in a half-raw state.

"After our thirteen nights' wanderings, we had reached the neighbourhood of the river Arpatschai, but did not rightly know where we were. From the high and barren mountain peaks on which we lay, we beheld, in the far distance, the houses of a large town. We knew not whether it was Russian or Turkish. Without know-

ledge of the country, without a compass, without intercourse with the inhabitants, whom we anxiously avoided, because we constantly feared discovery and betrayal, we roamed at random in the mountains, ignorant what direction we should take to reach the frontier. Latterly the chase had been unproductive, and we suffered from hunger, as well as from fatigue and severe cold. We saw a herd of wild goats upon the heights, but all our attempts stealthily to approach them were unsuccessful; with extraordinary swiftness they scoured across the fields of snow which covered those lofty mountains, and we lost a whole day in a fruitless pursuit. The sharp mountain air, the toilsome march on foot, increased our hunger. Driven almost to despair, we resolved to run a risk and approach the first village we saw, calling to mind the oath we had taken to defend ourselves to the last drop of our blood, and rather to put each other to death than to fall alive into the hands of the Russians.

"On the upper margin of the forest we discovered the minarets of a Tartar mosque. At dusk we cautiously approached and fell in with two Tartars, cutting bushes. From them we learned that we were about thirty versts from the town of Gumri, where the Russians were building a great fort. The frontier was but a short day's journey distant, and the long blue line which we had seen from the mountain tops was really the river Arpatschai, whose further bank is Turkish. We did not conceal from the Tartars our condition and design. The state of our uniforms, all torn by the brambles, and our wild hungry aspect, would hardly have allowed us to be taken for Russian soldiers on service, and they had at once recognised us for what we were. Mindful of the advice of the old Tartar at Manglis, we told them it was our firm resolution to become good Mahometans as soon as we got to Turkey. We adjured them, in the name of Allah and the Prophet, to send us provisions from the village, into which they themselves advised us not to venture. According to their account, there was a Cossack post in the neighbourhood, and the banks of the

Arpatschai were, they assured us, so strictly watched by Russian piquets, that there was little hope of our getting across the frontier in that direction.

"At a rapid pace, the Tartars returned to their village. One of our party, well acquainted with the Tartar tongue, followed them, concealing himself behind the bushes, in order to overhear, if possible, their conversation, and to satisfy himself whether they were honest people, in whom we might confide. But the Tartars exchanged not a word upon their way home. In an hour they came to us again, bringing three other men, one of whom wore a white turban. As they passed before some brushwood in which our comrade lay concealed, he heard them in animated conversation. Following them stealthily through the thicket, he caught enough of their discourse to ascertain that they were of different opinions with respect to the line of conduct to be adopted with respect to us. One of them, who, as we subsequently learned, had served at Warsaw in Prince Paskewitch's Oriental body-guard, would at once have informed the Cossacks of our hiding-place. But the man in the white turban sought to restrain him, and wished first to speak with us.

"The Tartars found us at the appointed place. The White Turban was a Mollah, a fine grey-haired old man with a venerable countenance. To him we frankly confided the history of our sufferings and the object we had in view. After hearing us, he remained for some time buried in thought. To our great surprise one of the Tartars now addressed us in broken Polish, and told us that he had been at Warsaw. At this we were so overjoyed that we were near embracing the man. But the comrade we had sent out to reconnoitre had rejoined us. He seized the Tartar furiously by the beard, upbraided him with the treacherous advice he had given to his countrymen, and threatened to kill him. The old Mollah interfered as peacemaker, and assured us of his assistance and protection, if it were seriously our intention to escape into Turkey and become converts to the creed of Mahomet. We protested that such was our design, although we mentally prayed to

our God and to the Virgin to forgive us this necessary lie, for our design was to escape from the Russian bell, but not to become faithless to our holy religion. Before the Mollah departed, he had to swear by his beard and by the Prophet that he would not betray us. We made the others take the same oath. The ex-life-guardsmen we proposed keeping as a hostage. But the Mollah begged us not to do so, and to trust to his word, which he pledged for the man's silence. Above all we wanted provisions. The Tartars had unfortunately come empty-handed. The pangs of hunger almost drove us to accompany them into the village. But the Mollah warned us that we should there find families of Armenian peasants, who would certainly betray us to the Russians. Fluctuating between hope and fear, we saw them depart. The Mollah's last advice was to be vigilant during the night, since our presence might have been observed by others, who might report it to the Russians.

"Two heavy hours went by. Night had set in, and the stillness was broken only by the occasional howling of the village dogs. As the distance to the village was not great, and as the Mollah had so positively promised to send us food immediately, our suspicions were again aroused, and we mutually reproached each other with having been so foolish as to trust to the oaths of the Tartars and with having suffered them all to depart, instead of keeping the Mollah and the Warsaw man as hostages. Taking our muskets, we stationed ourselves upon the look-out. Our apprehensions were not unfounded. Soon we heard through the darkness the neighing of horses and distant voices. Those of our comrades who were strongest on their legs went out to reconnoitre, and came back with the terrible intelligence that they had plainly distinguished the voices of Russians. Meanwhile the noise of horses' feet died away; once more all was still as the grave; and even the vigilant dogs seemed sunk in sleep.

"Before the first grey of morning appeared, one of the Tartars whom we had met the day before, in the wood, came to us, with three others whom we had not yet seen. They

brought us a great dish of rice, and half a roasted lamb; also bread and fruit. Our presence in the neighbourhood, they said, had been disclosed to the Russians by an Armenian of the village. The Cossack captain had sent for the Mollah and threatened him, but the old man had revealed nothing. The Cossacks did not know our exact hiding-place, and one of the Tartars had led them in a wrong direction. As we were already considered as Mahometans, no Tartar would betray us, unless it were that man who had been in Warsaw, and who was an object of contempt with the people of the village on account of his dissolute and drunken habits.

"Our fierce hunger appeased, our spirits and courage revived, and we decided to continue our march at once. The Tartars advised us not to cross the Arpatschai, which was too closely guarded by the Russian frontier piquets, but to move more northwards, across the mountains of Achalziche, in which direction we should find it far easier to reach Turkish territory. We bade them a grateful farewell. But with the first beam of morning we heard the wild hurra of the Cossacks and saw them in the distance, galloping, accompanied by a number of Tartar horsemen, to cut us off from the valley. We drew back amongst the bushes, and fired a full volley at the nearest group of horsemen, as it tried to force its way into the thicket. Two Cossacks and a Tartar fell, and the rest took to a cowardly flight. We retreated forthwith to the mountain summits whence we had so recently descended, and did not even wait to search the fallen men. Soon a single horseman rode towards us, waving a green branch. We recognised one of the Tartars who had brought us food. He said that the Mollah was at the old place in the wood, and wished to speak with us. We had nothing more to fear from the Cossacks. They took us to be twice as numerous as we really were, had returned to their post and sent to Gumri for reinforcements, which could not arrive before evening. Observing that we harboured mistrust, the man offered to remain as a hostage. I and three of my comrades went to the appointed place. The others remained on the mountain, with the Tartar in

custody. The Mollah was really waiting for us, with two of the men who had accompanied him the previous evening. We learned, to our astonishment, that the Tartar whom we had shot was the same old soldier who had been at Warsaw and had spoken Polish to us. We held this to be a judgment of God. For, notwithstanding his oath, the man had betrayed our hiding-place to the Russians, who were already aware of our vicinity. The other villagers had been compelled to mount and follow the Cossacks, but, at the first volley, gladly joined the latter in their flight."

The Mollah gave the unfortunate Poles directions as to the road, and as to how they should act if they fell into the hands of the Pasha of Kars, who was well disposed towards Russia, and might deliver them up through fear or greed of gain. All that day they toiled over the rude mountain peaks, and next morning they were so lucky as to kill a wild goat; but on those barren heights not a stick of wood was to be found, and they had to eat the flesh raw. After a few hours' rest they continued their arduous journey. It was bitterly cold, the snow fell in thick flakes, and a cutting wind beat in their faces. Towards evening, guided by a light, they reached the wretched huts of some poor Russian frontier settlers, who were cooking their food over fires of dried cowdung. From these people they obtained meat and drink, gave them the few kopeks they had left, which they knew would not pass current in Turkey, and departed, their flasks filled with brandy, and bearing with them the best wishes of their poor but hospitable entertainers. Their march next day was through a dense fog, which covered the high ground. They could not see ten paces before them, and risked, at every step, a fall over a precipice. On the other hand, they flattered themselves that they could pass the frontier—there marked by the mountain chain—unseen by the Russian troops. To guard against smuggling and the plague, as well as against military desertion and the flight of the natives into Turkey, the frontier line had latterly been greatly strengthened. But, once on the southern slope of the mountains, the fugitives had been assured, they

would meet no more Cossacks and would be on Turkish ground. Accordingly they gave themselves up to unbounded joy at being out of Russia and of danger.

"How great was our horror," continued Sarembe, "when, on descending into the valley, the fog lifted, and we found ourselves close to a post of Cossacks. It was too late to retreat. We marched forward in military order, keeping step as upon parade. The stratagem succeeded. The Cossack sentinel took us for a Russian patrol. We surrounded the house, made prisoners of the sentry and of seven half-drunken Cossacks, and learned from them that in the fog we had missed our way over the frontier. The piquet was thirty men strong, but two and twenty had marched that very day on patrol duty. The report of our flight had been received from Gumri, as well as information that the Cossacks should be reinforced by a detachment of infantry. The sentry had taken us for this expected detachment. We were well pleased with the issue of our adventure. The contents of the Cossacks' larder revived and strengthened us, and we packed the fragments of the feast in our knapsacks. We also took their horses, and finally, at their own request bound them hand and foot; for, now that they were sober, they trembled for the consequences of having allowed themselves to be surprised and unresistingly overpowered. They anticipated a severe punishment, and consulted together how they should best extenuate their fault. The dense morning fog was a good circumstance to plead, and so was our superiority of numbers, and also the expectation of a Russian infantry piquet from Gumri. But when all was said, the poor fellows were still pretty sure to get the stick. At their request we fastened the door of the piquet-house before marching away with our booty. That afternoon we crossed the mountains, and reached, without further adventure, a Turkish military post."

The sufferings and disasters of these fourteen hardy Poles were not yet at an end. After their arms had been taken from them, their arrival was reported to the Pasha of Kars, to whom the Russian commandant at Gumri forthwith sent a threatening

letter, demanding the bodies of the fugitives. Four days of anxious suspense ensued, during which orderlies rode to and fro, carrying the correspondence between the Pasha and the commandant, and at last the Poles were told that their only chance to avoid being delivered up was instantly to become Mahometans. In this perplexity they accepted the secret offer of the son of a Lasistan bey to aid their flight into the Pashalik of Trebizond. They started in the night with a caravan of armed mountaineers. On the first day they were divided into two parties, which were separated from each other. On the second day, four, out of the six who were with Sarembe, disappeared, although they entreated to be left together. Finally, when Sarembe awoke upon the third morning, he found himself alone. Thus torn from the true and steadfast friends in whose brave companionship he had faced and surmounted so many perils, his courage deserted him; he wept aloud, and cursed his fate. There was good cause for his grief when he came to know all. The rascally Turk who had facilitated their flight had sold them into slavery. For six months Sarembe toiled under a cruel taskmaster, until fever robbed him of his strength; when his owner, Ali Bey, took him to Trebizond, where the Pole had invented the existence of a brother who would pay his ransom. There he obtained the protection of the French consul, was forwarded to Constantinople, married a Greek woman, and managed to eke out an existence. Of the thirteen comrades who had fled with him from Manglis he had never seen or heard anything, and tears fell upon the honest fellow's weather-beaten moustache as he deplored their probable fate—that of numbers of Polish deserters, who drag out a wretched existence, as slaves to the infidel, in the frontier provinces of Asiatic Turkey.

Dr Wagner found his follower's narrative so striking, and so illustrative of the characteristics of the inhabitants of the trans-Caucasian frontier, that he at once wrote it down in his journal; and he did quite right, for certainly Sarembe's adventures equal, if they do not exceed, in interest, any of the Doctor's own.

After Gumysh Haneh, the next town on the road to Erzroum is Baiburt, once noted for its inhabitants' fanaticism and hatred of all Europeans. Poverty, misery, and the visit of the Russians in 1828, have broken their spirit, and humbled them to the dust. Theirs was the last effort of resistance against Paske-witch, but all their fierce fanaticism did not qualify them to cope with the well-drilled Russian troops. "Is it true," asked Saremba, with a little irony in his tone, of a white-bearded Turk, in the expression of whose hard and furrowed features something of the old spirit was still plainly to be read—"is it true that the *Moshof* has come as far as this?" "*Geldi!*" (he came) was the old man's laconic but melancholy reply. At Baiburt the traveller has a foretaste of the impoverished, decayed, half-ruined towns which extend thence through the whole of Asiatic Turkey to the Persian frontier, and to whose deplorable condition Erzroum constitutes the sole exception. Journeying south-east from Baiburt to the latter city, the first day's march brings the traveller, by the usual caravan road, to no regular halting-place for the night. At Baiburt Dr Wagner parted from his Turkish travelling companions, and proceeded with only Saremba and a horse-guide, "a man of most horrible physiognomy, who professed to be a Turk, but whose long distorted visage, great crooked nose, bushy brows, dingy complexion, puffy turban, and ragged clothes, gave him more the look of a Kourd or Yezidee. The fellow spoke a Turkish," continues the Doctor, "of which I understood nothing, and my servant, although well acquainted with the language of Stamboul, but little. He was very taciturn, and replied to the questions I occasionally put to him by croaking out inarticulate guttural sounds, something between the cry of a screech-owl and the snarl of a jackal. Then he twisted his ugly face so strangely, and grinned and ground his teeth in so hyena-like a fashion, that I was reminded of that horrible Texas Bob, whom Charles Sealsfield, in his *Cabin-Book*, has so graphically sketched."

The most unsuspicious and confid-

ing of men, Dr Wagner here remarks, will become mistrustful, and prone to suspect evil, before he has been long a resident or rambler in the East, and will acquire a habit of constant caution and vigilance in a country where all classes, from the Pasha to the horse-keeper, lay themselves out to plunder and overreach Europeans. The Doctor had been for three years wandering in Oriental lands, where he had encountered some perils and innumerable attempts at imposition. He was much upon his guard, and kept a sharp eye upon his hyena-looking guide, especially when the latter, under pretence of conducting him to quarters for the night, struck off from the road, and led him over crag and fell, through rain and darkness, into a wild, cut-throat district, where he every moment expected to be handed over to the gentle mercies of a band of Kourd brigands. Putting a pistol to the fellow's ugly head, the Doctor swore he would shoot him at the first sign of treachery. The Turk said nothing, but presently—"Here is the village," he quietly remarked, as he led the drenched travellers round the angle of a mass of rock, whence they perceived the lights of the village of Massat, where Hamilton had passed a night some years previously, and where they soon were comfortably seated by a fire, and supping on a very tolerable pilau; whilst Dr Wagner was fain to atone for his ill-founded suspicions by a double *bakshish* to his uncouth but trustworthy guide. The next day, the Doctor, whilst riding over the mountains with loaded pistols in his belt, and a double gun across his shoulders, fell over a precipice nearly a hundred feet high. The soil of a narrow ledge, softened by the rain, had given way under his horse's feet. Man and beast rolled over and over five or six times in the course of the descent. Fortunately there were no rocks in the way—nothing but soft earth. They reached the bottom bruised and bleeding, but without broken bones, and were able to continue their march.

The journey from Erzroum to Persia, through the Alpine district of Armenia, is usually made with a caravan or with post-horses—more

rarely in company with a Tartar in the employ of the Turkish government, who rides courier-fashion, changes his horse every four or five leagues, goes at a gallop, never rests for more than an hour, rides many horses to death, and performs the distance from Erzroum to Tabriz (nearly a hundred leagues) in the extraordinarily short time of two days and a half. Dr Wagner had no taste for travelling in such true Tartar fashion. Would he go post? There are no postmasters in Turkey, nor post-horses, nor posting-stables, nor even postillions, properly so called. Posting in the East has nothing in common with European posting. But on presentation of a firman from the Sublime Porte or the Pasha of the province, every town or village is bound to supply the traveller with the needful horses, and with a horse-guide, at moderate charge. The expense is greatly augmented by the necessity of being accompanied by a Turkish cavass. Without such escort the journey from Erzroum to the Persian frontier is unsafe, and, even with it, all danger is not removed; for in the neighbourhood of the Alpine passes of Armenia lurk the lynx-eyed Kourds, watching for prey. Less daring and dangerous than they were, they are still sufficiently audacious. When pursued by the Pashas—who occasionally make expeditions, at the head of bodies of the Nizam soldiery, to chastise them, and to wrench from them their booty—they take refuge upon Persian ground, send a present to the Sardar of Tabriz, and are suffered to pasture their flocks amongst the mountains of Azerbijan, until they again give way to their predatory propensities, and are threatened or pursued by the Persian authorities. Over the rugged summits of the Agri Dagh they then fly to Russian territory, where the gift of a horse to the Cossack officer in command usually procures them tolerance upon the grassy slopes of Ararat. When driven thence, for a repetition of their lawless raids, they have still a last refuge in the high mountains of Kourdistan, where they purchase the protection of a chief, and whose inaccessible fastnesses defy Turkish pursuers.

“Not long before my departure

from Erzroum,” says Dr. Wagner, “Mr Abbott, the English consul at Teheran, had fallen into the hands of Kourds robbers, and, with his travelling companions, had been stripped to the shirt, inclusively. It was a serio-comic affair. They were attacked near Diadin. Mr Abbott, a man of great personal courage, fired a pistol at the first Kourds who rode at him with his long bamboo lance, and missed—fortunately for him, for had he killed or wounded him, his own life would assuredly have paid the penalty. Two vigorous lance thrusts, which fortunately pierced his *burka*, not his body, cast the courageous Briton from his horse. His Oriental servants and companions had no portion of his combative spirit, but laid down their arms, terrified by the jackal-like yells and hideous figures of the Kourds. The robbers were tolerably generous, after their manner. They took away horses, baggage, and clothes, stripping their victims stark naked, but they left them their lives. And if Mr Abbott had a taste of lance staves and horse-whip, that was only in requital of the pistol-shot. His Armenian servants, who resisted not, received no injury. Amidst the infernal laughter of the Kourds, the naked travellers set off for the nearest village, where they were scantily provided with clothes by compassionate Armenians. Consul Brant at Teheran made a great noise about this business, and the Pasha had to make compensation. But the Kourds retreated southwards to the high mountains, and there, in inaccessible hiding-places, laughed alike at the British consul’s anger, and at the Turkish Pasha’s threats.”

With such a warning before him, Dr Wagner preferred adopting the safest, and at the same time the most convenient, although the slowest mode of travelling in those regions—namely, per caravan. Almost weekly a commercial caravan starts from Erzroum for Tabriz. It consists of from 300 to 900 horses, laden chiefly with English manufactures, also with Bohemian glass, furs, and cloth from the Leipzig fair, and even with toys from Nuremberg. If the convoy be particularly valuable, the Pasha sends with it a cavass, who rides a-head, a horse’s tail at the end of his long lance, as a warning to pre-

datory Kourds not to meddle with that which is under the high protection of the *muschir* of Erzroum. But the caravan's own strength is its best protection. There is a man to every three or four horses, armed with a gun, often with sabre and dagger also; and the Armenians, although tame enough in general, will fight fiercely for their goods, or for those intrusted to their care. Of course there is no security against nocturnal theft, at which the Kourds are as skilful as North-American red-skins, or as the Hadjouts of the African Metidja.

A rich Armenian, by name Kara Gos, (Black-eye,) led the caravan to which Dr Wagner annexed himself. Half the 360 horses comprising it were his. A considerable rogue was Kara Gos, who asked the Doctor double the fair price for the use of six horses, a place under the principal tent, and daily rations from his kitchen. When the Doctor pointed out the overcharge, Kara Gos turned away in silence and in dudgeon, and spoke no word to him during the whole journey. Dr Wagner made his bargain with another Armenian, one Karapet Bedochil, and the journey was prosperously accomplished in twenty-seven days from Erzroum to Tabriz. This was rather slow work—scarcely twelve miles a-day on an average; but Dr Wagner was well pleased to have leisure during the long hours of repose—rendered necessary by hot weather and scanty pasturage—to pursue his geological researches, to go shooting, and to collect rare insects and beautiful Alpine plants. He took interest, also, in observing the habits and intelligence of the horses of the caravan. These were as disciplined as any Russian soldiers, and understood their duty almost as well as their human masters. When, at two in the morning, the Karivan-Baschi gave the signal to march, they responded by a general neighing, snorting, and tinkling of the bells hung to their necks. Notwithstanding the thick darkness, every horse found his right place, his owner, and his groom, and stood motionless till pack-saddle and bales were placed upon his back. The load duly balanced, he instantly started off of his own accord. The march was in file, two abreast. The oldest and most experienced horse took the lead, seem-

ingly proud of the distinction, and displaying an instinct almost amounting to reason. No danger was there of *his* going astray, or shying at some oddly-shaped rock, dimly seen through the twilight, or at a corpse upon the road, or even at the passage of camels, to which horses have a special antipathy. If stream or torrent barred the way, he halted, unbidden, until the nearest horseman had sought out a ford, and then calmly entered the water, his example giving confidence to his followers. These caravan horses love society, soon attach themselves to their companions, whether biped or quadruped, but are very inhospitable, and do not easily admit strange horses to their company. They dislike separation from the caravan, just as cavalry chargers often object to leave the ranks. Karapet Bedochil gave up his best and youngest horse to Dr Wagner for the journey. This was a well-shaped brown mare, of excellent paces, and easy to govern, so long as her habits were respected. But it took some time to accustom her to quit the caravan, and carry Dr Wagner on his rambles off the road.

"To ride in the rank and file of a caravan," says the Doctor, "is wearisome enough. When morning dawned, and the first sunbeams illumined the green Alpine plateau, I loved to ride up some rising ground by the wayside, to contemplate the landscape, and to enjoy the picturesque aspect of the Kourd camps, and of the long line of the caravan. My horse did not share my enjoyment. Much spurring did it cost me to habituate him to even a few minutes' separation from his friends. Love of society, and aversion to solitude, are amongst the most striking and affecting characteristics of these animals. At times I remained behind the caravan, when I found an interesting spot, where the geological formation or the mountain vegetation invited to examination and collection. My horse, well secured near at hand, kept his gaze immovably fixed upon the vanishing caravan. When the last straggler had disappeared, he still pricked up his ears so long as he could hear the bells. When these were no longer audible, he drooped his head, and looked inquiringly and reproachfully at his botanising rider. If it cost me trouble

to detach him from the caravan, he needed no urging to rejoin it. Suddenly displaying the fire of the Oriental courser, he galloped with winged swiftness, till the bells were once more heard, and broke into loud and joyous neighings on again joining his friends."

The gregarious and sociable propensities of Armenian horses are a great obstacle to the designs of the Kourid thieves, who at nightfall prowl around the camp. To lessen the difficulty they come mounted upon stolen caravan horses, which they train to the work. A noose is flung round the neck of a grazing horse, and whilst one thief pulls the animal along, another drives it with a whip. The Armenian horse-keepers fire their guns to give the alarm, and mount their best horses to pursue the marauders. If they overtake them, they at first endeavour to obtain restitution by fair words or by threats. Only at the last extremity do they use their firearms, for they have a not unfounded fear of Kourid vengeance for bloodshed.

Less dreaded, and far less frequent than these depredations, are attacks upon caravans by wolves. These occur scarcely once in ten years, and then only in very severe winters, when long frosts keep the flocks from the pastures. Under such circumstances, the wolves, spurred by extreme hunger, sometimes overcome their natural cowardice, and make a dash at a caravan, breaking suddenly into the column on the march, pulling down horses, and tearing them in pieces, before there is time to drive them away with bullets. But these cases are of extremely rare occurrence. It more often happens that, in summer, a single wolf will sneak down upon the grazing caravan horses, whose instinct, however, soon detects his approach. They form a circle, heads inwards and heels out, and if the wolf does not succeed, at a first spring, in fixing upon one of their throats, his best plan is to decamp, before he gets shot. The attacks of these wolves are always nocturnal. From other beasts of prey the caravans between Erzurum and Tabriz have nothing to fear. The jackals are weak and timid, content themselves with dead ; and bears are few in number,

and confine their feeding to sheep and goats. Southwards from Tabriz to Teheran, and thence to Ispahan, the danger increases. Kourids are replaced by Turkomans; wolves by panthers and tigers. But even from these, so far as Dr Wagner could gather from repeated conversations with caravan leaders, the peril is trifling, except far south, towards Shiraz, or eastwards in the deserts of Khorassan, where tigers are more numerous and aggressive.

Of other animals accustomed to follow caravans, the Doctor particularly mentions ravens and carrion birds, which in winter consume the excrement, in summer the carcasses, of horses. In Armenia and Persia, he recognised an old friend whom he had often seen hovering over the expeditionary column which he had accompanied to Constantinople. The white-headed vulture (*Vultur fulvus*) floated in the air at a prodigious height above the caravan, and as often as a horse fell dead, dozens of the loathsome birds lowered their powerful pinions, and sank plumb-down upon the carrion. The beasts of the caravan, even the dogs, were pretty good friends with these obscene creatures; or at least, from the force of habit, usually endured their proximity. Dr Wagner speculates on the possibility of some eccentric sympathy between the horse and his future coffin. He often saw the little carrion kite (*Cathartes percnopterus*.) when it had gorged itself with the flesh of some dead animal, settle down, its feathers all puffed out, upon a horse's back, there to digest its copious meal—a process which the horse, by his immobility, seemed studiously to avoid disturbing. Grouped together in the great heat, from which they sought to shelter their heads under their neighbours' bellies, the horses stood, each one with his plumed and impure rider. "Sometimes," says the Doctor, "I saw ravens sitting in the same confidential manner upon the backs of horses and dromedaries. In North Africa I observed similar intimacy between kites and cows, ravens and swine. Dr Knob-lecher relates that in the Nile districts of Central Africa he often saw water-fowl, particularly herons and ibises, sit upon the backs of elephants. Only to one kind of animal has the Armenian caravan-horse a natural hatred

and strong aversion—namely, to the camel, who, on his side, detests the horse. Even in caravans composed of both kinds of beasts, long accustomed to each other's presence, this antipathy endures. Horses and camels, if left in any degree to their own free will, go separately to pasture. Long habit of being together restrains them from hostile outbreaks, but I never witnessed, during the whole period of my Oriental travels, an example of even a tolerably good understanding between them."

On the 20th of June—so cold a morning, that, in spite of cloak and mackintosh, Dr Wagner was half-frozen—the caravan reached the Kourid village of Yendek, and encamped in a narrow valley, the mountains around which had been reckoned, a few years previously, amongst the most unsafe in Kourdistan, a caravan seldom passing unassailed. Towards evening a Kourid chief came into camp. "He wore no beard, but thick and long moustaches—as formerly the Janissaries—a huge turban, a short *burka*, very wide trousers. He had his horse shod by one of our Armenians, took a fancy to Karapet-Bedochil's pocket-knife, and asked him for it as a keepsake. He did not pay for the shoeing, and rode off, with small thanks, amidst the courteous greetings of all the Armenians—even of our haughty Karivan-Baschi. I afterwards laughingly asked the *Kadertshi* why he had not demanded payment from the Kourid for the shoes and his work. 'Laugh away!' was his reply; 'if ever you meet that fellow alone, you won't be quite so merry.' The Kourid, who was armed with pistols, gun, and sabre, certainly looked the very model of a captain of banditti."

Before reaching Persian territory, where the risk from robbers diminishes, some pack-horses were cleverly stolen by the Kourids; and two men, who were sent, well mounted, to overtake the thieves and negotiate for the restoration of the property, returned to camp despoiled of clothes and steeds. Ultimately, the Pasha of Erzurum extorted the bales from the Kourids, who are too prudent to drive things to extremities. But, for the time, Kara Gos had to pursue his

journey minus his merchandise, and greatly cast down at the loss, which he merited for his griping effrontery, and for the poltroonery with which, a few days before, he had deviated from his direct road on the rude demand of some Kourids, who sought to pick a quarrel with him—a sort of wolf-and-lamb business—for riding through their pastures. He forgot his loss, however, when reckoning at Tabriz the full sack of sounding gold tomons received for carriage of goods; and in the joy of his heart he even condescended to speak to Dr Wagner, and to extend to him his forgiveness for having refused to be imposed upon, so that they parted in amity at last.

Tabriz, in size the second, in population the first city of the Persian empire, was the limit of Dr Wagner's travels in an easterly direction. Thence he made excursions; and finally, turning his steps southwards, made the circuit of that extremity of Lake Urumia, and so got back to Bayasid in Turkish Armenia; so that he visited, in fact, but a nook of Persia—including, however, one of its most important cities and some rarely-explored districts. His first visit at Tabriz was to Mr Bonham, the English consul-general, with whom he found a Maltese physician, Dr Cassolani—then the only European medical man resident in the place—who offered him, in the kindest manner, an apartment in his house. Here Dr Wagner interpolates a gentle stricture on British hospitality in Asia. Mr Bonham, he says, "was certainly also very obliging, but seemed less hospitable; and although he had a very roomy house and a very small family, he, like his colleague, Mr Brant at Erzurum, was not fond of putting himself out of his way. I confess that I have not formed the most favourable opinion of English hospitality in the East. My letters from Lord Aberdeen and Sir Stratford Canning had not the effect which might have been reasonably expected from the high position of those statesmen. In Russian Asia, less exalted recommendations generally procured me a friendly and truly hospitable reception. On better acquaintance, and after repeated inter-

views, the dry, thoroughly English reserve and formal manner gave way, in Mr Bonham, to a certain degree of amiability. He took a particularly warm interest in my communications from the Caucasus, and gave me in return valuable information concerning Persian matters. Mr Bonham was married to a niece of Sir Robert Peel's, a beautiful, amiable, and accomplished lady."

In Dr Cassolani's house Dr Wagner made the acquaintance of a great number of Persians, who besieged the learned *hekim* for advice, and he thus had excellent opportunities of noting the peculiarities of Persian character, manners, and morals. But the most favourable place for the pursuit of such studies, on a large scale, he found to be the Tabriz bazaar, which is composed of a number of bazaars, or spacious halls full of shops. Thither daily repaired Dr Wagner, escorted by one of Dr Cassolani's Persian servants, a fellow of herculean proportions, whose duty it was to open a passage through the curious crowd which at first thronged round the European. Here were displayed prodigious masses of merchandise, chiefly English, only the coarser kinds of goods coming from Germany and Russia, glass from Austria, amber from Constantinople. Here were children's watches from Nuremberg, with a locomotive on the dial, and the inscription, "Railway from Nuremberg to Furth;" lithographed likenesses of the Shah of Persia, taken and printed in Germany; snuff-boxes from Astrakan, with the Emperor Nicholas's portrait; and portraits of Benkendorf, Paskewitch, Neidhard, and other Russian generals distinguished in recent wars. There were shawls and carpets from Hindostan, and sabre-blades, of wonderful temper and finish, from Shiraz. Of these latter Dr Wagner saw some, adorned with beautiful arabesque designs in gold, and inscribed with passages from the Koran, whose price was two hundred to-mauns, or Persian ducats. Made of strips of metal, hammered together cold, these excellent blades are the result of prodigious labour, much time, and great skill. The chief value of such weapons is usually in the steel, for the hilt and mounting

must be unusually rich to exceed the cost of the blade itself. Hitherto the armourers of Tabriz, Teheran, and Ispahan have vainly endeavoured to rival those of Shiraz.

Dr Wagner soon found himself at home in the European circle at Tabriz, which consists chiefly of the members of the Russian and English consulates, and of the managers of four Greek commercial houses, branches of Constantinople establishments. The English consul-general, as already hinted, lived rather retired, gave a dinner or two each half-year to the Europeans, and took but small share in the pleasures and amusements after which most of them eagerly ran. An old Greek gentleman, named Morfopulo, was the great Lucullus and Amphitryon of the place. Introduced to him by his Maltese friend, Dr Wagner was at once cordially invited to a dinner, which gave him the first idea of the sumptuous manner of living of Europeans in Tabriz. Nothing was spared; Oriental delicacies were embalmed and ennobled by the refinements of Western art. There were fish from the Caspian, game from the forests of Ghilan, grapes and mulberries from Azerbaijan, the most exquisite pasties, and the cream of the vineyards of Champagne cooling in abundant ice. The guests were as motley, the talk as various, as the viands. From East to West, from Ispahan to Paris, the conversation rolled. The Russian Consul-general sketched the Persian court at Teheran; Dr Cassolani gave verbal extracts from his life and experience at Erzroum and Tabriz; an Italian quack, who had just arrived, and who had long led a roving existence in Asiatic Turkey—professing alternately to discover gold mines, and to heal all maladies by an infallible elixir—related his adventures amongst the Kourds; whilst a young Greek diplomatist, named Mavrocordato—a relation of the statesman of that name—just transferred, to his no small regret, from Paris to Tabriz, was eloquent concerning the balls, beauties, and delights of the French capital.

The domestic arrangements of the European residents in Tabriz are peculiar, and may possibly account for the limited nature of the inter-

course maintained with them by the gentleman who filled the post of British consul-general at the time of Dr Wagner's visit. Some of the managers of the Greek houses—few of whom remain more than half-a-dozen years, which time, owing to the profitable nature of the trade, and especially of the smuggling traffic with the trans-Caucasian provinces of Russia, usually suffices to make their fortunes—were married, but had left their wives in Constantinople. Most of them, as well as the members of the Russian consulate-general, were bachelors. All, however, whether married or single, had conformed to the custom of the place, by contracting limited matrimony with Nestorian women. This Christian sect, numerous in Azerbaijan, entertains a strong partiality for Europeans, and has no scruple, either moral or religious, in marrying its daughters to them for a fixed term of years, and in consideration of a stipulated sum. There is great competition for a new-comer from Europe, especially if he be rich. The queer contract is known in Tabriz as *matrimonio alla carta*. Very often the whole of the lady's family take up their abode in the house of the temporary husband, and live at his charges; and this is indeed often a condition of the bargain. The usage is of such long standing amongst Europeans in Persia, and especially in that particular province, that it there scandalises no one. Every European has a part of his house set aside for the women, and calls it his harem: the ladies preserve their Persian garb and manner of life, cover their faces before strangers and in the streets, frequent the bath, and pass their time in dressing themselves, just like the Mahomedan Persians. Handsome, but totally uneducated and un-intellectual, they make faithful wives and tender mothers, but poor companions. When the term stipulated in the contract expires, and if it be not renewed, they find no difficulty in contracting permanent marriages with their own countrymen; the less so, that, in such cases, they take a dowry with them, whereas, in general, the Nestorian has to purchase his wife

from her parents. The children of the European marriage almost always remain in possession of the mother; and Dr Wagner was assured that she testifies even stronger affection for them than for those of her second and more regular marriage; whilst the stepfather rarely neglects his duty towards them. "Still more remarkable is it," continues the Doctor, "that the European fathers, when recalled to their own country, abandon their children, without, as it would seem, the slightest scruple of conscience, to a most uncertain fate, and trouble themselves no further concerning them. But a single instance is known to me, when a wealthy European took one of his children away with him. Even in the case of men otherwise of high character and principle, a prolonged residence in the East seems very apt gradually to stifle the voice of nature, of honour, and of conscience."

Dismissing, with this reflection, the consideration of European society and habits in Persia, Dr Wagner turns his attention to the natives, and to an examination of the curious incidents and vicissitudes of modern Persian history, to which he allots an interesting chapter—based partly on his many conversations with British and Russian diplomatic agents, with French officers who had served in Persia, and with French and American missionaries, partly on the works of various English travellers—and then commences his wanderings and explorations in the mountains of Sahant, and along the shores of Lake Urumiah. In these and other investigations, occupying his second volume, the length to which our notice of his first has insensibly extended forbids our accompanying him, at least for the present. Judging from the great number of books relating to Western Asia that have of late years been published in this country—many of them with marked success—the number of readers who take an interest in that region must be very considerable. By such of them as read German, Dr Wagner's series of six volumes will be prized as a mine of entertainment and information.

KATIE STEWART.

A TRUE STORY.

PART II.—CHAPTER VIII.

"LEDDY KILBRACHMONT! Weel, John, my man, she might have done waur—muckle waur; but I secna very weel how she could have bettered hersel. A young, wiselike, gallant-looking lad, and a very decent lairdship—anither thing frae a doited auld man."

"Weel, wife," said John Stewart, ruefully scratching his head—"weel, I say naething against it in itsel; but will ye tell me what I'm to say to the Beelye?"

"Ay, John, that will I," returned the house-mother. "Tell him to take his daughter's bairn out of its cradle, puir wee totum, and ask himsel what he has to do wi' a young wife—a young wife! and a bonnie lass like our Isabell! Man, John, to think, wi' that muckle body o' yours, that you should have sae little heart! Nae wonder ye need muckle coats and plaids about ye, you men! for ne'er a spark o' light is in the hearts of ye, to keep ye warm within."

"Weel, weel, Isabell; the mair cause ye should gie me a guid dram to keep the chill out," said the miller; "and ye'll just mind ye were airt and pairt, and thought mair of the Beelye's bien dwellin' and braw family than ever I did; but its aye your way—ye put a' the blame, when there is blame, on me."

"Hand your peace, guidman," said Mrs Stewart. "Whiles I am drawn away wi' your reasonings against my ain judgment, as happens to folk owre easy in their temper, whether they will or no—I'll no deny that; but nae man can say I ever set my face to onything that would have broken the heart of a bairn of mine. Take your dram, and gang away with your worldly thoughts to your worldly business, John Stewart; if it wasna for you, I'm sure ne'er a thought of pelf would enter my head."

"Eh, guidwife!" It was all that the miller's astonishment could utter.

He was put down. With humility he took the dram, and softly setting his glass on the table, went out like a lamb, to the mill.

"Leddy Kilbrachmont! and Janet, the glaikit gilpie, taking up with a common man!" said Mrs Stewart, unconsciously pushing aside the pretty wheel, the offering of the "wright" in Arncreech. "Weel, but what maun I do? If Isabell gangs hame to her ain house, and Janet—Janet's a guid worker—far mair use about a house like ours than such a genty thing as Bell—Janet married, too—what's to come o' me? I'll hae to bring hame Katie frae the Castle."

"Muckle guid ye'll get of Katie, mother," said Janet, who, just then coming in from the garden, with an armful of cold, curly, brilliant greens, had heard her mother's soliloquy. "If ye yokit her to the wheel like a powny, she wadna spin the yarn for Isabell's providing in half-a-dozen years; and no a mortal turn besides could Katie do in a house, if ye gied her a' the land between this and Kellie Law."

"And wha asked your counsel?" said the absolute sovereign of Kellie Mill. "If I'm no sair trysted wi' my family, there never was a woman: first, your faither—and muckle he kens about the rule o' a household; and syne you, ye taupie—as if Isabell's providing was yet to spin! To spin, said she? and it lying safe in the oak press up the stair, since ever Bell was a wee smout of a bairn. And yours too, though ye dinna deserve it;—ay, and little Katie's as weel, as the bonnie grass on the burnside could have tellt ye twal year ago, when it was white wi' yarn a' the simmer through, spun on a purpose-like wheel—a thing fit for a woman's wark—no a toy for a bit bairn. Gae way wi' you and your vanities. I would just like to see, wi' a' your

upsetting, ony ane o' ye bring up a family as creditable as your mother!"

Janet stole in to the table at the further window, and, without a word, began to prepare her greens, which were immediately to be added to the other contents of the great pot, which, suspended by the crook, bubbled and boiled over the fire; for the moods of the house-mother were pretty well known in her dominions, and no one dared to lift up the voice of rebellion.

After an interval of silence, Mrs Stewart proceeded to her own room, and in a short time reappeared, hooded and plaided, testifying with those echoing steps of hers, to all concerned, that she had again put on her high-heeled gala shoes. Isabell was now in the kitchen, quietly going about her share of the household labour, and doing it with a subdued graceful gladness which touched the mother's heart.

"I'm gaun up to Kellie, Bell, my woman," said Mrs Stewart. "I wouldna say but we may need Katie at hame; onyway, I'll gang up to the Castle, and see what they say about it. It's time she had a while at hame to learn something purpose-like, or it's my fear she'll be fit for naething but to hang on about Lady Anne; and nae bairn o' mine shall do that wi' my will. Ye'll set Merran to the muckle wheel, Isabell, as soon as she's in frae the field; and get that cuttie Janet to do some creditable work. If I catch her out o' the house when I come hame, it'll be the waur for hersel."

"So ye're aye biding on at the Castle, Bauby," said Mrs Stewart, as, her long walk over, she rested in the housekeeper's room, and greeted, with a mixture of familiarity and condescension, the powerful Bauby, who had so long been the faithful friend and attendant of little Katie Stewart. "Ye're biding on? I thought you were sure to gang with Lady Betty; and vexed I was to think of ye gaun away, that my bairn liket sae weel."

"I'll never lee, Mrs Stewart," said Bauby, confidentially. "If it hadna just been Katie Stewart's sel, and a thought of Lady Anne, puir thing, left her lee lane in the house, I would as soon have gaen out to the May to

live, as bidden still in Kellie Castle. But someway they have grippit my heart atween them—I couldna leave the bairns."

"Aweel, Bauby, it was kind in ye," said the miller's wife; "but I'm in no manner sure that I winna take Katie away."

"Take Katie away—eh, Mrs Stewart!" And Bauby lifted up her great hands in appeal.

"Ye see her sister Isabell is to be married soon," said the important mother, rising and smoothing down her skirts. "And now I'm rested, Bauby, I'll thank ye to take me to Lady Anne's room."

The fire burned brightly in the west room, glowing in the dark polished walls, and brightening with its warm flush the clouded daylight which shone through the high window. Again on her high chair, with her shoulders fixed, so that she cannot stoop, Lady Anne sits at her embroidery frame, at some distance from the window, where the slanting light falls full upon her work, patiently and painfully working those dim roses into the canvass which already bears the blossoms of many a laborious hour. Poor Lady Anne! People, all her life, have been doing their duty to her—training her into propriety—into noiseless decorum and high-bred manners. She has read the *Spectator* to improve her mind—has worked embroidery because it was her duty; and sits resignedly in this steel fixture now, because she feels it a duty too—a duty to the world at large that Lady Anne Erskine should have no curve in her shoulders—no stoop in her tall aristocratic figure. But, in spite of all this, though they make her stiff, and pale, and silent, none of these cares have at all tarnished the gentle lustre of Lady Anne's good heart; for, to tell truth, embroidery, and prejudices, and steel-collars, though they cramp both body and mind a little, by no means have a bad effect—or, at least, by no means so bad an effect as people ascribe to them in these days—upon the heart; and there lived many a true lady then—lives many a true lady now—to whom devout thoughts have come in those dim hours, and fair fancies budded and blossomed in the silence. It was very true that Lady Anne sat

there immovable, holding her head with conscientious firmness, as she had been trained to hold it, and moving her long fingers noiselessly as her needle went out and in through the canvass before her—very true that she thought she was doing her duty, and accomplishing her natural lot; but not any less true, notwithstanding, that the heart which beat softly against her breast was pure and gentle as the summer air, and, like it, touched into quiet brightness by the light from heaven.

Near her, carelessly bending forward from a lower chair, and leaning her whole weight on another embroidery frame, sits Katie Stewart, labouring with a hundred wiles to draw Lady Anne's attention from her work. One of little Katie's round white shoulders is gleaming out of her dress, and she is not in the least erect, but bends her head down between her hands, and pushes back the rich golden hair which falls in shining, half-curled tresses over her fingers, and laughs, and pouts, and calls to Lady Anne; but Lady Anne only answers quietly, and goes on with her work—for it is right and needful to work so many hours, and Lady Anne is doing her duty.

But not so Katie Stewart: her needle lies idle on the canvass; her silk hangs over her arm, getting soiled and dim; and Lady Anne blushes to remember how long it is since her wayward favourite began that group of flowers.

For Katie feels no duty—no responsibility in the matter; and having worked a whole dreary hour, and accomplished a whole loaf, inclines to be idle now, and would fain make her companion idle too. But the conscientious Lady Anne shakes her head, and labours on; so Katie, leaning still further over the frame, and still more entirely disregarding her shoulders and deportment, tosses back the overshadowing curls again, and with her cheeks supported in the curved palms of her hands, and her fingers keeping back the hair from her brow, lifts up her voice and sings—

“Corn rigs and barley rigs,
Corn rigs are bonnie.”

Sweet, clear, and full is little Katie's

voice, and she leans forward, with her bright eyes dwelling kindly on Lady Anne's face, while, with affectionate pleasure, the good Lady Anne sits still, and works, and listens—the sweet child's voice, in which there is still scarcely a graver modulation to tell of the coming woman, echoing into the generous gentle heart which scarcely all its life has had a selfish thought to interrupt the simple beautiful admiration of its unenvious love.

“Katie, ye little cuttie!” exclaimed the horror-stricken mother, looking in at the door.

Katie started; but it was only with privileged boldness to look up smilingly into her mother's face, as she finished the last verse of her song.

“Eh, Lady Anne, what can I say to you?” said Mrs Stewart, coming forward with indignant energetic haste; “or what will your ladyship say to that forward monkey? Katie, have I no admonished ye to get the manners of a serving lassie at your peril, however grand the folk were ye saw; but, nevertheless, to gie honour where honour is due, as it's commanded. I think shame to look ye in the face, Lady Anne, after hearing a bairn of mine use such a freedom.”

“But you have no need, Mrs Stewart,” said Lady Anne, “for Katie is at home.”

There was the slightest possible tone of authority in the words, gentle as they were; and Mrs Stewart felt herself put down.

“Weel, your ladyship kens best; but I came to speak about Katie, Lady Anne. I'm thinking I'll need to bring her hame.”

Mrs Stewart had her revenge. Lady Anne's quiet face grew red and troubled, and she struggled to loose herself from her bondage, and turn round to face the threatening visitor.

“To take Katie home?—away from me? Oh, Mrs Stewart, dinna!” said Lady Anne, forgetting that she was no longer a child.

“Ye see, my lady, our Isabell is to be married. The young man is Philip Landale of Kilbrachmont. Ye may have heard tell of him even in the Castle;—a lad with a guid house and plenty substance to take hame a wife to; and a guid wife he'll get to them,

though maybe I shouldna say it. And so you see, Lady Anne, I'll be left with only Janet at hame."

"But, Mrs Stewart, Katie has not been accustomed to it; she could not do you any good," said the eager, injudicious Lady Anne.

"The very words, my lady—the very thing I said to our guidman and the bairns at hame. 'Its time,' says I, 'that Katie was learnin' something fit for her natural place and lot. What kind of a wife will she ever make to a puir man, coming straight out of Kellie Castle, and Lady Anne's very cha'mer?' No that I'm meaning it's needful that she should get a puir man, Lady Anne; but a bien man in the parish is no like ane of your grand lords and earls; and if Katie does as weel as her mother before her, she'll hae a better portion than she deserves."

Indignantly Katie tossed her curls from her forehead, bent her little flushed face over the frame, and began to ply her needle as if for a wager.

"But, Mrs Stewart," urged Lady Anne, "Katie's birthday is not till May, and she's only fifteen then. Never mind the man—there's plenty time; but as long as we're at Kellie, and not far away from you, Mrs Stewart, why should not Katie live all her life with me?"

Katie glanced up archly, saucily, but said nothing.

"It wouldna be right, my lady. In the first place, you'll no be aye at

Kellie; you'll get folk you like better than Katie Stewart; and Katie must depend on naeboddy's will and pleasure. I'll have it said of nae bairn of mine that she sorned on a stranger. Na, she must come hame."

Lady Anne's eyes filled with tears. The little proud belligerent mother stood triumphant and imperious before the fire. The petulant wilful favourite pouted over her frame; and Lady Anne looked from one to the other with overflowing eyes.

"My sister Betty's away, and my sister Janet's away," said Anne Erskine sadly; "I've nobody but Katie now. If you take Katie away, Mrs Stewart, I'll break my heart."

Little Katie put away her frame without saying a word, and coming silently to the side of the high chair, knelt down, and looked earnestly into Lady Anne's drooping face. There was some wonder in the look—a little awe—and then she laid down her soft cheek upon that hand of Lady Anne's, on which already some tears had fallen, and taking the other hand into her own, continued to look up with a strange, grave, sudden apprehension of the love which had been lavished on her so long. Anne Erskine's tears fell softly on the earnest uplooking face, and Mrs Stewart's heart was melted.

"Weel, Lady Anne, it's no my nature to do a hard thing to onybody. Keep the cuttie; I'll no seek her as lang as I can do without her. I gie ye my word."

CHAPTER IX.

The west room is in no respect changed, though three years have passed since we saw it last. In the middle of the room stands a great open chest, already half full of carefully packed dresses. This square flat parcel, sewed up in a linen cover, which Katie Stewart holds in her arms as if she could with all her heart throw it out of the window, instead of depositing it reverently in the chest, is Lady Anne's embroidery; and Lady Anne herself is collecting stray silks and needle-books into a great satin bag. They are preparing for a journey.

Lady Anne Erskine is twenty—

very tall, very erect, and with a most exceptionable carriage. From her placid quiet brow the hair is combed up, leaving not so much as one curl to shelter or shadow a cheek which is very soft and pale indeed, but which no one could call beautiful, or even comely. On her thin arms she wears long black gloves which do not quite reach the elbow, but leave a part of the arm visible under the lace ruffles which terminate her sleeves; and her dress is of dark rustling silk, rich and heavy, though not so spotless and youthful as it once was. Her little apron is black, and frilled with lace;

and from its pocket peeps the corner of a bright silken huswife; for Lady Anne is no less industrious now than when she was a girl.

Ah, saucy Katie Stewart! Eighteen years old, and still no change in you! No gloves on the round arms which clasp that covered-up embroidery—no huswife, but a printed broadsheet ballad, the floating light literature of the place and time, in the pocket of *your* apron—no propriety in your free rebel shoulders. And people say there is not such another pair of merry eyes in sight of Kellie Law.

The golden hair is imprisoned now, but not so closely as Lady Anne's, for some little curls steal lovingly down at the side, and the fashion of combing it up clears the open white forehead, which, in itself, is not very high, but just in proportion to the other features of the face. Only a little taller is the round active figure—a very little. No one is quite sensible, indeed, that Katie has made any advance in stature at all, except herself; and even herself scarcely hopes, now in the maturity of eighteen, to attain another half inch.

But the little girlish spirit has been growing in those quiet years. It was Spring with her, when Katie saw the tears of Anne Erskine for her threatened removal, and her eyes were opened then in some degree to an appreciation of her beautiful lot. How it was that people loved her, followed her with watchful, solicitous affection—*her*, simple little Katie Stewart—the consciousness brought a strange thrill into her heart. One may grow vain with much admiration, but much love teaches humility. She wondered at it in her secret heart—smiled over it with tears—and it softened and curbed her, indulged and wilful though she was.

But all this time, in supreme contempt Katie held the rural homage which began to be paid to her. Simple and playful as a child in Kellie, Katie at home, when a young farmer, or sailor, or prosperous country tradesman, or all of them together, as happened not unfrequently, hung shyly about the fire in the Anstruther Milton, to which the family had now re-

l. watching for opportunities to themselves, was as stately

and dignified as any Lady Erskine of them all. For Katie had made up her mind. Still, "a grand gentleman," handsome, courtly, and accomplished, with titles and honours, wealth and birth, wandered about, a gleaming splendid shadow, through the castles she built every day. To gain *some* rich and noble wooer, of whatever kind proved attainable, was by no means Katie's ambition. It was a superb imagination, which walked by her side in her dreams, naturally clothed with the grandeur which was his due; for Katie's mind was not very greatly developed yet—her graver powers—and the purple of nobility and rank draped her grand figure with natural simplicity—a guileless ideal.

"Is Lady Betty's house a grand place, Lady Anne?" asked Katie, as she placed the embroidery in the chest.

"It's in the High Street," said Lady Anne, with some pride; "not far from the Parliament House, Katie; but it's not like Kellie, you know; and you that have never been in a town, may think it close, and not like a noble house to be in a street; but the High Street and the Canongate are grand streets; and the house is very fine too—only Betty is alone."

"Is Lord Colville no at home, Lady Anne?" asked Katie.

"Lord Colville's at the sea—he's always at the sea—and it's dreary for Betty to be left alone; but when she sees us, Katie, she'll think she's at Kellie again."

"And would she be glad to think that, I wonder?" said Katie, half under her breath.

But Lady Anne did not answer, for the good Lady Anne was making no speculations at the moment about happiness in the abstract, and so did not properly apprehend the question of her little friend.

The sound of a loud step hastening up stairs startled them. Onward it came thumping through the gallery, and a breathless voice bore it company, singing after a very strange fashion. Voice and step were both undoubtedly Bauby Rodger's, and the gallery creaked under the one, and the song came forth in gasps from the other, making itself articu-

late in a stormy gust as she approached the door.

"Oh handsome Charlie Stuart!
Oh charming Charlie Stuart!
There's no a lad in a' the land
That's half sae sweet as thou art!"

"Bauby!" exclaimed Lady Anne with dignity, as her giant handmaiden threw open the door—"Bauby, you have forgotten yourself. Is that a way to enter a room where I am?"

"Your pardon, my lady—I beg your pardon—I canna help it. Eh, Lady Anne! Eh, Miss Katie! 'Little wat ye wha's coming; prince and lord and a's coming.' There's ane in the court—an' frae the North, wi' the news of a' the victories!"

Lady Anne's face flushed a little. "Who is it?—what is it, Bauby?"

"It's the Prince just, blessin's on his bonnie face!—they say he's the gallantest gentleman that ever was seen—making a' the road frae the Hielands just ae great conquish. The man says there's thousands o' the clans after him—a grand army, beginning wi' the regular sodgers in their uniform, and ending wi' the braw tartans—or ending wi' the clouds mair like, for what twa e'en could see the end of them marching, and them thousands aboon thousands; and white cockaunds on ilka bonnet of them. Eh, my leddy! I could greet—I could dance—I could sing—

'An somebody were come again,
Than somebody maun cross the main,
And ilka man shall hae his ain,
Carle an the King come!'"

"Hush, Bauby, hush," said Lady Anne, drawing herself up with a consciousness of indecorum; but her pale cheek flushed, and her face grew animated. She could not pretend to indifference.

"Ye had best get a sword and a gun, and a white cockade yoursel. You're big enough, Bauby," said the anti-Jacobite Katie; "for your grand Chevalier will need a' his friends yet. Maybe if you're no feared, but keep up with a' thae wild Hielandmen, he'll make you a knight, Bauby."

"Katie, you forget who's beside you," said Lady Anne.

"Oh! ne'er mind me, my lady; I'm used to argue wi' her; but if I did fecht for the Chevalier—ay, ye may ca' him sae!—was it no your ain

very sel, Katie Stewart, that tellt me, nae later than yestreen, that chivalry meant the auld grand knights that fought for the distressed lang syne? And if I *did* fecht for the Prince, what should ail me? And if it was the will of Providence to make me strong and muckle, and you bonnie and wee, whase blame was that? The Chevalier! Ay, and blessings on him!—for isna he just in the way of the auld chivalry—and isna he gaun to deliver the distressed?"

"The way the King did in the persecuting times—him that shot them down like beasts, because they liket the kirk," said Katie.

"Eh, ye little Whig! that I should say sae! But I have nae call to stand up for the auld kings—they've gaen to their place, and rendered their account; but this bonnie lad—for a bonnie lad he is, though he's born a prince, and will dee a great king, as it's my hope and desire—has nae blame of thae ill deeds. He's come for his ain kingdom, and justice, and the rights of the nation, 'and ilka man shall hae his ain.'"

"But wha's wronged, Bauby?" asked the unbeliever.

"Wha's wronged? Isna the nation wronged wi' a bit German duke pitten down in the big seat of our native king? Isna a'boddy wronged that has to suffer that? And isna he coming with his white cockade to set a' thing right again?"

"Bauby, you forget we're to leave Kellie at twelve," said Lady Anne, interrupting this conclusive logic, "and the things are not all ready. We'll hear the true news about the Prince in Edinburgh."

"We'll see him, bless him! for he's marching on Edinburgh, driving a' thae cowards before him like a wheen sheep," said Bauby, triumphantly. "I couldna keep the guid news to mysel, my lady; but now I maun awa."

And Bauby hastened from the room, letting her voice rise as she went through the gallery, enough to convey to Katie's ear her wish—

"To see guid corn upon the rigs,
And banishment to a' the Whigs."

After this interruption, the packing went on busily, and for a considerable time in silence. It was the memorable year of Scottish romance—the

"forty-five;" and there were few hearts on either side which could keep their usual pace of beating when the news of the wild invasion was told. But like all other times of great events and excitement, the ordinary platitudes of life ran on with wonderfully little change—ran on, and wove themselves about those marvels; so that this journey to Edinburgh, even in Lady Anne Erskine's eyes, at present bulked as largely, and looked as important, as the threatened revolution; and to little Katie Stewart, her new gown and mantle were greater events than the advent of the Chevalier.

"Are you no feared to go to Edinburgh, Lady Anne, and the Chevalier and a' his men coming?" asked Katie at length.

Katie's own eyes sparkled at the idea, for the excitement of being in danger was a more delightful thing than she had ever ventured to anticipate before.

"Afraid? He is the true Prince, whether he wins or fails," said Lady Anne; "and no lady need fear where

a Stuart reigns. It's his right he comes for. I pray Heaven give the Prince his right."

Katie looked up with some astonishment. Very few things thus moved the placid Lady Anne.

"It would only be after many a man was killed," said Katie; "and if the King in London comes from Germany, this Chevalier comes from France; and his forefathers were ill men, Lady Anne."

"Katie Stewart," said Lady Anne, hastily, "it's ignorance you're speaking. I will not hear it. I'll hear nothing said against the right. The Prince comes of the true royal blood. He is the son of many good kings; and if they were not all good, that is not his fault. My fathers served his. I will hear nothing said against the Prince's right."

Little Katie looked up wonderingly into her friend's face, and then turned away to conclude her packing. But, quite unconvinced as she was of the claims and rights of the royal adventurer, his young opponent said no more about Prince Charles.

CHAPTER X.

Corn-fields lie under the low green hills, here bending their golden load under the busy reaper's hand, there shorn and naked, with the gathered sheaves in heaps where yesterday they grew. Pleasant sounds are in the clear rich autumn air—harvest voices, harvest mirth, purified by a little distance from all its coarseness; and through the open cottage doors you see the eldest child, matronly and important in one house, idling with a sense of guilt in the other, who has been left at home in charge, that all elder and abler people might get to the field. Pleasant excitement and haste touch you with a contagious cheer and activity as you pass. Here hath our bountiful mother been rendering riches out of her full breast once more; here, under those broad bright, smiling heavens, the rain and the sun, which God sends upon the just and the unjust, have day by day cherished the seed, and brought it forth in blade and ear; and now there is a thanksgiving in all the air, and

quicken steps and cheerful labouring proclaim the unconscious sentiment which animates the whole. Bright, prosperous, wealthy autumn days, wherein the reaper has no less share than his master, and the whole world is enriched with the universal gain.

And now the Firth comes flashing into sight, making the whole horizon a silver line, with one white sail, far off, floating on it like a cloud. Heavily, as if it overhung the water, that dark hill prints its bold outline on the mingled glory of sky and sea; and under its shadow lie quiet houses, musing on the beach, so still that you could fancy them only lingering, meditating there. But little meditation is under those humble roofs, for the fishers of Largo are out on the Firth, as yonder red sails tell you, straying forth at the wide mouth of the bay; and the women at home are weaving nets, and selling fish, and have time for anything but meditation.

But now Largo Law is left behind,

and there is a grand scene beyond. The skies are clear and distinct as skies are only in autumn; and yonder couches the lion, who watches our fair Edinburgh night and day; and there she stands herself, his Una, with her grey wimple over her head, and her feet on the sands of her vassal sea. Queenlike attendants these are: they are almost her sole glory now; for her crown is taken from her head, and her new life of genius has scarcely begun; but none can part the forlorn queen and her two faithful henchmen, the Firth and the hill.

There are few other passengers to cross the ferry with our little party; for Lady Anne has only one manservant for escort and protection to herself, Katie Stewart, and their formidable maid. In those days people were easily satisfied with travelling accommodation. The ferry-boat was a little dingy sloop, lifting up a huge picturesque red sail to catch the soft wind, which carried them along only very slowly; but Katie Stewart leaned over its grim bulwark, watching the water—so calm, that it seemed to have consistence and shape as the slow keel cut it asunder—softly gliding past the little vessel's side, and believed she had never been so happy.

It was night when they reached Edinburgh, under the care of a little band of Lady Colville's servants and hangers-on—all the male force the careful Lady Betty could muster—who had been waiting for them at the water-side. The Chevalier's forces were rapidly approaching the city, and Katie Stewart's heart thrilled in it than any previous joy, as slowly in their heavy cumbrous carriage, with their little body of adherents, they moved along through the gloom and rustling sounds of the beautiful night. In danger! not unlike the errant ladies of the old time; and approaching to the grand centre of romance and song—the Edinburgh of dreams.

Lady Colville's house was in the High Street, opposite the old Cross of Edinburgh; and, with various very audible self-congratulations on the part of their attendants, the visitors entered the narrow dark gateway, and

arrived in the paved court within. It was not very large this court; and, illuminated by the fitful light of a torch, which just showed the massy walls frowning down, with all kinds of projections on every side, the dwelling-place of Lady Colville did not look at all unlike one of the mysterious houses of ancient story. Here were twin windows, set in a richly ornamented gable, sending out gleams of fierce reflection as the light flashed into their small dark panes; and yonder, tier above tier, the great mansion closes up darkly to the sky, which fits the deep well of this court like a roof glowing with its "little lot of stars." Katie had time to observe it all while the good maternal Lady Betty welcomed her young sister at the door. Very dark, high, and narrow was the entrance, more like a cleft in great black rocks, admitting to some secret cavern, than a passage between builded walls; and the dark masses of shadow which lay in those deep corners, and the elfin torchlight throwing wild gleams here and there over the heavy walls, and flashing back from unseen windows, everywhere, made a strange picturesque scene—relieved as it was by the clear, faint stars above, and the warm light from the opened door.

But it was not at that time the most peaceful of residences, this house of Lady Colville's; for in a day or two Katie began to start in her high chamber at the long boom of the Castle guns; and in these balmy lightsome nights, excited crowds paced up and down, from the Canon-gate and the Lawnmarket, and gathered in groups about the Cross, discussing the hundred rumours to which the crisis gave birth. At all times this Edinburgh crowd does dearly love to gather like waves in the great street of the old city, and amuse itself with an excitement when the times permit. As they sweep along—knots of old men, slowly deliberating—clusters of young ones, quickening their pace as their conversation and thoughts intensify—all in motion, continually coming and going, the wide street never sufficiently thronged to prevent their passage, but enough so to secure all the animation of a crowd; and women

looking on only from the "close mouths" and outer stairs, spectators merely, not actors in the ferment which growls too deeply for them to join—the scene is always interesting, always exciting to a stranger; it loses somehow the natural meanness of a vulgar mob, and you see something historical, which quickens your pulse, and makes your blood warm, in the angry crowd of the High Street, if it be only some frolic of soldiers from the Castle which has roused its wrath.

Out, little Katie! out on the round balcony of that high oriel window—something approaches which eyes of noble ladies around you brighten to see. On the other balcony below this, Lady Anne, with a white ribbon on her breast, leans over the carved balustrade, eagerly looking out for its coming, with a flushed and animated face, to which enthusiasm gives a certain charm. Even now in her excitement she has time to look up, time to smile—though she is almost too anxious to smile—and wave her fluttering handkerchief to you above there, Katie Stewart, to quicken your zeal withal. But there, little stubborn Whig, unmoved except by curiosity, and with not a morsel of white ribbon about her whole person, and her handkerchief thrown away into the inner room, least she should be tempted to wave it, stands the little Hanoverian Katie, firmly planting her feet upon the window-sill, and leaning on the great shoulder of Bauby Rodger, who thrusts her forward from behind. Bauby is standing on a stool within the room, her immense person looming through the oppressed window, and one of her mighty hands, with a handkerchief nearly as large as the main-sail of a sloop, squeezed up within it like a ball, ready to be thrown loose to the winds when he comes, grasping, like Lady Anne, the rail of the balustrade.

There is a brilliant sky overhead, and all the way along, until the street loses itself in its downward slope to the palace, those high-crested coroneted windows are crowded with the noble ladies of Scotland. Below, the crowd thickens every moment—a murmuring, moving mass, with many minds within it like Katie Stewart's, hostile

as fears for future, and remembrance of past injuries can make them, to the hero of the day. And banners float in the air, which high above there is misty with the palpable gold of this exceeding sunshine; and distant music steals along the street, and far-off echoed cheers tell that he is coming—he is coming! Pretender—Prince—Knight-errant—the last of a doomed and hapless race.

Within the little boudoir on the lower story, which this oriel window lights, Lady Colville sits in a great elbow chair apart, where she can see the pageant without, and not herself be seen; for Lady Betty wisely remembers that, though the daughter of a Jacobite earl, she is no less the wife of a Whig lord, whose flag floats over the broad sea far away, in the name of King George. Upon her rich stomacher you can scarcely discern the modest white ribbon which, like an innocent ornament, conceals itself under the folds of lace; but the ribbon, nevertheless, is there; and ladies in no such neutral position as hers—offshoots of the attainted house of Mar, and other gentle cousins, crowd her other windows, though no one has seen herself on the watch to hail the Chevalier.

And now he comes! Ah! fair, high, royal face, in whose beauty lurks this look, like the doubtful marsh, under its mossy, brilliant verdure—this look of wandering imbecile expression, like the passing shadow of an idiot's face over the face of a manful youth. Only at times you catch it as he passes gracefully along, bowing like a prince to those enthusiastic subjects at the windows, to those not quite so enthusiastic in the street below. A moment, and all eyes are on him; and now the cheer passes on—on—and the crowd follows in a stream, and the spectators reluctantly stray in from the windows—the Prince has past.

But Lady Anne still bends over the balustrade, her strained eyes wandering after him, herself unconscious of the gentle call with which Lady Betty tries to rouse her as she leaves the little room. Quiet Anne Erskine has had no romance in her youth—shall have none in the grave still life which, day by day, comes

down to her out of the changeable skies. Gentle affections, for sisters, brethren, friends, are to be her portion, and her heart has never craved another; but for this moment some strange magic has roused her. Within her strained spirit a heroic ode is sounding; no one hears the gradual swell of the stricken chords; no one knows how the excited heart beats to their strange music; but give her a poet's utterance then, and resolve that inarticulate cadence, to which her very hand beats time, into the words for which unconsciously she struggles, and you should have a song to rouse a nation. Such songs there are; that terrible Marseillaise, for instance—wrung out of a moved heart in its

highest climax and agony—the wild essence and inspiration of a mind which was not, by natural right, a poet's.

"Lady Anne! Lady Anne! They're a' past now," said Katie Stewart.

Lady Anne's hand fell passively from its support; her head drooped on her breast; and over her pale cheek came a sudden burst of tears. Quickly she stepped down from the balcony, and throwing herself into Lady Betty's chair, covered her face and wept.

"He's no an ill man—I think he's no an ill man," said little Katie in doubtful meditation. "I wish Prince Charlie were safe at hame; for what will he do here?"

CHAPTER XI.

In Lady Colville's great drawing-room a gay party had assembled. It was very shortly after the Prestonpans victory, and the invading party were flushed with high hopes. Something of the ancient romance softened and refined the very manners of the time. By a sudden revulsion those high-spirited noble people had leaped forth from the prosaic modern life to the glowing, brilliant, eventful days of old—as great a change almost as if the warlike barons and earls of their family galleries had stepped out into visible life again. Here is one young gallant, rich in lace and embroidery, describing to a knot of earnest, eager listeners the recent battle. But for this the youth had vegetated on his own acres, a slow, respectable squire—he is a knight now, errant on an enterprise as daring and adventurous as ever engaged a Sir Lancelot or Sir Tristram. The young life, indeed, hangs in the balance—the nation's warfare is involved; but the dangers which surround and hem them about only brighten those youthful eyes, and make their hearts beat the quicker. All things are possible—the impossible they behold before them a thing accomplished; and the magician exercises over them a power like witchcraft;—their whole thoughts turn upon him—their speech is full of Prince Charles.

Graver are the older people—the

men who risk families, households, established rank—and whose mature minds can realise the full risk involved. Men attained in "the fifteen," who remember how it went with them then—men whom trustful retainers follow, and on whose heads lies this vast responsibility of life and death. On some faces among them are dark immovable clouds—on some the desperate calmness of hearts strung to any or every loss; and few forget, even in those brief triumphant festivities, that their lives are in their hands.

In one of those deep window-seats, half hidden by the curtain, Katie Stewart sits at her embroidery frame. If she never worked with a will before, she does it now; for the little rural belle is fluttered and excited by the presence and unusual conversation of the brilliant company round her. The embroidery frame just suffices to mark that Katie is Katie, and not a noble Erskine, for Lady Anne has made it very difficult to recognise the distinction by means of the dress. Katie's, it is true, is plainer than her friend's;—she has no jewels—wears no white rose; but as much pains have been bestowed on her toilette as on that of any lady in the room; and Lady Anne sits very near the window, lest Katie should think herself neglected. There is little fear—for here he stands, the grand gentleman, at Katie Stewart's side!

Deep in those massy walls is the recess of the window, and the window itself is not large, and has a frame of strong broad bars, such as might almost resist a siege. The seat is cushioned and draped with velvet, and the heavy crimson curtain throws a flush upon Katie's face. Quickly move the round arms, gloved with delicate black lace, which does not hide their whiteness; and, escaping from this cover, the little fingers wind themselves among those bright silks, now resting a moment on the canvass, as Katie lifts her eyes to listen to something not quite close at hand which strikes herear—now impatiently beating on the frame as she droops her head, and cannot choose but hear something very close at hand which touches her heart.

A grand gentleman!—Manlike and gallant the young comely face which, high up there, on the other side of those heavy crimson draperies, bends towards her with smiles and winning looks, and words low-spoken—brave the gay heart which beats under his rich uniform—noble the blood that warms it. A veritable Sir Alexander, not far from the noble house of Mar in descent, and near them in friendship; a brave, poor baronet, young, hopeful, and enthusiastic, already in eager joyous fancies beholding his Prince upon the British throne, himself on the way to fortune. At first only for a hasty moment, now and then, can he linger by Katie's window; but the moments grow longer and longer, and now he stands still beside her, silently watching this bud grow upon the canvass—silently following the motion of those hands. Little Katie dare not look up for the eyes that rest on her—eyes which are not bold either, but have a certain shyness in them; and as her eyelids droop over her flushed cheeks, she thinks of the hero of her dreams, and asks herself, with innocent wonder thrilling through her heart, if this is he?

The ladies talk beside her, as Katie cannot talk; shrewdly, simply, within herself, she judges what they say—forms other conclusions—pursues quite another style of reasoning—but says nothing; and Sir Alexander leans his high brow on the crimson curtain, and disregards them all for her.

Leaves them all to watch this bud—to establish a supervision, under which Katie at length begins to feel uneasy, over these idling hands of hers. Look him in the face, little Katie Stewart, and see if those are the eyes you saw in your dreams.

But just now she cannot look him in the face. In a strange enchanted mist she reclines in her window-seat, and dallies with her work. Words float in upon her half-dreaming sense, fragments of conversation which she will remember at another time; attitudes, looks, of which she is scarcely aware now, but which will rise on her memory hereafter, when the remembered sunshine of those days begins to trace out the frescoes on the wall. But now the hours float away as the pageant passed through that crowded High Street yesterday. She is scarcely conscious of their progress as they go, but will gaze after them when they are gone.

"And you have no white rose?" said the young cavalier.

He speaks low. Strange that he should speak low, when among so many conversations other talkers have to raise their voices—low as Philip Landale used to speak to Isabell.

"No," said Katie.

He bends down further—speaks in a still more subdued tone; while Katie's fingers play with the silken thread, and she stoops over her frame so closely that he cannot see her face.

"Is it possible that in Kellie one should have lived disloyal? But that is not the greatest marvel. To be young, and fair, and generous—is it not the same as to be a friend of the Prince? But your heart is with the white rose, though you do not wear it on your breast?"

"No." Look up, little Katie—with honest eyes, that he may be convinced. "No; his forefathers were ill men; and many a man will die first, if Prince Charles be ever King."

"Katie, Katie!" said the warning voice of Lady Anne, who has caught the last words of this rebellious speech. And again the mist steals over her in her corner; and as the light wanes and passes away from the evening skies, she only dimly sees the bending figure beside her, only vaguely receives into her dreaming mind the

low words he says. It is all a dream—the beautiful dim hours depart—the brilliant groups disperse and go away; and, leaning out alone from that oriel window, Katie Stewart looks forth upon the night.

Now and then passes some late reveller—now and then drowsily paces past a veteran of the City Guard. The street is dark on this side, lying in deep shadow; but the harvest moon throws its full light on the opposite pavement, and the solitary unfrequent figures move along, flooded in the silver radiance, which seems to take substance and tangibility from them, and to bear them along, floating, gliding, as the soft waters of the Firth bore the sloop across the ferry. But here comes a quick footstep of authority, echoing through the silent street—a rustling Highland Chief, with a dark henchman, like a shadow at his hand; and that—what is that lingering figure looking up to the light in Lady Anne Erskine's window, as he slowly wends his way downward to the Palace? Little Katie's heart—she had brought it out here to still it—leaps again; for this is the same form which haunts her fancy; and again the wonder thrills through her strangely, if thus she has come in sight of her fate.

Draw your silken mantle closer round you, Katie Stewart; put back the golden curls which this soft breath of night stirs on your cheek, and lean your brow upon your hand which leans upon the sculptured stone. Slowly he passes in the moonlight, looking up at the light which may be yours—which is not yours, little watcher, whom in the gloom he cannot see; let your eyes wander after him, as now the full moonbeams fill up the vacant space where a minute since his gallant figure stood. Yes, it is true; your sunny face shines before his eyes—your soft voice is speaking visionary words to that good simple heart of his; and strange delight is in the thrill of wonder which moves you to ask yourself the question—Is this the hero?

But now the sleep of youth falls on you when your head touches the pillow. No, simple Katie, no; when the hero comes, you will not speculate—will not ask yourself questions; but now it vexes you that your first

thoughts in the waking morrow are not of this stranger, and neither has he been in your dreams.

For dreams are perverse—honest—and will not be persuaded into the service of this wandering fancy. Spring up, Katie Stewart, thankfully out of those soft, deep, dreamless slumbers, into the glorious morning air, which fills the street between those lofty houses like some golden fluid in an antique well;—spring up joyously to the fresh lifetime of undiscovered hours which lie in this new day. Grieve not that only tardily, slowly, the remembrance of the last night's gallant returns to your untroubled mind; soon enough will come this fate of yours, which yet has neither darkened nor brightened your happy skies of youth. Up with your free thoughts, Katie, and bide your time!

A visitor of quite a different class appeared in Lady Colville's drawing-room that day. It was the Honourable Andrew, whose magnificent manners had awakened Katie's admiration at his brother's marriage. Not a youth, but a mature man, this Colville was heir to the lordship; for the good Lady Betty had no children; and while the elder brother spent his prime in the toils of his profession, fighting and enduring upon the sea, the younger indolently dwelt at home, acquiring, by right of a natural inclination towards the beautiful, the character of a refined and elegant patron of the arts. Such art as there was within his reach, he did patronise a little; but his love of the beautiful was by no means the elevating sentiment which we generally conclude it to be. He liked to have fine shapes and colours ministering to his gratification—liked to appropriate and collect around himself, his divinity, the delicate works of genius—liked to have the world observe how fine his eye was, and how correct his taste; and, lounging in his sister-in-law's drawing-room, surveyed the dark portraits on the walls, and the tall erect Lady Anne in the corner, with the same supercilious polished smile.

Lady Betty sits in a great chair, in a rich dress of black silk, with a lace cap over her tower of elaborate hair. She is just entering the autumnal years; placid, gentle, full of

the sunshine of kindness has been her tranquil summer, and it has mellowed and brightened her very face. Less harsh than in her youth are those pale lines—softened, rounded by that kind hand of Time, which deals with her gently, she uses him so well.

The Honourable Andrew, with his keen eyes, does not fail to notice this, and now he begins to compliment his sister on her benign looks; but Lady Anne is not old enough to be benign, and her movements become constrained and awkward—her voice harsh and unmanageable, in presence of the critic. He scans her pale face as if it were a picture—listens when she speaks like one who endures some uncouth sounds—is a Whig. Lady Anne could almost find it in her heart, gentle though that heart be, to hate this supercilious Andrew Colville.

Loop up this heavy drapery—Katie Stewart is not aware of any one looking at her. Her fingers, threaded through these curls, support her cheek—her shoulders are carelessly curved—her other ungloved arm leans upon the frame of her embroidery, and her graceful little head bends forward, looking out with absorbed unconscious eyes. Now there comes a waking to the dreamy face, a start to the still figure. What is it? Only some one passing below, who lifts his bonnet from his bright young forehead, and bows as he passes. Perhaps the bow is for Lady Anne, faintly visible at another window. Lady Anne thinks so, and quietly returns it as a matter of course; but not so thinks Katie Stewart.

The Honourable Andrew Colville changes his seat: it is to bring himself into a better light for observing that picture in the window, which, with a critic's delight, he notes and outlines. But Katie all the while is quite unconscious, and now takes two or three meditative stitches, and now leans on the frame, idly musing, without a thought that any one sees or

looks at her. By and by Mr Colville rises, to stand by the crimson curtain where Sir Alexander stood on the previous night, and Katie at last becomes conscious of a look of admiration very different from the shy glances of the youthful knight. But Mr Colville is full thirty: the little belle has a kind of compassionate forbearance with him, and is neither angry nor fluttered. She has but indifferent cause to be flattered, it is true, for the Honourable Andrew admires her just as he admires the magnificent lace which droops over his thin white hands; but still he is one of the *cognoscenti*, and bestows his notice only on the beautiful.

And he talks to her, pleased with the shrewd answers which she sometimes gives; and Katie has to rein in her wandering thoughts, and feels guilty when she finds herself inattentive to this grandest of grand gentlemen; while Lady Betty, looking over at them anxiously from her great chair, thinks that little Katie's head will be turned.

It is in a fair way; for when Mr Colville, smiling his sweetest smile to her, has bowed himself out, and Katie goes up-stairs to change her dress preparatory to a drive in Lady Betty's great coach, Bauby approaches her mysteriously with a little cluster of white rosebuds in her hand.

"Muckle fash it has ta'en to get them at this time o' the year, Miss Katie, ye may depend," said the oracular Bauby; "and ye ken best yoursel wha they're frae."

The white rose—the badge of rebellion! But the little Whig puts it happily in her breast, and, when Bauby leaves her, laughs aloud in wonderment and pleasure; but, alas! only as she laughed, not very long ago, at this new black mantle or these cambric ruffles; for you are only a new plaything, gallant Sir Alexander, with some novelty and excitement about you. You are not the hero.

CHAPTER XII.

The little town of Anstruther stands on the side of the Firth, stretching its lines of grey red-roofed houses closely along the margin of the water. Sail-

ing past its little quiet home-like harbour, you see one or two red sloops peacefully lying at anchor beside the pier. These sloops are always there.

If one comes and another goes, the passing spectator knows it not. On that bright clear water, tinged with every tint of the rocky bed below—which, in this glistening autumn day, with only wind enough to ruffle it faintly now and then, looks like some beautiful jasper curiously veined and polished, with streaks of salt sea-green, and sober brown, and brilliant blue, distinct and pure below the sun—these little vessels lie continually, as much a part of the scene as that grey pier itself, or the houses yonder of the twin towns. Twin towns there must be, as you learn from those two churches which elevate their little spires above the congregated roofs. The spires themselves look as if, up to a certain stage of their progress, they had contemplated being towers, but, changing their mind when the square erection had attained the form of a box, suddenly inclined their sides towards each other, and became abrupt little steeples, whispering to you recollections of the Revolution Settlement, and the prosaic days of William and Mary. In one of them—or rather in its predecessor—the gentle James Melvill once preached the Gospel he loved so well; and peacefully for two hundred years have they looked out over the Firth, to hail the boats coming and going to the sea-harvest; peacefully through their small windows the light has fallen on little children, having the name named over them which is above all names; and now with a homely reverence they watch their dead.

A row of houses, straggling here and there into corners, turn their faces to the harbour. This is called the Shore. And when you follow the line of rugged pavement nearly to its end, you come upon boats, in every stage of progress, being mended—here with a great patch in the side—there resplendent in a new coat of pitch, which now is drying in the sun. The boats are well enough, and so are the glistening spoils of the “herring drave;” but quite otherwise is the odour of dried and cured fish which salutes you in modern Anstruther. Let us say no evil of it—it is villanous, but it is the life of the town.

Straggling streets and narrow wynds climb a little brae from the

shore. Thrifty are the townefolk, whose to-morrow, for generations, is but a counterpart of yesterday. Nevertheless, there have been great people here—Maggie Lauder, Professor Tennant, Dr Chalmers. The world has heard of the quiet burghs of East and West Anster.

A mile to the westward, on the same sea-margin, lies Pittenweem, another sister of the family. Turn along the high-road there, though you must very soon retrace your steps. Here is this full magnificent Firth, coming softly in with a friendly ripple, over these low, dark, jutting rocks. Were you out in a boat yonder, you would perceive how the folds of its great garment (for in this calm you cannot call them waves) were marked and shaded. But here that shining vestment of sea-water has one wonderful prevailing tint of blue; and between it and the sky, lingers yonder the full snowysails of a passing ship;—here some red specks of fishing-boats straying down towards the mouth of the Firth, beyond you high rock—home of sea-mews—the lighthouse Isle of May. Far over, close upon the opposite shore, lies a mass of something grey and shapeless, resting like a great shell upon the water—that is the Bass; and behind it there is a shadow on the coast, which you can dimly see, but cannot define—that is Tantallon, the stronghold of the stout Douglasses; and westward rises the abrupt cone of North Berwick Law, with a great calm bay stretching in from its feet, and a fair green country retreats beyond, from the water-side to the horizon line.

Turn now to the other hand, cross the high-road, and take this footpath through the fields. Gentle Kellie Law yonder stands quietly under the sunshine, watching his peaceful dominions. Yellow stubble-fields stretch, bare and dry, over these slopes; for no late acre now yields a handful of ears to be gleaned or garnered. But in other fields the harvest work goes on. Here is one full of work-people—quieter than the wheat harvest, not less cheery—out of the rich dark fragrant soil gathering the ripe potato, then in a fresh youthful stage of its history, full of health and vigour; and ploughs are pacing

through other fields; and on this fresh breeze, slightly chilled with coming winter, although brightened still by a fervent autumnal sun, there comes to you at every corner the odour of the fertile fruitful earth.

Follow this burn;—it is the same important stream which forms the boundary between Anstruther Easter and Wester; and when it has led you a circuit through some half-dozen fields, you come upon a little cluster of buildings gathered on its side. Already, before you reach them, that rustling sound tells you of the mill; and now you have only to cross the wooden bridge, (it is but two planks, though the water foams under it,) and you have reached the miller's door.

That little humble cot-house, standing respectfully apart, with the miller's idle cart immediately in front of it, is the dwelling-place of Robert Moulter, the miller's man; but the miller's own habitation is more ambitious. In the strip of garden before the door there are some rose-bushes, some "apple-ringie," and long plumes of gardener's garters; and there is a pointed window in the roof, bearing witness that this is a two-storied house of superior accommodation: the thatch itself is fresh and new—very different from that mossy dilapidated one of the cottar's house; and above the porch flourishes a superb "fouat." The door, as usual, is hospitably open, and you see that within all are prepared for going abroad; for there is a penny wedding in the town, which already has roused all Anster.

Who is this, standing by the window, cloaked and hooded, young, but a matron, and with that beautiful happy light upon her face? Under her hood, young as she is, appears the white edge of lace, which proves her to have assumed already, over the soft brown shining hair which crosses her forehead, the close cap of the wife; but nothing remains of the old shy sad look, to tell you that this is Isabell Stewart. Nor is it. Mrs Stewart there, in her crimson plaid and velvet hood, who is at present delivering a lecture on household economics, to which her daughter listens with a happy smile, would be

the first to set you right if you spoke that old name. Not Isabell Stewart—Liddy Kilbrachmont!—a landed woman, head of a plentiful household, and the crown and honour of the thrifty mother, whose training has fitted her for such a lofty destiny, whose counsels help her to fill it so well.

Janet, equipped like the rest, goes about the apartment, busily setting everything "out of the road." The room is very much like the family room in Kellie Mill: domestic architecture of this homely class is not capable of much variety; and hastily Janet thrusts the same pretty wheel into a corner, and her mother locks the glistening doors of the oak aumrie. Without stands Philip Landale, speaking of his crops to the miller; and a good-looking young sailor, *fiancée* of the coquettish Janet, lingers at the door, waiting for her.

But there is another person in the background, draping the black lace which adorns her new cloak gracefully over her arm, throwing back her shoulders with a slightly ostentatious, disdainful movement, and holding up her head like Lady Anne. Ah, Katie! simple among the great people, but very anxious to look like a grand lady among the small! Very willing are you in your heart to have the unsophisticated fun of this penny wedding to which you are bound, but with a dignified reluctance are you preparing to go; and though Isabell smiles, and Janet pretends to laugh, Janet's betrothed is awed, and thinks there is something very magnificent about Lady Anne Erskine's friend. They make quite a procession as they cross the burn, and wind along the pathway towards the town;—Janet and her companion hurrying on first; young Kilbrachmont following, very proud of the wife who holds his arm, and looking with smiling admiration on the little pretty sister at his other hand; while the miller and his wife bring up the rear.

"Weel, I wouldna be a boaster," said Mrs Stewart; "it would ill set us, wi' sae muckle reason as we have to be thankful. But just look at that bairn. It's my fear she'll be getting a man o' anither rank than ours, the little cuttie! I wouldna say but she

looks down on Kilbrachmont his ain very sel."

"She's no blate to do onything o' the kind," said the miller.

"And how's the like o' you to ken?" retorted his wife. "It's my ain blame, nae doubt, for speaking to ye. Ye're a' very weel with your happer and your meal, John Stewart; but what should you ken about young womenfolk?"

"Weel, weel, sae be it, Isabell," said John. "It's a mercy ye think ye understand yoursels, for to simple folk ye're faddomless, like the auld enemy. I pretend to nae discernment amang ye."

"There winna be ane like her in the haill Town House," said Mrs Stewart to herself; "no Isabell even, let alane Janet; and the bit pridefu' look—the little cuttie!—as if *she* was ony better than her neighbours."

The Town House of West Anster is a low-roofed, small-windowed room, looking out to the churchyard on one side, and to a very quiet street on the other; for West Anster is a suburban and rural place, in comparison with its more active brother on the other side of the burn, by whom it is correspondingly despised. Climbing up a narrow staircase, the party entered the room, in which at present there was very little space for locomotion, as two long tables, flanked by a double row of forms, and spread for a dinner, at which it was evident the article guest would be a most plentiful one, occupied almost the whole of the apartment. The company had just begun to assemble; and Katie, now daintily condescending to accept her brother-in-law's arm, returned with him to the foot of the stair, there to await the return of the marriage procession from the manse, at which just now the ceremony was being performed.

The street is overshadowed by great trees—which, leaning over the churchyard wall on one side, and surrounding the manse, which is only a few yards further down, on the other—darken the little street, and let in the sunshine picturesquely, in bars and streaks, through the thinning yellow foliage. There is a sound of approaching music; a brisk fiddle, performing "Fy let us a' to the

bridal," in its most animated style; and gradually the procession becomes visible, ascending from the dark gates of the manse. The bridegroom is an Anster fisherman. They have all the breath of salt water about them, these blue-jacketed sturdy fellows who form his retinue, with their white wedding favours. And creditable to the mother town are those manly sons of hers, trained to danger from the cradle. The bride is the daughter of a Kilbrachmont cottar—was a servant in Kilbrachmont's house; and it is the kindly connection between the employer and the employed which brings the whole family of Landales and Stewarts to the penny wedding. She is pretty and young, this bride; and the sun glances in her hair, as she droops her uncovered head, and fixes her shy eyes on the ground. A long train of attendant maidens follow her; and nothing but the natural tresses, snooded with silken ribbons, adorn the young heads over which these bright lines of sunshine glisten as the procession passes on.

With her little cloak hanging back upon her shoulders, and her small head elevated, looking down, or rather looking up, (for this humble bride is undeniably taller than little Katie Stewart,) and smiling a smile which she intends to be patronising, but which by no means succeeds in being so, Katie stands back to let the bride pass; and the bride does pass, drooping her blushing face lower and lower, as her master wishes her joy, and shakes her bashful reluctant hand. But the bridesmaid, a simple fisherman's daughter, struck with admiration of the little magnificent Katie, abruptly halts before her, and whispers to the young fisherman who escorts her, that Kilbrachmont and the little belle must enter first. Katie is pleased: the girl's admiration strikes her more than the gaping glances of ever so many rustic wooers; and with such a little bow as Lady Anne might have given, and a rapid flush mounting to her forehead, in spite of all her pretended self-possession, she stepped into the procession, and entered the room after the bride.

Who is this so busy and popular

O

among the youthful company already assembled? You can see him from the door, though he is at the further end of the room, overtopping all his neighbours like a youthful Saul. And handsomely the sailor's jacket sits on his active, well-formed figure; and he stoops slightly, as though he had some fear of this low dingy roof. He has a fine face too, browned with warm suns, and gales; for William Morison has sailed in the Mediterranean, and is to be mate, this next voyage, of the gay Levant schooner, which now lies loading in Leith harbour. Willie Morison! Only the brother of Janet's betrothed, little Katie; so you are prepared to be good to him, and to patronise your future brother-in-law.

His attention was fully occupied just now. But suddenly his popularity fails in that corner, and gibes take the place of approbation. What ails him? What has happened to him? But he does not answer; he only changes his place, creeping gradually nearer, nearer, looking—alas, for human presumption!—at you, little Katie Stewart—magnificent, dignified you!

It is a somewhat rude, plentiful dinner; and there is a perfect crowd of guests. William Wood, the Elie joiner, in the dark corner yonder, counts the heads with an inward chuckle, and congratulates himself that, when all these have paid their half-crowns, he shall carry a heavy pocketful home with him, in payment of the homely furniture he has made; and the young couple have the price of their plenishing cleared at once. But the scene is rather a confused noisy scene, till the dinner is over.

Now clear away these long encum-

bering tables, and tune your doleful fiddles quickly, ye musical men, that the dancers may not wait. Katie tries to think of the stately minuets which she saw and danced in Edinburgh; but it will not do: it is impossible to resist the magic of those inspiring reels; and now Willie Morison is bending his high head down to her, and asking her to dance.

Surely—yes—she will dance with him—kindly and condescendingly, as with a connection. No fear palpitates at little Katie's heart—not a single throb of that tremor with which she saw Sir Alexander approach the window-seat in Lady Colville's drawing-room; and shy and quiet looks Willie Morison, as she draws on that graceful lace glove of hers, and gives him her hand.

Strangely his great fingers close over it, and Katie, looking up with a little wonder, catches just his retreating, shrinking eye. It makes her curious, and she begins to watch—begins to notice how he looks at her stealthily, and does not meet her eye with frankness as other people do. Katie draws herself up, and again becomes haughty, but again it will not do. Kindly looks meet her on all sides, friendly admiration, approbation, praise; and the mother watching her proudly yonder, and those lingering shy looks at her side. She plays with her glove in the intervals of the dance—draws it up on her white arm, and pulls it down; but it is impossible to fold the wings of her heart and keep it still, and it begins to flutter with vague terror, let her do what she will to calm its beating down.

CHAPTER XIII.

The burn sings under the moon, and you cannot see it; but yonder where it bends round the dark corner of this field, it glimmers like a silver bow. Something of witchcraft and magic is in the place and time. Above, the sky overflowed with the moonbeams; behind, the Firth quivering and trembling under them in an ecstasy of silent light; below, the grass which presses upon the narrow

footpath so dark and colourless, with here and there a visible gem of dew shining among its blades like a fallen star. Along that high-road, which stretches its broad white line westward, lads and lasses are trooping home, and their voices strike clearly into the charmed air, but do not blend with it, as does that lingering music which dies away in the distance far on the other side of the town, and the

soft voice of this burn near at hand. The homeward procession to the Milton is different from the outward bound. Yonder, steadily at their sober everyday pace, go the miller and his wife. You can see her crimson plaid faintly, through the silvered air which pales its colour; but you cannot mistake the broad outline of John Stewart, or the little active figure of the mistress of the Milton. Young Kilbrachmont and Isabell have gone home by another road, and Janet and her betrothed are "convoying" some of their friends on the way to Pittenweem, and will not turn back till they pass that little eerie house at the Kirk Latch, where people say the Red Slippers delight to promenade; so never look doubtfully over your shoulder, anxious Willie Morison, in fear lest the noisy couple yonder overtake you, and spoil this silent progress home. Now and then Mrs Stewart, rapidly marching on before, turns her head to see that you are in sight; but nothing else—for gradually these voices on the road soften and pass away—comes on your ear or eye unpleasantly to remind you that there is a host of beings in the world, besides yourself and this shy reluctant companion whose hand rests on your arm.

For under the new laced mantle, of which she was so proud this morning, Katie Stewart's heart is stirring like a bird. She is a step in advance of him, eager to quicken this slow pace; but he lingers—constantly lingers, and some spell is on her, that she cannot bid him hasten. Willie Morison!—only the mate of that pretty Levant schooner which lies in Leith harbour; and the little proud Katie tries to be angry at the presumption which ventures to approach her—her, to whom Sir Alexander did respectful homage—whom the Honourable Andrew signalled out for admiration; but Katie's pride, only as it melts and struggles, makes the magic greater. He does not speak a great deal; but when he does, she stumbles strangely in her answers; and then Katie feels the blood flush to her face, and again her foot advances quickly on the narrow path, and her hand makes a feint to glide out of that restraining arm. No, think it not, little Katie—

once you almost wooed your heart to receive into it, among all the bright dreams which have their natural habitation there, the courtly youthful knight, whose reverent devoirs charmed you into the land of old romance; but, stubborn and honest, the little wayward heart refused. Now let your thoughts, alarmed and anxious, press round their citadel and keep this invader out. Alas! the besieged fortress trembles already, lest its defenders should fail and falter; and angry and petulant grow the resisting thoughts, and they swear to rash vows in the silence. Rash vows—vows in which there lies a hot impatient premonition, that they must be broken very soon.

Under those reeds, low beneath those little overhanging banks, tufted with waving rushes, you scarcely could guess this burn was there, but for the tinkling of its unseen steps; but they walk beside it like listeners entranced by fairy music. The silence does not oppress nor embarrass them now, for that ringing voice fills it up, and is like a third person—a magical elfin third person, whose presence disturbs not their solitude.

"Katie!" cries the house-mother, looking back to mark how far behind those lingerers are; and Katie again impatiently quickens her pace, and draws her companion on. The burn grows louder now, rushing past the idle wheel of the mill, and Mrs Stewart has crossed the little bridge, and they hear, through the still air, the hasty sound with which she turns the great key in the door. Immediately there are visible evidences that the mistress of the house is within it again, for a sudden glow brightens the dark window, and throws a cheerful flickering light from the open door; but the moon gleams in the dark burn, pursuing the foaming water down that descent it hurries over; and the wet stones, which impede its course, glimmer dubiously in the light which throws its splendour over all. Linger, little Katie—slower and slower grow the steps of your companion; linger to make the night beautiful—to feel in your heart as you never felt before, how beautiful it is.

Only Willie Morison! And yet a

little curiosity prompts you to look out and watch him from your window in the roof as you lay your cloak aside. He is lingering still by the burn—leaving it with reluctant, slow steps—looking back and back as if he could not make up his mind to go away; and hastily, with a blush which the darkness gently covers, you withdraw from the window, little Katie, knowing that it is quite impossible he could have seen you, yet trembling lest he has.

The miller has the great Bible on the table, and bitter is the reproof which meets the late-returning Janet, as her mother stands at the open door and calls to her across the burn. It is somewhat late, and Janet yawns as she seats herself in the background, out of the vigilant mother's eye, which, seeing everything, gives no sign of weariness; and Katie meditatively leans her head upon her hand, and places her little Bible in the shadow of her arm, as the family devotion begins. But again and again, before it has ended, Katie feels the guilty blood flush over her forehead; for the sacred words have faded from before her downcast eyes, and she has seen only the retreating figure going slowly away in the moonlight—a blush of indignant shame and self-anger, too, as well as guilt; for this is no Sir Alexander—no hero—but only Willie Morison.

"Send that monkey hame, Isabell," said John Stewart. He had just returned thanks and taken up his bonnet, as he rose from their homely breakfast-table next morning. "Send that monkey hame, I say; I'll no hae my house filled wi' lads again for ony gilpie's pleasure. Let Katie's joes gang up to Kellie if they maun make fules o' themselves. Janet's ser'd, Gude be thankit; let's hae nae mair o't noo."

"It's my desire, John Stewart, you'd just mind your ain business, and leave the house to me," answered his wife. "If there's ae sight in the world I like waur than anither, it's a man pitting his hand into a house-wifeskep. I ne'er meddle with your meal. Robbie and you may be tooming it a' down the burn, for ought I ken; but leave the lassies to me, John, my man. I hae a hand

that can grip them yet, and that's what ye ne'er were gifted with."

The miller shrugged his shoulders, threw on his bonnet, but without any further remonstrance went away.

"And how lang are ye to stay, Katie?" resumed Mrs Stewart.

"I'll gang up to Kilbrachmont, if ye're wearying on me, mother," answered the little belle.

"Haud your peace, ye cuttie. Is that a way to answer your mother, and me slaving for your guid, nicht and day? But hear ye, Katie Stewart, I'll no hae Willie Morison coming courting here; ae scone's enow o' a baking. Janet there is to be cried with Alick—what he could see in her, I canna tell—next Sabbath but twa; and though the Morisons are very decent folk, we're sib enough wi' ae wedding. So ye'll mind what I say, if Willie Morison comes here at e'en."

"I dinna ken what you mean, mother," said Katie indignantly.

"I'll warrant Katie thinks him no guid enough," said Janet, with a sneer.

"Will ye mind your wark, ye taupie? What's your business with Katie's thoughts? And let me never mair see you sit there with a red face, Katie Stewart, and tell a lie under my very e'en. I'll no thole't. Janet, redd up that table. Merran, you're wanted out in the East Park; if Robbie and you canna be done with that pickle taties the day, ye'll ne'er make saut to your kail; and now I'm gaun in to Anster mysel'—see ye pit some birr in your fingers the time I'm away."

"Never you heed my mother, Katie," said Janet benevolently, as Mrs Stewart's crimson plaid began to disappear over the field. "She says aye a hantle mair than she means; and Willie may come the nicht, for a' that."

"Willie may come! And do you think I care if he never crossed Anster Brig again?" exclaimed Katie with burning indignation.

"Weel, I wouldna say. He's a bonnie lad," said Janet, as she lifted the shining plates into the lower shelf of the oak aumrie. "And if you dinna care, Katie, what gars ye have such a red face?"

"It's the fire," murmured Katie,

with sudden humiliation; for her cheeks indeed were burning—alas! as the brave Sir Alexander's name could never make them burn.

"Weel, he's to sail in three weeks, and he'll be a fule if he troubles his head about a disdainfu' thing that wouldna stand up for him, puir chield. The first night ever Alick came after me, I wouldna have held my tongue and heard onybody speak ill of him; and yesterday's no the first day—no by mony a Sabbath in the kirk, and mony a night at hame—that Willie Morison has gien weary looks at you."

"He can keep his looks to himself," said Katie angrily, as the wheel *birded* under her impatient hand. "It was only to please ye a' that I let him come hame with me last night; and he's no a bonnie lad, and I dinna care for him, Janet."

Janet, with the firelight reddening that round, stout, ruddy arm, with which she lifts from the crook the suspended kettle, pauses in the act to look into Katie's face. The eyelashes tremble on the flushed cheek—the head is drooping—poor little Katie could almost cry with vexation and shame.

Merran is away to the field—the sisters are alone; but Janet only ventures to laugh a little as she goes with some bustle about her work, and records Katie's blush and Katie's anger for the encouragement of Willie Morison. Janet, who is experienced in such matters, thinks these are good signs.

And the forenoon glides away, while Katie sits absorbed and silent, turning the pretty wheel, and musing on all these affronts which have been put upon her. Not the first by many days on which Willie Morison has dared to think of her! And she remembers Sir Alexander, and that moonlight night on which she watched him looking up at Lady Anne Erskine's window, but very faintly, very indifferently, comes before her the dim outline of the youthful knight; whereas most clearly visible in his blue jacket, and with the fair hair blown back from his ruddy, manly face, appears this intruder, this Willie Morison.

The days are growing short. Very

soon now the dim clouds of the night droop over these afternoon hours in which Mrs Stewart says, "Naesbody can ever settle to wark." It is just cold enough to make the people out of doors brisk in their pace, and to quicken the blood it exhilarates; and the voices of the field-labourers calling to each other as the women gather up the potato baskets and hoes which they have used in their work, and the men loose their horses from the plough, and lead them home, ring into the air with a clear musical cadence which they have not at any other time. Over the dark Firth, from which now and then you catch a long glistening gleam, which alone in the darkness tells you it is there, now suddenly blazes forth that beacon on the May. Not a sober light, shining under glass cases with the reflectors of science behind, but an immense fire piled high up in that iron cage which crowns the strong grey tower; a fiery, livid, desperatelight, reddening the dark waters which welter and plunge below, so that you can fancy it rather the torch of a forlorn hope, fiercely gleaming upon ships dismasted and despairing men, than the soft clear lamp of help and kindness guiding the coming and going passenger through a dangerous way.

The night is dark, and this ruddy window in the Milton is innocent of a curtain. Skilfully the fire has been built, brightly it burns, paling the ineffectual lamp up there, in its cruise on the high mantelpiece. The corners of the room are dark, and Merran, still moving about here and there, like a wandering star, crosses the orbit of this homely domestic sun, and anon mysteriously disappears into the gloom. Here, in an arm-chair, sits the miller, his bonnet laid aside, and in his hand a Caledonian Mercury, not of the most recent date, which he alternately elevates to the lamplight, and depresses to catch the bright glow of the fire; for the miller's eyes are not so young as they once were, though he scorns spectacles still.

Opposite him, in the best place for the light, sits Mrs Stewart, diligently mending a garment of stout linen, her own spinning, which time has begun slightly to affect. But her employment does not entirely engross

her vigilant eyes, which glance perpetually round with quick scrutiny, accompanied by remark, reproof, or bit of pithy advice—advice which no one dares openly refuse to take.

Janet is knitting a grey “rig-and-fur” stocking, a duplicate of these ones which are basking before the fire on John Stewart’s substantial legs. Constantly Janet’s clue is straying on the floor, or Janet’s wires becoming entangled; and when her mother’s eyes are otherwise directed, the hoiden lets her hands fall into her lap, and gives her whole attention to the whispered explosive jokes which Alick Morison is producing behind her chair.

Over there, where the light falls fully on her, though it does not do her so much service as the others, little Katie gravely sits at the wheel, and spins with a downcast face. Her dress is very carefully arranged—much more so than it would have been in Kellie—and the graceful cambric ruffles droop over her gloved arms, and she holds her head, stooping a little forward indeed, but still in a dignified attitude, with conscious pride and involuntary grace. Richly the flickering firelight brings out the golden gloss of that curl upon her cheek, and the cheek itself is a little flushed; but Katie is determinedly grave and dignified, and very rarely is cheated into a momentary smile.

For he is here, this Willie Morison! lingering over her wheel and her, a great shadow, speaking now and then when he can get an opportunity; but Katie looks blank and unconscious—will not hear him—and holds her head stiffly in one position rather than catch a glimpse of him as he sways his tall person behind her. Other lingering figures, half in the gloom, half in the light, encircle the little company by the fireside, and contribute to the talk, which, among

them, is kept up merrily—Mrs Stewart herself leading and directing it, and only the dignified Katie quite declining to join in the gossip and rural raillery, which, after all, is quite as witty, and—save that it is a little Fifish—scarcely in any respect less delicate than the *badinage* of more refined circles.

“It’s no often Anster gets a blink of your daughter. Is Miss Katie to stay lang?” asked a young farmer, whom Katie’s dress and manner had awed into humility, as she intended they should.

“Katie, ye’re no often so mim. Whatfor can ye no answer yoursel?” said Mrs Stewart.

“Lady Anne is away to England with Lady Betty—for Lord Colville’s ship’s come in,” said Katie sedately. “There’s nobody at the Castle but Lady Erskine. Lady Anne is to be back in three weeks. She says that in her letter.”

In her letter! Little Katie Stewart then receives letters from Lady Anne Erskine! The young farmer was put down; visions of seeing her a countess yet crossed his eyes and disenchanted him. “She’ll make a bonnie lady; there’s few of them like her; but she’ll never do for a poor man’s wife,” he muttered to himself as he withdrew a step or two from the vicinity of the unattainable sour plums.

But not so Willie Morison. “I’ll be three weeks of sailing mysel,” said the mate of the schooner, scarcely above his breath; and no one heard him but Katie.

Three weeks! The petulant thoughts rushed round their fortress, and vowed to defend it to the death. But in their very heat, alas! was there not something which betrayed a lurking traitor in the citadel, ready to display the craven white flag from its highest tower?

GOLD—EMIGRATION—FOREIGN DEPENDENCE—TAXATION.

BEFORE the following pages issue from the press, the contest involved in the Parliamentary Elections will be over. It is useless to speculate, therefore, on what will so soon be determined by a result which, for the time at least, will settle who is to hold the reins of power. Recording our confident hope that the Conservative party will obtain such a majority as may enable them to carry on the Government on those principles which can alone heal the wounds and allay the feuds which the policy of their predecessors have implanted in this country, it is of more importance at this time to inquire into the great and lasting interests of the nation, and the present circumstances in our ever-changing situation which most loudly call for attention, and must ere long force themselves upon the consideration of whatever Government is placed by the people at the head of affairs. The observations we are to offer are chiefly of a practical and remedial kind; for the changes to which they refer are such as are altogether beyond the reach of dispute, and on which all parties, however much divided on other subjects, are agreed.

The first of these subjects, in point of importance, beyond all question, both to the present interests and future destinies of the Empire, is the vast increase in the annual supply of gold for the use of the globe, which the late discoveries in California and Australia have made. Here, fortunately, there is no room for dispute; and, in fact, there is no dispute about the facts. It is conceded on all sides that the annual supply of the precious metals, before the new discoveries, was somewhat below £10,000,000 a year; of which about £6,000,000 was the annual waste by the wearing of coin, or the absorption of the precious metals in objects of luxury; and that before the end of 1851 this annual supply had risen to £30,000,000. There has been very little addition to the annual waste; so that the quantity annually added to the sum total of the precious metals in this world

has been multiplied at least *fivefold* during the last three years. It has risen from £4,000,000 annually to at least £20,000,000. And the recent accounts from Australia leave no room for doubt that this increase in the supply, how great soever, will be largely added to; for it appears that from 9th October to 9th April the yield of the Australian gold mines was above £3,000,000; and there appears to be no limits to the extent of the auriferous regions. It is quite certain, therefore, that the annual addition to the stock of the precious metals in the globe, will this year, and for a long period to come, be at least *SIX TIMES* what it was before Providence revealed these hidden treasures to a suffering world.

The effect of this upon the price of gold may be judged of by the fact, that that metal is now selling at Melbourne for £3 an ounce, while the Mint price is £3, 17s. 10½d., which the bank is still obliged to give for all the gold brought to its doors! Sir Robert Peel said that "he could not by any effort of his understanding form any other idea of a pound sterling but a certain determinate *weight of gold metal*;" and the *Times*, in the pride of its heart at the vast effect of his monetary system in depressing the price of produce of every soil, and enhancing the value of money, boasted, within the last three years, that that system "had rendered the sovereign worth two sovereigns." We have not observed lately anything said in that able journal about the incomparable steadiness of a standard of value founded on "a determinate weight of gold;" nor do we hear any repetition, by its gifted authors, of its boasts about having rendered "the sovereign worth two sovereigns." On the contrary, according to their usual system, when they see a change fairly set in, and likely to be lasting, they have gone at once over to the other side, and fairly out-Heroded Herod in their estimate of the prodigious effect upon general prices of the vast additions recently made to the metallic treasures of the world. The journal which was

so strong upon Sir Robert Peel's policy having rendered the sovereign worth two sovereigns, has lately issued the following just and striking observations upon the probable effect on prices of all sorts of the entire repeal of that policy by the hand of nature :—

"To arrive at an exact solution, it would be necessary to ascertain the amount of gold and silver in the world, and the present annual consumption for coinage and the arts. This is impossible, and conjectural quantities must consequently be taken. The total of coin has been guessed at £400,000,000. Of this £150,000,000 may be assumed to be gold, and £250,000,000 silver. The annual consumption of gold is believed to be under £6,000,000.

"Starting with these figures, if the demand for gold were likely to continue limited to its ordinary amount, an estimate of the effect of the supplies now pouring upon us could easily be formed. Those supplies within the few years since the discovery of California have probably in the aggregate left us an excess of upwards of £30,000,000 over what has hitherto been found sufficient for current wants, and to maintain an equilibrium in the general relations of property. The increase, therefore, has been equal to 20 per cent on the whole sum in existence; in other words, the measure of value would appear to have been extended one-fifth, (just as if a 25-inch measure were extended to 30 inches,) and hence the effect to be looked for is obvious. Where gold is the standard, the price of every article adjusts itself to the relation it bears to that metal. If sovereigns were twice as numerous, a man would demand two where he now takes one. An increase of 20 per cent in the supply should, therefore, have been followed by a proportionate advance in the nominal value of all things.

"We have now, however, to consider the future. So long as there is any silver, to be supplanted in countries where, owing to the existence of a double standard, it is optional for the debtor to pay either in gold or in silver, the effects of the increased production will continue to be extended to both metals, and consequently, if the surplus of gold this year should be, as has been estimated, £25,000,000, its influence upon prices could be but 6 or 7 per cent. But the period must rapidly approach when the displacement of silver will have ended, and when the changes brought about will be upon gold alone. In France the existing amount of silver is still, doubtless,

very large; but this is not the case in the United States, and the proposed law by which the coins below a dollar are to be deteriorated 6.91 per cent will prevent for the present any action upon that portion of the stock. In Germany the debased state of the silver coinage will likewise for a long time preserve it from displacement. In Holland, silver has been already established as the standard, and cannot therefore be driven out. With regard to Eastern nations, it is difficult to form any estimate. On the whole, however, we may infer the possibility of the displacement process still occupying three or four years, and that during that time, therefore, the effects to be produced will be spread, as they have thus far been, over both metals.

"At the end of that period, the consequences will be felt by gold alone, and the relations of property measured by a gold standard will proportionably exhibit a more rapid disturbance. At the same time, it must not be overlooked that the increase of gold each year will have meanwhile diminished the per-centage of alteration which would otherwise take place. For instance, the total amount of gold in the world, which is now assumed at £150,000,000, would then possibly be £250,000,000; and a production which, operating upon the first sum, would cause a rise in prices of 10 per cent, would, under those circumstances, cause only an additional rise of 6 per cent. This is a feature of great importance in the whole question, because it will constantly tend to counteract that increasing ratio of disturbance which might be anticipated if the supply of each succeeding year should prove larger and larger. It is likewise to be borne in mind that, with a diminution in the purchasing power of gold, there will be a proportionate diminution in the inducement to seek it. If the quantity of gold were doubled to-morrow, a man who is at present content to work for one ounce a-week would then not be satisfied with less than two ounces.

"In the face, however, of these qualifying circumstances, and of the uncertainty of all the assumed totals that have been dealt with, it will be plain to most persons that there is enough to suggest some very decided ideas as to the main results that are coming on. A mistake of a hundred millions in the figures one way or the other would only make a difference of three or four years (where the annual supply is at the rate of £30,000,000) in the date of fulfilment. Even if we were to take the whole £400,000,000 of assumed money as liable

to be acted upon, it would require little more than fifteen years of the existing production to cause an alteration in the relations of property of 50 per cent."—*Times*, June 20, 1852.

These are abundantly curious statements to come from the leading journal in the monied interest, which has so long supported Sir Robert Peel's monetary policy, which went to make money dear and everything else cheap, and boasted, with smiling complacency, that he had succeeded in making the sovereign worth two sovereigns, and of course doubling the weight of every tax and shilling of debt, public and private, throughout the realm. So great a change makes us despair of nothing; and we even look forward with some confidence to the advent of a period when *The Times*, as a "State necessity" which can no longer be avoided, will be the first to advocate a return to protection on every species of industry within the realm.

We should greatly err if we measured the effects of this vast addition to the metallic treasures of the globe merely by its effect in raising prices, great and important as that effect undoubtedly is. That it will raise prices, gradually, indeed, but certainly, so that in twenty years they will have reached the level they had attained during the extensive demand and plentiful paper circulation of the war, may be considered certain. No human power can arrest the change any more than it can the rays of summer or the rains of autumn; and, therefore, all concerned—money-lenders, money-borrowers, capitalists, landlords, farmers, and manufacturers—had just as well make up their minds to it as *en fait accompli*, and regulate their measures and calculations accordingly. But a still more important effect, in reference to our laws and social condition in the mean time, is to be found in its tendency to keep the paper circulation out, and allay the apprehensions of bankers and money-lenders as to the risks of extending their issues, from a dread of an approaching monetary crisis, and a run upon their establishments for a conversion of their notes into gold.

These monetary crises, which have occurred so often, and been attended

with such devastation, during the last thirty years, were all of artificial creation. They were never known before the fatal system was introduced of considering paper not as a substitute for, but as a representative of gold, and of course entirely dependent for its extension or contraction upon the retention of, or a drain upon, the reserves of the precious metals. It is to the Bullion Committee of 1810, and the adoption of its doctrines by Sir Robert Peel by the Bill of 1819, that we owe that fatal change which not only deprived us of the chief advantages of credit, but converted it into the source of the most unmeasured evil, by stimulating industry in the most unbounded way at one time, and as suddenly and violently contracting it at another. The true use of a paper circulation, properly based, judiciously issued, and founded upon credit, is just the reverse: it is to supply the circulation, and keep it at the level which the wants of the community require in those periods of necessary periodical recurrence to every mercantile state, when the precious metals are drained away in large quantities by the necessities of war or the demands of a fluctuating commerce; and when, unless its place is supplied by the enlarged issue of paper, nothing but ruin and misery to all persons engaged in industrial occupations can ensue. Supplied by such a succedaneum, the most entire departure of the precious metals is attended, as was proved in 1810, by no sort of distress, either to the nation or the individuals of which it is composed. Without such a reserve to fall back upon—or, what is worse, with the reserve itself rendered dependent on the retention of the precious metals—any considerable drain upon them is the certain forerunner, as was proved in 1825 and 1847, of the most unbounded public and private calamities.

The gold of California and Australia has not entirely obviated these dangers, but it has greatly diminished the chance of their recurrence. It is still true that a sudden drain of gold for exportation, either for the purposes of commerce or the necessities of war, might, as in times past, occasion such a demand for gold on the Bank of England as would render

defensive measures on the part of the Bank a matter of necessity. Till the Bank is authorised by law on such an emergence to issue an increased quantity of notes *not convertible into gold*, absolute security cannot be obtained against such a catastrophe. But when the supply of gold from California and Australia is so great that £1,250,000 is received from the latter, as it has lately been, in *three weeks*, and the bullion in the vaults of the Bank of England amounts to £22,220,000, *nearly a million more than its whole notes in circulation*, it is obvious that the chances of any such calamity are very much diminished. An ample supply has been provided by Providence for the necessities in currency, not merely of this country, but of the entire earth, and therefore the chances of any violent contraction being rendered necessary by the sudden and extensive exportation of the precious metals have been greatly diminished.

The people of Great Britain may await in patience the inevitable result of the vast increase in the supply of the precious metals upon the prices of every article of commerce. That effect is undoubtedly, at present, an *arrest of the fall* which has so long been felt as so distressing by producers and holders of commodities; and this will be followed by a gradual but uninterrupted, and, at length, very great rise of prices. Beyond all doubt, the war prices will be restored before ten years have elapsed; and if the supplies of gold shall go on as they have done for the last two years, before twenty years are over prices will be doubled. Interested parties may complain as they like of this change—the thing is inevitable, and must be submitted to. They might just as well complain of the extension of the day in spring, or its contraction in autumn; the certainty of death, or the liability to disease. It is of more importance to form a clear idea of what the effects of this rise of prices will really be, both upon the producing and consuming classes, and to show the people how they should be on their guard against the attempts which will to a certainty be made to deprive them of the benefits designed for them by Providence.

To the industrial classes, whether in the produce of land, mines, or manufactures, it need hardly be said that this gradual rise of prices will be the greatest of all possible blessings. They may easily prognosticate what these will be: experience has given them a clear mode of estimating them. They have only to figure to themselves the *very reverse* of the whole seasons of distress which they have experienced during the last thirty-five years, to foresee their destiny. We shall not say that their condition will resemble what it was during the periods of excitement of 1824, 1836, or 1845; because these were artificial periods, when the effects of our monetary laws acted as ruinously in fostering speculation, as they did in the years immediately following in contracting the currency by which it was to be carried on. The change, in this instance, like all those induced by the wisdom of Nature, not occasioned by the folly or precipitation of man, will be gradual in its operation. The rise of prices will be so slow that it will from year to year be scarcely perceptible. From ten years, however, to ten years, it will be very conspicuous, and produce most important effects upon the progress of society. It will be gradual, but ceaseless, and unaccompanied by any of those vacillations which, under our monetary laws for the last thirty years, have produced such frightful devastation.

Nor need the consuming classes be under any apprehension that this rise of prices, which it is altogether beyond their power to prevent, will in the end prove detrimental to their interests. But for the delusions which, for their own purposes, the Free-Trade party have diffused through the world, it would have been superfluous, and in truth ridiculous, to have said anything on this subject. Every consumer stands on some producer: *ex nihilo nihil fit*. Is any argument required to show that the former cannot be in the long run injured by the bettering of the condition of the latter, by whose industry he is maintained? It is as clear as any proposition in geometry, that if the producing classes are kept in a prosperous condition, there

must every year be an addition made to the sum total of the produce, which is divided among, and maintains the *fainéants* consumers. Those who depend upon fixed money-payments, indeed—as fundholders, annuitants, bondholders, and the like—will, in the first instance, undoubtedly be placed in a worse condition, because the money they receive will not go so far in the purchase of commodities as it once did. But this evil will even to them be in a degree compensated by the superior steadiness in money transactions, which a plentiful circulating medium never fails to induce, and the absence of those periodical monetary crises, the result of faulty legislation, which have so often in the last thirty years swallowed up the investments deemed the most secure.

The great and lasting relief to the nation which this gradual but certain rise in the money price of every species of produce cannot fail to produce, is the sensible diminution it will occasion in the weight of debts and taxes. If prices return, as in all probability they will, to the war level, there will be no greater difficulty in raising an adequate revenue for the State than there was during its continuance. The excuse that we cannot afford to defend ourselves, from our having become so very poor amidst our boasted Free Trade riches, will no longer avail. The taxes of £50,000,000 a-year will be practically reduced to £25,000,000; the debt of £800,000,000 to £400,000,000. The private debts, mortgages, and bonds, of £1,000,000,000, will be virtually reduced to £500,000,000. These are immense blessings, the consequence of Nature having reversed Sir R. Peel's monetary policy, which, by rendering the sovereign, as the *Times* boasted, worth two sovereigns, had to all practical purposes doubled those burdens; and they are worth tenfold more, even in a pecuniary point of view, than all that the Liberal party by their cry for economy have effected for the country during the last half-century.

But the very magnitude of these blessings which are in store for the nation, if it is not cheated out of them, renders it the more necessary that the utmost vigilance should be

exerted, lest, by cunning on the one side, and supineness on the other, they are lost. Rely upon it, the monied class who have seen their realised capital doubled in value and practical amount, during the last thirty years, by Sir R. Peel's artificial scarcity of the currency, will do their utmost to prevent the effects of the extension of it by Nature. Possibly they may endeavour to do this by withdrawing a large part, if not the whole, of the five-pound notes from circulation. Possibly they may attempt it by altering the standard, as by increasing the weight and quantity of gold in a pound. There is little danger of their succeeding in the first, because the inconvenience of carrying about large sums in so heavy an article as gold, will soon, as was the case with the abolition of the Sunday delivery of letters, compel their re-issue. But there is much more danger that they will succeed in the last, and, by increasing the quantity of gold in a pound sterling in proportion to the fall in its value, succeed in keeping prices at their present low level, notwithstanding all the addition which California and Australia have made to the circulating medium of the globe. Sir Robert Peel said that he could not, by any effort of his understanding, attach any other idea to a pound sterling, but "a certain determinate weight of gold bullion." But that was when gold was every day becoming scarcer and more valuable, and therefore the value of all realised fortunes measured by that pound was daily increasing. Now that it is daily diminishing, we venture to predict that his followers will discover they can attach *some other idea to a pound than a certain number of pennyweights of gold*. Their ideas will become expansive, and the pound will swell out with them. Having doubled their realised fortunes at the expense of the industrious classes when they had made money scarce, they will strive to prevent their wealth being restored to its original dimensions when the precious metals are becoming plentiful. If the standard is changed in proportion to the fall in the value of gold, *though it was religiously upheld when it was dear and scarce*, the result will be that the

weight of debt and taxes will remain just what they were; prices measured by gold will continue nearly at their present level; and all the encouragement to industry, and relief from burdens, which must ensue from the extension of the currency, if the standard is maintained at its present weight, will be lost to the nation.

It is of the utmost moment also that all classes should be made fully aware that the evils of Free Trade to the native industry of this country will not be in any sensible degree alleviated—nay, that they will in all probability in the end be increased—by the increase of the supplies of gold for the use of the world. The reason is, that it is a *catholic* or universal blessing, extending over all countries, and *affecting prices, consequently, in a proportional degree in every quarter of the globe.* It will, in consequence, leave the relative disadvantage of the old and rich state, in competing with the young and poor one for the supply of agricultural produce, just where it was. If it raises the price of wheat in the English market from 40s. a quarter to 60s., which in ten years, at the present rate of supply, will probably be the case, it will as certainly raise the price in Dantzic from 18s. to 27s., leaving the English farmer *still at the same disadvantage in competing with his poorer neighbour that he is at present.* Nay, the disadvantage will rather be increased; for gold, like every other valuable commodity, will be attracted to the richest country and the best market, and from an unusually large portion of it flowing into England, the effect in elevating prices will be more sensibly felt there than elsewhere. Prices will rise more in proportion in the rich than in the poorer states, where much less of it can be purchased or find its resting-place; so that the last state of the industrious classes, so far as competing with foreign nations is concerned, will be worse than the first. In so far, doubtless, as our agriculturists are depressed by the weight of taxes, they will experience relief from the extension of the currency; but they will derive none save in that way from the change of prices in competing with the foreigner.

Notwithstanding this untoward cir-

cumstance, there can be no doubt that the condition of the agricultural classes will be sensibly benefited by the rise of prices, and that the depression under which they have so long suffered from the long continued fall, will be in a great measure arrested. Great and important political benefits will follow from this change. The undue preponderance of the wealthy classes, and the shopkeepers dependent on them, owing to legislation having doubled their fortunes at the expense of the industrial, will be arrested. As it was the scarcity of money, preponderance given to capital, and depression of industry consequent on the monetary bill of 1819, which, beyond all doubt, brought about the Reform Bill, and with it the sway of the shopkeeping interest in the boroughs, which landed us in Free Trade and all its consequences, agricultural, maritime, and colonial; so a series of effects the very converse of all these may be anticipated from the expansion of the currency which has flowed from the bounty of Nature. We do not say that, in consequence of these changes, any man who now has a vote either should or will lose it; but this we do say, that many men and many places, which have now no voice in the Legislature, will be duly represented. In particular, if the monopoly and preponderance of home capital is broken up, and the interests of industry are duly represented in Parliament, it will be impossible to withhold direct seats in the Imperial Legislature from the Colonies, if Free-Trade principles have not previously severed them from the British Empire.

Connected with this subject of the extension of our circulating medium by the discoveries in California and Australia, is another not less startling, and fraught with not less important consequences upon the future destinies of the country. This is the prodigious increase of EMIGRATION which has taken place since Free-Trade principles were carried into practice by Sir Robert Peel in 1846. To show the vast effects of that policy, it is only necessary to reflect on the subjoined Table, showing the progress of emigration for six years before and after Free Trade. By a curious coincidence, while by far the

greatest part of the immense increase is to be ascribed to the depression of domestic industry by the contraction of the currency and influx of foreign

commodities, a certain portion of the great exodus in the last year is to be ascribed to the newly discovered gold regions of the earth.

TABLE—SHOWING THE EMIGRATION FROM THE BRITISH ISLANDS FOR SIX YEARS BEFORE AND AFTER FREE TRADE.

In the years 1840,	90,743	In the years 1846,	129,851
1841,	118,592	1847,	258,270
1842,	128,344	1848,	248,089
1843,	57,212	1849,	299,498
1844,	70,686	1850,	280,896
1845,	93,501	1851,	335,966
	6) 559,078		6) 1,552,570
	Average, 93,179		Average, 258,761

The emigration for the first four months of 1852, from the twelve principal harbours of Great Britain, was 103,316; nearly the same as in the corresponding period of last year, when it was 103,280. Since that, in May and June, the emigration, especially to the gold regions of Australia, has greatly increased, and it is now going on at the rate of about 5000 a-week. In all probability the emigration this year will reach 350,000, of which at least 50,000 will be to our distant settlements on the shores of Australia.

There is enough to make the most inconsiderate pause, and to fill with the most serious reflections every thoughtful mind. From three hundred to three hundred and fifty thousand persons emigrating from a single country in a single year, and this at the close of a period of six years, during which the average exodus has exceeded two hundred and fifty thousand a-year! Such a fact as this would, at any former period of English history, have excited the utmost alarm in the nation; but so habituated have the people become to disaster since the Free-Trade policy began, and so entirely have they got into the habit of looking only to the moment, and disregarding altogether all remote consequences, that it excites no sort of sensation. The annual increase of the population prior to 1845 was usually considered to be 1000 a-day, or

365,000 a-year; and this was for long a subject of congratulation and boast. The population returns of 1851, however, showed that, down to the end of 1846, it was only 230,000 a-year. But now, as 330,000 emigrants leave the British shores every year, there is AN ANNUAL DECREASE UPON THE WHOLE OF 100,000 SOULS; and that not of infants, or worn-out old persons, but chiefly young men and women in the prime of life.

The Free-Trade party, at a loss to explain this prodigious emigration, at a time when legislative principles were adopted, which, according to them, were diffusing universal prosperity, laboured hard to refer it to other causes. In the first instance, they said it was owing to the Irish famine; in the last, to Nature having scattered gold broadcast over the distant regions of the earth. Both excuses are devoid of foundation. The potato famine occurred in 1846; and since that time the harvests have been so good that, *twice over*, a public thanksgiving has been returned for that blessing. If Free Trade has really enriched the people of Great Britain, it should only have *enhanced*, except for other competitors, the market for Irish wheat, oats, and cattle, in the British Islands. It is rather too late in 1852, six years after the famine of 1846, to be reverting to that calamity as a cause of the present exodus; the more especially as, in the interim,

between death and emigration, two millions of souls have disappeared in the Emerald Isle.*

The pretext of the immense and increasing emigration being owing to the discovery of the Californian and Australian diggings is equally futile and unfounded. Five thousand a-week are now going there, a large proportion of whom may reasonably be considered as having been set in motion by the El Dorado visions connected with those regions. But supposing that sixty thousand emigrants this year land in Australia, of whom forty thousand have been attracted by the diggings, there will still remain three hundred thousand emigrants who have left the British shores, chiefly for the United States, irrespective of the gold mania. What is the cause of this long-continued exodus of our people?—a state of things not only unparalleled in the previous annals of this country, but unexampled in the whole previous history of the world. There is but one explanation can be given of it: the *Spectator*, in an able article on this subject, has very candidly stated the cause—it is *want of employment* which drives so many abroad. Go where you will among the middle and working-classes, and you will hear this cause assigned as the real reason why so many are going abroad; and equally universal is the lamentation, that the persons going away are the very *élite* of our people—the young, the energetic, the industrious; leaving only children, and aged or decrepit paupers to conduct the industry of the country, and furnish recruits to sustain its future fortunes.

However lightly the Free-Traders may treat the annual decrease of one hundred thousand in our population, and the commencement of a retrograde movement in a nation which has increased incessantly for four hundred years, there is here deep subject for lamentation to every lover of his country, and sincerely interest-

ed in its welfare. There can be no question that an increase of the numbers of the people, if accompanied by no decline in their circumstances, is the most decisive proof of public prosperity: the Free-Traders themselves acknowledge this, for they uniformly refer with exultation to any increase, however slight, in marriages, and decline in paupers, which has occurred while their system was in operation. It is impossible to conceive that a nation is thriving under a regime which annually sends from three hundred thousand to three hundred and thirty thousand persons into exile. You might as well say that an individual is thriving under a dysentery, which wastes him away at the rate of two pounds a-day. The bonds of country, home, habit, and companionship, are never broken on a great scale, and for a long time together, by any other force but the force of suffering. A golden El Dorado, a passing famine, may for a single season or two augment considerably the number of emigrants; but these causes are ephemeral in their operation, because the first speedily leads to the fortunate region being choked up with entrants, the last to the wasted one being bereft of inhabitants. But want of employment, declining means of obtaining a livelihood, is a chronic disorder, which presses unceasingly upon the people, and may drive them into exile for every year of a century together. It was this cause, induced also by the free admission of foreign grain, which first ruined the agriculture, and at last put a period to the existence, of the Roman Empire.

As the increase of population in a healthy and thriving state of society leads to an additional increase, and constantly adds to the breadth of the basis on which the pyramid of the national prosperity is rested, so a decline in the numbers of the people is attended by a precisely opposite effect. In the first case, the prosperity of every one class reacts upon the pros-

* "The decrease of the Irish population from 1841 to 1851 was 1,659,330, of whom 1,289,133 emigrated. But as there was no considerable emigration till 1846, and the famine occurred in that year, there can be no doubt that down to the end of 1845 the population had advanced at its former rate, which would make the inhabitants in 1845 about 8,500,000, and the decrease since that time fully 2,000,000."—*Emigration Report*, July 12, 1852.

perity of every other class ; in the last case, their suffering communicates itself in an equally decisive way to every class around them. As thus the great trade of every nation is that which goes on between the town and the country, and each finds its chief market in the wants of the other, it is impossible that either can suffer without the other class dependent on the sale of its produce suffering also. Extraneous causes, simultaneously acting on the market, may for a time prevent this effect becoming conspicuous ; but in the long run it is sure to make itself felt. If the farmers are suffering, the manufacturers will speedily experience a falling off in the home markets ; if the manufacturers, the farmers are as certain of finding a diminution in the consumption of their rude produce.

It is now ascertained by Captain Larcom's report, that the wheat grown in Ireland is less by 1,500,000 quarters than it was five years ago ; and by the reports of the English markets for home grain, that a shortcoming to a similar amount has taken place in the home supplies of grain for the county markets. 3,000,000 quarters less of wheat is raised in England and Ireland than was done before Free Trade began. Supposing that an equal amount of other kinds of grain has gone out of cultivation, which is a most moderate supposition, seeing that 10,000,000 quarters of foreign grain are now annually imported, when there were not 2,000,000 before, we have 6,000,000 less quarters of grain annually raised in Great Britain than was done before Free Trade was introduced ! The defalcation has been nearly as great in the supplies of cattle, sheep, and other animals brought to the English market. Beyond all doubt the value of the produce that is raised has sunk a fourth. The total agricultural produce of the two islands has been estimated, before Free Trade began, at £250,000,000. At this rate, the loss the cultivators have experienced from this source alone is above £60,000,000 a-year. The Free-Traders boast that it is £90,000,000 ; and considering the diminution in the supplies of grain and cattle raised at home, the estimate is not much overcharged. At

all events, it is probably £75,000,000. This is the real cause of the prodigious emigration which is going on from every part of the country ; and as this cause is permanent and ceaseless in its operation, the decline of our population may be expected to be as continuous and progressive.

This subject has been so well handled by Sir F. Kelly in his late admirable speech at Harwich, that we cannot resist the temptation of giving it publicity in a more durable form than a daily journal.

“ Now let us see what is the quantity of wheat which is produced and sold in this country. In 1844, it was 5,456,307 quarters ; in 1845, 6,666,240 quarters ; and in 1846, 5,958,962 quarters. You will therefore see that the fair average of that production, taking the three years, was about 6,000,000 quarters of wheat produced by the farmers and cultivators of the soil in England. Now, let us see the years that succeeded 1849, for the returns pass over the intermediate years, before the repeal of the corn laws had a fair trial, during which there was only a gradual reduction of duty. In 1849 the Act of Parliament had complete effect. The production of wheat in 1849 was 4,453,983 quarters ; in 1850, 4,688,274 quarters ; and in 1851, 4,487,041 quarters. Now, taking the fair average, and speaking in round numbers, that would be a production in England of about 4,500,000 quarters of wheat per annum since the repeal of the corn laws. Then what is the difference !—that in the three years before the repeal of the corn laws the British farmers and cultivators of the soil produced and made a profit on 6,000,000 quarters of wheat, while in the three years succeeding, that important class of the people had fallen off in their production to 4,500,000 quarters. Here was a diminution of wheat in the country of 1,500,000 qrs. per annum. I shall not weary you by going into details figure by figure as to the diminution which has taken place in Scotland and Ireland, but I pledge myself that on these returns it will be found that the diminution is still greater in Ireland, though in Scotland it is somewhat less in proportion. The result of the whole is, that 4,500,000 quarters of wheat less was produced in England, Scotland, and Ireland during the three years after Free Trade had a fair trial, than in the three years before the passing of the act. I do not wish to trouble you further with these very painful details, but I will de-

tain you a single moment while I refer to a return with regard to oats. In the years 1845 and 1846, there were about 2,000,000 quarters of oats produced in each year in this country. In the years 1850 and 1851, the production of oats in the country was under 1,000,000 quarters; so that while you find the falling off in the production of wheat in the country amounts to a quarter of the whole quantity, the production of oats is reduced from 2,000,000 to less than 1,000,000 quarters; and this, gentlemen, is the system of Free Trade which some of my friends among the electors say has been so highly beneficial to the people of this country.

And in answer to the common argument that, despite this rapid decline of agricultural production, the general well-being of the people has increased, Sir Fitzroy observes—

“Now, it has been asserted that the amount of poor-rates levied in the kingdom has been less in the three years since the repeal of the corn laws than in the three years before 1846. But let us look at the amount necessarily levied for the poor in England and Wales during the three years ending 1846, and the three years beginning in 1848 and ending in 1850. In 1845, there was raised for the relief of the poor £6,791,006. (“How much did the poor get out of that!”) I hope the whole of it. This I know, that we paid it all. In 1846, the amount raised was £6,800,623; in 1847, £6,964,825; in 1848, £7,817,430; in 1849, £7,674,146; in 1850, £7,270,493; and in 1851, £6,778,914; making, therefore, in round numbers, a million sterling more than was levied for the relief of the poor before the repeal of the corn laws. Now, it is easy for manufacturers, for those well-paid labourers who have not yet felt the dire and terrible effects of this fatal measure of legislation, to point to themselves, and to laud and rejoice at the increased prosperity of the country. I am not taking Manchester, Liverpool, and Stockport, any more than I do the counties of Suffolk or Essex, but I am taking the entire kingdom; and so far from the system of Free Trade having increased the general prosperity of the country, we find that £1,000,000 a-year more has been required for the support of the poor since than before the repeal of the corn laws, and before the entire system of Free Trade had arrived at its completion. But there is one more criterion by which to

judge of the effects of Free Trade. No one will deny that the general prosperity of the country, and the amount of deposits in the savings banks, always proportionately increase. It is always important to see, whether what are called the lower, but I would rather say the labouring classes—a most important class, for on their labours depends not merely the well-being but the very existence of the rest of the community—it is always important to see whether, after any great legislative changes, they are really so far benefited as to be able to confer that great advantage on their families of increasing their deposits in the savings banks. Now, in 1844, the amount of deposits was £29,504,861; in 1845, £30,748,868; and in 1846, £31,743,250. Here we arrive at the dividing line, for in 1846 was passed the measure to which I am now beseeching your cool and calm attention. In the same year it began to operate on that numerous class who contribute deposits to the savings banks, and let us see what was the result. In 1847, the amount fell from £31,743,250 to £30,207,180; in the next year it was £28,114,136; in 1849, it was £28,537,010; and in 1850, £27,198,563. This is the last year to which the returns have been corrected.”

We have not observed any answer attempted by the Liberal papers to these convincing facts; they content themselves with abusing the able gentleman who brought them forward.

These considerations reveal the real causes both of the great exports and imports of last year, and the vast losses with which both were accompanied, and the decline in the main articles of our exports which is now going on. It was the failure of the home market, owing to Free Trade, which did the whole. Finding the customary channels of home consumption falling off, our merchants were constrained, at all hazards, to send their goods abroad, and thence the great exportation, amounting in all to £73,000,000 of goods, accompanied by no profit, but by a loss of £19,000,000, as we showed in a former article on the subject, to the exporters.* Finding credit easy, and money easily got from the influence of California, they engaged largely in importations, and swelled our total imports, as Mr Newdegate has proved, to £112,000,000.

* See *Blackwood's Magazine*, Feb. 1852.

But the result soon showed them that it is impossible to import profitably into an impoverished country; and as most of these imports were sold at from 15 to 20 per cent below prime cost, implying a loss of not less than £20,000,000 to the importers on our imports, it is easy to say what species of a commerce Free Trade has brought upon the country. It is not surprising in these circumstances that there should now be a great decline in the last quarter, in the exports of our cotton goods, of nearly £500,000, and that the revenue for the year ending July 5, 1852, was above half a million less than in the preceding year.

One thing is very remarkable with reference to this prodigious stream of emigration, that it is all *from the land of Free Trade to the land of Protection*. We are told that Free Trade is the best, and Protection the worst possible thing for the working-classes; and yet above 300,000 of these very working-classes annually leave the realm where that charming thing Free Trade is in full activity, and 500,000 persons from all Europe, of whom 250,000 are from the British isles, annually land in the United States, *where the most stringent system of Protection is established!* Men do not sell off their whole effects, pack up their little all, and cross the Atlantic, to render their condition worse. And has the 30 per cent levied by the Americans upon all foreign imports, without exception, no hand in inducing and rendering perpetual this immense stream from the British islands to the Transatlantic realms? If the iron-works of America were exposed to the free competition of the iron-masters of South Wales and Lanarkshire, would our iron-moulders and miners go in crowds, as they are now doing, across the Atlantic? If the cotton factories of America were exposed to the competition of those of Great Britain, would our cotton-spinners and weavers be straining, as they now are, every nerve to reach the land of Protection? Nay, if the cultivators of America were not protected by the enormous import duty on wheat and oats, of which the Canadian farmers so bitterly complain, would not discon-

agement reach even the agriculturists of that great and growing republic? England, which is governed by shopkeepers, may adopt in her commercial policy the maxim that to buy cheap and sell dear comprises the whole of political wisdom; but America, which is governed by the working-classes, has discovered that *high wages and good prices* are a much better thing; and it is the practical application of this maxim which is the magnet that is attracting in such multitudes the working-classes from Europe—and, above all, from free-trading England and Ireland—to the protected Transatlantic shores.

It is no wonder that the working-classes, whether in agriculture or manufactures, are hiving off in such multitudes from the land of Free Trade, and settling in that of Protection, for the disasters which have overtaken industry under the action of Free Trade, in those quarters where it has first been fully felt, have been absolutely appalling. Look at the West Indies. Lord Derby has told us in the House of Peers—and every post from those once flourishing and now ruined realms bears witness to the fact—that not only are the estates in Jamaica nearly all going out of cultivation, but the inhabitants themselves, ruined by Free Trade, are either leaving the island in quest of employment, or relapsing into barbarism. It is not surprising that this terrible effect is taking place, for a Parliamentary paper lately published gives us the following astounding return of the refined sugar imported into Great Britain and Ireland in the year 1851:—

	Cwt.
British Colonies, . . .	31,490
Foreign States, . . .	417,051
	448,541

Here is a result worked by Free Trade, in less than four years after its introduction into the colonies, sufficient to make us hold our breath, and far exceeding what the most gloomy Protectionist ever predicted as the result of Free Trade policy upon the best interests of productive industry in the empire. And the Free-Traders think that they will be vindicated in the eyes of God and man for their

frightful devastation, by the reflection that, *while it is going on*, sugar has fallen to 5d. a pound. We say advisedly, "while it is going on;" for can there be a doubt that, when the work of destruction has been completed, and, by having ruined our own colonies, we are left entirely in the hands of the foreign growers, prices will rise again, not merely to their former, but even a far higher level?

Turn again to Ireland. We shall say nothing of its 2,000,000 labourers who have disappeared from the land in the last five years, or its 1,500,000

quarters of wheat, being half the amount of that cereal it produced, which has gone out of cultivation during the same time. We refer to the report of a Parliamentary commission, a favourite measure of Sir R. Peel's and the Free Trade party, which demonstrates in the most decisive manner the almost incredible amount of devastation which Free Trade has worked in a few years in the Emerald Isle. It appears from the Report of the Encumbered Estates Commissioners that estates have been sold by them charged with

Debts amounting to	£28,000,000
The price received for the lands burdened is only	5,400,000
Of which has been paid to the creditors	3,400,000

The figures are given from memory, but they are in round numbers correct. Now we do say, that here is a decisive proof of a destruction of property which would be unexampled in history if the simultaneous ruin of the West Indies may not be considered as a parallel instance. Here is property, which must have been worth, when the debt was contracted, at least £30,000,000 (for £2,000,000 is a very small margin to leave for so huge a mass of debt) sold for less than £6,000,000, being a FIFTH PART OF ITS FORMER VALUE. The prices which the land fetched, the commissioners tell us, varied from *four to fourteen years' purchase*, the average being ten years. We question if the history of the world prior to 1846 will afford a parallel instance of ruin of property by pacific legislative measures. It is in vain to ascribe this to the Irish famine: that was over six years ago. Equally vain is it to ascribe it to the savage and lawless character of the Irish peasantry. They were as lawless when creditors advanced £28,000,000 on these estates as they are now, and far more formidable, because not weakened by the loss of 2,000,000 of their numbers; and if changed at all, it should have been for the better, because they have, for the last twenty-two years, been under the government of the Liberals and Free-Traders, such decided friends in principle and practice to the interests of labour, and the welfare of the poor. The frightful

decline in value can be ascribed to one cause, and only one—*Free Trade in grain*—which has laid waste the Emerald Isle as completely in many places as *Free Trade in sugar* has devastated the West Indies.

One very curious result has flowed from the effects of Free Trade, in producing so prodigious a flood of emigration from our shores, and of food supplanting native industry to them, that it has in a great degree concealed the effect of the repeal of the Navigation Laws upon our shipping. Man and his food are, it is well known, with the exception of wood for his dwelling, the most bulky of all articles of commerce. It so happens, by a curious coincidence, that the three articles, wood, corn, and human beings, are precisely the ones which Free Trade has caused to cross the ocean in the greatest quantity. Our emigration has risen, as already shown, from an average of 90,000 souls to above 300,000. Above 2000 vessels are employed from Liverpool alone in this annual exodus. The importation of grain has quadrupled: it has risen from an average of 2,500,000 quarters to one of 10,000,000 quarters. The importation of foreign wood has advanced in nearly a similar proportion. Thus changes destructive to the nation's industry have for the time given a great impetus to its shipping. What, then, must have been the ruinous effects of Free Trade in shipping on our maritime interests, when, despite

this extraordinary and unforeseen circumstance, arising from the profit which great seaport towns sometimes derive in the first instance from the causes which are inducing national ruin, so great a decline in our commercial navy has ensued from Free Trade in shipping, that it was publicly stated on the hustings at Liverpool, by one of the greatest merchants in that city, without opposition, that, in five years more, at the present rate, *the foreign shipping employed in conducting its gigantic trade would be equal to the British!*

The great and rapid decline in the amount of grain raised in the British islands since Free Trade was introduced, is so serious a matter with reference to our national independence, that we gladly avail ourselves of the following statistics, drawn from authentic sources, given by an able contemporary, on the subject:—

"Wheat sold in the market towns of England and Wales.

Before Free Trade.	After Free Trade.
Qrs.	Qrs.
1844...5,456,307	1849...4,453,983
1845...6,666,240	1850...4,688,274
1846...5,958,962	1851...4,487,041

"We have taken the three years immediately preceding the commercial changes in 1846; because, up to that period, nothing had occurred to induce our agriculturists to raise less wheat than formerly. On comparing their results with those of the three last years, which were years of complete Free Trade, we find a very striking difference. In round numbers, it may be stated that the average difference between the two periods amounts to no less than one million and a-half of quarters. During the first period, in other words, there were sold annually six millions of quarters, and during the last, four millions and a-half.

"Let us next turn to Ireland, where the returns exhibit a much larger proportionate decrease. We only possess authentic accounts from the sister island for four years; but, owing to the great care and diligence bestowed by the Government Commissioners upon the subject, we believe they approach the truth as nearly as the nature of such investigations will admit. The following are the quantities of wheat estimated to have been produced in that country during the under-stated years.

Qrs.	Qrs.
1847...2,926,733	1849...2,167,743
1848...2,945,121	1850...1,550,196

"It will be seen from these returns that the diminished production of wheat in Ireland corresponds very nearly in amount with the falling off exhibited by the returns of the corn-law inspectors in England. The aggregate amount of decrease in the two countries is about three million quarters."—*Morning Post*, June 24.

Thus it appears that the falling off in wheat alone, raised in England and Ireland in four years, has been, under the action of Free Trade, about 3,000,000 quarters. The average consumption of wheat in Great Britain, prior to the late changes, was estimated by our best authorities at 14,500,000 quarters, being a quarter a head on the people, excluding infants, and persons, especially in Scotland, who live on oatmeal or potatoes. Thus more than a FIFTH PART OF THE STAPLE FOOD OF OUR PEOPLE has, in four years of Free Trade, come to be furnished from foreign states. If the supplies of oats and Indian corn, which are immense, and amount, with wheat, to about 10,000,000 quarters annually, are taken into account, it may safely be concluded that a fourth of the food of our people has come, in four short years, to be imported! Liverpool has told us that, in five years, half of this immense supply will be brought in in foreign bottoms! Truly we are advancing at railway speed to a state of entire dependence on foreign states for the most necessary supplies; and we shall soon realise in these realms the lamentation of the Roman annalist, that the people have come to depend for their food on the winds and the waves; or, in Claudian's words—

"Semper inops
Ventique fidem poscebat et anni."

Three-fourths of these immense supplies come from two countries only—Russia and America. Can we say that we are independent for a year together, when either of these powers, by simply closing their harbours, can reduce us to scarcity—the two together to famine prices? If a fourth of our subsistence is cut off by an

nkase of the Autocrat of Russia, or a mandate of the imperial people in the United States, where will be the food of the British people? Both these powers were at war with us at the same time in 1811;—are their dispositions now so very friendly, and our interests and theirs so little at variance, that we can rely upon the like thing not occurring again? And if it does occur, could we hold out three months against a second *Non-Importation* Act, passed in either country?

We are often told of the great reduction of taxation which has been effected—to the amount, it is said, of £12,000,000 sterling—since Free Trade was introduced; but this statement is grossly exaggerated. The following tables, taken from a late parliamentary paper, shows that the reduction of taxation under Protection has been nearly SEVEN TIMES GREATER than under Free Trade; for in the former period the reduction was £41,000,000, in the latter only £6,500,000:—

TAXES REPEALED BEFORE FREE TRADE.

1816. Property Tax, £15,500,000.—War Malt, £2,100,000.

Year.	Revenue.	Surplus.	Deficiency.	Taxes repealed.	Taxes imposed.
Before 1822	—	—	—	£17,600,000	—
1822	£54,135,743	£4,744,518	—	2,139,101	—
1823	52,755,564	4,300,747	—	4,050,250	£18,596
1824	54,416,230	3,888,172	—	1,704,724	49,605
1825	52,347,674	3,049,156	—	3,639,551	48,100
1826	50,241,408	—	£645,920	1,973,812	188,725
1827	50,241,658	—	826,675	84,038	21,402
1828	52,104,643	3,246,994	—	51,998	1,966
1829	50,786,682	1,711,550	—	126,406	—
1830	50,056,615	2,913,672	—	4,093,955	696,004
1831	46,424,440	—	698,858	1,623,536	627,586
1832	46,988,755	614,759	—	747,264	44,526
1833	46,271,326	1,513,083	—	1,532,128	—
1834	46,509,856	1,608,155	—	2,066,116	199,594
1835	46,043,663	1,620,941	—	165,877	5,575
1836	48,702,654	2,130,092	—	1,021,786	3,991
1837	46,475,194	—	655,760	234	630
1838	47,333,460	—	345,227	289	8,423
1839	47,644,898	—	1,512,793	63,418	—
1840	47,567,565	—	1,593,971	1,258,959	2,274,240
1841	48,084,359	—	2,101,370	27,170	—
1842	46,965,630	—	3,979,539	1,596,366	5,629,989
1843	52,582,817	1,443,304	—	411,821	—
1844	54,003,753	3,356,105	—	458,810	—
1845	53,060,354	3,817,642	—	4,535,561	23,720
				40,963,170	£9,840,768
				9,840,768	
Net reduction of taxation before Free Trade,				£30,922,802	

TAXES REPEALED SINCE FREE TRADE

Year.	Revenue.	Surplus.	Deficiency.	Taxes repealed.	Taxes imposed.
1846	£53,790,138	£2,846,308	—	£1,151,790	£2,000
1847	51,546,264	—	£2,956,684	344,886	—
1848	53,388,717	—	796,419	585,968	—
1849	52,951,749	2,098,126	—	388,798	—
1850	52,810,680	2,578,806	—	1,310,151	—
1851	52,233,006	2,726,396	—	2,679,864	600,000
				6,462,457	£602,000
				602,000	
Net reduction of taxation since Free Trade,				£5,860,457	

Further, how has this reduction of £5,860,457 been effected? Simply by the previous imposition of the income-tax, which produced £5,629,000 before Free Trade began. That is, Sir R. Peel took taxes off the shoulders of the whole community, when it was so generally diffused that it was not felt, and laid it as an *exclusive burden upon less than 300,000 individuals* in it! This is not reduction of taxation; it is shifting the burden, for the sake of popularity, from one class to another, on whom it falls with crushing severity.

The Free-Traders boast of a surplus of above £2,500,000 annually under the operation of their system. But for the income-tax it would not be a surplus at all, but a deficit of £3,000,000 annually. So oppressive, however, vexatious, and unjust is that tax, and so enormous the severity with which it presses upon agricultural industry compared to commercial, that its continuance cannot much longer be endured. It has been truly described as an "*impost on the landed interest, and a contribution by*

the commercial." And that really is its character, so flagrant are the frauds and evasions by which the unscrupulous among the trading classes evade its operation. The present high state of the public funds, owing to the long continuance of peace, the destruction of a large part of the trading classes by Sir Robert Peel's monetary system, and the impulse given to industry by the repeal of that system, by the opening of the great banks of issue by Providence in California and Australia, has now raised the 3 per cents above 100, and gives a fair prospect of the Chancellor of the Exchequer being able to save £1,500,000 to the nation annually, by converting the 3 per cents into a 2½ per cent stock. Should he effect this, and, by the aid of that reduction and the surplus, succeed in taking off the income-tax, he will confer the greatest boon ever bestowed on his country since the former tax of 10 per cent was repealed, and do more to establish the popularity of his administration, than by any other measures that could possibly be devised.

THE MOOR AND THE LOCH.

By many who are fond of excitement, and by some who require it, a general election may be considered as rather a pleasant event. It certainly does break in upon the monotony of everyday existence, and gives a strong fillip to the latent energies of the people. The burly energetic patriot, who can spout, and bellow, and declaim, now becomes a man of mark and likelihood—a very Saul among his brethren. The aged plotter of the clique—"Sesina, that old negotiator"—as he shuffles past, with a dodge evidently concealed beneath the grizzly penthouse of his eyebrows, is regarded with mysterious awe as the hierophant of electioneering wiles. Even the veriest noodle finds his value rising in the market; for, if he is fit for nothing else, he can at least call at the electors' houses, and leave cards for the candidates. Ever open from morning to night are the doors of the committee-rooms, vomiting forth shoals of canvassers, and reabsorbing them on their return with the reports of their daily mission. All this, we allow, may be agreeable to those whose blood, in ordinary times, is wont to stagnate; but, for our part, we do not scruple to confess that such an occasion as the present is exceedingly distracting and inconvenient. Our political principles, we take it, are tolerably well known; nor is it likely that, at the eleventh hour, we should change the tenor of our opinions: yet, in the course of the last two days, we have been waited on by no less than six separate sets of canvassers, "respectfully soliciting," as they phrase it, our interest and vote in favour of Radicals of every dye, rank Whigs, and rampant Sectarians. In the streets no man is safe. Second votes are esteemed of more value than the first; and every third man you meet is intent upon nailing you for a pledge. Under these circumstances, availing ourselves of the plea that the weather is too sultry to admit of our stirring abroad, we have deserted our study, and emigrated to

the attics, from the windows of which we can command a wide view of the distant Highland hills. Safe, therefore, we trust we may consider ourselves, for an hour or so at least, from all interruption, save the twittering of the swallows bringing food to their young in the nest at the upper corner of the window.

Beautiful in their disarray, and recalling many memories of forest, lake, and hill, are the implements of sylvan sport that our silent attic contains. There, in one corner, are our rods, six in number, from Behemoth, with which we slew the giant salmon of the Ness, to Spirling, the liveliest little wand that ever struck midge into the tongue of a Yarrow trout. What would we not give at this moment for a day's fishing! O for a fairy car to waft us away bodily from the din of cities and hustings to the lovely bosom of Loch Awe! Soft and green wave the beeches in the summer breeze on those islands where the wood-hyacinth is so blue, and the honeysuckle so flush and fragrant; from the dark woods of Innistrynich you hear the doling of the cushat; while, nearer at hand, the mavis breaks out into a burst of melody. But there is a breeze on the loch, and the boat is on the shore, and Dugald opines that it is time to be up and doing. At the first cast, up rises a whopper, visibly yellow about the fin, and weighing, we shall suppose, by the way the line runs out, at least a pound and three quarters. Never did Limerick steel encounter a worthier foeman. At length, in the experienced hands of Dugald, the landing-net does its duty; and there he lies at the bottom of the boat, in all the lustre of his stars. Are the trout not rising to-day? With two pounders simultaneously upon your line, you may confidently answer—Yes; indeed, there would seem to be no end at all to their leaping. Towards evening we shall go down the loch, and try for a *salmo ferox* in Castle Connal bay; in the mean time, let us

keep to the islands. But who is that in the boat contending, if we mistake not, with a salmon? Ha, Dugald! is it so indeed?—the author of the *Moor and the Loch*!

Hark! there goes the bell, recalling us at once from our day-dream. Who the mischief can have come to trouble us just now? What is this? Fire and faggots! “Your vote and interest are respectfully solicited in favour of Mr Macwheedle.” Why, the man is a rank Radical, and moreover coquetting with the Papists! John, fling this card into the waste-basket, and tell the gentlemen who brought it, with our compliments, that we are particularly engaged at present, but shall not fail to give our earnest attention to the subject. And stay, as the day is hot, you may as well offer them a glass of beer. No one shall say that we were guilty of discourtesy, though we were very nearly on the point of desiring them to go to Jericho. For have they not cost us a long journey, in bringing us back from Loch Awe before our time?

Vain would it be for us to retrace our steps, and conjure up again the eidolon of Mr Colquhoun in desperate battle with the fish. More happy than ourselves, he is doubtless at breezy Sonachan, whilst we are in the city, panting for a mouthful of refreshing air. But though we cannot remember him in person, we have his book beside us; and a better, more useful, or more entertaining companion for a sportsman cannot anywhere be found. Sporting treatises ought, generally speaking, to be received with considerable caution. Let any man, who is either an angler or a shot, reflect seriously on the enormous amount of exaggeration in which he has indulged whilst detailing the particulars of his prowess, and he will, if he has in him any candour at all, understand the force of our observation. Almost every one of us—and we are no exception—are in the habit of viewing our own exploits through the medium of powerful magnifying glasses. In doing so, we merely obey a law of nature which exhorts men to maintain their dignity and reputation; and there is no point whatever upon which people are so touchy as their success in sporting. To doubt, far

less contradict, a gentleman who professes for your acceptance the narrative of an enormous basketful killed a fortnight ago in the Tweed; or that of a red-deer, stopped at full speed in the Athole forest, at a distance of four hundred yards, by the rifle of the historian, and so huge that Crerar absolutely swooned at the sight of it; or of myriads of grouse, brought down right and left, without a single failure, is a hideous breach of manners. If, in your heart, you believe that your informant is a much inferior sportsman to yourself, you must meet him by overpowering statements; and it is very singular that, after having twice told a fabulous Iliad of your exploits, you end by thoroughly believing it. The boundary line between the realm of fact and that of fiction is very indistinct; we ought rather to say that it is nowhere absolutely marked, and that there exists a large tract of debatable land which may be plausibly claimed for either. For example, we are not at this moment certain whether we ever shot a hooper or not. We have, indeed, in our mind, a dream or vision of a star-lit loch, with six beautiful white creatures feeding in a bay. We remember how we crept along, behind a dyke, our heart throbbing so hard as almost to choke us; and we can recall the agonising moment when a stick broke beneath the pressure of our knee, before we came within gunshot, and when the sentinel bird looked up as if conscious of the approach of an intruder. We remember how we levelled and fired. We remember also the dash in the water, and the whirr of wings; and if we do not remember having brought down a second swan, as it wheeled in circle, it is simply because we are somewhat dubious as to the real existence of the first. We should cut but a poor figure if we were questioned on oath as to that transaction. Sometimes the vision comes so clear that we have no doubt whatever that we killed both the swans. One lay dead-still in the bay, its wings distended, and its long neck sunk below the surface. The other fluttered a little way out, but we recovered him by means of a retriever. Then the question rises—which retriever was it, for we have had four of them in our day? Was

it Neptune, unparalleled among the reeds at the divine season of the flappers? Or was it Grog, who was never known to lose a wounded hare? Or was it Cato, the curly, who could do everything but speak? Or was it Captain, who is at this moment the inheritor of our best affections? We cannot tell. It is impossible for us to say when or where it occurred. Sometimes we think it was in the Highlands, and then we fix upon Loch Sloy. At other times, it seems to us that we slew the swans in Saint Mary's Loch, just below the Coppercleugh. Occasionally we are inclined to think that we only shot one of them; and, when very much out of spirits, we have seriously asked ourselves, whether we ever saw a wild swan, except stuffed, in a museum. Being in this state of perplexity, our practice is to split the difference of belief, and to maintain, on ordinary occasions, that we have shot one hooper. Of course, after a few tumbler with a sporting friend, we have no hesitation in bringing forward the second bird; but never, in any instance, have we violated our convictions by increasing the number to three. With this example in our mind, we always deal leniently with sportsmen. If a gentleman is so enthusiastic as to go out to Caffraria, Upper Egypt, or the Cordilleras, solely for the purpose of killing rhinoceroses, crocodiles, or condors, why should we doubt the truth of any narrative which he may be pleased to compile? How do you know that he did *not* shoot fifteen lions in the course of a summer's evening, or that he did *not* ride across the Nile on the back of an enormous crocodile. To question his veracity is simply to commit that impertinence which we have seen practised by snobs, who, not content with your statement of the day's sport, make a point of peering into your pannier, or examining the contents of your game-bag. Such hounds were intended by nature never to rise above the rank of a water-bailiff. They ought to be summarily dealt with, and dismissed to their kennel, with the reverse of a benison on their heads, and perhaps with a hint to their rear.

Mr Colquhoun has this virtue, that

he keeps his imagination more entirely in check, as regards matters of fact, than any sportsman with whose writings we are acquainted. He does not make up his bag or fill his creel in a random way; nor does he add to the narrative of one day, quite enough distinguished by its own achievements, the events of another, which perhaps took place a year before. Neither does he commit the error, so common, of representing every day as a triumph. Read the accounts of most modern anglers, and you are led to conclude that they never, in the whole course of their lives, have failed in filling their baskets; whereas every adept with the rod is well aware that the days of disappointment greatly outnumber those of success. The men of the fowling-piece or rifle never miss. If they are in the Highlands, there is always a plethora of grouse and red-deer; if in Central Africa, you would suppose they were practising in a menagerie, and you conclude that there must be prime pluffing in Polito's. This, of course, is nonsense; and in our humble opinion, it is calculated to act disadvantageously on the character of young sportsmen. Sporting, in all its branches, is an art which requires to be thoroughly studied on principle; and it is very wrong to excite in the youthful mind expectations which cannot be fulfilled. A boy of fourteen should not be told that he is adequate to the capture of a salmon; or that he has only to go to a certain river and throw in his line, in order to secure one. All education is progressive. He should be entered with minnows, and so made acquainted with the science of bait-fishing; he should be furthered with beardies, encouraged with eels, and in due time initiated into the mystery of capturing a trout with the fly. After that, all is plain sailing. But he should be made to feel practically the difficulties which attend even the rudiments of sport—not be impressed with the idea that there exist no difficulties whatever. We have known many a fine young fellow, who might have become a capital sportsman, stopped at the commencement of his career by the disgust engendered by failure. The imagination of the lad has been so excited by flowery narratives that he cannot sum-

mon up patience enough to bide his appointed time: he must either succeed at once, or he abandons the pursuit for ever. We regret to observe that the habits of athletic sport, once so common to the youth of Scotland, are rather on the decline; and our regret arises from the conviction that the fine bodily training which is given by field sports contributes very much to the development of a strong and manly mind. It is not difficult to say, after the perusal of any book, whether the writer is or is not a sportsman. If the former, there is a raciness in his style, a familiarity with nature, and a power of illustration, which immediately rivet your attention. Had Scott not been a sportsman, we should have lost one great charm of his novels. He of the back slums, on the contrary, who never wandered by the water-side, or took the hill with the gun upon his shoulder, is always a feeble writer. There is something sickly about his sentiment; he is vapid, dull, and queasy. His ideas of vegetation are drawn from a window-box with some stunted specimens of mignonette, striving, in spite of soot, to struggle into blossom,—or, at best, from a suburban horse-chestnut. He derives his images of animated life from a rabbit-hutch, or an occasional visit to a slaughter-house. He has no taste for the roaring of the seas, the rushing of the blast, or the thunders of a swollen cataract. He seeks repose, maunders about tranquillity, and presents you with the sketch of a lake; which, on examination, you discover to be the accurate portraiture of a horse-pond. Surely the development of ideas is as important a point as the mere acquirement of information. The one is to be gathered in the field, the other in the schools; and we are not sure that, if we were assured that all the boys were trained timeously to fishing, we should not be inclined to vote for a general prolongation of the holidays.

We must really crave pardon of Mr Colquhoun for having left him in this unceremonious manner. Another batch of canvassers, on the Seceding interest, having probably received notice of our imprudent act of hospitality, has just invaded the premises, and we have had great trouble in getting rid of them at a considerable

expenditure of liquor. One gentleman in a fustian jacket tried to engage us in a discussion on the subject of education; but, as his grammar was singularly imperfect, we could not accurately comprehend his meaning. We parted, however, good friends, notwithstanding that one acute Diomedes tried to make a Glaucus of us in the matter of a bran-new hat which happened to be exposed in the lobby. Nathless we managed to retain our basnet, and the 'prentice-cup went its way. We have said already that Mr Colquhoun's book may be relied on for accuracy of fact; but we should by no means wish to impress our readers with the idea that he is at all deficient in imagination, where imagination can be legitimately employed. Some of his descriptions indeed are very beautiful, and recall the picturesque scenery of the Highlands to the mind as vividly as the inspired pencil of Horatio Macculloch can present it to the eye. But he never condescends to make pictures merely for effect; and perhaps it is this absence of exaggeration which gives such a stamp of truthfulness to his volume. Neither does he affect the magnificent in sporting—a fault which is rather conspicuous in some other writers whom we could name. After reading the lucubrations of some sportsmen, and hearing them discourse, you would conclude that they never condescended to expend powder and lead upon a lesser object than a red-deer, and that they would consider it highly derogatory to exert their energies on the capture of trout, in the unavoidable absence of salmon. That is all fudge. Deer-stalking is an excellent thing in its way, and may indeed be considered as the highest branch of the art venatorial as practised in these islands; but there is not one sportsman out of five hundred who ever had the opportunity of levelling his rifle at a stag, and not one out of a thousand who can pursue the sport systematically. Besides this, the habitual deer-stalker must be a person endowed with uncommon stamina. Quickness of vision—accuracy of aim—caution and perseverance—are admirable things; but the stalker of the deer in his native solitudes must moreover possess the inestimable gifts of muscle

and wind in larger proportion than is usually allowed to the inhabitants of cities. He must account it nothing to lie half immersed for hours in a bog or burn, without even the trifling excitement of an occasional glimpse of an antler; he must be prepared to crawl up or rush down precipices, as the exigency of the case or the movements of the deer may require; and he must, moreover, make up his mind to return homewards many an evening, after having been on the hills before cock-crow, wet, weary, and famishing, without a single incident to console him for all his great exertion. Now, there are very few people who will willingly submit to this; and we cannot wonder at it, if other sport can be obtained with a less expenditure of labour. We never knew a deer-stalker yet who had lost his rest for grouse-shooting; and we have known several who, from choice, would rather stalk a curlew than a stag. Your "whaup," indeed, is a most difficult fellow to circumvent. Seated on the sea-beach, he might defy the approach of Sir Tristrem; indeed, to have shot a whaup in the month of October is an exploit of which any man has just reason to be proud. The true sportsman piques himself on the universality of his skill, not in exclusive addiction to one particular pursuit. Therefore, as a general rule, you may set down every writer on sporting subjects who affects to be more magnificent in his views than his neighbours, either as an impostor, who in reality knows little, or as a monomaniac, whose general experiences of the chase are worthless, and who cannot serve as an adequate guide.

No branch of sporting comes amiss to Mr Colquhoun, who is also an accomplished naturalist. Great on the lake and salmon-river, he is knowing at the "lochan" and the burn; and is aware that oftentimes as much dexterity is required for the capture of a half-pounder, as might suffice for the hooking of the lordliest fish that ever threaded the rapids of the Dee. Even the piscatory student who knows Stoddart by heart—and Tom has long been considered as quite at the summit of his craft—may obtain many a valuable wrinkle from Colquhoun,

who is fertile in devices little known to the majority of practical anglers. It is the fashion of some of the brethren of the wand to speak superciliously of sea-fishing, as if no sport could be obtained except in fresh water. Now we admit at once that finer fishing is required in fresh than in salt water; but there are times when the latter may be resorted to both with profit and amusement. What the *haaf* or deep-sea fishing may be we know not; but in the lochs which indent the western shores of Scotland excellent sport may be obtained. We take leave to draw the attention of our sporting friends, who about this time of the year repair to the Highlands, to the following extract from the volume before us:—

"The sea-loch has a character peculiarly its own—no wooded islands, no green or pebbly margin, like its inland sister, except, perhaps, for a short time at full tide; and the dark mountain more often rises abruptly from its side in craggy and bold relief. It is a novel sight for the traveller, whom the refreshing evening breeze has tempted out of the neighbouring inn, at the landlord's recommendation, to try his fishing luck with such a clumsy rod and tackle as he had never dreamt of before. The awkward-looking herring 'skows,' well matched with their black or red sails, scudding in all directions; the nasal twang of the Gaelic, as they pass the bow or stern of his boat, shooting their nets; the hardy weather-beaten face of the Highlander, always civil in his reply, and courteous in pointing out the most likely ground to the 'stranger'—reiterating his injunctions (when his stock of English extends no further) 'to keep on the broo,' yet plainly showing that he expects the like courtesy in return, and that the least slip on your part would immediately make him change his tone,—all this can hardly fail to impress on the mind of the imaginative, that the spirit of the Highlands, though dormant, is not dead, and to carry back his fancy to the old times of clans, caterans, and claymores.

"The fishing of the sea loch is not nearly so scientific as that of the inland. The great art lies in being thoroughly acquainted with the best state of the tide for commencing operations—in having a perfect knowledge of the fishing-ground, and being able to set your long-line with neatness and despatch. Having lived for a couple of years on the banks of two

sea-lochs, I had every opportunity (which I did not neglect) of practising the different kinds of fishing, and making myself master of the most propitious times of the tide for doing so with success.

"Trolling for sea-trout may be ranked at the head of this fishing; but before attempting to describe it, I shall mention two curious facts relative to the sea trout and salmon, which it is difficult to account for. One is, that the former will take greedily in one loch, while you may troll a whole day in its next neighbour, though full of them, without getting a single bite. This was precisely the case in the two lochs alluded to. The other, that although you may see the huge tails and back-fins of salmon rising all round, I never heard of one taking the bait; and during the whole of my trolling in the salt water, I have only killed one grilse. This is the more strange, as the salmon is not at all shy of the spinning-bait in the fresh-water loch.

"The best time to begin fishing for sea-trout is at the turn of the tide when it begins to ebb: the same rod and tackle as when trolling from a boat in fresh water. The herring-fry, salted, are the most killing bait, (also excellent for large fish in fresh-water lochs,) although minnows are very good; a sand-eel may also do, the black skin pulled over the head so as to show nothing but the white body: this shines very bright, but, as it does not spin, is far less deadly than the others. A boatman who thoroughly knows the fishing-ground is indispensable, as it is much more difficult to find out than in the fresh water. Strong eddies formed by the tide are often good places; also any bays, especially if mountain-burns run into them. The largest size of sea-trout are caught in this way; and, when hooked, from the depth and *strength* of the water, make capital play. Large lythe also are frequently taken; these are like passionate boxers—fight furiously for a short time, after which they are quite helpless.

"If there is a good pool at the mouth of any mountain-burn, by going down with your fly-rod during a 'spate,' or coming down of the water after heavy rain, and when the tide is at the full, you may have excellent sport. The trout are all floundering about, ready to take your fly the moment it touches the water. This only lasts for a short time, as they all leave the pool at the receding of the tide. I say nothing of sea-trout or salmon flies, which vary so much in the different lochs, rivers, and streams, that every angler should be able to dress them for himself. Any fishing-tackle maker will

be happy to teach him *for a consideration*. He has then only to learn from an approved hand near, what flies are best for the loch or stream he intends to fish, and tie them accordingly."

These latter remarks savour too much of the old school. It may be useful in the case of emergency to be able to busk a fly; but we are free to confess that it is upwards of twenty years since we attempted such an operation. In the days of our youth we were accounted rather a good hand at dressing, and could turn out, on occasion, an excellent fac-simile of a bumbee. But we discovered anon, that to busk our own flies was a frightful loss of time, and necessitated the collection of an infinite quantity of feather, fud, floss, carpet, and twistings, which very soon, without any manipulation on our part, produced abundance of insect life in the shape of moths. Therefore, one fine morning we pitched the whole contents of our poke out of the window, and have since had recourse for our supplies to the regular professional artists. Every man who knows anything at all about fishing is competent to the selection of his own flies; and notwithstanding all that has been written to the contrary, we assert, from our own experience, that it is not necessary to carry with you a very diversified stock. For trout-ing, eight or ten of the most approved sorts of flies are amply sufficient: of course you must take care to have them of different sizes. There is more variety in salmon-flies; but if you attend properly to colour, you may easily, at a moderate expense, furnish such a pocket-book as will enable you to fish with success in every river in the kingdom, provided you know how to handle your rod. We by no means undervalue local information. If you can pick up an intelligent poacher, or in default of him a gamekeeper, you can readily, for the matter of a mutchkin, ascertain what colour is considered most killing on the particular river which he depopulates; and you will find something in your book which will correspond accurately enough. If you are short of flies, the same free-tackaman of the stream will, for a shilling or two, tie you as many as

you may require. And do not be afraid that he will lack the material. The feathers of the bubbly-jock make admirable wings—a red cock, adorned with a ruff of hackles, sounds his trumpet upon every midden; and your unlicensed acquaintance usually contrives to put by various sylvan furs and plumage, during the season when game fetches a good price in the metropolitan market. Trust to him for having retained sundry *souvenirs* of grouse, blackcock, mallard, and plover—besides a hare's lug, in affectionate remembrance of some departed mankin. And do not, unless you are a justice of the peace, be hard upon the poor fellow for obeying, in a moderate way, the impulses of his nature. He is not by any means to be confounded with those brutal bludgeoneers who harbour in towns, and go out methodically in gangs to poach. He is simply an Indian in disposition, very kind to his colley and affectionate to his child, passionately fond of tobacco, whether in the shape of snuff or pigtail, and on the best possible terms with a brother Celt, whose dwelling is supposed to be subterranean, and impregnable to the curiosity of the exciseman. We say, do not be hard with him, for were he merely a clodhopper, he could not busk a fly.

There is also another kind of fishing to be had in the salt-water lochs, which is not without its attraction, although, as Mr Colquhoun observes, it is not the daintiest in the world. We mean the fishing with the long-line which we have seen practised with great success both in Loch Long and Loch Fine, and which is worth the attention of the sportsman. Let us hear our author upon it.

"The eel-line, already noticed, is precisely the long-line in miniature with the exception of the hooks, which are such coarse, blunt-looking weapons, that the wonder is how they catch at all. They are sold for a mere trifle at any of the shops in the sea-port towns, and tied on with a wax end, but sometimes only with a knot of the twine itself: a turn of the wire on the shank enables you to do this. A baiting-basket is required, one end for the line, the other for the baited hooks, which are placed in regular rows. My line had only three hundred hooks, but some have double that num-

ber. Herring, cut into small pieces, are the best bait: I required about a dozen for one setting, provided I eked out with mussels, but eighteen or twenty were necessary if the line was baited exclusively with herring. Mussels, however, drop off the hook so easily, that when herring can be procured they are seldom used. Seeing the long-line baited, set, and drawn, will thoroughly teach any one who has an idea of fishing—*writing* how to do so, never will. It generally took me about an hour and a half to bait mine; so I taught a boy, who, after two or three lessons, could bait as well as myself.

"The best time to set the long-line is after low water, when the tide has flowed a little, and brought the fish with it. To know the different 'hauls' is most important, as your success in a great measure depends upon the selection of a good one. After the line is set, *it should be left exactly one hour*; and, if you have hit upon a shoal, you will most likely fill the boat. I have several times killed about a dozen, from twenty to fifty pounds' weight, besides quantities of smaller. The fish for the most part taken are cod, ling, haddock, skate, large flounders, and enormous conger-eels—some of the latter more than half the length of your boat, and as thick as a man's leg. These would generally be thrown back again, were it not for the havoc they make among the other fish, and the damage they do to the set lines. Their throats, therefore, are cut as soon as they are pulled up, after which operation they will live for hours. The skate is also very tenacious of life; and nothing can be more absurd than the grotesque pompous faces it will continue to exhibit for some time after being deposited in the boat."

Here Mr Colquhoun becomes slightly libellous—comparing the countenances of the unhappy skate to those of functionaries on the bench. Now we happen to have seen a moribund skate or two, but we never were impressed with such resemblance. We admit, however, that we have seen countenances under wigs look exceedingly dolorous and fish-like when their party was going out of office.

But enough of this kind of fishing, which is, after all, too strictly professional for our taste. We prefer the rod and fly; and even in the salt water the angler may use such implements, though in a coarser form than that to which he is accustomed.

"Of all apologies for a fly, this (the white feather) is the clumsiest. It is only a swan's or goose's feather tied round a large and very coarse bait-hook, without the least pretence to art: any man who had never dressed a fly in his life would be as successful in the attempt as the most finished performer. The rod and line are in perfect keeping with the fly; a bamboo cane, or young hazel tree, with ten or twelve yards of oiled cord, and a length or two of double or triple gut next the hook: no reel is used.

"The fish generally caught in this way are lythe and seithe, although mackerel will rise freely also. When fishing for the former, good double gut may be strong enough; but if large fish are expected, I should always recommend triple. Seithe take best in the morning and evening, and a light breeze is rather an advantage: although the fly is sometimes sunk a little with lead, it is more often fished with at the top. You may begin at any state of the tide, and row over all the sunk banks and places where the fish frequent, at a slow rate, with three or four rods placed regularly in the stern of the boat. When a small seithe is hooked, pull it in at once, and out with the rod again as fast as possible; sometimes nearly all the rods have a fish at the same time. In lythe fishing, you need not launch your boat until low-water; sink the fly with a couple of buck-shot, and troll on the brow where it descends perpendicularly; this is easily seen at that state of the tide. When you hook a large fish, try to prevent it getting down, or you may be obliged to throw the rod overboard, in case the lythe should break away; but, if you can manage to swing it about at the top for a short time, it will soon be unable to offer any resistance.

"Trolling with the white feather has this recommendation, that it may be enjoyed by an invalid or party of ladies—and, certainly, a more delightful way of spending the cool of a summer evening cannot be imagined; rowing slowly along those romantic shores—hearing the distant gurgle of the dwindled mountain-brook in its steep descent, and ever and anon passing the blue curling smoke of a shepherd's or fisherman's grass-topped hut upon the banks."

Four times has that detestable door-bell rung; and on each occasion we have heard the murmur of voices below, the shuffling of feet, and the tinkling of tumblers. Our hospitality, we begin to fear, has been grossly abused—all the canvassers in the

neighbourhood are flocking to our tap—and we are not without some misgivings that we may have incurred the statutory penalties for treating. There goes the bell again! Who the deuce can it be now? Surely we have liquored impartially every Trojan and Tyrian in the district. Well—who is it?

"The Chairman of Mr Macwheedle's Committee."

Tell the Chairman of Mr Macwheedle's Committee that we are at this moment slightly delirious, and practising with pistols in the attics. Hint to him, moreover, that we have an unfortunate habit of firing down into the lobby whenever we hear a noise, and that we may possibly mistake him for a rhinoceros. And give no more beer, on any account, to any human being. We trust, now, we may be permitted to remain undisturbed, and finish our article in peace.

On glancing round the attic, we observe that our rifle, and double-barrelled Dickson, have lain untouched since November last. We must look to this gear speedily; for time is stealing on, and the twelfth of August will be upon us before we have recovered from the heat of these elections. We intend, weather permitting, to knock down on that day as many brace as may correspond with Lord Derby's majority—and the news of the result of the first contested election in England should arrive about this time. Indeed, we suppose it has arrived, for there is an unusual sound in the street, and a bawling as of triumphant partisans. We open the window, peer over, and behold a frantic Constitutionalist gesticulating like a windmill. What is the row down there? "THE TWO CONSERVATIVE CANDIDATES RETURNED FOR LIVERPOOL BY AN IMMENSE MAJORITY!" Heaven be praised! Mr Cardwell has got his gruel at last. Go home, our fine fellow, and try, if possible, to keep sober. At the same time, we consider it necessary to dedicate a special bumper in honour of this event; for first blood is always a great point in a battle. With three cheers, which startle the swallows from their equanimity, we drink to the health of the electors of Liver-

pool, who have so nobly done their duty; and to that of Messrs Turner and Forbes Mackenzie, their staunch and worthy representatives.

If this sort of thing goes on, we shall have work before us on the Twelfth. On that day, many an unfledged sportsman will take the hillside for the first time; and for their benefit we transcribe a few sentences, by way of precept, from Mr Colquhoun's book. Let them, however, read diligently the whole of his chapter upon grouse and black-game shooting, and we promise them that, by adopting his suggestions, they will bring home a heavier bag than they could secure by following the advice of any other mentor.

"Most young shots are not content unless they are upon the moor by peep of day, on the long-anticipated 12th of August. And what is the result? They have found and disturbed most of the packs before they have well fed, and one half will rise out of distance, and fly away unbroken. Had the moor been left quiet till eight or nine o'clock, four double shots might have been obtained at almost every pack, and many would have been scattered for the evening shooting. It will generally be found that if two equal shots, upon equal moors, uncouple their dogs, one at five o'clock and the other at eight, and compare notes at two in the afternoon, the lazy man will have the heaviest game-bag, and his ground will be in best order for the deadly time of the day, to say nothing of his competitor's disadvantage from having fruitlessly wasted his own strength and that of his dogs, when many of the packs would not allow him to come within reach. My advice, therefore, to the young grouse-shooter, is always to wait till the dew is dry on the heather. If he starts at eight o'clock, and travels the moors as he ought, there is time enough before dark to put his powers to the proof, however he may pique himself upon them. I do not mean to say he must run over the ground, but keep up a steady, determined walk, up hill and down hill, without flagging for an instant, unless the dogs come upon the scent of game. Of all sports, grouse-shooting is the most laborious. None can stand a comparison with it except deer-stalking; and yet the veriest "soft," puffing and blowing at every step, may put off a whole day upon the moors—travelling them, I will not call it—and boast after dinner that "he wonders how

people can find grouse-shooting so toilsome and fatiguing—*fox-hunting* is much more so."

This, however, with all deference to Mr Colquhoun, requires to be received with qualification. One man may work himself very nearly to death at grouse-shooting with no more success than another who takes it leisurely. If you go out with numerous relays of dogs, letting loose a couple, or perhaps three high-bred and far-ranging pointers at a time, you will undoubtedly, on any average moor, get exercise enough to knock you up long before the day is over. You must necessarily walk up to every point, whether it be a real one or not; and great is your travel accordingly. Our method is different. We never let out more than one dog at a time. The very best of dogs are not improved by emulation, especially at the beginning of the season. They stand upon the honour of their noses; and, rather than not make points, will take up the faintest scent out of sheer jealousy of each other; whereas a single dog knows that he is in a situation of trust, and will not willingly betray you. Contrary to the popular dogma, we prefer a setter to a pointer. The former is a more intelligent and docile animal than the latter, and, if you take proper pains with him, will always understand you better, and accommodate himself accordingly. The only disadvantage of setters is that they require water, and are liable to be much distressed when the moor is particularly dry. Still we give them the preference over the other; and, if you have your dog fully under command, you will kill as many birds over him, with infinitely less fatigue to yourself, as if you were to let out three. Of course you must take care not to let him be overworked; for there are limits to the endurance of every living creature, however willing he may be. A really good dog will not give in readily, for he enjoys the sport as much as you do yourself. And here we would entreat our young friends to beware how they are harsh to their dogs. Be kind to your dog, and he will love you more sincerely and less selfishly than almost any human being. Do not be in a hurry to con-

clude that he is stupid. Nature has gifted him with a nose in many respects superior to your own; and he is far more likely to be in the right than you are. Some faults there are undoubtedly which you must check, but never with unnecessary harshness. No more hideously brutal picture can be conceived than that of a hulking fellow in fustian, with a flushed face and angry voice, belabouring a prostrate pointer.

Mr Colquhoun has some very sensible observations on the instinct of dogs, which we transcribe for the benefit of those who think that a pointer or a setter can display no sagacity except in the field.

"It is often amusing to hear those who know little about the subject describing the 'almost reason' of the St Bernard's dog, and not unfrequently of the Scotch 'colley.' It appears to me that the instinct of these animals is more prominently forced upon their notice, and they do not take the trouble to watch and discover it in the other species. Sagacity is more equally distributed among the different varieties of the dog than such casual observers are aware of; but it, of course, takes different directions, according to the temper, habits, and treatment of the animal. It would be a waste of time so far to control the keen tempers of sporting-dogs (by which I mean setters and pointers) as to make them perform the duties of a well broke phlegmatic retriever. The instinctive power may therefore appear greater in one than the other; but from the quiet, easy temper of the retriever, it is much less difficult to develop and make use of his instinct in that particular way: while the setter and pointer, owing to their more active life and hunting propensities, may often pass unnoticed, even by their masters, though every time they are in the field displaying as much tact as the most cautious retriever. Their sagacity is never thought of; and the only praise they get is that they are 'excellent dogs;' which means that they find plenty of game.

"There is another reason why sporting-dogs appear more deficient in sense than some others, and that is their mode of life. Confined always in the kennel unless when seeking game, all their powers are employed to this end. There are, however, abundant proofs that, when made companions, and suffered to occupy a place upon the hearth-rug, they are capable of the same attachment, and

would equal in sagacity the much-lauded dogs of St Bernard. Indeed, the usual mode of imprisoning sporting-dogs is so great a disadvantage, that I have seen some, with excellent noses, and every requisite for the moors, grow sulky, and refuse to hunt with their usual freeness, unless left in a great measure to themselves. This, I know, arose partly from a want of proper management, and not keeping the medium between encouraging kindness and merited correction; for too much lenity is nearly as injurious to a dog as over-severity: sulkiness will often be the effect in the one case, shyness in the other. Still, if the dog were allowed to be the companion of his master, he would both acquire sense and tact in half the time, and would not give half the trouble either by shyness or sulkiness; whereas it will generally be found that a kennel-dog is long past his best before he excels in that sagacity on the moor which so greatly assists him in finding game."

In short, the dog who knows his master, and is familiar with his ways, will always do his work more satisfactorily than the poor beast who has passed the greater number of his days in the monotony of the kennel, and who never has had the advantage of being introduced to human society.

We have not, however, adverted to the points raised by Mr Colquhoun as to taking the moors early. There can be no doubt that he is right, in the advice which he tenders to young sportsmen. Early-rising we believe to be a virtue, though one which we do not practise with sufficient exactitude; and we have heard it stated, on credible authority, that nature looks lovely at sunrise. But for all that, there is no occasion whatever for awakening the echoes by a premature discharge of musketry. Grouse must breakfast like other living creatures, and it is but fair to allow them, on this the day of their annual massacre, the privilege of a matutinal picking. As to your own breakfast, we certainly should not recommend you to victual yourself as if you were stowing away provisions to last you for a couple of days; but, on the other hand, go not forth famished. Mr Colquhoun recommends you to forego the companionship of a flask. We dissent. If the weather is boiling, and if you are not accustomed to

violent exercise, you must necessarily drink something; and the safest beverage is water slightly tinctured with spirits. Beer blows you up, and porter makes you sleepy. Cold tea is trash. Of course you will take care not to increase your hereditary thirst by cramming yourself at luncheon with ham, or any of those high-spiced delicacies which Italian warehousemen especially recommend for the moors. Eat anchovies, and in a quarter of an hour after you have resumed your beat, you will find that you had better have tasted of the apples of the Dead Sea. And here we shall remark that the proceedings of the previous evening have often much to do with these distressing symptoms of thirst. Of all days in the year we regard the eleventh of August as that which should be most soberly observed; and we earnestly counsel our young friends, if they have any regard for their own comfort, to resist on that evening the most pressing hospitality which may be offered them by a seasoned Thane. Besides this, young sportsmen are commonly nervous enough on their first field-day, without doing anything additional to make their hand unsteady; and it is well-known to authorities, that, whereas the man who begins by shooting well in the morning commonly continues to do so throughout the day, the unfortunate lad who signalises himself by a series of misses at the commencement very rarely regains coolness enough to enable him to do any execution. He becomes flurried and anxious, takes no deliberate aim, fires at any kind of distance, and, not unfrequently, puts the life of Ponto into jeopardy extreme.

Black-cock shooting is a much tamer sport than that afforded by the quest of the grouse. Nevertheless, as an old cock is a handsome bird to look at, and withal heavy, though he makes but an indifferent addition to the table, the young sportsman is usually desirous to bring him to bag. On this subject we have a word or two to say. Great care should be taken not to disturb the young broods before the twentieth of August—indeed, in our opinion, the twentieth of August is quite early enough to begin. The

places where black game hatch, and in which the young broods continue until they are well grown, are quite distinct from those frequented by the grouse. You may expect to find the former in tracts of rushy ground, in little glens where the fern grows abundantly, or in low brushwood; whereas the latter are always to be sought for among the heather. Young black game lie so close that it is sometimes easy to take them with the hand just under the nose of the pointer—indeed the pointer is often tempted to break rules, and make a grab at the living simpleton who will not flutter up. At the commencement of the season it is always best to keep the higher ground, so that the dogs may not interfere with the black in their quest for the red game; and afterwards, in every case where the birds are not fully grown, we supplicate for mercy for the maternal grey hen. Indeed, the sportsman will find it to his advantage to give her a reprieve; for young black game are very helpless creatures, and, if deprived of their mother's superintendence before they are well fledged, are apt to fall victims to some of their natural enemies, who are perpetually on the prowl. As for the old cocks, down with them whenever you can. They are quite able to look after themselves, are exceedingly wary, and, if you happen to find them in the bracken or brushwood, will afford you a charming right and left. Towards the close of the season, stalking black-cock is a very exciting sport. It requires great caution and skill—for our sable acquaintances are knowing strategists, and always appoint a sentinel. Driving black-cock is another method which we have practised with considerable success, both in Argyllshire and on the Border, where this species of game especially abounds; and we can answer for the excellence of the sport. These remarks apply to the circumventing of the old birds—the pursuit of young black game is very tame work. They always rise within easy distance, and fly so steadily that the merest tyro can bring them down; whereas the acuter grouse, after he has been once or twice disturbed, seems to form a very accurate

estimate of the nature and purposes of a gun, and endeavours to get out of your way without cultivating a nearer acquaintance.

We are bound to confess that we never shot a ptarmigan; and, judging from Mr Colquhoun's account of two expeditions which he made in search of that Alpine bird, we have little inclination to follow his example. The ptarmigan, or white grouse, is only found near the summits of the loftiest mountains in Scotland; and, when roused, he has a playful habit of crossing from one peak to another, so that, if you wish to follow him up, you must ascend a second Jungfrau. Now, we have no idea of this kind of elevation; for one would require to be a sort of Giant of the Hartz, able to stride from mountain to mountain, in order to pursue such erratic game. Alpine hares are more to the purpose; and as we believe English sportsmen are not well acquainted with the habits of this animal, which, of late years, has been greatly on the increase in some districts of Scotland, we may perhaps transcribe with advantage the remarks of Mr Colquhoun.

"The white hare inhabits many of our mountains. It is not confined, like the ptarmigan, to the tops of the highest and most inaccessible, but, on the contrary, is often met with on grouse shooting ranges, where there are few crags or rocks to be seen. I have frequently shot it on flats, between the hills, where it had made its form like the common hare; and, though I have more often moved it in rocky places—where it sometimes has its seat a considerable way under a stone—I do not think it ever burrows among them, as some suppose; for, although hard pressed, I have never seen it attempt to shelter itself, like a rabbit, in that way. Indeed there would be little occasion for this, as its speed is scarcely inferior to the hares of the wood or plain, and it evidently possesses more cunning. When first started, instead of running heedlessly forward, it makes a few corky bounds, then stops to listen, moving its ears about; and, if the danger is urgent, darts off at full speed, always with the settled purpose of reaching some high hill or craggy ravine. If not pressed, it springs along as if for amusement; but takes care never to give its enemy an advantage by loitering.

"I put up one on the 16th March 1840, when inspecting the heather-burning on

my moor, at Leny in Perthshire, which (contrary to their usual practice) kept watching, and allowed me several times to come within a hundred yards. I was at first surprised, but the explanation soon occurred to me that it had young ones in the heather. I had thus a good opportunity of noticing the commencement of its change of colour. The head was quite grey, and the back nearly so; which parts are the last to lose, as well as the first to put on, the summer dress. I shot one nearly in the same stage, on the 22d November 1839. The only difference was that the whole coat of the former appeared less pure. This is easily accounted for, as in winter the creature, though recovering a fresh accession of hair, loses none of the old, which also becomes white; whereas in spring it casts it all, like other animals. Thus, by a merciful provision, its winter covering is doubly thick; while, at the same time, being the colour of snow, (with which our hills are generally whitened at that time of year,) it can more easily elude its numerous foes. The same remark applies to the ptarmigan.

"During a mild winter, when the ground is free from snow, the white hare invariably chooses the thickest patch of heather it can find, as if aware of its conspicuous appearance; and to beat all the bushy tufts on the side and at the foot of rocky hills at such a time affords the best chance of a shot. The purity or dinginess of its colour is a true criterion of the severity or mildness of the season. If the winter is open, I have always remarked that the back and lower part of the ears retain a shade of the fawn-colour; if, on the contrary, there is much frost and snow, the whole fur of the hare is very bright and silvery, with scarcely a tint of brown. When started from its form, I have constantly observed that it never returns, evidently knowing that its refuge has been discovered. It will sometimes burrow in the snow, in order to scrape for food and avoid the cold wind, as well as for security. These burrows are not easily discovered by an unaccustomed eye; the hare runs round the place several times, which completely puzzles an observer, and then makes a bound over, without leaving any footmark to detect her retreat. It is hollowed out, like a mine, by the hare's scraping and breath, and the herbage beneath nibbled bare.

"When deer-stalking in Glenartney last autumn, I was quite amazed at the multitude of Alpine hares. They kept starting up on all sides—some as light-coloured as rabbits, and others so dark as to resemble little moving pieces of granite.

I could only account for their numbers from the abundance of fine green food, and the absence of sheep; which are as much avoided by hares as by deer, from their dirting the ground with their tarry fleeces.

"An eye-witness, on whom I can depend, gave me a curious account of the tactics of a hill-hare, which completely baffled the tyrant of the rocks. Puss, as is her wont when chased by an eagle, sheltered herself under a stone. The eagle took post at a little distance, and watched long, exactly like a cat waiting for a mouse. Although her fierce foe was out of sight, the hare seemed to have a *mesmeric* knowledge of his vicinity, for she never would move so far from her hiding-place as to be taken by surprise. Several times she came out to feed, but the moment the eagle rose she was safe again. At last her pursuer got tired, and flew away. The white hare has always a refuge of this kind where eagles haunt."

We may add that the Alpine hare is now most abundant in some districts of Perthshire, and that it is easily shot, by the sportsman taking post at the outlet of one of the large enclosures of hill pasture, while the ground within is beat. This, of course, is inglorious shooting; but fellows who are not up to the ready use of firearms like it; and we should be inclined to bet that even Mr John Bright would, once out of twenty-five trials, contrive to hit a hare. We shall not rashly predicate the like of his friend Mr Welford, unless the hares were taken sitting; and, even in that case, we have great doubts whether the arch-enemy and would-be extirpator of game would succeed; for we have an idea that he entertains a vague notion that the recoil of a fowling-piece is something absolutely terrific.

By the way, what has become of Welford? It is now several years since we had occasion to notice his work on the game-laws with marked amenity; but, since then, we have lost sight of that Pleiad. Is it possible that he can have been converted to our views, in consequence of his having been graciously permitted by the member for the West Riding to sport over his extensive estates? We hope so, and do not despair to see him ere long upon the mountains with a philabeg girt round his loins.

Having begun such a crusade against the *feræ naturæ*, he ought to consummate it with his own hand. Theseus was supposed to have rid the Peloponnesus of ravening beasts—why should not Welford exterminate the objects of his wrath, and put an end to the ornithology of Great Britain?

So long as moor and loch remain—and it will be a considerable time before the one is thoroughly reclaimed, and the other thoroughly drained, in Scotland—there is little probability that any of the animals native to our country will utterly perish before the exertions of the Manchester gentry. Indeed it is worth while remarking that modern improvement, by replacing the woods, has again brought back to districts the game which for centuries had disappeared. Within our recollection, a roe-deer had never been seen by a living man south of Forth; now they are not uncommon within twelve miles of Edinburgh, and probably will soon spread to the Border, and beyond it. The roe is no great delicacy for the table—though the Germans think otherwise, and dress it with considerable skill—nor might it satisfy the requirements of an aldermanic appetite; but no one who has seen those elegant creatures bounding through a Highland wood, or stealing out at evening to feed beyond the coppice, can deny the charm which they add to the beauties of our northern landscape. We fairly confess that we never, even in the heyday and excitement of our youth, have shot a roe without experiencing a pang of regret. But roes, according to the views of Welford, must not be allowed to multiply indefinitely; and therefore we have endeavoured at times, when they became too thick, and would persevere in barking the trees, to do our duty. We shall not extract anything from Mr Colquhoun's chapter upon roe-hunting, which we recommend to the attention of those who may shortly have occasion to try that sport; but we cannot pass over a little Highland picture in which the roe is a prominent figure.

"Day was just breaking when I crossed the river Tulla, on my way to Peter Robertson's cottage. He was standing before his door, consoling himself for his early start by a pipe of very strong

tobacco. The morning was all we could wish—calm, grey, and mild. As we passed the banks of the loch, roe-deer were quietly cropping the greensward, which sloped to the water's edge, and now and then a fine buck would raise his head, and look listlessly over his shoulder, as if wondering what business we had to be so early astir. The blackcock, surrounded by his hens, was crooning his antics on the tops of the knolls, and was answered by the redcock, with many a cheery but eccentric call, from the more distant heights. A male hen-harrier was flitting stealthily above the heather, seeking his breakfast where it could easily be found, with small chance of human company at his morning meal. Now and then an Alpine hare would canter lazily away, or raise herself upon her hind-legs to listen, moving about her inquisitive ears."

A perfect and most graphic Highland picture.

To the naturalist, the most puzzling of all questions is to define accurately the limits between instinct and reason, as the terms are commonly understood. We have long ago given up the attempt in absolute despair. Take, for example, the case of the rooks. They can distinguish Sunday from the rest of the week as accurately as any precentor, and are perfectly aware that, on that day, no gun will be levelled at them. You may make demonstrations with a stick if you please, but the rooks will not fly away. They merely retort with a caw of utter scorn. But on Monday morning the Lord of Rookwood is a changed being. He will not on any account let you within a hundred yards of him; and so excessively acute is he, that you would almost swear he ecent the powder in your pocket. So is it with the roes. When wandering unarmed through a Highland wood, you are almost certain to fall in with several of these beautiful creatures, who regard you almost without alarm, and glide slowly into the shaw. They know quite well that you are not there with any murderous design, and they neither fear nor avoid you. Not so if you carry a gun. In that case, you may look long enough about you before you will descry the white spot, which is the distinguishing mark of the roe-deer. They whom you seek are

lying close in the brackens, perhaps but a very few yards from you, but they will not stir till you are gone.

Beating for roe is stupid work. We do not see the fun of standing for half the day in a pass waiting for a chance shot, with no other regalement for the ear than the hoarse braying of the beaters, and their everlasting shouts of "Shoo!" A much better method is that of stirring the roe with a foxhound, when he glides from thicket to thicket, in advance of his pursuer, whose clear note indicates his approach, and gives you sufficient warning. But enough on this head.

We have already, in former articles, while reviewing the works of Mr St John and the Stuarts, had occasion to enter pretty fully into the subject of deer-stalking. Therefore we shall not again go over that ground, although tempted to do so by Mr Colquhoun's admirable chapter devoted to that noble sport, in which he lays down, with great perspicuity, all the rules which ought to be observed by the stalker. To such of our readers as aspire to have their exploits chronicled in the columns of the *Inverness Courier*, (the best sporting register in Scotland,) we recommend Mr Colquhoun's book, advising them to study it well before they venture forth into the mountains. It is true that no theory can supply the lack of practice; still, deer-stalking is eminently an art; and there are distinct rules for following it, which must not be disregarded. Mr Colquhoun is more concise than any former writer, and we prefer him, as a guide, to Mr Scrope.

There is a very curious chapter devoted to the chase of the wild goat, which may now be considered among the *fera nature* of Scotland. They exist in some of the islands of Loch Lomond, and, if we mistake not, on the hills of Ross-shire, near Loch Luichart. Some years ago, there were several wild goats on the tremendous precipices at the entrance of the Bay of Cromarty; but they were assailed in their fastnesses both from sea and land, and, for aught we know, may have been exterminated. We beg, however, to caution our English friends against firing at every

goat they may chance to fall in with in their rambles among the hills. In many parts of the Highlands goats are kept as stock—indeed, it is probable that the kind now considered as wild were originally stragglers from some flock. In the course of two or three generations they have lost all trace of a domestic character, and can neither be claimed nor reclaimed. But it is not safe for sportsmen to exercise their judgment upon this point, without distinct local information, lest, perchance, they should happen to smite down an appropriated Billy in his pride. We have known some awkward mistakes occurring with regard to geese, who had somewhat imprudently exhibited themselves on the bosom of a mountain tarn.

We cannot read the chapter entitled "*Crap-na-Gower*," containing an account of an exterminating warfare against the goats on one of the Loch Lomond islands, without wishing that they had been allowed to remain, at whatever injury to the trees. Mr Colquhoun, who always writes as a humane gentleman ought to do, virtually admits that he does not plume himself on the share which he took in that crusade; and there is something very melancholy in the picture which he draws of the death-scene of the last Billy. We can fully understand the feeling which prompts men of an exceedingly tender and sensitive disposition to abstain from field sports altogether. The idea of giving pain to any living creature is to them intolerable; and we believe there are few sportsmen who have not in their own minds experienced occasional misgivings. Abhorring, as we do, all manner of cruelty, it does seem at first sight strange and unnatural, that a person feeling thus, should seek amusement or recreation in depriving living creatures of their existence. But we altogether deny that there is any ferocity in the chase. We are led to it by a natural instinct, powerful in the savage, but which civilisation has no power to obliterate; and that instinct was doubtless given to us, as were the brute creation to man, for wise and useful purposes. Those who argue that there is inhumanity in field sports, seldom reflect

on their own inconsistency. Either they must maintain—which none of them do—that wild animals should be allowed to multiply indefinitely, in which case foxes, founmarts, and stoats, would share in the general amnesty, not to mention such an increase in the number of hares as would annihilate agriculture; or they must, as some of them certainly do, assert their right to cut off a branch of creation from the earth. The argument for field-sports lies midway between unrestricted multiplicity and total extermination. Now, surely it is better that a grouse should have its lease of life and enjoyment, and afterwards be swiftly shot down for the use of man, than that there should be no grouse at all. Your modern advocate for total clearance is, in fact, as gross a barbarian as the brute who deliberately sets his foot upon a nest of eggs, for the avowed purpose of preventing so much development of animal existence. He is, in heart at least, a chick-murderer. He opposes himself to the economy of creation; and would, on his own responsibility, make a new arrangement of the zoology of the globe, on principles entirely his own.

It would be a great relief to us if those Homeridæ, who have been screaming satirical panegyrics on Macwheedle beneath our window, for the last hour or two, would withdraw themselves and their minstrelsy. Such canorous vagabonds do a great deal of mischief. The satirified individual, who is, in reality, a very poor creature, suddenly finds himself swelled into importance, by being chaunted ironically in the streets; and is apt to imbibe the notion that he is, after all, a fit and proper person to be returned to Parliament. So far as we have been able to gather the meaning of the words, these effusions seem to be couched in the veriest doggrel; but, for all that, they are emanations from the popular mind, symptomatic of the coming result of the poll, and we so receive them. Against Macwheedle we are ready to lay any manner of odds, for no minstrel's throat, as yet, has vibrated decidedly in his praise. We hope, however, that the shilling, which we willingly tender, may procure us

immunity, for an hour or two, from this hideous irruption of song.

Hitherto we have adverted mainly, for the benefit of those who are untried in the ways of the Moor and the Loch, to the earlier sports of the season; because we are in favour of what Dandie Dinmont termed a "regular entering," and have no idea of dispensing with principles at the commencement of the sportsman's career. Old hands know perfectly well what is before them. Such a work as this, which we are reviewing, may possibly confirm some of their theories, or it may reveal to them the cause—especially in winter shooting—of some errors into which they may have inadvertently fallen from too slight notice of the habits and peculiar sensitiveness of their game. Mr Colquhoun's observations on this point are peculiarly valuable; for, dwelling on the banks of one of the most beautiful of our Scottish lochs, he has had ample opportunity to study the movements of the aquatic birds which congregate there in the winter season. The reader must not expect to find such narratives of wholesale slaughter among ducks and widgeon as embellish the pages of Colonel Hawker. Punt-shooting is limited to the sea-shores and harbours; and we can readily conceive it to be an exciting occupation for those who are hardy enough to take the mud at midnight, regardless of the state of the thermometer. But duck-shooting, on a Highland loch, partakes more of the nature of stalking, and calls forth in an eminent degree the skill and resources of the hunter.

"Having now equipped our wild-fowl shooter, we will again bring him to the shore. His first object should be to see his game without being seen himself, even if they are at too great a distance to show signs of alarm. To effect this he must creep cautiously forward to the first point that will command a view of the shore for some distance; then, taking out his glass, he must reconnoitre it by inches, noticing every tuft of grass or stone, to which wildfowl asleep often bear so close a resemblance, that, except to a very quick eye, assisted by a glass, the difference is not perceptible. If the loch be well-frequented, he will most likely first discover a flock of divers, but must not be in a hurry to pocket his

glass, until he has thoroughly inspected the shore, in case some more desirable fowl may be feeding or asleep upon it. I will suppose that he sees some objects that *may* be wildfowl. Let him then immediately direct his glass to the very margin of the loch, to see if anything is moving there. Should he find it so, he may conclude that it is a flock of either ducks, widgeon, or teal; those first perceived resting on the shore, and the others feeding at the water's edge—of course not nearly so conspicuous. If there is no motion at the margin of the loch he must keep his glass fixed, and narrowly watch for some time, when, if what arrested his attention be wildfowl asleep, they will, in all probability, betray themselves by raising a head or flapping a wing.

"He must now take one or two large marks, that he will be sure to know again, as close to the birds as possible; and also another, about two or three hundred yards immediately above, further inland. Having done this, let him take a very wide circle and come round upon his inland mark. He must now walk as if treading upon glass; the least rustle of a bough, or crack of a piece of rotten wood under his feet, may spoil all, especially if the weather be calm. Having got to about one hundred yards from where he supposes the birds to be, he will tell his retriever to lie down; the dog, if well trained, will at once do so, and never move. His master will then crawl forward, until he gets the advantage of a bush or tuft of reeds, and then raise his head by inches to look through it for his other marks. Having seen them, he has got an idea where the birds are, and will, with the utmost caution, endeavour to catch sight of them. I will suppose him fortunate enough to do so, and that they are perfectly unconscious of his near approach. He must lower his head in the same cautious manner, and look for some refuge at a fair distance from the birds, through which he may fire the deadly sitting shot. After creeping serpent-like to this, he will again raise his head by hair-breadths, and, peeping through the bush or tuft, select the greatest number of birds in line; then drawing back a little, in order that his gun may be just clear of the bush for the second barrel, after having fired the first through it, will take sure aim at his selected victims. Should he unfortunately not find an opening to fire through, the only other alternative is by almost imperceptible degrees to raise his gun to the right of the bush, and close to it; but in doing

this the birds are much more likely to see him, and take wing. Never fire over the bush, as you are almost certain to be perceived whenever you raise your head: more good shots are lost to an experienced hand by a rapid jerk, not keeping a sufficient watch for stragglers, and over-anxiety to fire, than in any other way. Having succeeded in getting the sitting shot, the fowl, especially if they have not seen from whence it comes, will rise perpendicularly in the air, and you are not unlikely to have a chance of knocking down a couple more with your second barrel; but if they rise wide, you must select the finest old mallard among them, or whatever suits your fancy. Directly upon hearing the report, your retriever will run to your assistance, and, having secured your cripples, you will reload, and, taking out your glass, reconnoitre again; for though ducks, widgeon, &c., should fly out upon the loch at the report of your gun, yet the diver tribe, if there are only one or two together, are perhaps more likely to be under water than above when you fire: but more of them by and by.

"Another invariable rule, in crawling upon ducks, is always, if possible, to get to leeward of them; for although I am firmly of opinion that they do not wind you like deer, as some suppose, yet their hearing is most acute. I have seen instances of this that I could hardly otherwise have credited. One day I got within about sixty yards of three ducks asleep upon the shore; the wind was blowing very strong, direct from me to them, a thick hedge forming my ambuscade. The ground was quite bare beyond this hedge, so I was obliged to take the distant shot through it. In making the attempt, I rustled one of the twigs—up went the three heads to the full stretch; but when I had remained quiet for about five minutes, they again placed their bills under their wings. Upon a second trial, the slight noise was unfortunately repeated—again the

birds raised their heads; but this time they were much longer upon the stretch, and seemed more uneasy. Nothing now remained but to try again: my utmost caution, however, was unavailing—the birds rose like rockets. I never hesitate concealing myself to windward of the spot where I expect ducks to pitch, feeling confident that, unless I move, they will not find me out. I have often had them swimming within twenty-five yards of me, when I was waiting for three or four in line, the wind blowing direct from me to them, without perceiving, by any signs, their consciousness of an enemy's vicinity."

Macwheedle himself, by all that's impudent! Nay, then, it is full time for us to take our farewell of Mr Colquhoun, and address ourselves to our public duty. We shall meet the honourable candidate in that style of diplomacy which was imparted to us by old Talleyrand, and in which, we flatter ourselves, we have no equal, with the exception, perhaps, of the accomplished Dumshunner. That gay individual is, doubtless, at this moment wooing some bashful constituency—we trust with prospects of better success than attended his last adventure. When the elections are over, we shall lose not a moment in hastening to the Highlands—there, by glen and river, loch, moor, and mountain, to obliterate all memory of the heat and hurry of the hustings; and we hope, before the year is over, to hear from the lips of many of our friends, who are now looking forward with anxiety to their first sporting season, an acknowledgment of the benefit which they have derived from the practical lessons of our author. Now, then, for an interview with the too insinuating Macwheedle.

MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.

BY PISISTRATUS CAXTON.

BOOK XI. CONTINUED—CHAPTER XVII.

WHEN the scenes in some long diorama pass solemnly before us, there is sometimes one solitary object, contrasting, perhaps, the view of stately cities or the march of a mighty river, that halts on the eye for a moment, and then glides away, leaving on the mind a strange, comfortless, undefined impression.

Why was the object presented to us? In itself it seemed comparatively insignificant. It may have been but a broken column—a lonely pool with a star-beam on its quiet surface—yet it awes us. We remember it when phantasmal pictures of bright Damascus, or of colossal pyramids—of bazaars in Stamboul, or lengthened caravans that defile slow amidst the sands of Araby—have sated the wondering gaze. Why were we detained in the shadowy procession by a thing that would have been so commonplace had it not been so lone? Some latent interest must attach to it. Was it there that a vision of woe had lifted the wild hair of a Prophet?—there where some Hagar had stilled the wail of her child on her indignant breast? We would fain call back the pageantry procession—fain see again the solitary thing that seemed so little worth the hand of the artist—and ask, “Why art thou here, and wherefore dost thou haunt us?”

Rise up—rise up once more—by the broad great thoroughfare that stretches onward and onward to the remorseless London—Rise up—rise up—O solitary tree with the green leaves on thy bough, and the deep rents in thy heart; and the ravens, dark birds of omen and sorrow, that built their nest amidst the leaves of the bough, and drop with noiseless plumes down through the hollow rents of the heart—or are heard, it may be, in the growing shadows of twilight, calling out to their young!

Under the old pollard tree, by the side of John Avenel's house, there

cowered, breathless and listening, John Avenel's daughter Nora. Now, when that fatal newspaper paragraph, which lied so like truth, met her eyes, she obeyed the first impulse of her passionate heart—she tore the wedding ring from her finger—she enclosed it, with the paragraph itself, in a letter to Audley—a letter that she designed to convey scorn and pride—alas! it expressed only jealousy and love. She could not rest till she had put this letter into the post with her own hand, addressed to Audley at Lord Lansmere's. Scarce was it gone ere she repented. What had she done?—resigned the birth-right of the child she was soon to bring into the world—resigned her last hope in her lover's honour—given up her life of life—and from belief in what?—a report in a newspaper! No, no; she would go herself to Lansmere; to her father's home—she could contrive to see Audley before that letter reached his hand. The thought was scarcely conceived before obeyed. She found a vacant place in a coach that started from London some hours before the mail, and went within a few miles of Lansmere; those last miles she travelled on foot. Exhausted—fainting—she gained at last the sight of home, and there halted, for in the little garden in front she saw her parents seated. She heard the murmur of their voices, and suddenly she remembered her altered shape, her terrible secret. How answer the question, “Daughter, where and who is thy husband?” Her heart failed her; she crept under the old pollard tree, to gather up resolve, to watch and to listen. She saw the rigid face of the thrifty prudent mother, with the deep lines that told of the cares of an anxious life, and the chafe of excitable temper and warm affections against the restraint of decorous sanctimony and resolute pride. The dear stern face never seemed to her more dear and

more stern. She saw the comely, easy, indolent, good-humoured father; not then the poor, paralytic sufferer, who could yet recognise Nora's eyes under the lids of Leonard, but stalwart and jovial—first bat in the Cricket Club, first voice in the Glee Society, the most popular canvasser of the Lansmere Constitutional True Blue Party, and the pride and idol of the Calvinistical prim wife. Never from those pinched lips of hers had come forth even one pious rebuke to the careless social man. As he sate, one hand in his vest, his profile turned to the road, the light smoke curling playfully up from the pipe, over which lips, accustomed to bland smile and hearty laughter, closed as if reluctant to be closed at all, he was the very model of the respectable retired trader in easy circumstances, and released from the toil of making money while life could yet enjoy the delight of spending it.

"Well, old woman," said John Avenel, "I must be off presently to see to those three shaky voters in Fish Lane; they will have done their work soon, and I shall catch 'em at home. They do say as how we may have an opposition; and I know that old Smikes has gone to Lonnon in search of a candidate. We can't have the Lansmere Constitutional Blues beat by a Lonnoner! Ha, ha, ha!"

"But you will be home before Jane and her husband Mark come? How ever she could marry a common carpenter!"

"Yes," said John, "he is a carpenter; but he has a vote, and that strengthens the family interest. If Dick was not gone to Amerikay, there would be three on us. But Mark is a real good Blue! A Lonnoner, indeed!—a Yellow from Lonnon beat my Lord and the Blues! Ha, ha!"

"But, John, this Mr Egerton is a Lonnoner?"

"You don't understand things, talking such nonsense. Mr Egerton is the Blue candidate, and the Blues are the Country Party; therefore how can he be a Lonnoner? An uncommon clever, well-grown, handsome young man, eh! and my young lord's particular friend."

Mrs Avenel sighed.

"What are you sighing and shaking your head for?"

"I was thinking of our poor, dear, dear Nora!"

"God bless her!" cried John, heartily.

There was a rustle under the boughs of the old hollow-hearted pollard tree.

"Ha! ha! Hark! I said that so loud that I have startled the ravens!"

"How he did love her!" said Mrs Avenel thoughtfully. "I am sure he did; and no wonder, for she looks every inch a lady; and why should not she be my lady, after all?"

"He? Who? Oh, that foolish fancy of yours about my young lord? A prudent woman like you!—stuff! I am glad my little beauty is gone to Lonnon, out of harm's way."

"John—John—John! No harm could ever come to my Nora. She's too pure and too good, and has too proper a pride in her, to"—

"To listen to any young lords, I hope," said John; "though," he added, after a pause, "she might well be a lady too. My lord, the young one, took me by the hand so kindly the other day, and said, 'Have not you heard from her—I mean Miss Avenel—lately?' and those bright eyes of his were as full of tears as—as—as yours are now."

"Well, John, well; go on."

"That is all. My lady came up, and took me away to talk about the election; and just as I was going, she whispered, 'Don't let my wild boy talk to you about that sweet girl of yours. We must both see that she does not come to disgrace.' 'Disgrace!' that word made me very angry for the moment. But my lady has such a way with her, that she soon put me right again. Yet, I do think Nora must have loved my young lord, only she was too good to show it. What do you say?" And the father's voice was thoughtful.

"I hope she'll never love any man till she's married to him; it is not proper, John," said Mrs Avenel, somewhat starchy, though very mildly.

"Ha! ha!" laughed John, chucking his prim wife under the chin, "you did not say that to me when I stole your first kiss under that very pollard tree—no house near it then!"

"Hush, John, hush!" and the prim wife blushed like a girl.

"Pooh," continued John merrily, "I don't see why we plain folks should pretend to be more saintly and prudish-like than our betters. There's that handsome Miss Leslie, who is to marry Mr Egerton—easy enough to see how much she is in love with him—could not keep her eyes off from him even in church, old girl? Ha, ha! What the deuce is the matter with the ravens?"

"They'll be a comely couple, John. And I hear tell she has a power of money. When is the marriage to be?"

"Oh, they say as soon as the election is over. A fine wedding we shall have of it! I dare say my young lord will be bridesman. We'll send for our little Nora to see the gay doings!"

Out from the boughs of the old tree came the shriek of a lost spirit—one of those strange appalling sounds of human agony, which, once heard, are never forgotten. It is as the wail of Hope, when SHE, too, rushes forth from the coffer of woes, and vanishes into viewless space;—it is the dread cry of Reason parting from clay—and of Soul, that would wrench itself from life! For a moment all was still—and then a dull, dumb, heavy fall!

The parents gazed on each other, speechless: they stole close to the pales, and looked over. Under the boughs, at the gnarled roots of the oak, they saw—grey and indistinct—a prostrate form. John opened the gate, and went round; the mother crept to the roadside, and there stood still.

"Oh, wife, wife!" cried John Avenel, from under the green boughs, "it is our child Nora! Our child—our child!"

And, as he spoke, out from the green boughs started the dark ravens, wheeling round and around, and calling to their young!

And when they had laid her on the bed, Mrs Avenel whispered John to withdraw for a moment; and, with set lips but trembling hands, began to unlace the dress, under the pressure of which Nora's heart heaved convulsively. And John went out of

the room bewildered, and sate himself down on the landing-place, and wondered whether he was awake or sleeping; and a cold numbness crept over one side of him, and his head felt very heavy, with a loud booming noise in his ears. Suddenly his wife stood by his side, and said in a very low voice—

"John, run for Mr Morgan—make haste. But mind—don't speak to any one on the way. Quick, quick!"

"Is she dying?"

"I don't know. Why not die before?" said Mrs Avenel between her teeth. "But Mr Morgan is a discreet, friendly man."

"A true Blue!" muttered poor John, as if his mind wandered; and rising with difficulty, he stared at his wife a moment, shook his head, and was gone.

An hour or two later, a little covered taxed-cart stopped at Mr Avenel's cottage, out of which stepped a young man with pale face and spare form, dressed in the Sunday suit of a rustic craftsman; then a homely, but pleasant, honest face, bent down to him smilingly; and two arms, emerging from under covert of a red cloak, extended an infant, which the young man took tenderly. The baby was cross and very sickly; it began to cry. The father hushed, and rocked, and tossed it, with the air of one to whom such a charge was familiar.

"He'll be good when we get in, Mark," said the young woman, as she extracted from the depths of the cart a large basket containing poultry and home-made bread.

"Don't forget the flowers that the Squire's gardener gave us," said Mark the Poet.

Without aid from her husband, the wife took down basket and nosegay, settled her cloak, smoothed her gown, and said, "Very odd!—they don't seem to expect us, Mark. How still the house is! Go and knock; they can't ha' gone to bed yet."

Mark knocked at the door—no answer. A light passed rapidly across the windows on the upper floor, but still no one came to his summons. Mark knocked again. A gentleman dressed in clerical costume, now coming from Lansmere Park, on the oppo-

site side of the road, paused at the sound of Mark's second and more impatient knock, and said civilly—

"Are you not the young folks my friend John Avenel told me this morning he expected to visit him?"

"Yes, please, Mr Dale," said Mrs Fairfield, dropping her curtesy. "You remember me! and this is my dear good man!"

"What! Mark the poet?" said the curate of Lansmere, with a smile. "Come to write squibs for the election?"

"Squiba, sir!" cried Mark indignantly.

"Burns wrote squibs," said the curate mildly.

Mark made no answer, but again knocked at the door.

This time, a man, whose face, even seen by the starlight, was much flushed, presented himself at the threshold.

"Mr Morgan!" exclaimed the curate, in benevolent alarm; "no illness here, I hope?"

"Cott! it is you, Mr Dale! Come

in, come in; I want a word with you. But who the teuce are these people?"

"Sir," said Mark, pushing through the doorway, "my name is Fairfield, and my wife is Mr Avenel's daughter!"

"Oh, Jane—and her baby too! Cood—cood! Come in; but be quiet, can't you? Still, still—still as death!"

The party entered, the door closed; the moon rose, and shone calmly on the pale silent house, on the sleeping flowers of the little garden, on the old pollard with its hollow core. The horse in the taxed-cart dozed, unheeded; the light still at times fitted across the upper windows. These were the only signs of life, except when a bat, now and then attracted by the light that passed across the windows, brushed against the panes, and then, dipping downwards, struck up against the nose of the slumbering horse, and darted merrily after the moth that fluttered round the raven's nest in the old pollard.

CHAPTER XVIII.

All that day Harley L'Estrange had been more than usually mournful and dejected. Indeed the return to scenes associated with Nora's presence increased the gloom that had settled on his mind since he had lost sight and trace of her. Audley, in the remorseful tenderness he felt for his injured friend, had induced L'Estrange towards evening to leave the Park, and go into a district some miles off, on pretence that he required Harley's aid there to canvass certain important outvoters: the change of scene might rouse him from his reveries. Harley himself was glad to escape from the guests at Lansmere. He readily consented to go. He would not return that night. The outvoters lay remote and scattered—he might be absent for a day or two. When Harley was gone, Egerton himself sank into deep thought. There was rumour of some unexpected opposition. His partisans were alarmed and anxious. It was clear that the Lansmere interest, if attacked, was weaker than the Earl would believe;

Egerton might lose his election. If so, what would become of him? How support his wife, whose return to him he always counted on, and whom it would then become him at all hazards to acknowledge? It was that day that he had spoken to William Hazeldean as to the family living. "Peace, at least," thought the ambitious man—"I shall have peace!" And the Squire had promised him the rectory if needed; not without a secret pang, for his Carry was already using her conjugal influence in favour of her old school friend's husband, Mr Dale; and the Squire thought Audley would be but a poor country parson, and Dale—if he would only grow a little plumper than his curacy could permit him to be—would be a parson in ten thousand. But while Audley thus prepared for the worst, he still brought his energies to bear on the more brilliant option; and sate with his committee, looking into canvass-books, and discussing the characters, politics, and local interests of every elector, until the night was wellnigh

gone. When he gained his room, the shutters were unclosed, and he stood a few moments at the window gazing on the moon. At that sight, the thought of Nora, lost and afar, stole over him. The man, as we know, had in his nature little of romance and sentiment. Seldom was it his wont to gaze upon moon or stars. But whenever some whisper of romance did soften his hard, strong mind, or whenever moon or stars did charm his gaze from earth, Nora's bright muse-like face—Nora's sweet loving eyes, were seen in moon and star beam—Nora's low tender voice, heard in the whisper of that which we call romance, and which is but the sound of the mysterious poetry that is ever in the air, could we but deign to hear it! He turned with a sigh, undressed, threw himself on his bed, and extinguished his light. But the light of the moon *would* fill the room. It kept him awake for a little time; he turned his face from the calm, heavenly beam, resolutely towards the dull blind wall, and fell asleep. And, in the sleep, he was with Nora;—again in the humble bridal-home. Never in his dreams had she seemed to him so distinct and life-like—her eyes upturned to his—her hands clasped together, and resting on his shoulder, as had been her graceful wont—her voice murmuring meekly, "Has it, then, been my fault that we parted?—forgive, forgive me!"

And the sleeper imagined that he answered, "Never part from me again—never, never!" and that he bent down to kiss the chaste lips that so tenderly sought his own. And suddenly he heard a knocking sound, as of a hammer—regular, but soft, low, subdued. Did you ever, O reader, hear the sound of the hammer on the lid of a coffin in a house of woe,—when the undertaker's decorous hireling fears that the living may hear how he parts them from the dead? Such seemed the sound to Audley—the dream vanished abruptly. He woke, and again heard the knock; it was at his door. He sat up wistfully—the moon was gone—it was morning. "Who is there?" he cried peevishly.

A low voice from without answer-

ed, "Hush, it is I; dress quick; let me see you."

Egerton recognised Lady Lansmere's voice. Alarmed and surprised, he rose, dressed in haste, and went to the door. Lady Lansmere was standing without, extremely pale. She put her finger to her lip and beckoned him to follow her. He obeyed mechanically. They entered her dressing-room, a few doors from his own chamber, and the Countess closed the door.

Then laying her slight firm hand on his shoulder, she said in suppressed and passionate excitement—

"Oh, Mr Egerton, you must serve me, and at once—Harley—Harley—save my Harley—go to him—prevent his coming back here—stay with him—give up the election—it is but a year or two lost in your life—you will have other opportunities—make that sacrifice to your friend."

"Speak—what is the matter? I can make no sacrifice too great for Harley!"

"Thanks—I was sure of it. Go then, I say, at once to Harley; keep him away from Lansmere on any excuse you can invent, until you can break the sad news to him—gently, gently. Oh, how will he bear it—how recover the shock? My boy, my boy!"

"Calm yourself! Explain! Break what news?—recover what shock?"

"True—you do not know—you have not heard. Nora Avenel lies yonder, in her father's house—dead—dead!"

Audley staggered back, clapping his hand to his heart, and then dropping on his knee as if bowed down by the stroke of heaven.

"My bride, my wife!" he muttered. "Dead—it cannot be!"

Lady Lansmere was so startled at this exclamation, so stunned by a confession wholly unexpected, that she remained unable to soothe—to explain, and utterly unprepared for the fierce agony that burst from the man she had ever seen so dignified and cold—when he sprang to his feet, and all the sense of his eternal loss rushed upon his heart.

At length he crushed back his emotions, and listened in apparent calm, and in a silence broken but by quick

gasps for breath, to Lady Lansmere's account.

One of the guests in the house, a female relation of Lady Lansmere's, had been taken suddenly ill about an hour or two before;—the house had been disturbed, the Countess herself aroused, and Mr Morgan summoned as the family medical practitioner. From him she had learned that Nora Avenel had returned to her father's house late on the previous evening; had been seized with brain fever, and died in a few hours.

Audley listened, and turned to the door, still in silence.

Lady Lansmere caught him by the arm—"Where are you going? Ah, can I now ask you to save my son from the awful news, you yourself the sufferer? And yet—yet—you know his haste, his vehemence, if he learn that you were his rival—her husband; you whom he so trusted! What, what would be the result?—I tremble!"

"Tremble not—I do not tremble! Let me go—I will be back soon—and then—(his lips writhed)—*then* we will talk of Harley."

Egerton went forth, stunned and dizzy. Mechanically he took his way across the park to John Avenel's house. He had been forced to enter that house, formally, a day or two before, in the course of his canvass; and his worldly pride had received a shock when the home, the birth, and the manners of his bride's parents had been brought before him. He had even said to himself, "And is it the child of these persons that I, Audley Egerton, must announce to the world as wife!" Now, if she had been the child of a beggar—nay, of a felon—*now*, if he could but recall her to life, how small and mean would all that dreaded world have seemed to him! Too late—too late! The dews were glistening in the sun—the birds were singing over head—life waking all around him—and his own heart felt like a charnel-house. Nothing but death and the dead there—nothing! He arrived at the door; it was open: he called; no one answered: he walked up the narrow stairs, undisturbed, unseen; he came into the chamber of death. At the opposite side of the

bed was seated John Avenel; but he seemed in a heavy sleep. In fact, paralysis had smitten him; but he knew it not; neither did any one. Who could heed the strong hearty man in such a moment? Not even the poor anxious wife! He had been left there to guard the house, and watch the dead—an unconscious man; numbed, himself, by the invisible icy hand! Audley stole to the bedside; he lifted the coverlid thrown over the pale still face. What passed within him, during the minute he staid there, who shall say? But when he left the room, and slowly descended the stairs, he left behind him love and youth, all the sweet hopes and joys of the household human life—for ever and ever!

He returned to Lady Lansmere, who awaited his coming with the most nervous anxiety.

"Now," said he drily, "I will go to Harley, and I will prevent his returning hither."

"You have seen the parents. Good heavens! do they know of your marriage?"

"No; to Harley I must own it first. Meanwhile, silence!"

"Silence!" echoed Lady Lansmere; and her burning hand rested in Audley's, and Audley's hand was as ice.

In another hour Egerton had left the house, and before noon he was with Harley.

It is necessary now to explain the absence of all the Avenel family, except the poor stricken father.

Nora had died in giving birth to a child—died delirious. In her delirium she had spoken of shame—of disgrace; there was no holy nuptial ring on her finger! Through all her grief, the first thought of Mrs Avenel was to save the good name of her lost daughter—the unblemished honour of all the living Avenels. No matron, long descended from knights or kings, had keener pride in name and character than the poor, punctilious Calvinistic trader's wife. "Sorrow later, honour now!" With hard dry eyes she mused and mused, and made out her plan. Jane Fairfield should take away the infant at once, before the day dawned, and nurse it with her own. Mark should go with her, for Mrs Avenel dreaded the indiscretion of his

wild grief. She would go with them herself part of the way, in order to command or reason them into guarded silence. But they could not go back to Hazeldean with another infant; Jane must go where none knew her; the two infants might pass as twins. And Mrs Avenel, though naturally a humane, kindly woman, and with a mother's heart to infants, looked with almost a glad sternness at Jane's puny babe, and thought to herself, "All difficulty will be over if there be only one! Nora's child could thus pass throughout life for Jane's!"

Fortunately for the preservation of the secret, the Avenels kept no servant—only an occasional drudge, who came a few hours in the day, and went home to sleep. Mrs Avenel could count on Mr Morgan's silence as to the true cause of Nora's death. And, Mr Dale, why should he reveal the dishonour of a family? That very day, or the next at farthest, she could induce her husband to absent himself lest he should blab out the tale while his sorrow was greater than his pride. She alone would then stay in the house of death until she could feel assured that all else were hushed into prudence. Ay, she felt, that with due precautions, the *name* was still safe. And so she awed and hurried Mark and his wife away, and went with them in the covered cart—that hid the faces of all three—leaving for an hour or two the house and the dead to her husband's charge, with many an admonition, to which he nodded his head, and which he did not hear! Do you think this woman was unfeeling and inhuman? Had Nora looked from heaven into her mother's heart, Nora would not have thought so. A good name, when the burial stone closes over dust, is still a possession upon the earth; on earth it is indeed our only one! Better for our friends to guard for us that treasure than to sit down and weep over perishable clay. And weep—Oh! stern mother, long years were left to thee for weeping! No tears shed for Nora made such deep furrows on the cheeks as thine did! Yet who ever saw them flow?

Harley was in great surprise to see Egerton; more surprised when Egerton told him that he found he

was to be opposed—that he had no chance of success at Lansmere, and had, therefore, resolved to retire from the contest. He wrote to the Earl to that effect; but the Countess knew the true cause, and hinted it to the Earl; so that, as we saw at the commencement of this history, Egerton's cause did not suffer when Captain Dashmore appeared in the borough; and, thanks to Mr Hazeldean's exertions and oratory, Audley came in by two votes—the votes of John Avenel and Mark Fairfield. For though the former had been removed a little way from the town, and by medical advice—and though, on other matters, the disease that had smitten him left him docile as a child—yet he still would hear how the Blues went on, and would get out of bed to keep his word; and even his wife said, "He is right; better die of it than break his promise!" The crowd gave way as the broken man they had seen a few days before so jovial and healthful was brought up on a chair to the poll, and said with his tremulous quavering voice, "I'm a true Blue—Blue for ever!"

Elections are wondrous things! No one who has not seen, can guess how the zeal in them triumphs over sickness, sorrow, the ordinary private life of us!

There was forwarded to Audley, from Lansmere Park, Nora's last letter. The postman had left it there an hour or two after he himself had gone. The wedding-ring fell on the ground, and rolled under his feet. And those burning passionate reproaches—all that anger of the wounded dove—they explained to him the mystery of her return—her unjust suspicions—the cause of her sudden death, which he still ascribed to brain fever, brought on by excitement and fatigue. For Nora did not speak of the child about to be born; she had not remembered it when she wrote, or she would not have written. On the receipt of this letter, Egerton could not remain in the dull village district—alone, too, with Harley. He said, abruptly, that he must go to London—prevailed on L'Estrange to accompany him; and there, when he heard from Lady Lansmere that the funeral was over, he broke to Harley,

with lips as white as the dead, and his hand pressed to his heart, on which his hereditary disease was fastening quick and fierce, the dread truth that Nora was no more. The effect upon the boy's health and spirits was even more crushing than Audley could anticipate. He only woke from grief to feel remorse. "For," said the noble Harley, "had it not been for my mad passion—my rash pursuit—would she ever have left her safe asylum—ever even have left her native town? And then—and then—the struggle between her sense of duty and her love to me! I see it all—all! But for me, she were living still!"

"Oh, no!" cried Egerton—his confession now rushing to his lips. "Believe me, she never loved you as you think. Nay—nay—hear me! Rather suppose that she loved another—fled with him—was perhaps married to him, and—"

"Hold!" exclaimed Harley, with a terrible burst of passion—"you kill her twice to me, if you say that! I can still feel that she lives—lives here, in my heart—while I dream that she loved me—or, at least, that no other lip ever knew the kiss that was denied to mine! But if you tell me to doubt *that*;—you—you!"—The boy's anguish was too great for his frame; he fell suddenly back into Audley's arms; he had broken a blood-vessel. For several days he was in great danger, but his eyes were constantly fixed on Audley's, with wistful, intense gaze. "Tell me," he muttered, at the risk of reopening the ruptured veins, and of the instant loss of life—"tell me—you did not mean *that*! Tell me you have no cause to think she loved another—*was* another's!"

"Hush, hush—no cause—none—none. I meant but to comfort you, as I thought—fool that I was—that is all!" cried the miserable friend. And from that hour Audley gave up the idea of righting himself in his own eyes, and submitted still to be the living lie—he, the haughty gentleman!

Now, while Harley was still very weak and suffering, Mr Dale came to London, and called on Egerton. The curate, in promising secrecy to Mr Avenel, had made one condition, that it should not be to the positive injury

of Nora's living son. What if she were married, after all? And would it not be right, at least, to learn the name of the child's father? Some day he might need a father. Mrs Avenel was obliged to content herself with these reservations. However, she implored Mr Dale not to make inquiries. What good could they do? If Nora were married, her husband would naturally, of his own accord, declare himself; if seduced and forsaken, it would but disgrace her memory (now saved from stain) to discover the father to a child of whose very existence the world as yet knew nothing. These arguments perplexed the good curate. But Jane Fairfield had a sanguine belief in her sister's innocence; and all her suspicions naturally pointed to Lord L'Estrange. So, indeed, perhaps, did Mrs Avenel's, though she never owned them. Of the correctness of these suspicions Mr Dale was fully convinced;—the young lord's admiration, Lady Lansmere's fears, had been too evident to one who had often visited at the Park—Harley's abrupt departure just before Nora's return home—Egerton's sudden resignation of the borough before even opposition was declared, in order to rejoin his friend, the very day of Nora's death—all confirmed his ideas that Harley was the betrayer or the husband. Perhaps there might have been a secret marriage—possibly abroad—since Harley wanted some years of his majority. He would, at least, try to see and to sound Lord L'Estrange. Prevented this interview by Harley's illness, the curate resolved to ascertain how far he could penetrate into the mystery by a conversation with Egerton. There was much in the grave repute which the latter had acquired, and the singular and pre-eminent character for truth and honour with which it was accompanied, that made the curate resolve upon this step. Accordingly, he saw Egerton, meaning only diplomatically to extract from the new member for Lansmere what might benefit the family of the voters who had given him his majority of two.

He began by mentioning, as a touching fact, how poor John Avenel, bowed down by the loss of his child, and the malady which had crippled

his limbs and enfeebled his mind, had still risen from his bed to keep his word. And Audley's emotions seemed to him so earnest and genuine, to show so good a heart, that out by little and little came more; first, his suspicions that poor Nora had been betrayed; then his hopes that there might have been private marriage; and as Audley, with his iron self-command, showed just the proper degree of interest, and no more, he went on, till Audley knew that he had a child!

"Inquire no further!" said the man of the world. "Respect Mrs Avenel's feelings and wishes, I entreat you; they are the right ones. Leave the rest to me. In my position—I mean as a resident of London—I can quietly and easily ascertain more than you could, and provoke no scandal! If I could right this—this—poor—poor—(his voice trembled)—right the lost mother, or the living child—sooner or later you will hear from me; if not, bury this secret where it now rests, in a grave which slander has not reached. But the child—give me the address where it is to be found—in case I succeed in finding the father, and touching his heart."

"Oh, Mr Egerton, may I not say where you may find him—who he is?"

"Sir!"

"Do not be angry; and, after all, I cannot ask you to betray any confidence which a friend may have placed in you. I know what you men of high honour are to each other—even in sin. No, no—I beg pardon; I leave all in your hands. I shall hear from you, then?"

"Or, if not—why, then, believe that all search is hopeless. My friend! if you mean Lord L'Estrange, he is innocent. I—I—I—(the voice faltered)—am convinced of it."

The curate sighed, but made no answer. "Oh, ye men of the world!" thought he. He gave the address which the member for Lansmere had asked for, and went his way, and never heard again from Audley Egerton. He was convinced that the man who had showed such deep feeling had failed in his appeal to Harley's conscience, or had judged it best to leave Nora's name in peace, and her

child to her own relations and the care of heaven.

Harley L'Estrange, scarcely yet recovered, hastened to join our armies on the Continent, and seek the Death which, like its half-brother, rarely comes when we call it.

As soon as Harley was gone, Egerton went to the village to which Mr Dale had directed him, to seek for Nora's child. But here he was led into a mistake which materially affected the tenor of his own life, and Leonard's future destinies. Mrs Fairfield had been naturally ordered by her mother to take another name in the village to which she had gone with the two infants, so that her connexion with the Avenel family might not be traced, to the provocation of inquiry and gossip. The grief and excitement through which she had gone dried the source of nutriment in her breast. She put Nora's child out to nurse at the house of a small farmer, at a little distance from the village, and moved from her first lodging to be nearer to the infant. Her own child was so sickly and ailing, that she could not bear to intrust it to the care of another. She tried to bring it up by hand; and the poor child soon pined away and died. She and Mark could not endure the sight of their baby's grave; they hastened to return to Hazeldean, and took Leonard with them. From that time Leonard passed for the son they had lost.

When Egerton arrived at the village, and inquired for the person whose address had been given to him, he was referred to the cottage in which she had last lodged, and was told that she had been gone some days—the day after her child was buried. Her child buried! Egerton staid to inquire no more; thus he heard nothing of the infant that had been put out to nurse. He walked slowly into the churchyard, and stood for some minutes gazing on the small new mound; then, pressing his hand on the heart to which all emotion had been forbidden, he re-entered his chaise and returned to London. The sole reason for acknowledging his marriage seemed to him now removed. Nora's name had escaped reproach. Even had his painful position with regard to Harley

not constrained him to preserve his secret, there was every motive to the World's wise and haughty son not to acknowledge a derogatory and foolish marriage, now that none lived whom concealment could wrong.

Audley mechanically resumed his former life,—sought to resettle his thoughts on the grand objects of ambitious men. His poverty still pressed on him; his pecuniary debt to Harley stung and galled his peculiar sense of honour. He saw no way to clear his estates, to repay his friend, but by some rich alliance. Dead to love, he faced this prospect first with repugnance, then with apathetic indifference. Levy, of whose treachery towards himself and Nora he was unaware, still held over him the power that the money-lender never loses over the man that has owed, owes, or may owe again. Levy was ever urging him to propose to the rich Miss Leslie;—Lady Lansmere, willing to atone, as she thought, for his domestic loss, urged the same;—Harley, influenced by his mother, wrote from the Continent to the same effect.

"Manage it as you will," at last said Egerton to Levy, "so that I am not a wife's pensioner."

"Propose for me if you will," he said to Lady Lansmere—"I cannot woo—I cannot talk of love."

Somehow or other the marriage, with all its rich advantages to the ruined gentleman, was thus made up. And Egerton, as we have seen, was the polite and dignified husband before the world—married to a woman who adored him. It is the common fate of men like him to be loved too well!

On her deathbed his heart was touched by his wife's melancholy reproach—"Nothing I could do has ever made you love me!" "It is true," answered Audley, with tears in his voice and eyes—"Nature gave me but a small fund of what women like you call 'love,' and I lavished it all away." And he then told her, though with reserve, some portion of his former history;—and that soothed her; for when she saw that he *had* loved, and *could* grieve, she caught a glimpse of the human heart she had not seen before. She died, forgiving him, and blessing.

Audley's spirits were much affected by this new loss. He inly resolved never to marry again. He had a vague thought at first of retrenching his expenditure, and making young Randal Leslie his heir. But when he first saw the clever Eton boy, his feelings did not warm to him, though his intellect appreciated Randal's quick keen talents. He contented himself with resolving to push the boy;—to do what was merely just to the distant kinsman of his late wife. Always careless and lavish in money matters, generous and princely, not from the delight of serving others, but from a *grand Seigneur's* sentiment of what was due to himself and his station, Audley had a mournful excuse for the lordly waste of the large fortune at his control. The morbid functions of the heart had become organic disease. True, he might live many years, and die at last of some other complaint in the course of nature; but the progress of the disease would quicken with all emotional excitement; he might die suddenly—any day—in the very prime, and, seemingly, in the full vigour, of his life. And the only physician in whom he confided what he wished to keep concealed from the world, (for ambitious men would fain be thought immortal,) told him frankly that it was improbable that, with the wear and tear of political strife and action, he could advance far into middle age. Therefore, no son of his succeeding—his nearest relations all wealthy—Egerton resigned himself to his constitutional disdain of money; he could look into no affairs, provided the balance in his banker's hands were such as became the munificent commoner. All else he left to his steward and to Levy. Levy grew rapidly rich—very, very rich—and the steward thrived.

The usurer continued to possess a determined hold over the imperious great man. He knew Audley's secret; he could reveal that secret to Harley. And the one soft and tender side of the statesman's nature—the sole part of him not dipped in the ninefold Styx of practical prosaic life, which so renders man invulnerable to affection—was his remorseful love for the school friend whom he still deceived.

Here then you have the key to the locked chambers of Audley Egerton's character, the fortified castle of his mind. The envied minister—the joyless man—the oracle on the economies of an empire—the prodigal in a usurer's hands—the august, high-crested gentleman, to whom princes would refer for the casuistry of honour—the

culprit trembling lest the friend he best loved on earth should detect his lie! Wrap thyself in the decent veil that the Arts or the Graces weave for thee, O Human Nature! It is only the statue of marble whose nakedness the eye can behold without shame and offence!

CHAPTER XIX.

Of the narrative just placed before the reader, it is clear that Leonard could gather only desultory fragments. He could but see that his ill-fated mother had been united to a man she had loved with surpassing tenderness; had been led to suspect that the marriage was fraudulent; had gone abroad in despair, returned repentant and hopeful; had gleaned some intelligence that her lover was about to be married to another, and there the manuscript closed with the blisters left on the page by agonising tears. The mournful end of Nora—her lonely return to die under the roof of her parents—this he had learned before from the narrative of Dr Morgan.

But even the name of her supposed husband was not revealed. Of him Leonard could form no conjecture, except that he was evidently of higher rank than Nora. Harley L'Estrange seemed clearly indicated in the early boy-lover. If so, he must know all that was left dark to Leonard, and to him Leonard resolved to confide the MS. With this resolution he left the cottage, resolving to return and attend the funeral obsequies of his departed friend. Mrs Goodyer willingly permitted him to take away the papers she had lent to him, and added to them the packet which had been addressed to Mrs Bertram from the Continent.

Musing in anxious gloom over the record he had read, Leonard entered London on foot, and bent his way towards Harley's hotel; when, just as he had crossed into Bond Street, a gentleman in company with Baron Levy, and who seemed, by the flush on his brow and the sullen tone of his voice, to have had rather an irritating colloquy with the fashionable usurer, suddenly caught sight of Leonard, and, abruptly quitting

Levy, seized the young man by the arm.

"Excuse me, sir," said the gentleman, looking hard into Leonard's face; "but unless these sharp eyes of mine are mistaken, which they seldom are, I see a nephew whom, perhaps, I behaved to rather too harshly, but who still has no right to forget Richard Avenel."

"My dear uncle," exclaimed Leonard, "this is indeed a joyful surprise; at a time, too, when I needed joy! No; I have never forgotten your kindness, and always regretted our estrangement."

"That is well said; give us your fist again. Let me look at you—quite the gentleman I declare!—still so good-looking too. We Avenels always were. Good bye, Baron Levy. Need not wait for me; I am not going to run away. I shall see you again."

"But," whispered Levy, who had followed Avenel across the street, and eyed Leonard with a quick curious searching glance—"but it must be as I say with regard to the borough; or (to be plain) you must cash the bills on the day they are due."

"Very well, sir—very well. So you think to put the screw upon me, as if I were a poor ten-pound householder. I understand—my money or my borough?"

"Exactly so," said the Baron, with a soft smile.

"You shall hear from me—you shall hear from me. (Aside, as Levy strolled away)—D—d tarnation rascal!"

Dick Avenel then linked his arm in his nephew's, and strove for some minutes to forget his own troubles, in the indulgence of that curiosity in the affairs of another which was natu-

ral to him, and, in this instance, increased by the real affection which he had felt for Leonard. But still his curiosity remained unsatisfied; for long before Leonard could overcome his habitual reluctance to speak of his success in letters, Dick's mind wandered back to his rival at Screwtown, and the curse of "over-competition"—to the bills which Levy had discounted, in order to enable Dick to meet the crushing force of a capitalist larger than himself—and the "tarnation rascal" who now wished to obtain two seats at Lansmere, one for Randal Leslie, one for a rich Nabob whom Levy had just caught as a client; and Dick, though willing to aid Leslie, had a mind to the other seat for himself. Therefore Dick soon broke in upon the hesitating confessions of Leonard, with exclamations far from pertinent to the subject, and rather for the sake of venting his own griefs and resentment than with any idea that the sympathy or advice of his nephew could serve him.

"Well, well," said Dick, "another time for your history. I see you have thrived, and that is enough for the present. Very odd; but just now I can only think of myself. I'm in a regular fix, sir. Screwtown is not the respectable Screwtown that you remember it—all demoralised and turned topsy-turvy by a demoniacal monster capitalist, with steam-engines that might bring the falls of Niagara into your back parlour, sir! And, as if that was not enough to destroy and drive into almighty shivers a decent fair-play Britisher like myself, I hear he is just in treaty for some patent infernal invention that will make his engines do twice as much work with half as many hands! That's the way those unfeeling ruffians increase our poor-rates! But I'll get up a riot against him—I will! Don't talk to me of the law! What the devil is the good of the law if it don't protect a man's industry—a *liberal* man, too, like me!" Here Dick burst into a storm of vituperation against the rotten old country in general, and the monster capitalist of Screwtown in particular.

Leonard started; for Dick now named, in that monster capitalist, the very person who was in treaty for

Leonard's own mechanical improvement on the steam-engine.

"Stop, uncle—stop! Why, then, if this man were to buy the contrivance you speak of, it would injure you?"

"Injure me, sir! I should be a bankrupt—that is, if it succeeded; but I daresay it is all a humbug."

"No, it *will* succeed—I'll answer for that!"

"You! You have seen it?"

"Why, I invented it."

Dick hastily withdrew his arm from Leonard's.

"Serpent's tooth!" he said, falteringly, "so it is you, whom I warned at my hearth, who are to ruin Richard Avenel?"

"No—but to save him! Come into the city and look at my model. If you like it, the patent shall be yours!"

"Cab—cab—cab," cried Dick Avenel, stopping a "Hansom;" "jump in, Leonard—jump in. I'll buy your patent—that is, if it is worth a straw; and as for payment—"

"Payment! Don't talk of that!"

"Well, I won't," said Dick, mildly; "for 'tis not the topic of conversation I should choose myself, just at present. And as for that black-whiskered alligator, the Baron, let me first get out of those rambustious unchristian filbert-shaped claws of his, and then—But jump in—jump in—and tell the man where to drive!"

A very brief inspection of Leonard's invention sufficed to show Richard Avenel how invaluable it would be to him. Armed with a patent, of which the certain effects in the increase of power and diminution of labour were obvious to any practical man, Avenel felt that he should have no difficulty in obtaining such advances of money as he required, whether to alter his engines, meet the bills discounted by Levy, or carry on the war with the monster capitalist. It might be necessary to admit into partnership some other monster capitalist—What then? Any partner better than Levy. A bright idea struck him.

"If I can just terrify and whop that infernal intruder on my own ground, for a few months, he may offer, himself, to enter into partnership

—make the two concerns a joint-stock friendly combination, and then we shall flog the world."

His gratitude to Leonard became so lively that Dick offered to bring his nephew in for Lansmere instead of himself; and when Leonard declined the offer, exclaimed, "Well, then, any friend of yours; you have only to say the word at the last hour, for I am sure of both seats. I'm all for Reform against those high and mighty right honourable boroughmongers; and what with loans and mortgages on the small householders, and a long course of "free and easies," with the independent Freemen, I carry the town of Lansmere in my breeches pocket." Dick then, appointing an interview with Leonard

at his lawyer's, to settle the transfer of the invention, upon terms which he declared "should be honourable to both parties," hurried off, to search amongst his friends in the city for some monster capitalist, who might be induced to extricate him from the jaws of Levy, and the engines of his rival at Screwestown. "Mullins is the man, if I can but catch him," said Dick. "You have heard of Mullins?—A wonderful great man; you should see his nails; he never cuts them! Three millions, at least, he has scraped together with those nails of his, sir. And in this rotten old country, a man must have nails a yard long to fight with a devil like Levy! Good bye—good *bye*—GOOD BYE, my DEAR nephew!"

CHAPTER XX.

Harley L'Estrange was seated alone in his apartments. He had just put down a volume of some favourite classic author, and he was resting his hand firmly clenched upon the book. Ever since Harley's return to England, there had been a perceptible change in the expression of his countenance, even in the very bearing and attitudes of his elastic youthful figure. But this change had been more marked since that last interview with Helen which has been recorded. There was a compressed resolute firmness in the lips—a decided character in the brow. To the indolent careless grace of his movements had succeeded a certain indescribable energy, as quiet and self-collected as that which distinguished the determined air of Audley Egerton himself. In fact, if you could have looked into his heart, you would have seen that Harley was, for the first time, making a strong effort over his passions and his humours; that the whole man was nerving himself to a sense of duty. "No," he muttered—"no—I will think only of Helen; I will think only of real life! And what (were I not engaged to another) would that dark-eyed Italian girl be to me?—What a mere fool's fancy is this! I love again—I who, through all the fair spring of my life, have clung with such faith to a memory and a grave! Come,

come, come, Harley L'Estrange, act thy part as man amongst men, at last! Accept regard; dream no more of passion. Abandon false ideals. Thou art no poet—why deem that life itself can be a poem?"

The door opened, and the Austrian Prince, whom Harley had interested in the cause of Violante's father, entered with the familiar step of a friend.

"Have you discovered those documents yet?" said the Prince. "I must now return to Vienna within a few days. And unless you can arm me with some tangible proof of Peschiera's ancient treachery, or some more unanswerable excuse for his noble kinsman, I fear that there is no other hope for the exile's recall to his country than what lies in the hateful option of giving his daughter to his perfidious foe."

"Alas!" said Harley, "as yet, all researches have been in vain; and I know not what other steps to take, without arousing Peschiera's vigilance, and setting his crafty brains at work to counteract us. My poor friend, then, must rest contented with exile. To give Violante to the Count were dishonour. But I shall soon be married; soon have a home, not quite unworthy of their due rank, to offer both to father and to child."

"Would the future Lady L'Es-

trange feel no jealousy of a guest so fair as you tell me this young signorina is? And would you be in no danger yourself, my poor friend?"

"Pooh!" said Harley, colouring. "My fair guest would have two fathers; that is all. Pray do not jest on a thing so grave as honour."

Again the door opened, and Leonard appeared.

"Welcome," cried Harley, pleased to be no longer alone under the Prince's penetrating eye—"welcome. This is the noble friend who shares our interest for Riccabocca, and who could serve him so well, if we could but discover the document of which I have spoken to you."

"It is here," said Leonard simply; "may it be all that you require!"

Harley eagerly grasped at the packet, which had been sent from Italy to the supposed Mrs Bertram, and, leaning his face on his hand, rapidly hurried through the contents.

"Hurrah!" he cried at last, with his face lighted up, and a boyish toss of his right hand. "Look, look, Prince, here are Peschiera's own letters to his kinsman's wife; his avowal of what he calls his 'patriotic designs;' his entreaties to her to induce her husband to share them. Look, look, how he wields his influence over the woman he had once wooed; look how artfully he combats her objections; see how reluctant our friend was to stir, till wife and kinsman both united to urge him."

"It is enough,—quite enough," exclaimed the Prince, looking at the passages in Peschiera's letters which Harley pointed out to him.

"No, it is not enough," shouted Harley as he continued to read the letters with his rapid sparkling eyes. "More still! O villain, doubly damned! Here, after our friend's flight, here, is his avowal of guilty passion; here he swears that he had intrigued to ruin his benefactor, in order to pollute the home that had sheltered him. Ah! see how she answers; thank Heaven her own eyes were opened at last, and she scorned him before she died. She was innocent! I said so. Violante's mother was pure. Poor lady, this moves me! Has your Emperor the heart of a man?"

"I know enough of our Emperor," answered the Prince warmly, "to know that, the moment these papers reach him, Peschiera is ruined, and your friend is restored to his honours. You will live to see the daughter, to whom you would have given a child's place at your hearth, the wealthiest heiress of Italy—the bride of some noble lover, with rank only below the supremacy of kings!"

"Ah!" said Harley, in a sharp accent, and turning very pale—"ah, I shall not see her that! I shall never visit Italy again!—never see her more—never, after she has once quitted this climate of cold iron cares and formal duties—never, never!" He turned his head for a moment, and then came with quick step to Leonard. "But you, O happy poet! No ideal can ever be lost to you. You are independent of real life. Would I were a poet!" He smiled sadly.

"You would not say so, perhaps, my dear lord," answered Leonard with equal sadness, "if you knew how little what you call 'the ideal' replaces to a poet the loss of one affection in the genial human world. Independent of real life! Alas! no. And I have here the confessions of a true poet-soul, which I will entreat you to read at leisure; and when you have read, answer if you would still be a poet!"

He took forth Nora's MSS. as he spoke.

"Place them yonder, in my *secrétaire*, Leonard; I will read them later."

"Do so, and with heed; for to me there is much here that involves my own life—much that is still a mystery, and which I think you can unravel!"

"I!" exclaimed Harley; and he was moving towards the *secrétaire*, in a drawer of which Leonard had carefully deposited the papers, when once more, but this time violently, the door was thrown open, and Giacomo rushed into the room, accompanied by Lady Lansmere.

"Oh, my lord, my lord!" cried Giacomo, in Italian, "the signorina! the signorina!—Violante!"

"What of her? Mother, mother! what of her? Speak, speak!"

"She has gone—left our house!"

"Left! No, no!" cried Giacomo, "She must have been deceived or forced away. The Count! the Count! Oh, my good lord, save her, as you once saved her father!"

"Hold!" cried Harley. "Give me your arm, mother. A *second*

such blow in life is beyond the strength of man—at least of mine. So, so!—I am better now! Thank you, mother. Stand back, all of you—give me air. So the Count has triumphed, and Violante has fled with him! Explain all—I can bear it!"

THE EARL OF DERBY'S APPEAL TO THE COUNTRY.

WHEN we addressed our readers, in the month of June last,* in a very earnest, and perhaps a somewhat apprehensive spirit, we declared that we did so "on the eve of a tremendous conflict, the results of which, in our deliberately formed opinion, shared by every thinking and experienced politician in the kingdom, affect the welfare of the Empire to an extent almost unprecedented, and also, at present, utterly incalculable." That conflict has now taken place, or rather it is yet—while we are writing, very far on in this memorable month of July (the 24th inst.)—not quite over. It has been, indeed, a signal conflict: but between whom? And what is the issue? Has there been a victory, and consequently a defeat? Is it the Earl of Derby, sitting dismayed in his cabinet, from whose lips these sad words are at this moment falling, as he surveys the results of the general election of 1852, on which he had staked so much?—or is it his rival and opponent? But *who is he?*—or is his name legion? Is it Lord John Russell?—or Sir James Graham?—or the Duke of Newcastle?—or Lord Palmerston?—or, dropping for a moment to the *dii minores*, is it—Mr Cobden?

One fact is certain, that the Earl of Derby, on the 1st of July 1852, upon which day the writs were issued for a new election, deliberately gave battle to them all; having four months previously declared that he would do so. And on the occasion of making that declaration, he furthermore declared, in terms which no one could mistake, that he intended to do battle for the *Constitution in Church and State*—for the Protestant Constitution; and

against those who were secretly or openly advancing to assail its integrity, under the baleful flag of DEMOCRACY and POPERY. He and his advisers had been calm and quicksighted enough to see that such was the true nature of the great electoral struggle ordained to take place in the month of July 1852; and they had also sufficient sagacity and resolution to foresee and defeat the cunning and desperate attempts which would be made by their opponents, to disguise the true nature and real objects of the contest, and shift the scene of it to a disadvantageous and deceptive locality. Those, indeed, who made this attempt, were wise in their generation, and did the very best thing that the nature of things admitted. Conscious of occupying a discreditable and desperate position, through their own imbecility and recklessness, the only chance of regaining lost ground, and making a tolerated appearance before the country, lay in attempting to enlist popular sympathies; and the felicitous device was, to persuade the millions that their bread was in danger;—but this was to be done, if at all successfully, so very suddenly, that the falsehood should not be found out before it had gained its object. The Earl of Derby was to be exhibited before women and children as a vampire, but only for a moment, lest the false colours should dissolve away while they were being looked at, and a wise and benevolent statesman appear in his true figure and colours. Hence the convulsive effort that was made, the moment it was announced that his gracious Mistress had summoned him in a critical emergency to her counsels, to precipitate him into

* "The Great Question." June 1852. No. CCCCXL.

a contest before he had had a moment's time to survey his new position, to summon his advisers about him—to tell friends from foes—and see what were the precise objects which they had to keep in view. "If," said they, "Lord Derby be allowed to go to the country at his own time, and in his own way, the country will welcome him as a deliverer from mischievous misrule. Let us, therefore, force him to select *our* time, and *our* place, for fighting the battle. If we hesitate, we are lost; for he is strong and skilful, and the country acute and honest." In vain the Earl said to his eager opponents, "By your leave, gentlemen; for a moment, by your leave. What is the meaning of all this feverish fidget? What are you afraid of?" "That you will take away the people's bread; reverse a wise and beneficent policy; and not only bid the sun of commercial prosperity stand still, but go back, and so plunge us all into confusion and despair." "I assure you," quoth the Earl, "I am not going to attempt *any* of these things. I love the people as much as yourselves, and, with you, am one of them. My interests, like your own, are identical with theirs: I wish only to secure the safety of our institutions, the common interests of the Queen and the people, against certain perils which I see distinctly, though you may not. And as to the corn question, in which you would tie up, and hide, and crush all others, I will have none of it. I have opinions of my own on the subject of corn laws, thinking it would be infinitely to the benefit of the community if I could at once derive a revenue for it from foreigners, and enable our own corn-growers to supply us with bread at a reasonable price, and foster and stimulate the energies of producers, and provide a safe, quick-paying home-market for them: thus protecting the interests of both the great classes of the community—producers and consumers. If, however, your long-continued and systematic agitation and misrepresentations have succeeded in persuading the masses of society that my own views on that subject are at variance with theirs, and

that theirs they are resolved shall prevail, be it so; I will do all I can, less than which I should desert my duty in doing;—I will take care to submit that particular question, in order to dissipate all doubt, to the deliberate decision of the country; and whatever that decision may be, I will cordially carry it out. But do you seriously suppose that this question is the only one by which I must stand or fall?—the only one for which the Queen called me to her counsels? O no, gentlemen. Whichever way the pleasure of the country may lie upon this question, it is but one, and that a subordinate one, of several—nay, of many; it is but one, and a subordinate interest among several intrusted to my consideration and my keeping. Suppose the corn question totally set aside, and at rest, and yourselves called to advise the Sovereign, and carry on the government of the country, *what would you do, then?* You may pause; but I know well what you would do. Judging from your own repeated declarations, you would, under the pretence of liberalising our institutions, intrust power to incompetent hands, to be used only for the furtherance of your own selfish purposes; they would nominally, and you as demagogues practically,* be the depositaries of power. Your avowed principles are inconsistent with the maintenance of our national independence; of the connection between Church and State; of the Protestant character of our institutions: the Queen's throne would be shaken, and her crown quiver upon her sacred brow, if you were intrusted with the power for which you are so anxious. I see distinctly before me the crimsoned darkness of anarchy, and through it the fabric of a republic crumbling under a military despotism. Now, gentlemen, I fear God and honour the Queen; I am heart and soul a Protestant; I am satisfied with our institutions, civil and religious, and believe that so are the people; but let them speak out for themselves on all these subjects, which I will submit to them with deliberate distinctness, despising your efforts to misrepresent my objects and principles,

* See our April Number, "The Earl of Derby."

and await the decision with composure." "Well, but, my Lord, how is this? Be so good as to tell us in detail what you are going to do if you should be continued in power; do not set us running about in search of shadows; do not amuse us with a series of dissolving views; give us something visible and tangible, in order that we may deal with it in our own way before the people." "That is, in order that you may misrepresent it. No, my friends: you would have me do exactly what I will not do. It was by your own voluntary act that I am where I am. You should have considered consequences. I did, and have formed my purposes, and organised my plans. My character and principles are before the country, so are those of my colleagues. These principles I will reassert as emphatically as you please; and I pledge myself to carry them out in practice, if I have the opportunity." "But you will delude the country: you will set them scampering in every direction after will-o'-the-wisps, while you and your myrmidons are quietly stealing their bread, and forging chains and dungeons for them." "Well, gentlemen, tell the country as much: see whether they will believe you. It is a fair question between us. You say that yourselves, and your doings are thoroughly well known to them. Well, if that be so, go and prosper with the constituencies, for they will give you their confidence if they think that you deserve it. But observe, my good friends: if, thus knowing you and your doings, *those constituencies should decide against you*, and in favour of me, my friends, and our principles, even though I expressly withhold a distinct declaration of the way in which I purpose to act upon them, what will you *then* say? That those whom they knew they reject, and have chosen others?" It is an ugly dilemma! "But, my Lord, you impute to us principles and purposes which we repudiate: we are *not* wolves in sheep's clothing; we are good, honest folk, the best friends the people ever had—in fact, their true, as you their false friends." "Well, gentlemen, what is easier than to tell them so? You are only losing time yourselves, and mak-

ing me lose precious time myself; for all our hands are full, having the Queen's business to do in every quarter of the globe. Good morning, my friends, away to the constituencies." On this, one may conceive that the colloquy ended, and the people's imaginary deputation withdrew, with flushed faces, anxious brows, and disconcerted looks, to their council-chamber in Chesham Place. After a troubled silence, one lean flippant fellow among them possibly rose up, with his arms stuck a-kimbo, and said—"Lord Derby shall dissolve *instantly*: we will kick his people out of the House of Commons the very first day we meet, and so force him to dissolve; and I will bring out our trusty fellows of the League, subscribe a hundred thousand pounds, and in one month's time annihilate the crazy Cabinet, and then there is an end of him!" But these wild counsels did not altogether prevail. The more steadily that matters were looked at by long-headed people, the more embarrassing was found the position which had been occupied. If the Earl of Derby should succeed in presenting himself to the people in his own way, and if they should think fit to say, "We will have no return to protective duties, but we feel that there is a great derangement of financial affairs which we believe you capable of rectifying; and, above all, we believe you a man of honour, and agree with you as to the existence of a dangerous conspiracy between Popery and Democracy:" where would then be those who had themselves driven him to appeal to the country? And as time wore on, it saw Faction baffled and crushed, and the new Ministers developing extraordinary aptitude for business; exhibiting uniform tact, temper, and firmness; overcoming obstacle after obstacle, formerly deemed insuperable; winning majorities in division after division, forced on them by their opponents; while no amount of newspaper stimulus could succeed in flurrying the spirits of the country into distrust or alarm. Not an opportunity was lost in either House of Parliament for gibing, taunting, misrepresenting, sedulously echoed by the Radical press out of doors, both metropolitan and provincial. In four

months' time, a skilfully-slandered Ministry succeeded in conducting to a satisfactory conclusion such a splendid amount of legislation as will ever render those four months memorable; and at the close of that eventful period, the Earl of Derby saw that the proper moment for appealing to the country had at length arrived: at the voice of the Queen, her Parliament dissolved away; and her people were free to choose another.

Now had arrived indeed the tug of war. Now was to be seen the fruit of those seeds which all parties had been sowing during the interval, with a view to propitiating the people. Those seeds had been scattered by many hands, and were of various kinds. A large proportion of that seed consisted solely of *distrust of Lord Derby*, because he was Lord Derby, without principles or a policy; and this seed was deemed the most attractive and hopeful of any, by its venerable and volatile sower, who scattered it freely everywhere, watching its growth with deep solicitude, for he had laid out all the little he had left, of political capital, in order to purchase that seed. Said he to himself, with sometimes a sigh, and sometimes a smile, this will grow up, if at all, flexible and chameleon-hued, according to the condition of the political atmosphere; and the vast extent to which it is sown must, at all events, show the spirit and resources of the sower, and keep that personage prominently before the public eye. Another class of seeds had fallen from a desponding and anxious sower, who had been deposed by former followers and supporters from a proud position, and accused of having rendered necessary the sowing of any seed at all, at that particular conjuncture. He moved tremulously along, scattering his little seed, the growth of which, he evidently hoped, might be suitable for all purposes, and alarm no one prematurely. He was rudely jostled, however, by surly impudent fellows, who furiously stamped on what he had sown, and flung down thickly large crimson-coloured seed, which should by and by choke and overpower the other by its baleful and glaring crop. A few timid hands scattered seeds stealthily, those of

parasitical plants, following in the wake of a burly sower in scarlet, full of deceit and insolence, dropping, as he went, dark and deadly seed, heedless of the alarm, the scorn, and the hatred which he by turns provoked. That seed was destined, in the sower's expectation, to produce ere long a forest, overshadowing the land, with all manner of obscene birds lodging in its gloomy branches.

To drop metaphor, however, the appeal to the constituencies was undoubtedly made under circumstances calculated to occasion much anxiety to the Queen's Ministers, under whose auspices that appeal was made. They were in a great minority in the House of Commons, and had been thrown into that minority by reason of their having been opposed to a measure which, by whatever means, had brought popularity to their opponents, the majority. The latter had astutely identified themselves with the most palatable topic that can ever be urged to the masses of the community—cheap food, without reference to all those deep and extensive political arrangements, necessarily involved in the discussion concerning the import of foreign corn. Mr Cobden, for instance, was aware of being a mere cipher, disconnected with that question, the agitation of which had alone given him political importance, and an independent fortune, securing him leisure for all kinds of mischief; and it was his interest, and that of all those who were, with him, opposed to the Government, to interweave that popular topic with all other political topics, giving them, and those urging them, the hue of its popularity. Thus was the constituency carefully familiarised with a contrast between the friends of free and fettered trade, with all their respective advantages and disadvantages, and the applause or odium which either entailed. A second source of anxiety to the well-wishers of the Government, and unquestionably a great one, was that Government's steady adherence to the expressed determination of its chief, on first assuming the reins of power, that he would indicate only the general PRINCIPLES on which his policy was founded, reserving all measures and details, till the period when he should

be able to carry his plans and measures into effect. This was a severe test to be borne by any class whatever of aspirants to popular confidence and favour. It was saying, "We stand on character and principle; if you distrust either, withhold your support." And this furnished such endless topics of effective ridicule and invective to the opponents of the Government, as required no small amount of moral courage in its supporters to encounter. These topics were used with systematic energy by a bitterly hostile press for several months previously to, as well as during, the momentous contest with which we are dealing; and it were idle to disguise that these efforts were made with great ability, and a very great measure of success. When, therefore, the struggle commenced, we ourselves said, It is a very critical one, entered upon under circumstances *most unfavourable to the Government*; and if, in spite of those immense disadvantages, the Government should be victorious, it will be a triumph indeed, and calculated to secure them both strength and permanence. A calm observer, however, of the position of parties and the course of events, could not fail to detect, on the other hand, certain disturbing forces inevitably affecting the tactics of the opponents of Ministers. The rashness of Lord John Russell in resigning the Government as he did; immediately recommending his gracious Mistress to summon Lord Derby to her counsels; and, instantly afterwards, suddenly repenting of what he had done, and, stung by the keen reproaches of his supporters, organising an opposition to Lord Derby, simply because he had obeyed the royal command—alienated from him a great amount of that secret support on which he had so long been borne buoyant, and averted from him the countenance of men, though professing Liberal principles, yet characterised by independence and moderation. To attempt a coalition with such a man as Mr Cobden, and at the particular moment selected for the experiment, was one of the maddest tricks of modern politicians on record; alienating for ever a steady support, in the vain attempt to conciliate a con-

temptuous and distrustful patronage! If Lord John Russell were honest, and Mr Cobden honest, and both firm, what would be the inference?

Again, when the late members of the House of Commons were reduced to the rank of private citizens, they had belonged to various sects and parties, as the representatives of opinions not over easy to define and distinguish for practical electioneering purposes. There were fervent and lukewarm Conservatives, with corresponding Liberals; high church, low church, dissenters, Protestants, Roman Catholics, both in reality, and *in name* only. All these were now to present themselves to the country as worthy of its confidence, a considerable majority of them, however, being unable to state what public man they owned as leader, or to what party they professedly attached themselves. And many, indeed, wished themselves to be thenceforth regarded as leaders and founders of parties! And each individual's ambition would suggest to him the necessity of considering how he intended hereafter, if elected into Parliament, practically to carry out his views, with reference to a sphere of action where unfortunately *all* could not be leaders. How, then, were all these to "go to the country?" And that country, too, a somewhat shrewd one!

The last Session of the Parliament of 1852 closed very quietly. Neither Lord Derby in the House of Lords, nor any of his colleagues or friends in the House of Commons, seized an opportunity for making, as with their power they could have made, a dazzling *ad captandum* appeal to the country. Very many of their supporters expected that this would have been done; but we are of opinion that, in not doing so, they acted with a dignity and self-reliance entitling them to the highest respect. They might, indeed, have pointed to a glittering catalogue of their doings during the Session—afforded their supporters many rallying points, and secured among them a conspicuous consistency of means and objects; but these advantages appeared to be deliberately foregone. Never before, in our memory, did a Ministry, especially one so critically situated,

and professedly on its trial, go to the country with less apparent effort to secure a favourable verdict. It amounted to an apparently indolent over-confidence, susceptible of being resolved by their enemies into a conscious unworthiness, and distrust alike of themselves, of their cause, and of the issue.

The Earl of Derby having distinctly announced, in the month of February, that he should be guided by the legitimately expressed voice of the country, in reimposing, or abstaining from reimposing, duties on corn; and, moreover, that he would not attempt to do so, unless the country should decide in favour of such a policy by an unequivocal and even a great majority, some two months afterwards made another announcement, in answer to one of the many interpellations with which he was perseveringly harassed by his opponents in the House of Lords. He said that, if it would afford them any satisfaction, he already distinctly saw that the voice of the country would be pronounced against the reimposition of duties on corn, whether for purposes of protection or revenue. Forthwith there arose a cry among his opponents and their advocates, "Then at once retire, as avowedly vanquished Protectionists!" and nothing could exceed the rancorous reiteration of the demand. Lord Derby, however, remained unmoved; and his enemies, beginning to fear that they had to deal with one of thoroughly settled purpose, anxiously cast about for other topics of disparagement against the coming elections. The public themselves, however, seemed so provokingly indifferent to their efforts, that it was deemed unsafe to attempt an open organisation of opposition, or to inaugurate it by formal appeals to the country, in the shape of public meetings. Not one was called throughout the length and breadth of the land! although it was occasionally whispered that a great staff of agitators at Manchester, amply officered, and largely supplied with the sinews of war, were ready to start into action at a moment's notice. But in defence of what? Lord Derby had already declared that the corn laws were out of his reach, and his supporters were almost everywhere using the same

language; many of them accompanying it, however, with avowals that their *opinions* were unchanged, though the temper of the masses of society rendered it impossible to act up to those opinions. Then—said his enemies—is not this monstrous? The cause of Free Trade is now in the keeping of false friends, or rather of its enemies, who are only apparently surrendering their opinions and intentions, in order subtly and indirectly to effectuate them by and by! and there arose the cry that this was to be done by the juggle of readjusting taxation. On this point the Ministers and their friends avowed that they were concentrating their attention with a view to redress glaring injustice; but beyond that general declaration they could be induced to say nothing. In the mean time, the nation began to speak out for itself unequivocally on another great subject of its anxiety—the safety of our Protestant institutions, threatened by Dr Wiseman and his allies in Ireland, in a spirit of deadly hatred and unwavering resolution. They did not condescend to conceal or disguise their intention of securing a large accession of force in the new House of Commons—a course of procedure, however, calculated directly to strengthen the hands of the Government, who were at all events known to be thoroughly in earnest upon the subject of Protestantism. Concurrently with this, there existed another subject of anxiety among moderate men of all parties—the sweeping changes, of a democratic tendency, proposed by Lord John Russell and his new friends to be effected in our political institutions. The Earl of Derby took several opportunities of declaring publicly and unequivocally his determination to resist all attempts of this kind, come in whatever shape, and from whatever quarter, they might; and the practical result of all this was, that he stood, on the eve of the all-important appeal to the country, in the character of a PROTESTANT CONSERVATIVE MINISTER. That appeal, it was declared by his opponents, would at once annihilate him and his Government. But the assertion was always accompanied by a certain small difficulty in sug-

gesting who was to succeed him, and what was the exact combination of parties by which that successor was to be made, and to be kept, Minister. At all events, it was said, get rid of Lord Derby. Strip off his disguises, and expose him and his friends to the country as charlatans and impostors; and, when the proper time comes, it will be sure to find the proper man. The organs of the Peel party began now to make themselves heard a little; we were told that that was the quarter in which the coming man was to be looked for; and it was whispered at Clubs, and intimated in the papers, that the Duke of Newcastle had the list of his Cabinet complete!—Thus, then, stood matters when the writs were delivered into the hands of the returning officers throughout the kingdom; and when the vital struggle commenced, the attitude of Ministers was at once firm and modest.

The *Times* of Wednesday the 7th July thus announced, in its leading article, the commencement of the grand struggle:—"So far as regards the disputed seats, the general election begins this morning, and a few hours will place beyond doubt our probable masters for the next five or six years"—words very exciting to all ardent politicians, and fraught with no little truth. That the editor, when he wrote them, expected the result to be a defeat of Ministers, no one who has read what had been said before, and has been said subsequently, and with increasing bitterness, in the eloquent leading columns of the *Times*, can doubt. The first week was devoted to the English borough elections; and here the opponents of the Government expected a long series of triumphs. It is not consistent with our space or purpose to present a detailed retrospect of the general elections. We shall content ourselves with indicating a few salient points, fraught with *great political significance* in respect of both persons and places—the sayings and doings of the chief electors and elected.

A calm voice from Calne first caught the attentive ear. The Earl of Shelburne, the son and heir of the Marquis of Lansdowne, was re-elected without opposition on Tues-

day the 6th July. What said he, on returning thanks for his re-election? That he had "thought it desirable to try the experiment of Free Trade; saw nothing to shake his faith in it—much to confirm it; but had always thought that the change had been very abrupt. There were persons who had been seriously affected by the rapidity of the change, and he should therefore be ready to give his attention to any proposed remedy for their distress." "He was not a supporter of the present Government, but should offer no factions opposition to them; and although there were other men quite competent to conduct the government of the country, to whom he could more readily give assistance, yet, until those men were established in power, he by no means said, that if the present Government brought forward measures of which he could approve, he would not give them his support. He felt that it was his duty, as their representative, to abstain from all factious opposition to the present Government, until some other Government became possible." If the Earl of Derby had been one of Lord Shelburne's auditors, he ought to have been perfectly satisfied with these declarations; yet the speaker has been ever since set down in the daily lists given, in both the Conservative and Liberal newspapers, amongst the opponents of the Government, as though he were one of those certain of being found among the "ayes" on that "want of confidence" motion which a whisper from Sheffield was at the same time telling us would be the first step taken by the triumphant Liberal majority in the new Parliament. Weighing the political considerations likely to sway such a man as Lord Shelburne, can it be doubted that his tendencies are Conservative, though moderate; and that his public utterance of his sentiments was designed to be regarded as timely and significant? Lord Shelburne was in the late Parliament, and consequently aware of all that had been said by, on behalf of, and against Ministers; and he was also, when he thus spoke, aware of what would be the consequence of an instant, blind, unscrupulous act of opposition—one shame-

ful in itself, as factious, and calculated to be attended by consequences most serious to the State. He therefore gave public notice that those inclined to act thus are to look for no countenance from him. Thus much for what fell from the Earl of Shelburne, and which, as in full accordance with the temperate, dignified, and friendly course adopted by his noble father in the House of Lords, since the accession of Lord Derby, is by no means unworthy of attention. But the very temperate tone of the member for Calne has distinguished many others of the re-elected or newly-elected members for both boroughs and counties; who have in express terms repudiated factious opposition to the Government, recognising the necessity of carefully reconsidering our fiscal policy, in consequence of the suddenness with which the late changes were effected, and the severe sufferings they have entailed upon particular classes. Yet all such members duly take their places in the aforesaid "lists"—gentlemen of fortune, of position, of attainments, of high personal character, with a large stake in the welfare of the country—as though they were "safe cards" for an unscrupulous Opposition, and always at the beck and bidding of such statesmen as a Cobden or a Bright! These are, indeed, fond but fallacious calculations, as the result will very shortly show.

Turn we now to Tiverton, where, on the ensuing day, (Wednesday the 7th July,) a very distinguished person was re-elected for Parliament—we mean LORD PALMERSTON. The noble lord declared his political opinions in considerable detail; and no one can read what fell from him without admiring the fascinating ease and playfulness which adorned the manifestation of intellectual power and great political knowledge. *Not one syllable* was uttered by Lord Palmerston of a hostile, disparaging, or offensive character, with reference to Lord Derby or his Government. He did not stoop to borrow those vulgar and degrading terms of opprobrium in which so many of his co-aspirants for political power suffered themselves to indulge, thereby dis-entitling themselves to the consi-

deration of gentlemen. He undoubtedly spoke of Protection as "a question long since settled," admitting that he himself had been in favour of such "a small duty as would not have raised in any perceptible degree the price of food, but which would never be again submitted to the choice of the agriculturists." He deprecated hasty reforms, earnestly advocating "steady progressive improvement of our institutions, going slowly and deliberately about them," and deprecating "rashly and hastily overturning those ancient institutions under which this country has long flourished and prospered." He utterly repudiated vote by ballot and triennial Parliaments, justified his support of the ministerial Militia Bill, and spoke with extreme caution on the subject of the Maynooth grant. He made no allusion to any political leaders, nor indicated any possible situation or combination of parties in the new Parliament, nor what was the course which he himself might feel bound or disposed to pursue. Thus much for this eminent person, who said nothing which might not also have been said by any even *decided* supporter of the Ministry. The indignity which had been inflicted upon himself by Lord Derby's predecessor, he passed over in dignified silence. Lord Palmerston, again, is claimed by the Liberal journals as an undoubted opponent of the Ministry, whatever measures they may or may not propose!

On the ensuing day LORD JOHN RUSSELL was declared re-elected, after a suddenly-announced contest. He said that he relied on his past career as the best guarantee of his probable future career; spoke of the question of Free Trade as finally disposed of; and added, that "that contest being removed out of the way, questions of religious liberty—of Parliamentary reform—reform of our courts of law and equity—of sanitary reform—and others of vast and deep importance to the people at large, will have due attention bestowed upon them, and time given for their consideration." When challenged on the subject of Papal Aggression, he answered coldly and drily, in a single sentence—"I never will allow any interference with the supre-

macy and independence of the Crown and of the nation; but, on the other hand, I will never punish any man for his religious opinions." Into this shrivelled sentence had shrunk the lusty letter to the Bishop of Durham! He declared himself determined to remove "all religious disabilities," especially those alleged to affect the Jews; and that "one simple oath, the same for persons of *all religious faiths*," should be substituted for the existing oaths—of course including every class of heathens and pagans! He declared himself opposed to vote by ballot; and when pressed on the subject of extending the franchise and shortening the duration of Parliament, spoke with marked guardedness, thus:—"With regard to these two questions, I must ask the indulgence of the electors. With regard to any measure I may bring forward, or may support, in Parliament, I have to consider, first, what is best for the country; and next, what other men will support, and what I have a chance of carrying. If fit to be your representative, I am fit to be intrusted with discretion on those subjects." It is worthy of notice, that whereas Lord John Russell, in 1847, had 7137 votes, he polled in 1852 only 5537 votes—*i. e.*, 1660 votes fewer than in 1847; while Mr Masterman was returned at the head of the poll by 6195 votes—*i. e.*, a majority of 658 votes over Lord John Russell—Mr Rothschild having gravitated to the bottom of the poll, where he lay pressed down by a majority over him, by Sir James Duke, of 522 votes. In 1847, Mr Rothschild had 6792—in 1852, only 4748 votes. All these are highly significant facts, not to be accounted for by the mere suddenness of the struggle. In noticing these facts, and also recording the triumphant return, at the head of the poll, of the Government candidate at Greenwich, the *Times* observed—"Thus far the changes, such as they are, are in favour of Lord Derby." On that day, however, the *Times* had unexpectedly to record, in letters of mourning, a very splendid triumph for Lord Derby, in the result of a contest on which, as if by common consent, the

eyes of the whole kingdom had for many weeks been fixed with intense anxiety. It was the deliberately-selected battle-field between the Earl of Derby and his combined Peelite and ultra-liberal opponents. This was, indeed, a pitched battle between parties; and the field was Liverpool. Lord Derby sent one of his own lieutenants to fight it, and in conjunction with an eminent, and very able, and highly-respected resident supporter at Liverpool; the opponents being an equally honourable Liverpool resident, and Mr Cardwell, the late member, and favourite lieutenant of the late Sir Robert Peel. All parties admitted that the issue of this contest, especially if of a decisive character, would be of immense political importance; and the general impression undoubtedly was, that the Ministerial candidates had undertaken too much for their strength. All other elections were thrown into the shade while this was pending; the result of which was conveyed hourly to London, during the London election, by the electric telegraph. The result dismayed our opponents. Lord Derby's candidate headed Mr Cardwell by 1130 votes, and his other opponent by 1467 votes; while the other Ministerial candidate, Mr Turner, headed Mr Cardwell by 1446 votes, and Mr Cardwell's comrade by 1783 votes! Such was the decision deliberately pronounced by the great and enlightened constituency of Liverpool; and it has been, and will be, attended by consequences of magnitude.

Mr Cardwell's defeat at Liverpool has been followed by the signal discomfiture of that small party in the late House of Commons, of which he had been a distinguished member—Mr Green, Mr Smythe, Mr Roundell Palmer, (an amiable and most accomplished man, who, after an arduous canvass, fled without a struggle,) Mr Pusey, Mr Townley, Mr Tollemache, Mr Mackinnon, Lord Mahon, Lord Norreys, Sir C. Douglas, Sir George Clerk, and others—as though there had been a sort of political murrain among them; and the *Morning Chronicle* has had to gnash its little teeth, day after day, in despair, as its friends disappeared; declaring, at length,* in

a solemn, funereal strain—"A competent Ministry might be formed from the candidates who, at the present election, have been rejected principally in consequence of their political honesty and intellectual superiority!"

On the same day on which Lord John Russell expounded his political opinions, on having been declared re-elected for London, Sir James Graham presented himself to the constituency of Carlisle, and made a very remarkable appearance. At that period not a few regarded him as most likely to be fixed upon as the leader of the combined forces of the Opposition—and, on defeating Lord Derby—as his successor; and what might fall from him on the present occasion was regarded with some curiosity. Respect for the private personal character of the right honourable baronet would incline one to speak with forbearance of his chequered and erratic public career; but it must be owned that he has by turns belonged to, aided, and damaged, almost every party in the State—adopting and abandoning political principles, whenever a candidate for office, with a levity that is lamentable to all interested in the public character of statesmen. His habit of replying with a sort of jaunty jocularly, to taunts on the score of his having boxed the political compass, tells heavily against him in the estimation of a sincere and staid people like ourselves, especially when he himself comes forward, at the eleventh hour, to level elaborate sarcasms at those whom he may deem obnoxious to similar imputations. He has of late been peculiarly bitter in his reproaches against the present Ministers, on the subject of their imputed inconsistencies on the subject of Protection. If Sir James were to cast his eyes over pp. 669-695, of the 46th volume of *Hansard*,* where stands recorded a lengthened, elaborate, and most able speech of his, in opposition to Mr Villiers' motion to consider the question of repealing the corn laws, we cannot but think that it would, for a moment, bring the colour into his cheek, and make him indeed doubtful as to his political,

if not even personal, identity. He is there seen sternly vindicating the landlords against false imputations of cowardice and selfishness. "If the advocates of Free Trade expected them to yield to fear, he mistook their character greatly, if he could not confidently pronounce, that from such motives as these they ought not, so they never would act;" and he reprobated agitation on the subject of the corn laws, as productive of disastrous consequences. "Commerce, credit, floating capital, were exotics which flourished in the sunshine of national tranquillity; and if a struggle, such as was contemplated on the other side, were pushed to extremities, the very manufactures which they sought to encourage would take to themselves wings, and fly away to lands where they might hope that national peace would be preserved, and life and society be secured." He heard "with astonishment, the President of the Board of Trade declare that he had encouraged agitation; a declaration well worthy of the member for Manchester, but utterly unworthy of a Minister of the Crown." "If they endeavoured by force of law to establish, that in a year of comparative scarcity the home-corn grower should not have a price which would cover the cost of production, they aimed a deadly blow at British native agriculture, which, after all, depend upon it, was the foundation of national power and prosperity, and the mainstay of national greatness."

The peroration of his speech consisted of a touching and beautiful picture of the corn lands of this country thrown out of cultivation, and agricultural labour superseded. "After the best reflection which he could bestow upon the subject [1] and viewing it in every possible light [!] he did not hesitate to declare his conviction, that a free importation of corn must produce the same effect in England that the law of agistment had produced in Ireland. . . . Let them but once diminish the consumption of British-grown corn, and from that moment the consumption of iron, of hardware, of cotton, and of wool-

* *New Series*, 14th March 1839.

less must decline. Then would come a fresh displacement of labour, and a fresh lowering of wages; and discontent, disturbance, and misery would prove its inevitable consequences. . . . Little could they estimate the wretchedness which sprung from change of habit, of house, of manners, of the mode of life itself. What change more cruel could despotism itself inflict, than a change from 'the breezy call of incense-breathing morn,' to a painful and grievous obedience to the sad sound of the factory bell—the relinquishment of the thatched cottage, the blooming garden, and the village green, for the foul garret or the dark cellar of the crowded city—the enjoyment of the rural walk of the innocent rustic Sabbath, for the debauchery, the temptations, the pestilence, the sorrows, and the sins of a congregated multitude? Where were their moralists, that their voices were not raised against the fearful consequences which the proposed change brought in its train? Talk to him of sending the Poles to Siberia, or the hill coolies from the Coromandel to the Mauritius! the authors of the intended change contemplated the perpetration, within the limits of their native land, of a cruelty far more atrocious. It was the first step towards making England, the workshop of the world, dependent for its daily food upon Continental supplies. He hoped that the proposition would not be successful. Were it to succeed, he should say with his friend Lord Ashburton, that *this was the last country which he should wish to inhabit.*"* And for these reasons he concluded by "not hesitating to give his cordial and decided opposition to the motion."

Was this the Sir James Graham who, only thirteen years afterwards, could venture to scatter sarcasms over the Earl of Derby and his supporters?

When Sir James presented himself, shortly after the accession of the present Government, before his present constituents, he declared himself a convert, at length, to vote by ballot; or, at all events, as in a situation to become an immediate convert! Both

in and out of the House, he has ever since been one of the most sedulous and skilful of those who have striven to lower the Government and their friends in the estimation of the country, timing his appearance with great exactness, so as to seize the moment for most effective action; striving to disguise his earnestness and anxiety beneath the mask of a jocular contempt, but ever studiously keeping himself in the foreground. When before the constituency of Carlisle on the 8th of July, he appeared to feel the necessity of diverting attention from the political wanderings of his whole life, by taking the lion's share of credit for almost all the great measures of modern times. He had, however, transparently another object—to paint his own portraiture upon the eyes of the country, as the practical statesman of the age, of enlightened sagacity and extended experience, with both the will and the power to do whatever might be expected of one aspiring to lead the motley throng combined against Lord Derby. We suspect, however, that the portrait, though finished off by the sitter's own masterly hand, with a loving warmth of colouring, has only been eyed askance by those whom it had been intended to charm; while the *Times* criticised it severely. "After perambulating England," said Sir James, "I have come home at last, and once more appear before the Carlisle constituency. I have no personal object to gratify. I see a great public interest at stake; and I think it of the last importance that this capital of the Borders should send no doubtful voice to the approaching Parliament. . . . If the electors of this city shall be of opinion that the time has arrived when, with reference to the public interest, I should withdraw from the public service, I will respectfully retire. If, on the other hand, they be of opinion that my labour may still be useful to the public, *I am content, for a short time longer, to give to the public my best exertions.* I cannot promise you that they will be more zealous, more energetic *than they have been*; nor am I vain enough to expect that my exertions can be attended with greater success than

* Hansard, 3d Series, vol. xlv. col. 694-5.

has crowned my past efforts." We regard this as neat, and unequalled. Such a cool bidding for power was probably never before made by a man of Sir James Graham's mark in this country.—A certain Dr Lonsdale then assumed the functions of catechist of Sir James Graham, whose ears he first soothed with the dulcet assurance that "Sir James Graham was sure to hold the highest place in the next Administration!" and the venerable catechumen answered the courteous catechist very smoothly on the subject of foreign politics; but the latter concluded by saying—"The right honourable gentleman has shown that he is neither a Derby-ite nor a Russell-ite. Then what *ite* are you?" Sir James replied, "It is true I am not a Derby-ite, nor a Russell-ite: Dr Lonsdale asks what '*ite*' I now am. I *have* been a Peel-ite; but am now resolved not to bind myself in the fetters of any party, but will do my best as a private member of Parliament, OR IN ANY SITUATION WHICH IT MAY BE IN THE PLEASURE OF THE CROWN TO CALL UPON ME TO FILL." We ask again, when was this equalled? Had Sir James and the Doctor arranged this little scene beforehand? Sir James said not a word, having been kindly not asked a word, on the subject uppermost in the mind of the country—the insolent and dangerous machinations of Popery against our civil and religious liberties; but on the subject of Reform, he declared stoutly that he had been dissatisfied "with the new Reform Bill introduced by the late Whig Government;" that the Reform Act of 1832 (for which he claimed a large share of credit) "was marked by great imperfections," and "a revision of the measure was indispensable." The new Reform Bill ought "to disfranchise decayed boroughs, and extend the franchise to large communities not at present enjoying it." And, "with respect to cities and boroughs, it appeared to him that residence and rating should be the legitimate foundation of any future extension of the suffrage." Sir James then bade high for popular favour; but, as we showed in our April number,* he is neces-

sarily opposed, in his attempts to unsettle the Reform Act, to some of the greatest Whig supporters of the late Government; one of whom, Earl Fitzwilliam, declared in his place in Parliament, since the accession of Lord Derby, his strong disapproval of Lord John Russell's recent Reform Bill—adding, "It will not do for the Government to be thus continually tampering with constitutional rights." As the English borough elections went on, notwithstanding the Ministers succeeded in a great number of instances in which they attacked Liberal seats, they appeared to have suffered no inconsiderable losses; but they displaced numerous staunch and able supporters of the late Government, as well as several of the Radical members. One of the Liberal papers (the *Daily News*) of the day on which we are writing, following the trifling example of the *Morning Chronicle* in respect of its Peelite friends, mourns over the following victims:—Mr Bernal, Mr Greene, Mr Horsman, Sir Edward Buxton, Mr Hardcastle, Lord Ebrington, Lord Duncan, Mr W. J. Fox, Mr Anstey, Sir John Romilly, Sir William Somerville, Colonel Thompson, Mr D'Eyncourt, Mr George Thompson—to which he might have added a long catalogue of others; and may now greatly increase the list—Sir George Grey being a host in himself! and thus concludes: "Still, even with these losses, our ranks are crowded; and we shall give Lord Derby battle, with no fear as to where will be the victory." This, however, was said on the 21st July, after the ranks of Lord Derby had been swollen with reinforcements from the English counties and from Ireland, without, at the same time, losing ground in Scotland. So long as the English borough returns, which came in almost all at once, or within two or three days of each other, showed a considerable numerical superiority for the opponents of Lord Derby, notwithstanding his gains, the Liberal papers, as if agreeing to close their eyes against the distant but inevitable *county* returns! were loud in their exultations, occasionally slipping into even truculent expressions. "Thus

* Page 403—"The Earl of Derby."

ends," says one, "somewhat prematurely too, the farce of a Derby Ministry." "Will Lord Derby venture to meet the new Parliament?" asked another. "The Derbyites begin now to feel the absurd appearance they make before the country which they have so long striven in vain to mystify and amuse." "How do you like the returns, my Lord Derby?"—And so forth. On the other hand, the friends of the Ministry began also to quake, and go about with downcast looks, uttering despondency; and one of their own ablest organs was forced to "remind its friends that they were not to run away disheartened by the idea that they had *suffered a loss* on every occasion on which they had simply failed to wrest a seat from their opponents;" and its readers were assured "that, all things considered, matters wore by no means an unpromising aspect." Another able journal concluded by the solemn assurance, that, "great as were Lord Derby's difficulties, those of the leaders, whoever they might be, of the heterogeneous opposition, were at least as great"—a passage quoted the next day by a triumphant Liberal contemporary, with the words "cold comfort!" prefixed. A week's time, however, began to tell startling tidings for the opponents of the Ministry. Unexpected success in Ireland, notwithstanding almost unprecedented difficulties and obstacles arising out of the demoniacal conduct of the Papal emissaries, to whom we shall presently again allude; and the counties, pouring in their contingents by threes and twos at a time, soon gave a totally different aspect to the field of battle. In almost every instance, moreover, where Lord Derby's county friends were assailed, they triumphantly maintained their ground; and in nearly every case where they were assailants, they were successful. It was amusing to note how suddenly Lord Derby's opponents in the press drew in their horns; and after the "boldest" had "held their breath for a time," they began to comfort one another by fearful tales of intimidation; of divers gross irregularities pervading the whole proceedings; of divisions among the Liberal party,

letting in the common enemy; the defective state of the registries; and the still more defective and unsatisfactory condition of the franchise!

Having, however, heard what Lord Shelburne, Lord John Russell, Lord Palmerston, and Sir James Graham thought proper to address, concerning their opinions and purposes, to their respective constituencies, let us hasten on to a very eager, bustling, and ambitious personage, making his appearance much later in the field as a candidate for re-election for a county—we mean Mr Richard Cobden; who, on Saturday the 17th July, presented himself on the hustings at Wakefield, to go through the pleasant ceremony of an unopposed re-election. He was accompanied by—Sir Charles Wood, Lord John Russell's late Chancellor of the Exchequer, and then chairman of Mr Cobden's committee, of which he had taken pains to show himself a conspicuous and active member. Several points of the former gentleman's appearance on this occasion challenge particular observation; chiefly as indicative of his intense vanity and egotism; his virulent hatred of the Ministerial party, especially of the brilliant Chancellor of the Exchequer, under whose knout he had so frequently writhed; his absorbed one-ideadness; his consciousness of the palsied condition of the "Liberal" party, and the necessity of powerful stimulants to revive it; and the absence of any, even the slightest indication of triumph at the state of the elections. Before the electors, at the hustings, he was content to appear in his capacity as a Free-Trader only, reserving the other more special matters for a subsequent occasion, when sure of a safe and favourable reception from his own supporters only, under the auspices of Sir Charles Wood. On the former occasion he deliberately glorified himself on account of "his name being so prominently connected with Free Trade," and "having the honour, privilege, and glory to see himself individualising, as it were, a great and permanent principle!" He proceeded to charge the Ministerial party with "undisguised selfishness in advocating a change of taxation for the benefit of particular interests;"

"transferring the taxation now paid by the land, to the shoulders of those who have no land at all"—which was "protection in a new form, ten thousand times less tenable than in its former aspect." He hoped "that forty-eight hours would not elapse after the meeting of Parliament before the present Government, and the party that belongs to it, are brought fairly to issue upon the question of Free Trade or Protection." This sort of worn-out dreary drivel was all that he thought it prudent to say upon the hustings before the electors of the West Riding; but it was far otherwise afterwards, at the "luncheon" at the Corn Exchange, presided over by Sir Charles Wood, and given to Mr Cobden by his "friends and supporters." He there ventured to launch out into general politics; "and as Parliament was likely to meet in November," he said it "would be as well to calculate beforehand what the state of parties would be." He immediately betrayed his fears of returning to the condition of a political cipher, in the absence of Free Trade agitation. "The subject of Free Trade being disposed of, the state of parties would be found exceedingly embarrassing to the old political leaders! The House would not answer the helm; and the question was, how they should take a new tack!"—"I do not think there is anything in the temper of the country which should precipitate any decision on the point"—he had seen the then rapidly-altered aspect of the election returns!—"for with the exception of the feeling as regards [*sic*] Free Trade, I do not think there is much political feeling in the country on any question! There will be, in the House of Commons, no party so strong as to be able to form a Government which can be bargained [!] to stand for three months, if the old rule is to be acted on as to Government majorities. The question then is, *how are parties to be reconstituted?* Consequently our friends of the statesman and

functionary class must take counsel to themselves, and SEE WHAT IS TO BE DONE IN ORDER TO INSPIRE SOME FRESH ENTHUSIASM, BY AND BY, IN THE COUNTRY, ON BEHALF OF THE OLD LIBERAL PARTY!" This was the same gentleman who, on attempting to reorganise the League, upon Lord Derby's accession to power, unwittingly acknowledged, in terms, the extreme difficulty of "keeping up the excitement of the people, on the subject of *Free Trade*, for more than a few weeks!" Mr Cobden then favoured his company with a few of his luminous notions on the subject of "Parliamentary Reform;" being pleased to intimate that "as far as the suffrage was concerned, Lord John Russell had proposed a five-pound rating claim;" but Mr Cobden "would rather have a five-pound renting clause—a franchise which would go, he thought, almost as far as any gentleman in that room practically expected or probably wished—at present." Mr Cobden concluded with coarse and insolent invective against the Chancellor of the Exchequer. "If there is a man in this country—a politician who has suddenly jumped to an elevation which I predict he will not sustain—who may be called a dangerous revolutionist, if he have the opportunity—it is he! The strangest revolution I have seen, was when I found the great territorial party declaring intellectual bankruptcy and proclaiming political suicide, by naming Mr Benjamin Disraeli as their chief! And if it were not for the steady, ballasting principle of the Manchester school, which would prevent jugglers, and mountebanks, and unscrupulous incendiary adventurers from playing tricks in this country, [!] there is no man so dangerous, because none who seemed less unwilling, at all times, to bend anything like the profession of principle to his own personal and sinister objects, than the present Chancellor of the Exchequer!"* Without condescending to characterise the tone

* In a similar strain ventured to speak a certain Mr Serjeant Murphy at Cork. "Who is their Chancellor of the Exchequer? I'll tell you what he is. He is a political adventurer, who speculates on politics as a black-leg on the turn of the dice and the

and style of this attack upon an absent gentleman, let us see how he was being spoken of elsewhere, at the very same moment, by a *gentleman*—one of the most able, accomplished, and high-minded members of the House of Commons, Mr Drummond, the member for West Surrey. "It appears to me that our taxes have been laid on upon no general principle, as money was wanted, and that they are not in the satisfactory state they ought to be. Let the Minister be who he may, this must be put in a better state; and I believe that Mr Disraeli is more likely, and the persons now in office are more likely, to do this than others.—I must be permitted to say, that I think Mr Disraeli a man of very great genius. He has risen by his own merits alone; and never having been tried in office, he is not a man who ought to be sneered at by persons who pretend that they wish 'to extend the basis of the Administration!'" This dignified rebuke might have been uttered by the speaker on listening to Mr Cobden's gross vituperation on the occasion to which we are referring. Such was Mr Cobden—in Yorkshire; such will not be Mr Cobden—in the House of Commons, when standing face to face before that same formidable Chancellor of Exchequer, behind whose back he has spoken offensively with such virulent vulgarity and presumption. Passing over these smaller matters, however, it is impossible not to note the recently lowered tone of Mr Cobden, whilom so loud and confident on the subject of a "Protectionist Ministry" as a thing to be only "laughed at," and which would "fly like chaff before the wind before a General Election." On the ensuing day, the *Times*, in commenting on Mr Cobden's speech, pronounced to be "not wholly worthy of his theme"—and in a "tone hardly elevated enough for the occasion"—"recommended to the

consideration of the future Parliament the advice of Mr Cobden with reference to the manner in which Ministers should be dealt with."

"It is only fair and wise to hear from them the principles on which they intend to act, and the measures which they mean to bring forward."

By precipitating matters, we are quite sure either to prevent the Ministry from showing conclusively the hollowness of their abandonment of Free Trade, or from bestowing upon us a great public benefit. It is much easier to turn out a Government than to form its successor; and the besetting sin to which heterogeneous Oppositions are liable is, that they are apt to place themselves in a situation in which they may be called upon to act in concert, when concert, except against the common enemy, is impossible; and thus, by the exertion of their strength, to render their weakness more apparent and more fatal." These were prudent counsels, and probably influenced by the same causes which had emboldened the Chancellor of the Exchequer, a few days previously,* thus to speak out concerning the position and prospects of the Government: "It is my firm conviction that the Government of Lord Derby will meet Parliament in the autumn with an absolute majority. To me that is not a subject of doubt." Two days afterwards—the election returns, during the brief interval, abundantly justifying him—Mr Disraeli thus deliberately and confidently addressed the constituency of Buckinghamshire from the hustings: "I express my firm and solemn conviction, in the face of the county of Buckingham, after witnessing the present temper of the public mind, and scanning—I am sure with no prejudice—the results of the general election, that the Ministry will be permitted to bring forward their measures; that no manœuvres

fluctuating chance of the turf—a political trader!" And the refined and complimentary Milesian proceeds to utter a supposed *bon-mot* concerning Mr Disraeli's speech on the Budget, which, he says, he himself heard, "while sitting near the Duke of Cambridge, with whom I have the honour of being acquainted!"

* Wednesday, 14th July 1852.

of faction will terminate their career; and that those measures will obtain the assent, and I will even say the enthusiastic approbation, of the great body of the people." On the ensuing day, the *Spectator* observed—"The elections have not yet decided the question of the majority; and it is still possible that Lord Derby may have the balance of numbers." In the "Postscript" to the same number of his paper, the editor, in recounting additional gains, observed—"Lord Derby is steadily gaining in the elections."

Before these pages meet the reader's eye, all the elections will have

been completed; but up to the day on which we are writing, it would appear that nearly six hundred are decided, and the results are thus classified in the five morning papers of this day.* It is curious to see how the various organs of political opinion deal with the same facts, viewed through the disturbing medium of their own hopes and wishes.

The *Times* distinguishes between "Ministerialists" and "Liberal Conservatives," giving 252 as the former, and 63 as the latter—together, 315; Liberals, 271;—placing the latter in a minority of 44. The

<i>Morning Herald</i>	gives—	Ministerialists, 311	Opposition, 269	{ Majority for Ministerialists, 42
<i>Morning Post</i>	„	do. 289	Liberals, 275	do. 14
<i>Daily News</i>	„	Derbyites, 285	do. 293	do. Liberals, 9
<i>Morning Chronicle</i>	„	Ministerialists, 250	Non-Ministerialists, 326	{ Majority for Non-Ministerialists, 76!

Doubtless all these are *intended* to be, or to be deemed, fair approximations towards the real numerical relations existing between those who will be found generally opposed to each other in the House of Commons; but it is obvious that such calculations are, to a very great extent, purely conjectural, and deeply tinged by the political predilections of those who make them; and indeed it is impossible for any calm and well-informed observer to cast his eyes over the columns on which these calculations are based, without seeing abundant reason for doubting the propriety of even the Conservative classifications. The gentlemen whose political opinions and intentions are thus confidently dealt with, must often smile at the position thus assigned to them. In the Liberal journals of this day,† for instance, two members, Mr Duncuft, for Oldham, and Mr Sandars, for Wakefield, are set down as "Non-Ministerialists," "Liberals," and "Oppositionists;" while, on the preceding day, Mr Duncuft is reported as returning thanks for the toast of "The Conservatives

of Lancashire;" and proposing "The Conservative Press," at a dinner given by "The Conservatives of Wakefield," to Mr Sandars! And very many other names might be mentioned, which the slightest consideration must show to be referred to the wrong category. There are undoubtedly many, and will be more, gentlemen returned to Parliament, so far unpledged to particular measures, and having indicated, in such general terms, the tendency of their political opinions, as to render it doubtful on which side of the Speaker's chair they will sit, or on which side they would vote on the leading political questions of the day. But we would warn those who have been so loudly proclaiming their confident opinions on the subject, to pause before coming to a conclusion on the course which will be adopted by the majority, on the first fair and avowed trial of strength between Ministers and their opponents. In our opinion, on a calculation of the probable character of the members, upwards of 70, yet unreturned—but all of whose names are known, and their general political opinions ascertained—

* 21st July 1852.

† 21st July 1852.

whoever shall propose a direct motion of want of confidence in Ministers, or any motion having that tendency, will find himself in a very considerable, if not, indeed, in a large minority. The consequences of such a successfully taken step, all must see, would be exceedingly serious; and a forced resignation under such circumstances would greatly dissatisfy the country, and still further confuse the present perplexed party relations of those opposed to the Government. Long before Parliament meets, which will be probably towards the close of October, each member will have asked himself frequently and anxiously the grave question—Who is to succeed Lord Derby? And how is the compact and formidable phalanx of his present supporters to be practically dealt with? Without such a sacrifice of principle as would shock the morality of the whole country, how could a Ministry be formed which would combine in opposition to the present occupants of the Treasury Bench—those publicly pledged persons who would insist on being included in the new Government? And by whom are they to be led? What are the measures which they would propose, and be likely to carry? Will Lord Palmerston, Lord John Russell, Sir James Graham, Mr Gladstone, go into the same lobby with Mr Hume, Mr Cobden, and Mr Bright, on a motion in favour of a great extension of the suffrage, vote by ballot, triennial parliaments, or the destruction of the Irish Church?—or on a motion of simple want of confidence in Ministers? And if Mr Villiers, or any other member, should propose a resolution expressive of the determination of the House not to sanction any measures calculated to interfere with or reverse the policy of the year 1846, who shall tell the fate of it in the then existing complication and character of the House of Commons, with such various shades of opinion on fiscal and economical questions? Who shall expect a majority to agree on what will constitute a prejudicial or unjustifiable interference with that policy? And suppose Ministers should distinctly avow that it was not their intention to propose measures directly

or indirectly aimed at such interference or reversal? Suppose a considerable number of members should be found concurring generally in the Free Trade policy, but also believing that the manner in which it was introduced and established was unjust, and injurious to great interests in the country, and anxious to repair such injustice, and mitigate the admitted sufferings of the agriculturists? This is the opinion of Lord Shelburne, and doubtless of many men of moderate opinions, though formally opposed to the present Government. Suppose, on the other hand, the Minister, in answer to such a motion, should be prepared to intimate generally a policy likely to be received with favour in the House of Commons and out of doors; and either move the previous question, or boldly meet the motion with a direct negative, and *successfully*? Their hands would have been immensely strengthened by their opponents, for the remainder of the Session—perhaps for many succeeding Sessions. All these, and many other cognate considerations, will be taken calmly into account by the more astute tacticians of the Liberal party; and, in our opinion, shrewder counsels will prevail than those which would herald in an immediately aggressive policy on the part of her Majesty's motley opposition. With the very best hostile intentions, they would lack arms and opportunity. We concur in every word of the following passage, which fell from the lips of Mr Disraeli at Aylesbury, so long ago as the 14th instant. "We shall carry out our views with more efficiency, and, I believe, with more success, in the new Parliament—when the Ministry will no longer have to meet a hostile Parliament, or be restrained in its policy by an overpowering Opposition. We shall meet Parliament prepared to do our duty, under a firm conviction that the country will steadily support us. I will not conceive the alternative position of the Government's falling to succeed; but at the same time, no one can be blind to the fact, that the Opposition will create its organisation upon revolutionary principles. The Whigs have shown us their character. Their

policy has been received with universal scouting by the country, and they cannot attain to power again, except by calling to their councils the Jacobin clubs of Lancashire. I feel that the present Government is necessary for the preservation of the English Constitution; but the future institution of the Opposition already peeps from its shell, and develops its horns; and from that shell the Opposition cannot emerge, except enveloped in the slime of sedition. A change in the institutions of the country will be the condition of its success; and Englishmen must indeed be false to all their professions—false to that high spirit which Englishmen have ever shown—false to the traditional associations of their country, if they suffer an Opposition, founded on such principles, to govern this nation.

"Will you," concluded the right honourable gentleman, "be prepared to say, we will have justice done to the soil—we will have our legislation conceived in the spirit of the age, which is the spirit of justice? We will have the PROTESTANT CONSTITUTION of this country preserved, not with the sectarianism of bigots, but with those who believe that Protestantism is the only safeguard of English liberty?"

In our opinion, the country has answered these questions decidedly in the affirmative, and thereby placed firmly in power an able, united, Protestant Conservative Government. It is easy for newspapers, day after day, and week after week, to repeat the cuckoo cry that Ministers are impostors, and that their policy is, in the vulgar phraseology of the hour, "*a sham*." The progress and the result of the general election of 1852 demonstrate that these paper pellets cannot batter down the rock of national firmness and good sense. Had it been otherwise, Ministers must have fallen ignominiously within the first week of their presuming to take office; for the wordy batteries of the "*Liberal*" press have been blazing upon them, double-shotted, from morning to night

ever since. Yet the Funds have never gone down, and Ministers remain in their places, not with downcast looks and desponding hearts, but with cheerful confidence and resolution, satisfied that the voice of the nation has pronounced in their favour, and has also declared that it will regard their acts with indulgence and forbearance, and will not tolerate faction or intrigue. There is now a fair prospect that a united and powerful Government may do incalculable good to the country and the Sovereign which has called that Government into existence. Its mission is to act, where its predecessor could only talk; to consolidate and strengthen, where that predecessor could only disturb and unsettle; to terminate the wretched strife of classes, by a just, cautious, firm, and comprehensive policy. Its mission is, further, to repel the insolent advances of Democracy and Popery, which will now find that the day of vacillation and vicious concession has passed away. We say it with pain, that we believe the interests of Protestantism are no longer safe in the keeping of Lord John Russell, though individually he may be true at heart in his abhorrence of the wicked and tyrannical spirit of Popery; but his political exigencies have fettered his will, and chilled his spirit. His fondness of power inclines him to compromises and sacrifices, which very often look only too like sacrifice of principle and conviction. In like manner we fear him in his dalliance with Democracy. In tampering with the great political adjustment of 1832, he is seen standing irresolutely with his foot upon the steep inclined plane which leads to confusion and anarchy, surrounded by those who are incessantly goading and jogging him into commencing the descent. We believe that in his heart he despises the clique of Cobden, Bright, &c.; he has in fact contemptuously told them so to their very faces;* yet are we grievously apprehensive that he is now prepared to join them, faintly protesting, but suffering them to impel him infinitely

* See our June Number, p. 763.

further than he himself thinks it safe or wise to go. That he has lost the confidence of the country, few will question; and is that confidence now extended to Sir James Graham? His recent career, especially his undisguised sympathy with Popery, would at once irritate and alarm the country, if it saw his advent to power a probable event; and, indeed, he must have gazed with dismay on the successive disappearance from Parliament of so many of those to whom he had recently allied himself, in reliance on their efforts to consolidate and work his influence. A very few months, perhaps a few weeks, will see the erratic baronet the close ally of the Manchester School—at once its leader and follower; he will declare for a perilous extension of the suffrage, and support it with powerful and plausible arguments, but, at the same time, with that semblance of dignified candour and moderation, which he has been latterly showing such anxiety to assume, and acquire credit for. He will co-operate with Mr Cobden, very quietly at first, to reorganise the Liberal party; and if their efforts obtain any considerable share of popularity, Sir James will be seen one of the most eager and swift in the race towards the goal of revolution. Both he, Mr Cobden, and Sir Charles Wood, at present know well that they have grievously lost ground in the country, and that what they have so lost is now in the possession of Lord Derby and his Government.

Of one thing we are *quite certain*, that Ministers will not meet the new Parliament unprepared to carry into vigorous operation a well-considered and determinate policy, which will abundantly satisfy any degree of reasonable expectation. Nor shall we be surprised to see them disposed to bring matters to a speedy issue, if encountered by factious opposition, come from what quarter it may, and disguised under never so specious an aspect. Those interests which have suffered so severely from precipitate legislation, will be well represented in the new House of Commons, and have to deal with a friendly Ministry, which it

will be at once their interest and their duty to support steadily, against all hostile and sinister combinations. The cause of law reform will be safe in their hands; nay, the first four months of their existence have shown that it cannot be in better hands, and we venture to deny that it can be in any other hands so good as theirs. They have indeed shown a thorough heartiness in the sacred cause of law and justice; and what they have already done in this great department, of itself is sufficient for ever to signalise their hitherto brief tenure of power. We shall not concern ourselves, nor amuse our readers, by speculations as to the precise number of supporters with whom the election returns are rapidly surrounding Lord Derby and his Government. It is now, as we have already stated, upwards of a week ago since the present Chancellor of the Exchequer distinctly declared in public, that the Government "would meet Parliament, in the autumn, with an absolute majority;" and we are not aware of a single journal that has ventured to contradict the statement. Every day's returns tend to corroborate more and more strongly the truth of that statement, which was one calculated to challenge vehement contradiction, could it have been given consistently with fact. There was a will, but no way, to do so. Our own over-zealous friends may have been too sanguine in their expectations, and hasty in their calculations; but those of our opponents, at least of the more eager and unscrupulous, are preposterous, impeaching their good faith, or their capacity as political observers. We entertain no misgivings as to the position and reception of Ministers in the new Parliament. Their majority, on vexed questions, may not be large, but it will be sufficient; and against faction, it will be *decisive*.

What, then, was the question which has been put to the constituencies, and answered? It was not that of Free Trade or Protection. The question was one of a far wider description. Lord Derby, in February last, stated in terms the question which he sought to have

answered; a question not of details, but of principles, relying on the estimate formed of his character by the country, for its allowing him to carry these principles into operation.

"These are the PRINCIPLES on which I shall make my appeal on behalf of myself and colleagues. We are threatened with far more serious difficulties than opposition to a five shilling, six shilling, or seven shilling duty on corn. It is a QUESTION, whether the Government of this country can be carried on, and on what principles, and through what medium. Will you support a Government which is against hostile attacks;

which will maintain the peace of the world; which will uphold the Protestant institutions of the country; which will give strength and increased power to religious and moral education throughout the land; and which will exert itself, moreover, I will not hesitate to say, to oppose some barrier against the current, continually encroaching, of democratic influence, which would throw power *nominally* into the hands of the masses, practically into those of the demagogues who lead them?"

This was, indeed, a GREAT QUESTION, and it has been ANSWERED satisfactorily to all lovers of constitutional freedom.

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the nature of his work required, to delineate the person and character of a man, he becomes one of the strangest of portrait-painters we can remember to have met with. It was not incumbent on Lord Cockburn to give us a gallery of portraits. The historian of a period may think this an essential part of his duty, and Clarendon and Hume, and, in our own day, Macaulay and Alison, have displayed to advantage their several styles of eloquence in these delineations. But the biographer has only one full-length figure that he is bound to portray: if he hangs other portraits on the wall, it must be because he is fond of this pictorial art. Lord Cockburn has certainly not justified the introduction of his series of portraits by the skill with which they are delineated.

It is certainly a curious circumstance that the biography of our fastidious critic should have fallen into the hands of one who, whatever his sterling qualities may be, however learned, or well practised in grave argumentation, is singularly deficient in literary talent, or in that varied and versatile style which his task demanded. He stumbles upon colloquialisms which are quite inadmissible, or presents us with the most bewildering descriptions, where he intends to be graphic or eloquent. "The defect of the whole composition," he says, speaking of Mr Cranstoun's wit, "was a want of nature. To a very few of the kernels of his friendships, he was reported to be not incapable of relapsing into ease. But those less favoured, and his general acquaintance, were oppressed by his systematic ceremony. He shrunk so into himself, that those who did not understand the thing were apt to suppose him timid and indifferent to common distractions. But he was exactly the reverse." The same George Cranstoun, he tells us, "with rather a *featureless countenance*, had a pleasing and *classical profile*." Curious combination! Writing on graver matters, and speaking of the effect, especially in Edinburgh, of the first publication of the Review, he says, "*All were the better of a journal to which every one with an object of due importance had access, which it was in vain either to bully or to*

despise, and of the fame of which even its reasonable haters were inwardly proud."

But of these curious *infelicities* of diction we need not take the trouble to seek examples; they will come abundantly to hand without any search for them. Of the very singular specimens of portraiture or delineation of person and character which the book contains, we must, however, present an instance or two. We are not told how the contemporaries of Jeffrey who are here described exercised any influence upon him; neither is he ever brought before us in actual collision with any of them. For all that appears, any number of his contemporaries might have been selected for description, with as much reason as those which have been grouped together. We presume their chief recommendation lay in this, that they were thought to be good subjects for the artist. We shall see how he handles the pencil.

Yet, as Lord Cockburn takes credit to himself for resisting temptations which appeal to his artistic propensities, it is but fair that we should let him state in his own words the duty, as he conceives it, of the biographer.

"There were," he says, "at this time, several able men on the bench, and at the bar, of whom it is very tempting to try to give some account. But this would be improper in a narrative which aims at merely *explaining Jeffrey*; and therefore I mention those persons only who affected his life, and not those, however eminent or singular, with whom he had only a casual or professional connection. I adhere to the principle with regret, because some of these persons merit preservation on account of their eminence; and some, *grown in the preceding century*, were too picturesque to have their like seen again."

We can only say, that most of the persons Lord Cockburn does describe come before us nowhere else but in his formal description of them; they do not "explain Jeffrey;" nor can we, in some cases, find a better reason for their preservation than that which is here pronounced to be insufficient, namely, that they were "grown in a preceding century," and, having exhausted, we presume, the richness of the soil, are not likely to reappear again.

The Honourable Henry Erskine receives an elaborate panegyric. We can, of course, only give a portion of these sketches. Here is the commencement :—

"A tall and rather slender figure, a face sparkling with vivacity, a clear sweet voice, and a general suffusion of elegance, gave him a striking and pleasing appearance. He was nearly the same in private as in public; the presence of only a few friends never diminishing his animation, nor that of the largest audience his naturalness. No boisterousness ever vulgarised, no effort ever encumbered, his ærial gaiety. Though imposing no restraint upon himself, but always yielding fresh to the radiant spirit within him, his humour was rendered delightful by its gentleness and safety. Too good-natured for sarcasm, when he was compelled to expose, there was such an obvious absence of all desire to give pain, that the very person against whom his laughing darts were directed, generally thought the wounds compensated by the mirth and the humanity of the cuts."

This occurs early in the work; he puts forth his descriptive power with still greater force as he proceeds in his evidently not unpleasant task. Here is part of the sketch of the late Rev. Sir Harry Moncrieff :—

"This eminent person was not merely distinguished among his brethren of the Church of Scotland, all of whom leant upon him, but was in other respects one of the most remarkable and admirable men of his age. Small grey eyes, an aquiline nose, vigorous lips, a noble head, and the air of a plain hereditary gentleman, marked the outward man. The prominent qualities of his mind were strong integrity and nervous sense. There never was a sounder understanding. Many men were more learned, many more cultivated, and some more able. But who could match him in sagacity and mental force? *The opinions of Sir Harry Moncrieff might at any time have been adopted with perfect safety, without knowing more about them than they were his.*"

We never heard that the Church of Scotland laid claim to infallibility; but it seems there was one clergyman of that Church who might have done so. Then follows a panegyric on the virtues, and especially on the good temper, of Sir Harry; which last must, as the author has observed, have been somewhat difficult to understand or to appreciate.

"A thorough gentleman in his feelings, and immovably honest in his principles, his whole character was elevated into moral majesty. He was sometimes described as overbearing; and in one sense, to the amusement of his friends, he was so. Consulted by everybody, and, of course, provoked by many, and with very undisciplined followers to lead, his superiority gave him the usual confidence of an oracle; and this operating on a little natural dogmatism, made him sometimes seem positive, and often hard—an impression strengthened by his manner. With a peremptory conclusiveness, a shrill, defying voice, and a firm concentrated air, he appeared far more absolute than he really was, for he was ever candid and reasonable. But his real gentleness was often not seen; for if his first clear exposition did not convince, he was not unapt to take up a short disdainful refutation; which, however entertaining to the spectator, was not always comfortable to the adversary."

This last, we presume, conveys somewhat more explicitly what was intended by being overbearing, "to the amusement of his friends." Doubtless it is all correct: we did not know the Rev. Sir Harry; but as a picture of "moral majesty," we cannot think that the portrait is very successful. Lord Cockburn commends his pulpit eloquence; and adds, specifically, that "*he was the noblest deliverer of prayers at striking funerals*"!

"But though," he continues, "these professional exertions showed his powers, it was chiefly in the contests of men that his speaking was exerted, and was generally known. On such occasions, it was so utterly devoid of ornament, that, out of forty years' debate, it would be difficult to cull one sentence of rhetoric. And though very eloquent, he was never disturbed by the consciousness or ambition of being so—a fearful man to grapple with."

So, it seems, Lord Cockburn has found. One more specimen from the gallery of portraits we must afford our readers the privilege of looking at. Shall it be that of Sir James Craig or George Cranstoun? or shall it be John Clerk, who seems to have been as much celebrated for his oddity as any other quality? The last is, perhaps, in every respect the most curious specimen.

"John Clerk, son of Clerk of Eldin, (a man whose science and originality, whether he first propounded the modern sys-

tem of naval tactics or not, were far above that idea,) had been Solicitor-General under the Whig Government of 1805 and 1806, and had since risen into great practice. It is difficult to describe a person whose condition in repose and in action—that is, in his private and his professional life—almost amounted to the possession of two natures.

"A contracted limb, which made him pitch when he walked, and only admitted of his standing erect by hanging it in the air, added to the peculiarity of a figure with which so many ideas of oddity were connected. Blue eyes, very bushy eyebrows, coarse grizzly hair, always in disorder, and firm projecting features, made his face and head not unlike those of a thorough-bred shaggy terrier. It was a countenance of great thought and great decision."

Lord Cockburn's description, like the subject of it, seems to "pitch" a little in its gait. It rises and falls, praises and dispraises, commends and ridicules, in very rapid alternation. John Clerk "had a strong, working, independent, ready head;" and he was, moreover, "honest, warm-hearted, generous, and simple."

"These excellences, however, were affected by certain peculiarities or habits, which segregated him from the whole human race. One of these was an innocent admiration both of his own real merits and achievements, and of all the supposed ones which his simplicity ascribed to himself. He was saved from the imputation of vanity in this, by the sincerity of the delusion."

Vanity is most assuredly not such a peculiarity as "segregates a man from the whole human race;" and this is the first time it ever was said that a man ceases to be vain by being sincere in his self-estimation.

"Every consideration was lost in eagerness for the client whose merit lay in this, that he has relied upon me, John Clerk. Nor was his the common zeal of a counsel. It was a passion. He did not take his fee, plead the cause well, hear the result, and have done with it; but gave the client his temper, his perspiration, his nights, his reason, his whole body and soul, and very often the fee to boot. His real superiority lay in his legal learning, and his hard reasoning. But he would have been despicable in his own sight, had he reasoned without defying and insulting the adversary and the unfavourable judges; the last of whom he always felt

under an especial call to abuse, because they were not merely obstructing justice, but thwarting him. So that pugnacity was his line."

"Neither in speaking nor in anything else was he at all entangled with the graces; but his manner was always sensible and natural."

If so, not, at all events, ungraceful.

"Very unequal: no distinguished counsel made so many bad appearances. But then he made many admirable ones, and always redeemed himself out of the bad ones by displays of great depth and ability."

Not very bad if they were so redeemed.

There is much more, and very curious matter, reported of this John Clerk, who, whatever his body and limbs may be, is said to have had withal a very "muscular mind," and even in his least successful encounters to have "died scalping." But we cannot indulge ourselves, or our readers, any further in these mere curiosities of literature, and must proceed to the main subject of the biography. With this they really have so little connection, that it was well to introduce them at once. Our readers will not now be startled if they meet with some singular expressions, or statements somewhat perplexing; they will understand that this is the style and manner of the present biographer.

The preface opens with a paragraph on Lord Jeffrey, which we read both before and after our perusal of the body of the work, and which still remains a mystery to us. It is a very ominous passage; but we must content ourselves with quoting it. Perhaps some of our readers may be more fortunate than ourselves in explaining the riddle.

"There are both advantages and disadvantages in the nearness of a man's biography to his own life. One of the disadvantages consists in the difficulty of speaking plainly of persons still living, or recently dead. 'His greatest fault,' (says Lord Jeffrey of Hardy's *Life of Charlemont*,) is that he does not abuse anybody, even when the dignity of history and virtue calls loudly for such an infliction.' And, no doubt, this is a serious objection. But if the biographer of Charlemont felt the indelicacy of the

censorian duty in a work published eleven years after the death of his subject, how would he have recoiled from it within less than two ! But, indeed, there were few persons whom Jeffrey himself abused ; and though there were some public matters connected with his life, on which it would not be wrong to speak, even now, in terms of severe condemnation, it would be unworthy of his magnanimous spirit, to recall provocations which he had forgotten."

We do not generally say that a man displays his magnanimity by forgetting the provocations which he himself has given. But let that pass. What are these "public matters" connected with the life of Jeffrey which Lord Cockburn would speak of in terms of severe condemnation ? We find in the biography itself not the least approach to severe condemnation. Something has been suppressed in the biography, or this unhappy sentence in the preface expresses much more than was intended.

The tenor of the biography is laudatory ; praise is occasionally given in large, unqualified measure ; and yet it cannot be said, on the whole, that the effect is to raise Lord Jeffrey in the estimation of the reader. Lord Cockburn does not at all times manifest a disposition to conceal the weaknesses of his friend : his is by no means an affectionate, or reverential biography, or, at all events, has not the art of exciting affection or reverence in others. He does not magnify—he *minifies*—his object. Perhaps this effect of the biography is, in great measure, produced by the indiscreet use made of the correspondence of Jeffrey. Some of the earlier letters it would have been better to omit ; and the majority are of that domestic character which rendered them valuable to those, and to those only, to whom they were addressed. The biographer, it seems to us, should have interwoven such extracts as he thought fit for his purpose, with his own narrative. They were materials for biography—nothing more ; to publish them as a volume of "Correspondence" was almost an injustice to his memory.

This *minishing* effect results, as we have said, from no want of broad strokes of praise, but from the un-

definable impressions of a number of minor details. The book opens, indeed, with a flourish of the trumpet somewhat astounding : — "Francis Jeffrey, the greatest of British critics ! was born," &c. Every age has its own style of criticism, as it has its own poetry ; and Jeffrey, belonging to our own age, must represent our critical feelings and judgments far more accurately than his predecessors. But does Jeffrey represent his own age more effectively than several other living writers who could be named ? We will not, for very obvious reasons, answer this question categorically. We will look for examples in the past. Does Jeffrey represent his own age more fully or effectively than Johnson did the age in which he lived ? Those who have least admired the author of the *Lives of the Poets* and the *Introduction to Shakspeare*, have still observed that he was even somewhat in advance of his contemporaries, and read many a useful lesson to the poets, and other writers of his own period. Can it be said of Jeffrey that he was before his age ? Has it not been lamented by many, and by those who had no cause for personal enmity to the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, that he had adopted narrow principles of taste—correct, but of limited application ; so that, just in proportion as a writer was bold and original, was his chance diminished of a full and cordial appreciation ? We will not echo in so many words this opinion ; we shall have the opportunity of gradually unfolding our own estimate of the writings of Jeffrey. We will content ourselves with stating here, as the key-note of what may afterwards follow, that we consider the great deficiency of his intellectual character to have been a want of *earnestness*. We too often see before us a man thinking what may be plausibly said, and that on either side of the question, rather than one very solicitous to determine the truth. We find in the intellectual constitution of Jeffrey a deficiency in that reflective and contemplative habit, that serious pondering on the truths or the perplexities of philosophy, without which no man was ever a great writer, or a good critic of great writers. To us he appears a most

able, dexterous penman, capable of advocating every opinion,—an ambidexterous man, and fond of showing with what skill and readiness he can gather his materials with the left hand as well as with the right;—withal a man of no ill intentions;—wishing rather to do good in his own unenthusiastic manner, but having no faith, and no great seriousness, even in his own doubts;—an accomplished, versatile talker; a critical Bayle—a Bayle in miniature, and without his mischief.

Having thus at once struck our key-note, we shall proceed to take some brief review ourselves of the life and writings of Lord Jeffrey. He was born in Edinburgh, 23d October 1773. From this date we pass to the year 1788, which finds him, a youth of fifteen, at the college of Glasgow, where he is acknowledged to be “the ablest student in Mr Jardine’s logic class.” From Glasgow he is removed to Edinburgh, and from Edinburgh to Oxford; but nowhere else does he seem to have much profited by, or been deeply interested in, academical studies. He was, however, a vigorous student after his own independent method. And here the biography opens upon us in a manner highly interesting to those who had only known Jeffrey from his published writings. We see the same intellectual character in youth that was more fully developed in mature years. He writes essay upon essay, translations, critiques, and then criticises his own essays, his own translations and criticism. He writes a review of himself—a “Sketch of my own Character,” as he calls it—chiefly for the analytic practice it affords him. It is egotism without self-love. He writes a speech “on the model of Demosthenes;” and when he has finished it, he breaks out, “On the model of Demosthenes! Admirably executed! I wonder,” &c. Do we not trace here the dexterous critic of future days, who was always seen balancing plausibility against plausibility, and reasoning against reasoning—a man of eternal *say*, and of the least possible faith?

The most striking extract which is here given us of these private studies, is a note appended to an

epitome of his own of the philosophy of Lucretius. It is nearly as well written as anything he ever penned, and with far more energy than he often afterwards exhibited.

“The epitome I have now completed of this beautiful author is, I am sensible, a very disgraceful performance. The poetical beauties of the original are entirely lost: the ingenious climax of argument, which he has uniformly adopted, as well as the rhetorical declamation he has employed to enforce them, are also necessarily annihilated in a work which only gives the result of the process, and is content with barely stating the sum of the reasoning. The explanation of the matter is this: Having heard the philosophy of Lucretius much undervalued, and partly ridiculed by personages whose condemnation I have been accustomed to regard as an infallible token of merit in the object of it, I resolved, as usual, to employ my own judgment either to reverse or confirm their award. A bare perusal I at first thought would be sufficient for this purpose; but so uniformly was I transported and carried away by the charms of the poetry, and the inimitable strength of the expressions, that I generally forgot the subject in which they were displayed; and, in the enthusiasm of admiration, lost that cool impartiality which alone can produce a correct judgment. It was necessary, then, to direct the philosophy, the reason of this poem, from that blaze of light which, by dazzling the senses, prevented them from judging truly. I have done so; and the few preceding pages contain the execution. This is all I think necessary to write for my future information. *The result of my experiment I do not choose to perpetuate.* My judgment, I hope, for some years will not at least be decaying; and while that is not the case, I should wish it always to form its daily opinion from a daily exertion. The authority of our own opinion, though perhaps the least dangerous of any, still participates in those inconveniences which all species of authority create; and while a man’s powers are unimpaired, it were a lucky thing if he could every day forget the sentiments of the former, that they might receive the correction or confirmation of a second judgment.”

What other youth, who could use his pen so well, would not first of all have recorded “the results of the experiment?”—or are there many instances of so mature a habit of doubt, or of suspended judgment, in a

youth of eighteen? This paper bears date, Edinburgh, September 3, 1790.

At Oxford he seems to have done little. The place had few attractions for him. We presume that the Tory politics of his father had much to do with his being entered at Oxford. The elder Jeffrey carried his politics to the extreme of bigotry—for he prevented his son from attending the lectures of Professors Millar and Dugald Stewart, because they had a leaning to Whig politics. This bigotry in the father was sufficient in itself to make a Whig of his intelligent and energetic son. Left to himself, and the natural tendencies of his own intellectual character, Jeffrey would very probably have been a Tory; for he had much timidity in all his political speculations, and no faith in the future progress of society, and was generally in that frame of mind which makes a man seek safety rather than improvement. But the bigotry of the Tories had thrown him into the arms of the Whigs—and, once there, it was not in his nature to desert his party. This would have required very strong convictions of an opposite character. Once enrolled amongst the Whigs, it was to be expected that he would be borne on by his party—advocating their cause, however, with moderation—and not failing, from time to time, to throw over it something of his own doubt, and hesitation, and despondency.

But we are somewhat digressing in these remarks. At Oxford he appears to have cultivated poetry, and not without some ambitious aspirations. Writing from that place to his sister, he says, "I feel I shall never be a great man unless it be as a poet." Yet, after writing many pages of verse, he never published a single line. It is a case, we think, without a parallel. He once, we are told, "left a poem with a bookseller, to be published, and fled to the country; and, finding some obstacle had occurred, he returned, recovered his manuscript, rejoicing that he had been saved, and never renewed so perilous an experiment." It is a singular instance of prudence, or of hesitation; but it is in perfect keeping with the character of Jeffrey—a light-hearted man in the society of

his friends, and dealing with levity enough with whatever topics he discoursed or wrote upon, yet, in reality, full of distrust and despondency.

Yet even Jeffrey did not destroy his manuscript—the poetry is still in existence: he left it to others to perform the last cruel office—perhaps left it to others to decide whether the manuscript should be burnt or published. No specimens are here given; and Lord Cockburn intimates that they would not raise the reputation of the author. "*Not that there are not tons of worse verse published, and bought, and even read, every year, but that this publication would not elevate Jeffrey.*" We have no doubt that a wise discretion has been displayed upon the subject.

Lord Cockburn observes that he had one poetical quality in an eminent degree—an intense love of nature. Throughout his life this source of enjoyment never seems to have failed. It was a genuine and constant delight. Nevertheless, we cannot but remark that, in all the descriptive passages which are scattered through the Memoirs and the Letters, he rather describes nature as a painter would, than as a poet. He is anxious to convey by words the exact impressions the scenes would make upon the eye—and he is tolerably successful in doing so; but he does not describe the scene through the feelings and imagination which it calls up.

Of course, it was not to be expected that one who had been tampering with poetry would apply himself at once, and without a single faltering step, to the arduous profession of the law. We hear of despondency and vacillation—and at one time he even had thoughts of pursuing a literary life in London, "settling there as a grub." He went to London and delivered certain letters of introduction; but they availed him nothing, and he speedily returned. Considering the temptations he had to diverge from it, we may say that he manifested, upon the whole, considerable resolution and constancy in his adherence to the legal profession.

This constancy was favoured by an early marriage—which took place 1st November 1801. Then came what must be considered as the most

important event in the life of Jeffrey—the establishment of the *Edinburgh Review*. How the project originated is now so well and generally known, that we need not repeat the facts. The first number, after some delay and postponement, appeared on the 10th October 1802. The event is quite worthy of the song of triumph with which Lord Cockburn celebrates it:—

“The effect was electrical. And instead of expiring, as many wished, in their first effort, the force of the shock was increased on each subsequent discharge. It is impossible for those who did not live at the time, and in the heart of the scene, to feel, or almost to understand, the impression made by the new luminary, or the anxieties by which its motions were observed. It was an entire and instant change of everything that the public had been accustomed to in that sort of composition. The old periodical opiates were extinguished at once. The learning of the new journal—its talents, its spirit, its writing, its independence—were all new; and the surprise was increased by a work so full of public hope springing up suddenly in a remote part of the kingdom.”

On the politics of the new *Review* there were, of course—and there still are—the most opposite opinions; but its effect on the periodical literature of the country must be acknowledged by every one to have been immense. Next to the great discoverers and writers of high and original genius, no men perform a more useful and more honourable office than those who extend amongst *the many* the ideas and the knowledge already in the possession of *the few*. This is one of the chief functions of periodical literature. There are occasionally essays worthy of the most original thinkers in all our more eminent periodicals; but their great and constant service is the diffusion, over the whole community, of the taste, judgment, reasoning, and knowledge of an educated and cultivated class. This invaluable service was now performed by the *Edinburgh Review* in a novel, a most effective, and incomparable manner, and by a class of men who might have been justified in pursuing an independent career in literature or in science. Nor is there any one individual who can claim so large a share in the merit of

this work as Jeffrey. His talents found here their most suitable arena. He could discourse, and examine, and weigh, and suggest, without always being required very distinctly to decide; whilst, at the same time, his position as the organ of a great party restrained him from any conspicuous or unbecoming vacillation.

We shall break the thread of the biography to throw a glance at once on some of those contributions to the *Review* which peculiarly display the intellectual character, the powers, and the opinions of its able editor. We shall of course make use only of those which were selected and republished by the author, after a considerable interval. Amongst these, one of the most elaborate is a review of a work of Madame de Stael—*De la Littérature considérée dans les Rapports avec les Institutions Sociales*; and, on republishing it, the author appends the following note:—“I reprint this paper as containing a more comprehensive view of the progress of literature, especially in the ancient world, than any other from which I could make the selection; and also, in some degree, for the sake of the general discussion on Perfectibility, which I still think satisfactorily conducted.” It is precisely to this discussion on Perfectibility we will turn, to show in how unsatisfactory a manner our author was accustomed to reason, as well as to illustrate the dubious and desponding character of his political or social speculations.

“The professed object,” he says, “of this work (Madame de Stael’s) is to show that all the peculiarities in the literature of different ages and countries may be explained by a reference to the condition of society, and the political and religious institutions of each; and at the same time to point out in what way the progress of letters has, in its turn, modified and affected the government and religions of those nations among whom they have flourished. All this, however, is botomed upon the more fundamental and favourite proposition that *there is a progress* to produce these effects—that letters and intelligence are in a state of constant, universal, and irresistible advancement;—in other words, that human nature is tending, by a slow and interminable progression, to a state of perfection. This fascinating idea seems to have been kept constantly in view by Madame de Stael,

from the beginning to the end of the work before us; and though we conceive it to have been pursued with far too sanguine and assured a spirit, and to have led in this way to most of what is rash and questionable in her conclusions, it is impossible to doubt that it has also helped her to many explanations that are equally solid and ingenious, and thrown a light upon many phenomena that would otherwise have appeared very dark and unaccountable."

In the same sentence the doctrine is true, and it is not true. If it throws so much light, affords so many explanations, both solid and ingenious, one is at least left in some degree of doubt whether the critic will proceed to advocate it or not. This doubt, however, is afterwards set at rest. "The introduction ends with an eloquent profession of the author's unshaken faith in the philosophical creed of Perfectionism—upon which, as it does not happen to be our creed, and is very frequently brought into notice in the course of the work, we must here be indulged with a few preliminary observations."

Now, we are not about to argue in favour of this creed—we have only to notice the manner in which our Whig philosopher and reforming politician reasons upon the subject. He first—in a passage which we have some pleasure in quoting, as it affords a favourable illustration of his easy and agreeable style of writing—points to the stationary condition of some countries, and the retrograde movement which has taken place in others.

"The first thing that occurs to a sober-minded listener to this dream of Perfectionism, is the extreme narrowness of the induction from which these sweeping conclusions are so confidently deduced. A progress that is in its own nature infinite and irresistible must necessarily have been both universal and unremitting; and yet the evidence of its existence is founded, if we do not deceive ourselves, upon the history of a very small portion of the human race, for a very small number of generations. The proposition is, that the human species is advancing, and has always been advancing, to a state of perfection by a law of their nature, of the existence of which their past history and present state leave no room to doubt. But when we cast a glance upon this high destined species, we find this neces-

sary and eternal progress scarcely begun, even now, in the old inhabited continent of Africa—stationary, as far back as our information reaches, in China—and retrograde for a period of at least twelve centuries, and up to this day, in Egypt, India, Persia, and Greece. Even in our own Europe, which contains probably less than one tenth part of our kind, it is admitted that for upwards of a thousand years this great work of moral nature not only stood still, but went visibly backwards over its fairest regions; and though there has been a prodigious progress in England, and France, and Germany, during the last two hundred years, it may be doubted whether anything of the sort may be said of Spain or Italy—or various other portions even of this favoured quarter of the world. It may be very natural for Madame de Stael, or for us, looking only to what has happened in our own world, and in our own times, to indulge in those dazzling views of the unbounded and universal improvement of the human race. But such speculations would appear rather wild, we suspect, to those whose lot it is to philosophise among the unchanging nations of Asia; and would probably carry even something of ridicule with them, if propounded upon the ruins of Thebes or Babylon, or even among the profaned relics of Athens or Rome."—(Vol. i. p. 89.)

Madame de Stael could have answered immediately, that, in the large views it is necessary to take on this subject, *mankind are one*; this or that nation may have advanced or receded;—the question is, What has humanity gained? The spot of earth on which Rome or Athens stood may be inhabited by a population inferior in some respects—though only in some respects—to those who lived there in the time of Julius Cæsar, or of Pericles; but on other spots—at Paris, at London, at Edinburgh—there are great cities in which every species of human knowledge has been carried to a state far nearer to perfection than in the most palmy days of antiquity. And, what is of equal importance to consider, that portion of the earth, or of its inhabitants, which is embraced under the title of the civilised world, has immeasurably extended. We can afford to lose sight of Thebes, and of Babylon, when we think of Russia and America—of the vast tracts of country either peopled by savages, or not peopled at all, which are becoming the

abodes of humanised society, of knowledge, of refinement, of art and science. If our whole planet is brightening, it matters little that the darker and brighter portions shift their relative positions on its surface—the dark spots upon its disc are growing less in magnitude, and less intensely dark. All that was gained in Asia has been preserved in Europe. We see it travelling back again to the East with increase and addition;—there will be a second dawn in the East far brighter than the first. The whole surface of the globe is growing luminous with knowledge; but the light comes in patches, and shifts its position, and disappears and reappears, returning with augmented brilliancy, and filling larger spaces than before. This is what, we think, Madame de Staël might have said.

But however knowledge and civilisation may extend, our critic next objects that it is by no means certain our morality will also improve, or that the moral evils of life will be greatly diminished.

“Take the case, for example, of war—by far the most prolific and extensive pest of the human race, whether we consider the sufferings it inflicts or the happiness it prevents—and see whether it is likely to be arrested by the progress of intelligence and civilisation. In the first place, it is manifest that, instead of becoming less frequent or destructive, in proportion to the rapidity of that progress, our European wars have, in point of fact, been incomparably more constant and more sanguinary since Europe became signally enlightened and humanised, and that they have uniformly been most obstinate, and most popular, in its most polished countries. In the second place, the lovers and conductors of war are by no means the most ferocious or stupid of their species, but, for the most part, the very contrary; and their delight in it, notwithstanding their compassion for human suffering, and their complete knowledge of its tendency to produce suffering, seems to us sufficient almost of itself to discredit the confident prediction of those who assure us that, when men have attained to a certain degree of intelligence, war must necessarily cease among all the nations of the earth. . . . We should be pretty well advanced in the career of perfectibility, if all the inhabitants of Europe were as in-

telligent, and upright, and considerate, as Sir John Moore, or Lord Nelson, or Lord Collingwood, or Lord Wellington—but we should not have the less war, we take it, with all its attendant miseries.”

Now, if our author had said that, so long as the *ruffianage* of our great towns exists, so long must war continue, we should not have had a word to object. This ruffian portion of our communities requires an army to control them, and are themselves the class from which that army is recruited. We should have left it to the Perfectibilian to show what probability there is that this ignorant and disorderly class will, at length, be absorbed in the higher and more intelligent. But Jeffrey has himself assumed, for the sake of argument, that this has really been accomplished; and on this assumption his argument is most weak. If all were Collingwoods and Wellingtons, where would a Collingwood get his seamen, or a Wellington his common soldiers? Our naval captains and our military generals are men of polished manners and cultivated minds: neither the culture of our schools, nor of refined life, is inconsistent with ambition and the love of command. But what man of intelligence and refinement would desire to be a common soldier, to be drilled, and marched about the country, and penned up in barracks, and, finally, to be shot at for some cause he values not a rush. Universal intelligence would not take the general from the army, but it would take the army from the general.

“Even as to intellect, and the pleasure,” he continues, “which are to be derived from the exercise of a vigorous understanding, we doubt whether we ought to look forward to posterity with any very hasty feelings of envy or humiliation. More knowledge they probably will have, as we have undoubtedly more knowledge than our ancestors had two hundred years ago; but for vigour of understanding, or pleasure in the exercise of it, we must beg leave to demur. *The more there is already known, the less there remains to be discovered*; and the more time a man is obliged to spend in ascertaining what his predecessors have already established, the less he will have to bestow in adding to the amount. The time, however, is of less consequence; but the habits of mind that are formed by

walking patiently, humbly, and passively in the paths that have been traced by others, are the very habits that disqualify us for vigorous and independent *excursions* of our own."

How full is a passage like this—and passages of this kind are frequent in Jeffrey's writings—of the mere appearance of reason, of mere careless plausibility! What man of science ever yet felt that the more he knew the less remained to be discovered? The very reverse is the impression. He feels that, just as he enlarges the circle of his knowledge, does he extend that tantalising boundary between the known and the unknown. There is always an infinity before and around him; and by enlarging that finite circle in which he stands, he has also enlarged his conceptions of the infinite beyond it. And who ever found that the task of learning what had been discovered by others unfitted him for making new discoveries himself? And as to this objection, that there is so much time expended in learning what our predecessors have bequeathed us—an objection which, as his manner is, he first urges and then retracts—it is quite plain that our methods of tuition have improved with the science we have to teach. There is no branch of science to which so many accessions of knowledge have been made as that of chemistry; but a pupil will sooner learn the science now, up to the last discovery of Faraday, than two centuries ago he could have acquired that mixture of truth and fable which passed under the name of alchemy. In proportion as a science has advanced, is it capable of being clearly and expeditiously taught. And we see every day, that, if the number of tyros and of students is multiplied, the number of ardent discoverers is increased in a corresponding ratio.

"Men learn," he says, "instead of reasoning: instead of meditating, they remember; and in the place of the glow of inventive genius, or the warmth of a generous admiration, nothing is to be met with in society but timidity on the one hand, and fastidiousness on the other." Perhaps he cast here the shadow of his own mind over the society he was estimating and describing. "The truth is," he

very desperately concludes, "we suspect that the vast and enduring products of the virgin soil can no longer be reared in that factitious mould to which cultivation has since given existence; and that its forced and deciduous progeny will go on degenerating, till some new deluge shall restore the vigour of the globe by a temporary destruction of all its generations." Nay, a few pages before, there occurs a still more gloomy passage: we hardly recognise the light and buoyant pen of Jeffrey in the few following sentences. He seems to have borrowed the misanthropy of Byron, or the satire of Mandeville. He says, "*It is knowledge* that destroys enthusiasm, and dispels all those prejudices of admiration which people simpler minds with so many idols of enchantment. *It is knowledge* that distracts by its variety, and satiates by its abundance, and generates by its communication that dark and cold spirit of fastidiousness and derision, which revenges, on those whom it possesses, the pangs which it inflicts on those on whom it is exerted!"

Nor are sentiments of this character expressed only on one occasion; we meet with them frequently, more or less darkly shaded. In the same volume, in a review on *Grimm's Correspondence*—which also has evidently been a favourite subject—we meet with the same train of thought. He says, for instance—

"One of the most remarkable passages in this philosophical journal is that which contains the author's estimate of the advantages and disadvantages of philosophy. Not being much more of an optimist than ourselves, M. Grimm thinks that good and evil are pretty fairly distributed to the different generations of men; and that, if an age of philosophy be happier in some respects than one of ignorance and prejudice, there are particulars in which it is not so fortunate. Philosophy, he thinks, is the necessary fruit of a certain experience, and a certain maturity; and implies, in nations as well as individuals, the extinction of some of the pleasures as well as the follies of early life. All nations, he observes, have begun with poetry, and ended with philosophy, or rather have passed through the region of philosophy on their way to that of stupidity and dotage."

What, we naturally ask ourselves, had a mind of this temper and cast of thought to do with the *movement party* in the state? Its place was in the ranks of safe and even timid Conservatism. But, in truth, all that Jeffrey had willingly to do with these great subjects was to talk of them;—to talk much and well was the business of his life;—he would never willingly have acted, or proceeded from discourse to the real measure. When estimating the conduct of those who brought about and conducted the French Revolution, it is amusing to notice how great a latitude he gives the *writer*—how heavy a responsibility he throws upon the *legislator*. The usual rules of ethical reasoning are set aside, that the man of *words* may have free scope. After excusing the “philosophers” of the French Revolution, he proceeds to say—“For those who, *with intentions equally blameless*, attempted to carry into execution the projects which had been suggested by the others, and actually engaged in measures which could not fail to terminate in important changes, it will not be easy, we are afraid, to make so satisfactory an apology.” If those who legislated had “intentions equally blameless,” we do not see that they were more morally culpable than those who prompted and dictated their legislation. Whether a man advises measures, or assists in carrying them, whether he writes or votes, must depend merely upon his position. The same man who has honestly and perseveringly advocated any measure of legislation, would assuredly promote it by his voice in the legislature, if you give him a voice. The earnest writer is on the same level with the earnest agent. The only real distinction that the case admits of is this, that loose and careless talking, not being so pernicious as inconsiderate action, cannot be visited with so severe a censure. To the benefit of this reflection all reviewers and essay writers are certainly entitled.

We resume the thread of the biography.

Neither the celebrity nor the occupation which the Review brought to its editor, diverted him from the pursuit of his profession. For this prudent conduct he is much applauded

by his present biographer. We have no wish to dispute the justice of this commendation. But if law is truly said to be a jealous mistress, literature is not less exacting. In the attempt to unite the two characters, it is not the lawyer that suffers most, it is the writer and the thinker. Jeffrey could edit his Review, and still master and retain sufficient legal knowledge for all the emergencies of his profession; but he could not practise that profession, and lead the life of an eminent barrister, and acquire or preserve the habits of conscientious study, of high and independent thinking, which the literary man ought to possess. For him, or for his friends, it might have been far preferable that he should rise through legal to political honours, and finally retire to the dignity of the Bench, than that he should have written better essays, and exerted a nobler influence on the literature of his country. We have only to remark that, in this and in other cases, when a man is congratulated on successfully combining the two professions of letters and of law, the success is achieved by the sacrifice of the higher character to the lower—of the more noble aims of life to the less noble.

Jeffrey's practice steadily increased; but his rising prosperity was cruelly counterbalanced by a domestic affliction—the loss of his wife, who died in August 1805. This loss he seems to have felt very severely; and though he rallied sufficiently to marry again, and even to sail to America in search of a wife, it is evident that, for some time, it cast a gloom over his spirits. The effect upon his mind was concealed from all but his most intimate friends; but in a letter to one of the oldest of them—to Horner—he reveals very touchingly the utter indifference to life which this bereavement had produced.

We have alluded more particularly to this incident, because, although the biographer does not connect the two facts, we cannot but see a very close relation between the state of mind occasioned by the loss of his wife, and the next conspicuous event which occurs in the life of Jeffrey. We allude to his duel with Moore the poet, and that on the most frivolous of all

grounds. The poet thought that a personal offence was intended in the severity of the critic; and the critic refused to appease his anger, by assuring him that no such personal offence was meant, and that he merely reviewed his book and castigated its immoralities. When all was over—the duel having been prevented—Jeffrey freely gives him this assurance, which, he says, “I was ready to have done at the beginning, if he had applied amicably.” The anger of the irritated poet it is easy to comprehend; but it is not easy to understand why the critic should have risked his life, rather than return an answer which truth, as well as courtesy, required. We think we see the explanation in the mere date of the occurrence. The event happened at a time when he was still suffering, in secret, from a morbid indifference to life. The challenge came upon him when he was in this unhappy frame of mind: he gave himself no trouble to reflect how far it was necessary or rational to accept it, but felt rather disposed to court than to avoid the risk that it threatened to his life.

As an incident characteristic of the age, it will in future times wear a very curious aspect. A critic, in the interest of morality, censures a too amorous poet. The poet is in great wrath—imputes this, imputes that; the indignant moralist will answer not a word. The two meet with pistols at Chalk Farm, and, when interrupted by the police, contemplate going over to Hamburg. A more absurd business it is impossible to conceive.

The second marriage of Jeffrey obliged him to take a voyage to America; or rather, if we understand the narrative, his own indecision led to this result. Miss Wilkes had been residing with some friends at Edinburgh, but her father was a banker in New York—a nephew of the celebrated John Wilkes. He allowed her to return to America, and then discovered that the strength of his affection was such as to make it quite necessary that he should follow to bring her back. We will copy the account which Lord Cockburn has given of the matter:—

“His acquaintance with Miss Wilkes had ripened into a permanent attachment,

which it was at one time thought would have ended in a marriage in England. Her father was an Englishman, but had been several years resident in America; and when his daughter was here, there was a scheme of their all returning to settle in this country. This plan had been given up, however; and the bride being established again on the other side of the Atlantic, it became necessary that he should earn her by going there. Accordingly, in spring 1813, he actually resolved to do so—what may be considered one of the greatest achievements of love. For of all strong-minded men, there never was one who, from what he deemed a just estimate of its dangers, but in truth from mere nervous horror, recoiled with such sincerity from all watery adventures. No matter whether it was a sea that was to be crossed, or a lake, or a stream, or a pond;—it was enough that he had to be afloat. The discomforts of a voyage to America in 1813, before steam had shortened the way, and relieved it by every luxury enjoyable by a landsman at sea, were very great. To these were added the more material dangers connected with the war then subsisting between the two countries, and the almost personal passions under which it was conducted. But to him all these risks, including even that of detention, were immaterial. The sad fact was, that the Atlantic was not made of solid land.”

The wife won in this not unromantic manner, proved to be well worth all the dangers, real or imaginary, of the voyage; and we again find Jeffrey in the full enjoyment of that domestic happiness of which he was keenly susceptible, and to which he was so well fitted, from his kindly and amiable nature, to contribute. On his voyage to America he kept a journal, some extracts of which are here given. That one who was so ardent a lover of nature should have felt, as he expresses it, “a spite against the sea,” is rather singular. The only effect it seems to have upon his imagination is to make him revert, by way of contrast, and with increased tenderness, to the quiet inland scenes that memory conjures up—morning walks with the dewy flowers round him, and open windows, opening upon shady gardens, with the swallows skimming past them. Yet it is here, and with the sea for his subject, that we think we should find

one of the best specimens of that species of description in which Jeffrey not unfrequently indulged. It is a description of the sea under a gale of wind, by no means intended to be poetic, but which *paints* the scene very correctly to the eye—which is all that, in any attempts of this kind, he succeeds in. We have not space to quote the whole of it; but the two following sentences will convey as accurate a picture of a sea view as words could easily accomplish: "The sky was very dark, and the water blue-black, with a little foam, and many broad spots of dirty green, where the swell had recently broke. . . . The only things that had a sort of dreary magnificence were some black-looking birds screaming through the mist, and a sort of smoking spray which the wind swept from the water, and kept hanging like a vapour all over its surface."

Celebrity and wealth, and professional advancement, contributed to render his lot in life a very enviable one. His country residence at Craigcrook, three miles to the north-west of Edinburgh, was for himself a delightful retreat, and formed a centre of attraction to a most agreeable society. "It was the favourite resort," writes Lord Cockburn, "of his friends, *who knew no such enjoyment as Jeffrey at that place*; and, with the exception of Abbotsford, there were more interesting strangers there than in any house in Scotland."

But now the Whigs come into office, and Jeffrey is appointed Lord-Advocate. The tenor of his life is changed, is disturbed.

"He had hitherto," says his biographer, "lived entirely in Edinburgh, or its neighbourhood, enjoying his fame and popularity with his private friends—in honourable and private life. But he had now to interrupt his profession; to go into Parliament, at alarming pecuniary risk; to forego the paradise of Craigcrook, and his delicious vacations, to pass many weary months, and these summer ones, in London; to be no longer the easy critic of measures, but their responsible conductor; and to be involved, without official training, in all the vexation of official business. *These calamities he would have avoided if he could. But being assured that his party and the public were concerned, he submitted.*"

Quotations are made from his correspondence which show how bitterly the eminent Whig barrister lamented his promotion. Lord Cockburn on more than one occasion manifests that strong shrewd sense which has an especial enmity to every species of affectation. If Jeffrey has been talking of retiring to a cottage with £300 a-year, he *pooh-poohs* the idea. It is mere stuff—the Bar was now fairly open to him—he never dreamt of retirement, and cottages, and £300 a-year: "it makes a good sentence in a letter," nothing more. How is it that on this occasion he so readily adopts or acquiesces in a still more glaring affectation? The calamity of being made Lord-Advocate was one he most assuredly could have avoided if he pleased. He had not as yet taken office of any description—it was a new step in life—his party might have claimed his literary exertions,—they had no peculiar claim on him to fill the place of Lord-Advocate, and there were others who could have performed the troublesome functions of this office quite as ably as himself. The Whigs did not want another orator in Parliament; they had more already than could obtain audience. The simple truth is, that Jeffrey was borne along, as most men are, by the tide of ambition. He could not resist the temptation to mingle in the higher and greater scenes of life. We have no desire that he should have resisted it; we are rather pleased that such men should be in public life;—but it was the same ambition which drove him from Craigcrook that would not allow him to think seriously of "retirement, and cottages, and £300 a-year." If you once enter on this career, this chase after wealth and distinction, the difficulty to *stop* increases as you proceed.

"Retire—and *timely*—from the world, if ever
Thou hopest tranquil days!"

The passing of the Reform Bill is an event too close at hand to make it needful or agreeable that we should here dwell on it, or on the part which the new Lord-Advocate took in forwarding the measure. That which will strike the reader of this biography as being peculiarly characteristic of

Jeffrey is the extreme despondency, rising into terror, with which he looks at the political horizon. With or without a Reform Bill, the future prospects of England are to him exceedingly gloomy. From this measure he hopes little positive benefit: its great utility is to appease the tumults, and avert, if possible, the coming storm. His correspondence throughout this agitating period is marked by as deep a despondency as that of the most decided opponent of the measure could have been.

His success in Parliament was not equal to what his friends had anticipated. This is partly attributed to a weakness in the throat, which embarrassed his exertions, and, in some measure, prevented him from being heard. Neither in those negotiations which took place out of Parliament—those private discussions with members of his own party, which, as Lord-Advocate, he had to sustain on the details and remodelling of the measure—does he seem to have given uniform satisfaction. Lord Cockburn was Solicitor-General at the same period. He speaks of his friend in the following enigmatical manner. Is it here that we are to look for whatever explanation is given of that dark sentence in the Preface, where we read of “public matters” connected with “severe condemnation?” Jeffrey has been defending himself against the accusation of some members of his party who had blamed him for indecision, and for conceding too much to artful opponents:—

“Notwithstanding all this,” says the biographer, “the scold was not ill deserved. His own constant sincerity and reasonableness made him always incredulous of the opposite qualities in others; and hence his having more charity for cunning enemies than toleration for honest friends, was an infirmity that too often beset him.”

Why his constant sincerity and reasonableness should operate only in favour of his enemies one does not see; but through this haze of language one gathers that the speculative politician of the *Edinburgh Review* did not prove the warm decided partisan that was required.

His political life did not last long: his official career occurred at a very

excited period, but it was of brief duration. He was promoted to the Bench; and, as is customary with the Judges of the highest court of Scotland, took the title of *Lord Jeffrey*—choosing rather to associate the title with his own name than with a territorial appellation. It is said that he not only became an excellent judge, but a remarkably patient one: he was never wearied of listening to the pleadings of either party; he would indeed take a more active part than is usual in a judge, performing some of the functions of the counsel as well as his own; but as long as there was anything more to be said by either party, he was always willing to listen. He seems, from Lord Cockburn's account, to have disliked the spoiling of a good controversy by coming to a decision.

“Though not exactly denying the necessity of rules for ending discussion, he scarcely liked them, and half pitied a party whose desire to say still more on his own matter, which was everything to him, was resisted for the convenience of other matters, for which he cared nothing. He has been known to say, that if there was only one cause in the world it would never end; and why should it? What are other causes to a man who has not done with his own?”

On the 26th January 1850 this most amiable and versatile and intelligent man closed his career: he died in his seventy-seventh year. The summary which Lord Cockburn gives of his public and private life, of his moral character, of his person, of his conversation, we should, so far as the substance of it is concerned, quote with approbation. We regret that the literary style of the biographer is not equal to his judgment, his shrewdness and sagacity. If it had been, he would have written a very excellent book. Unfortunately the English language has, on most occasions, proved so intractable in his hands, that he can rarely deliver his judgments simply and clearly, rarely without mingling something odd and grotesque in the composition. But the critical opinion he passes on the eloquence of Jeffrey, and on the character of his conversation, appears to us to be perfectly correct. Of the last, especially, he has given what we

should think a most faithful description:—

"He was certainly a first-rate talker. But he was not an avowed sayer of good things; nor did he deal, but very sparingly, in anecdote, or in personalities, or in repartee; and he very seldom told a story, or quoted; and never lectured; and, though perpetually discussing, almost never disputed, and, though joyous, was no great laugher. What then did he do? He did this—His mind was instantly full of excellent matter; his spirit was always lively; and his heart was never wrong; and the effusion of these produced the charm. He had no exclusive topics. All subjects were welcome; and all found him ready, if not in knowledge, at least in fancy."

Jeffrey was small in stature, and in allusion to this he adds—

"It may appear an odd thing to say, but it is true, that the listener's pleasure was enhanced by the personal littleness of the speaker. *A large man could scarcely have thrown off Jeffrey's conversational flowers*, without exposing himself to ridicule. But the liveliness of the deep thoughts, and the flow of the bright expressions, that animated his talk, seemed so natural and appropriate to the figure that uttered them, that they were heard with something of the delight with which the slenderness of the trembling throat, and the quivering of the wings, make us enjoy the strength and clearness of the notes of a little bird." *

As to the literary position of Jeffrey, his rank and qualities as a writer and a critic, we reserve these for further and separate discussion in a subsequent paper.

* This "personal littleness," is made the turning point of a rather curious anecdote. Jeffrey, the most fluent and copious of speakers, was, it seems, on one occasion, and that after he had been in full oratorical practice, reduced to the lamentable necessity which has attended so many a first attempt—he lost his presence of mind, and was compelled to sit down in sudden and involuntary silence. In Lord Cockburn's happier phrase "he stuck a speech," or "stuck in a speech," for we apprehend that the printer must be here at fault: the former phrase is, at least to our ear, quite novel. Lord Cockburn shall relate the anecdote:—

"In February 1818 he did what he never did before or since. He stuck a speech. John Kemble had taken his leave of our stage, and, before quitting Edinburgh, about sixty or seventy of his admirers gave him a dinner and a snuff-box. Jeffrey was put into the chair, and had to make the address previous to the presentation. He began very promisingly, but got confused, and amazed both himself and everybody else by actually sitting down, and leaving the speech unfinished; and, until reminded of that part of his duty, not even thrusting the box into the hand of the intended receiver. He afterwards told me the reason of this. He had not premeditated the scene, and thought he had nothing to do, except in the name of the company to give the box. But as soon as he rose to do this, Kemble, who was beside him, rose also, and with most formidable dignity. This forced Jeffrey to look up to his man, when he found himself annihilated by the tall tragic god, who sank him to the earth at every compliment, by obeisances of overwhelming grace and stateliness. If the chairman had anticipated his position, or recovered from his first confusion, his mind and words could easily have subdued even Kemble."—(P. 254.)

KATIE STEWART.

A TRUE STORY.

PART III.—CHAPTER XIV.

THREE weeks! Three misty enchanted weeks, with only words, and looks, and broken reveries in them, and all the common life diverted into another channel, like the mill-burn. True it is, that all day long Katie sits strangely dim and silent, spinning yarn for her mother, dreamily hearing, dreamily answering—her heart and her thoughts waging a perpetual warfare; for always there comes the mystic evening, the ruddy firelight, the attendant circle behind, and Katie's valour steals away, and Katie's thoughts whirl, and reel, and find no standing ground. Alas! for the poor little pride, which now tremblingly, with all its allies gone, has to fight its battle single-handed, and begins to feel like a culprit thus deserted; for the climax hour is near at hand.

Lady Anne has returned to Kellie. Only two or three days longer can Katie have at the mill—only one day longer has Willie Morison; for the little *Levant* schooner has received her cargo, and lies in Leith Roads, waiting for a wind, and her lingering mate must join her to-morrow.

The last day! But Katie must go to Kilbrachmont to see Isabell. The little imperious mother will perceive no reluctance; the little proud daughter bites her lip, and with tears trembling in her eyes—indignant, burning tears for her own weakness—will not show it; so Katie again threw on the black-laced mantle, again arranged her gloves under her cambric ruffles, and with her heart beating loud and painfully, and the tears only restrained by force under her downcast eyelids, set out towards kindly Kellie Law yonder, to see her sister.

It is late in October now, and the skies are looking as they never look except at this time. Dark, pale, colourless, revealing everything that projects upon them, with a bold sharp outline, which scarcely those black

rolling vapours can obscure. Overhead there is a great cloud, stooping upon the country as black as night; but lighter are those misty tissues sweeping down pendant from it upon the hills, which the melancholy wind curls and waves about like so many streamers upon the mystic threatening sky. There has been a great fall of rain, and the sandy country roads are damp, though not positively wet; but that great black cloud, say the rural sages, to whom the atmosphere is a much-studied philosophy, will not dissolve to-day.

Dark is the Firth, tossing yonder its white-foam crest on the rocks; dark the far-away cone of North Berwick Law, over whose head you see a long retreating range of cloudy mountains, piled high and black into the heavens;—and there before us, the little steeple of this church of Pittenweem thrusts itself fearlessly into the sky; while under it cluster the low-roofed houses, looking like so many frightened fugitive children clinging to the knees of some brave boy, whose simplicity knows no fear.

And drawing her mother's crimson plaid over her slight silken mantle, Katie Stewart turns her face to Kellie Law, along this still and solitary road, while the damp wind sighs among the trees above her, and, detaching one by one these fluttering leaves, drops them in the path at her feet. Never before has Katie known what it was to have a "sair heart." Now there is a secret pang in that young breast of hers—a sadness which none must guess, which she herself denies to herself with angry blushes and bitter tears; for "she doesna care"—no, not if she should never see Willie Morison more—"she doesna care!"

Some one on the road behind pursues the little hurrying figure, with its fluttering crimson plaid and laced apron, with great impatient strides. She does not hear the foot, the road

is so carpeted with wet leaves ; but at every step he gains upon her.

And now, little Katie, pause. Now with a violent effort send back these tears to their fountain, and look once more with dignity—once more, if it

were the last time, with haughty pride, into his face, and ask, with that constrained voice of yours, what brings him here.

"I'm to sail the morn," answered Willie Morison.

CHAPTER XV.

The clouds have withdrawn from the kindly brow of Kellie Law. Over him, this strange pale sky reveals itself, with only one floating streak of black gauzy vapour on it, like the stolen scarf of some weird lady, for whom this forlorn wind pines in secret. And at the foot of the hill lie great fields of rich dark land, new ploughed ; and, ascending by this pathway, by and by you will come to a house sheltered in that cluster of trees. In the corner of the park, here, stands a round tower—not very high, indeed, but massy and strong ; and just now a flock of timid inhabitants have alighted upon it and entered by the narrow doors ; for it is not anything warlike, but only the peaceful erection which marks an independent lairdship—the dovecot of these lands of Kilbrachmont.

High rises the grassy bank on the other side of the lane, opposite "the Dooct Park ;" but just now you only see mosses and fallen leaves, where in early summer primroses are rife ; and now these grey ash trees make themselves visible, a stately brotherhood, each with an individual character in its far-stretching boughs and mossy trunk ; and under them is the house of Kilbrachmont.

Not a very great house, though the neighbouring cottars think it so. A substantial square building, of two stories, built of rough grey stone, and thatched. Nor is there anything remarkable in its immediate vicinity, though, "to please Isabell," the most effectual of arguments with the young Laird, some pains, not very great, yet more than usual, have been bestowed upon this piece of ground in front of the house. Soft closely-shorn turf, green and smooth as velvet, stretches from the door to the outer paling, warmly clothing with its rich verdure the roots of the great ash trees, and some few simple flowers are in the borders. At the

door, a great luxuriant rosebush stands sentinel on either side ; and the wall of the house is covered with the bare network of an immense pear-tree, in spring as white with blossoms as the grass is with crowding daisies. From the windows you have a far-off glimpse of the Firth ; and close at hand, a little humble church and schoolhouse look out from among their trees ; and the green slopes of Kellie Law shelter the house behind.

The door is open, and you enter a low-roofed earthen-floored kitchen, with an immense fireplace, within which, on those warm stone benches which project round its ruddy cavern, sits a beggar-woman, with a couple of children, who are roasting their poor little feet before the great fire in the standing grate, till the heat becomes almost as painful as the cold was an hour ago. The woman has a basin in her lap, half full of the comfortable broth which has been to-day, and is always, the principal dish at dinner in those homely, frugal, plentiful houses ; and leisurely, with that great horn spoon, is taking the warm and grateful provision, and contemplating the children at her feet, who have already devoured their supply. It is the kindly fashion of charity, common at the time.

One stout woman-servant stands at a table baking, and the girdle, suspended on the crook, hangs over the bright fire ; while near the fireside another is spinning wool on "the muckle wheel." In summer these wholesome ruddy country girls do not scorn to do "out work ;" in winter, one of them almost constantly spins.

Several doors open off this cosy kitchen. One of them is a little ajar, and from it now and then comes a fragment of song, and an accompanying hum as of another wheel. It is the south room, the sitting-room of the young "guidwife."

And she sits there by her bright hearth, spinning fine yarn, and singing to herself as those sing whose hearts are at rest. Opposite the fire hangs a little round glass, which reflects the warm light, and the graceful figure prettily, making a miniature picture of them on the wall. A large fine sagacious dog sits on the other side of the hearth, looking up into her face, and listening with evident relish to her song. You can see that its sweet pathetic music even moves him a little, the good fellow, though the warm bright fire makes his eyes wink drowsily now and then, and overcomes him with temptation to stretch himself down before it for his afternoon's sleep.

Spinning and singing—at home, in this sweet warm atmosphere, with no dread or evil near her—and so sits Isabell.

A hasty step becomes audible in the kitchen. Bell at the wheel by the hearth cries aloud, "Eh, Miss Katie, is this you?" And Ranger pricks up his ears; while Isabell's hand rests on her wheel for a moment, and she looks towards the door.

The door is hastily flung open—as hastily closed—and little Katie, with the crimson plaid over her bright hair, and traces of tears on her cheek, rushes in, and throwing herself at Isabell's feet, puts her arm round her waist, and buries her head in the lap of her astonished sister.

"Katie, what ails ye?" exclaimed Lady Kilbrachmont; and Ranger, alarmed and sympathetic, draws near to lick the little gloved hands, and fingers red with cold, which lie on his mistress's knee.

"Katie, what ails ye? Speak to me, bairn." But Isabell is not so much alarmed as Ranger, for "exceeding peace has made" her "bold."

"Oh, Isabell," sighed little Katie, lifting from her sister's lap a face which does not, after all, look so very sorrowful, and which Ranger would fain salute too—"oh, Isabell! it's a' Willie Morison."

"Weel, weel, Katie, my woman, what needs ye greet about it?" said the matron sister, with kindly comprehension. "I saw it a' a week since. I kent it would be so."

And Liddy Kilbrachmont thought

it no *mesalliance*—did not feel that the little beauty had disgraced herself. It dried the tears of Katie Stewart.

But Ranger did not yet quite understand what was the matter, and became very solicitous and affectionate; helping by his over-anxiety, good fellow, to remove the embarrassment of his young favourite.

So Katie rose, with a dawning smile upon her face, and stooping over Ranger, caressed and explained to him, while Isabell with kindly hands disembarassed her of the crimson plaid which still hung over her shoulders. The well-preserved, precious crimson plaid—if Mrs Stewart had only seen that faint print of Ranger's paw upon it! But it makes a sheen in the little glass, to which Katie turns to arrange the bright curls which the wind has cast into such disorder. The tears are all dried now, and as her little fingers, still red with cold, though now they are glowing hot, twist about the golden hair on her cheek, her face resumes its brightness; but it is not now the sunny fearless light of the morning. Not any longer do these blue eyes of hers meet you bravely, frankly, with open unembarrassed looks;—drooping, glimmering under the downcast eyelashes, darting up now and then a shy, softened, almost deprecating glance, while themselves shine so, that you cannot but fancy there is always the bright medium of a tear to see them through.

"And where is he, then, Katie? Did ye get it a' owre coming up the road? Where is Willie now?" said Isabell.

"We met Kilbrachmont at the Doocot Park," said Katie, seating herself by the fireside, and casting down her eyes as she twisted the long ears of Ranger through her fingers; "and I ran away, Isabell, for Kilbrachmont saw that something was wrang."

"There's naething wrang, Katie. He's a wiselike lad, and a weel-doing lad—if you werena such a proud thing yourself. But, woman, do you think you could ever have been so happy as ye will be, if Willie Morison was some grand lord or lither, instead of what he is?"

Ranger had laid his head in Katie's lap, and was fixing a serious look upon her face; only he could see the happy liquid light in her eyes, which testified her growing content with Willie Morison; but Isabell saw the pout with which Katie indulged the lingering remnants of her pride.

"Woman, Katie! suppose it *had* been a young lord now, or the like of Sir Robert—ye would never have daured to speak to ane of your kin."

"And wha would have hindered me?" said Katie, with a glance of defiance.

"Wha would have hindered ye? Just your ain man, nae doubt, that had the best right. Ye ken yoursel it bid to have ended that way, Katie. Suppose it had been e'en sae, as the bit proud heart of ye would have had it, would ye have come in your coach to the Milton, Katie Stewart?—would ye have ta'en my mother away in her red plaid, and set her down in your grand withdrawing-room, like my lady's mother? Ye needna lift up your e'en that way. I ken ye have spirit enough to do a' that; but what would my lord have said?—and what would his friends? Na, na; my mother's grey hairs have honour on them in the Milton of Anster, and so have they here in Kilbrachmont, and so will they have in Willie Morison's house, when *it* comes to pass; but, Katie, they would have nane in Kellie Castle."

"I would just like to hear either lord or lady lightlie my mother," exclaimed Katie, with such a sudden burst of energy, that Ranger lifted his head and shook his ears in astonishment; "and I dinna ken what reason ye have, Isabell, to say that I ever wanted a lord. I never wanted onybody in this world that didna want me first."

"It may be sae, it may be sae," said the Leddy of Kilbrachmont, kindly, shedding back the hair from Katie's flushed face as she rose; "but whiles I get a glint into folk's hearts, for I mind mysel langsyne; and now be quiet, like a guid bairn, for there's the guidman and Willie, and I must see about their four-hours."

Little Katie thrust her chair back

into the corner, with a sudden jerk, dislodging the head of the good astonished Ranger. The "four-hours" was the afternoon refreshment, corresponding with our tea, just as the "eleven-hours" was the luncheon.

Philip Landale was not so forbearing as his wife. He could not refrain from jokes and innuendoes, which made Katie's face burn more and more painfully, and elicited many a trembling whispered remonstrance—"Whisht, whisht, Kilbrachmont,"—from Willie Morison; but the whole evening was rather an uneasy one, for neither Isabell nor Katie was quite sure about their mother's reception of this somewhat startling intelligence.

Katie was shy of going home—shrank from being the first to tell the events of the day; and the good elder sister arranged for her that Willie should take farewell of his betrothed now, and leave her at Kilbrachmont, himself hurrying down to be at the Milton before the hour of domestic worship should finally close the house against visitors, there to address his suit to the miller and the miller's wife.

"Ye'll see us gaun down the Firth the morn, Katie," said Willie Morison, as she stood with him at the door, to bid him farewell. "I'll gar them hoist a flag at the mainmast, to let you ken it's me; and dinna let down your heart, for we'll only be six months away. We'll come in with the summer, Katie."

"And suppose ye didna come in with the summer, whatfor should I let down my heart?" asked the saucy Katie, sufficiently recovered to show some gleam of her ancient temper.

"If ane was to believe ye," murmured the departing mate. "Weel, it's your way; but ye'll mind us sometimes, Katie, when ye look at the Firth?"

In that pale sky, wading among its black masses of clouds, the moon had risen, and faintly now was glimmering far away in the distant water, which the accustomed eyes could just see, and no more.

"Maybe," answered Katie Stewart, as she turned back to the threshold of Kilbrachmont.

CHAPTER XVI.

It is early morning—a fresh bright day, full of bracing, healthful sunshine, as unlike yesterday as so near a relative could be, and the sky is blue over Kellie Law, and the clouds now, no longer black and drifting, lie motionless, entranced and still, upon their boundless sea. Over night there has been rain, and the roadside grass and the remaining leaves glitter and twinkle in the sun. As you go down this quiet road, you hear the tinkling of unseen waters—a burn somewhere, running with filled and freshened current, shining under the sun; and there is scarcely wind enough to impel the glistening leaves, as they fall, a yard from their parent tree.

With the crimson plaid upon her arm, and the lace of her black silk mantle softly fluttering over the renewed glory of the cambric ruffles, Katie Stewart goes lightly down the road on her way home. The sun has dried this sandy path, so that it does no injury to the little handsome silver-buckled shoes, which twinkle over it, though their meditative mistress, looking down upon them, is all unaware of the course they take. Ranger, from whom she has just parted, stands at the corner of the Doocot Park, looking after her with friendly admiring eyes, and only prevented by an urgent sense of duty from accompanying her through all the dangers of her homeward road; but little Katie, who never looks back—whose thoughts all travel before her, good Ranger, and who has not one glance to spare for what is behind—thinks of neither danger nor fatigue in the sunny four miles of way which lie between her and the Milton of Anster. Very soon three of those miles—through long sweeping quiet roads, disturbed only by an occasional sluggish cart, with its driver seated on its front, or errant fisherwoman with a laden creel penetrating on a commercial voyage into the interior—glide away under the little glancing feet, and Katie has come in sight of the brief steeple of Pittenweem, and the broad Firth beyond.

Stray down past the fisher-houses,

Katie Stewart—past the invalided boats—the cauldrons of bark—the fisher girls at those open doors weaving nets—down to the shore of this calm sea. Now you are on “the braes,” treading the thin-bladed sea-side grass; and when you see no schooner, lifting up snow-white sails in the west, your musing eyes glance downward—down those high steep cliffs to the beautiful transparent water, with its manifold tints, through which you see the shelves of rock underneath, brilliant, softened, as yesterday your own eyes were, through tears unshed and sweet.

At your feet, but far below them, the water comes in with a continual ripple, which speaks to you like a voice; and for the first time—the first time, Katie Stewart, in all these eighteen years—there comes into your mind the reality of that great protecting care which fills the world. Between you and the Bass, the great Firth lies at rest; not calm enough to be insensible to that brisk breath of wind which flutters before you your black laced apron, but only sufficiently moved to show that it lives, and is no dead inland lake. But yonder, gleaming out of the universal blue, is the May, with the iron cradle almost visible on the top of its steep tower; the May—the lighthouse island—telling of dangers hidden under those beautiful waves, of storms which shall stir this merry wind into frenzy, and out of its smiling schoolboy pranks bring the tragic feats of a revengeful giant. Ah, Katie Stewart! look again with awe and gravity on this treacherous, glorious sea. To watch one's dearest go forth upon it; to trust one's heart and hope to the tender mercies of this slumbering Titan;—there comes a shudder over the slight figure as it stoops forward, and one solitary child's sob relieves the labouring breast; and then little Katie lifts her head, and looks to the sky.

The sky, which continually girdles in this grand tumultuous element, and binds it, Titan as it is, as easily as a mother binds the garments of her child. Forth into God's care, Katie! into the great waters which lie e

closed within the hollow of His hand. Away under His sky—away upon this sea, His mighty vassal, than whom your own fluttering fearful heart is less dutiful, less subordinate—fear not for your wanderer. Intermediate protection, secondary help, shall leave him, it is true; but safest of all is the Help over all, and he goes forth into the hand of God.

But still there is no sail visible up the Firth, except here and there a fishing-boat, or passing smack, and Katie wanders on—on, till she has reached the Billy Ness, a low green headland slightly projecting into the Firth, and sees before her the black rocks, jutting far out into the clear water, and beyond them Anster harbour, with its one sloop loading at the pier.

Now look up, Katie Stewart! yonder it glides, newly emerged from the deep shadow of Largo Bay, bearing close onward by the coast, that the captain's wife in Elie, and here, on the Billy Ness, little Katie Stewart, may see it gliding by—gliding with all its sails full to the wind, and the flag floating from the mast. And yonder, on the end of the pier—but you do not see them—Alick Morison and a band of his comrades are waiting, ready to wave their caps, and hail her with a cheer as she goes by. There is some one on the yard; bend over by this brown rock, Katie Stewart, that he may see your crimson plaid, and, seeing it, may uncover that broad manly brow of his, and cheer you with his waving hand: but it will only feebly flutter that handkerchief in yours, and away and away glides the departing ship. Farewell.

It is out of sight, already touching the stronger currents of the German sea; and Alick Morison long ago is home, and the sun tells that it is full noon. But Katie's roused heart has spoken to the great Father; out of her sorrowful musings, and the tears of her first farewell, she has risen up to speak—not the vague forms of *usual* prayer—but some real words in the merciful ear which hears continually;—real words—a true supplication—and so she turns her face homeward, and goes calmly on her way.

And she is still only a girl; her heart is comforted. In these seafaring

places such partings are everyday matters; and as she leaves the shore, and crosses the high-road, Katie fancies she sees him home again, and is almost glad. But it is full noonday, Katie—look up to the skies, and tremble; for who can tell how angry the house-mother will be when you have reached home?

Yonder is the Milton already visible; ten brief minutes and the bridge will be crossed: hastily down upon this great stone Katie throws the crimson plaid—the precious Sabbath-day's plaid, never deposited in receptacle less dignified than the oak-press—and solemnly, with nervous fingers, pauses on the burnside to “turn her apron.”

A grave and potent spell, sovereign for disarming the anger of mothers, when, at town-house ball, winter evening party, or summer evening tryst, the trembling daughter has stayed too long; but quite ineffectual the spell would be, Katie, if only Mrs Stewart knew or could see how you have thrown down the crimson plaid.

Over the fire, hanging by the crook, the pot boils merrily, while Janet covers the table for dinner, and Mer-ran, at the end of the room, half invisible, is scrubbing chairs and tables with enthusiasm and zeal. All this work must be over before the gude-man comes in from the mill, and Mer-ran's cheeks glow as red as the sturdy arm, enveloped in wreaths of steam from her pail, with which she polishes the substantial deal chairs.

Mrs Stewart herself sits by the fire in the easy-chair, knitting. There is some angry colour on the little house-mother's face; and Katie, with penitent, humble steps, crossing the bridge, can hear the loud indignant sound of her wires as she labours. Drooping her head, carrying the crimson plaid reverently over her arm, as if she never could have used it disrespectfully, and casting shy, deprecating, appealing glances upward to her mother's face, Katie, downcast and humble, stands on the threshold of the Milton.

A single sympathetic glance from Janet tells her that she has at least one friend; but no one speaks a word to welcome her. Another stealthy timid step, and she is fairly in; but still neither mother nor sister ex-

press themselves conscious of her presence.

Poor little Katie! her breast begins to heave with a sob, and thick tears gather to her eyes, as nervously her fingers play with the lace of her turned apron—the artless, innocent, ineffectual spell! She could have borne, as she thinks, any amount of “flyting;” but this cruel silence kills her.

Another apprehensive trembling step, and now Katie stands between her mother and the window, stationary, in this same downcast drooping attitude, like a pretty statue, the crimson plaid draped over her arm, her fingers busy with the lace, and nothing else moving about her but her eyelids, which now and then are hastily lifted in appeal.

Very well was Mrs Stewart aware of Katie's entrance before, but now the shadow falls across her busy hands, and she can no longer restrain—not even by biting her lips—the eager flood of words which burn to discharge themselves upon the head of the culprit.

So Mrs Stewart laid down her work in her lap, and crossing her hands, looked sternly and steadily in the face of the offender. Tremblingly Katie's long eyelashes drooped under this gaze, and her lip began to quiver, and the tears to steal down on her cheek; while up again, up through the heaving breast, climbed the child's sob.

“What's this braw lady, Janet? I'm sure it's an honour to our pair house I never lookit for. Get a fine napkin out of the napery press, and dight a chair—maybe my lady will sit down.”

“Oh mother, mother!” sobbed little Katie.

“So this is you, ye little cuttie!—and how daur ye look me in the face?”

Katie had not been looking in her mother's face, but now she lifted her eyes bravely, tearful though they were, and returned without flinching the gaze fixed upon her. “Mother! I've done naething wrong.”

“Ye've done naething wrong!—hand me in patience, that I may not paik her wi' my twa hands! Do ye ca' staying out a' night, out o' my will and knowledge, nae wrang? Do ye say it was nae wrang to spend this precious morning on the Billy Ness,

watching the ship out wi' that ne'erdo-weel in't? and sending him himsel, a pair penniless sailorchield, wi' no a creditable friend between this and him—”

“Willie Morison's a very decent lad, mother, and his friends are as gude as ours ony day,” said Janet indignantly.

“Haud your peace, ye gipsy! let me hear ye say anither word, and ye shall never see the face of ane of them mair;—to send the like o' him, I say, here on such an errand, after a' the siller that's been spent upon ye, and a' the care—I say how daur ye look me in the face?”

Katie tried another honest look of protest, but again her head drooped under the glowing eyes of her indignant mother.

“And what's she standing there for, to daur me, wi' a' her braws,” exclaimed Mrs Stewart, after a considerable interval of silent endurance on Katie's part—“and my guid plaid on her arm, as if it were her ain? My certy, my woman, ye'll need to come in o' your bravery: its few silks or ruffles ye'll get off the wages of a common man. It's like to put me daft when I think o't!”

“He's no a common man; he's mate this voyage, and he's to be captain the next,” interposed Janet, who had a personal interest in the reputation of Willie Morison.

“I order ye, Janet Stewart, to haud your peace: it's a' very weel for the like o' you; but look at her there, and tell me if it's no enough to pit a body daft?”

“What is't, mother?” asked the astonished Janet?

And Mrs Stewart dared not tell—dared not betray her proud hope of seeing Katie “a grand lady” one day—perhaps a countess—so with hasty skill she changed her tone.

“To see her standing there before me, braving me wi' her braws, the cuttie!—the undutiful gipsy!—that I should ever say such a word to a bairn o' mine!”

Thus admonished, Katie stole away to bathe her eyes with fresh water, and take off her mantle. Out of her mother's presence, a spark of defiance entered her mind. She would not be unjustly treated; she would return to Lady Anne.

But Katie's courage fell when she re-entered the family room, and heard again the reproaches of her mother. Humbly she stole away to the corner where stood the little wheel, to draw in a stool beside it, and begin to work.

"Let that be," said Mrs Stewart peremptorily; "ye shall spin nae mair yarn to me; ye're owre grand a lady to spin to me; and stand out o' my light, Katie Stewart."

Poor little Katie! this compulsory idleness was a refinement of cruelty. With an irrepressible burst of sobbing, she threw herself down on a chair which Merran had newly restored to its place by the window, and, leaning her arms on the table beside her, buried her face in her hands. There is something very touching at all times in this attitude. The sympathy one might refuse to the ostentation of grief, one always bestows abundantly

upon the hidden face; and as the dull green light through these thick window-panes fell on the pretty figure, the clasped arms, and bright disordered hair, and as the sobs which would not be restrained broke audibly through the apartment, the mother's heart was moved at last.

"Katie!"

But Katie does not hear. In her heart she is calling upon Isabell—upon Lady Anne—upon Willie—and bitterly believing that her mother has cast her off, and that there remains for her no longer a home.

"Katie, ye cuttie! What guid will ye do, greeting here, like to break your ain heart, and a' body else's? Sit up this moment, and draw to your wheel. Do ye think ony mortal wi' feelings like ither folk could forbear anger, to see a lassie like yon throw hersel away?"

CHAPTER XVII.

"But is it true, Katie?" asked Lady Anne.

In the west room at Kellie, Katie has resumed her embroidery—has resumed her saucy freedom, her pouts, her wilfulness; and would convey by no means a flattering idea to Willie Morison of the impression his attractions have made upon her, could he see how merry she is, many an hour when he dreams of her upon the sea.

"My mother never tells lees, Lady Anne," said Katie, glancing archly up to her friend's face.

"But Katie, I'm in earnest; you don't mean—surely, you don't mean to take this sailor when he comes in again! Katie, you!—but it's just a joke, I suppose. You all think there's something wrong if you have not a sweetheart."

"No me," said Katie, with some indignation, tossing back her curls. "I dinna care for a' the sweethearts in Fife."

"How many have you had," said Lady Anne, shaking her head and smiling, "since you were sixteen?"

"If ye mean folk that wanted to speak to us, or whiles to dance with us, or to convoy us hame, Lady Anne," said Katie, with a slight blush, availing herself of the plural, as some-

thing less embarrassing than the "me"—"I diuna ken, for that's nae thing; but real anes—"

Katie paused abruptly.

"Well, Katie, real ones?"

But an indefinite smile hovers about Katie's lip, and she makes no answer. It is very well, lest Lady Anne had been shocked beyond remedy; for the "real anes" are the rebel knight, and the Whig merchant sailor—Sir Alexander and Willie Morison!

"But this is not what I want," said Lady Anne; "tell me, Katie—now be true, and tell me—will you really take this sailor when he comes home?"

"Maybe," said Katie, with a pout, stooping down over her frame.

"But maybe will not do. I want to know; have you made up your mind? Will you, Katie?"

"He'll maybe no ask me when he comes back," said the evasive Katie, glancing up with an arch demure smile.

Lady Anne shook her head. Till she caught this smile, she had looked almost angry; but now she also smiled, and looked down from her high chair, with renewed kindness, upon her little *protégée*.

"Katie, you must let me speak to

you. I will not say a word against him for himself; but he's just, you know, a common person. Katie, little Katie, many a one thinks of you, that you think little about. There's Betty, and Janet, and me; and we're all as anxious about you as if you were a sister of our own;—but to be a sailor's wife; to be just like one of the wives in Anster; to marry a common man—oh Katie, could you do it?"

"He's no a common man," said Katie, raising her face, which was now deeply flushed; "he has as pleasant a smile, and speaks as soft and as gentle, and kens courtesie—it's no bowing I mean—it's a' thing—as weel as—"

"As whom?"

Sir Alexander! Again the name is almost on her lip, but Katie recollects herself in time.

"As weel as ony grand gentleman! And if he was a lord he would be nae better than he is, being plain Willie Morison!"

Nae better! You think so just now, little Katie, in your flush of affectionate pride; you did not quite think so when you first awoke to the perception that you were no longer free, no longer mistress of yourself; nor even now, sometimes, when one of your old splendid dreams shoots across your imagination, and you remember that your hero is the mate of the Levant schooner, and not a bold Baron nor a belted Earl.

"Lady Anne told me this morning when I was helping to dress her," said Bauby Rodger, stealing into the west room when Lady Anne was absent;—"but, Miss Katie, it's no true?"

Katie beat impatiently with her fingers upon the table, and made no answer.

"Do you mean to tell me it's true?"

"What for should it no be true, Bauby?" exclaimed the little beauty.

"Eh, Miss Katie, the like of you! but you'll repent and change your mind after a'. I'll no deny he's a bonny lad; but it wasna him, I reckon, Miss Katie, that sent ye the white roses yon time?"

Katie's cheeks flushed indignantly.

"It's no my blame folk sending hings. I took the flowers just because they were bonnie, and no for onybody's sake. I had nae way to ken wha sent them—and ye've nae right to cast it up to me, Bauby Rodger."

"Me cast it up to ye, my bonnie bairn! If I turn on ye, that have had ye among my hands maist a' your days, mair than your very mother, ye might weel mistrust a' the world; but tell me ance for a', is't true?"

Bauby had a great quantity of hair, very red hair, which her little plain cap, tied—a piece of extravagance which the Lady Erskine did not fail to notice—with two inches of narrow blue ribbon, was quite insufficient to keep in duress. One thick lock at this moment lay prone on Bauby's shoulder, as she leaned her great elbows on the table, and bending forward looked earnestly into Katie Stewart's face.

Katie made no reply. She only cast down her eyes, and curiously examined the corner of her apron; but, at last, suddenly springing up, she seized Bauby's stray tress, pulled it lustily, and ran off laughing to her embroidery frame.

"Weel, weel," said Bauby Rodger, untying her scrap of blue ribbon to enable her slowly to replace the fugitive lock—"weel, weel, whaever gets ye will get a handful. Be he lord or be he loon, he'll no hae his sorrow to seek!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

The long winter glided away—there was nothing in it to mark or diversify its progress. Lady Anne Erskine saw a little more company—was sometimes with her sister Lady Janet, and for one New Year week in Edinburgh with Lady Betty; but nothing else chequered the quiet current of

Katie Stewart's life. Janet was married—for Alick Morison's ship sailed to "the aest country"—that is, the Baltic—and took a long rest at home all the winter. And in the Milton Mrs Stewart was sedulously preparing—her objections all melting into an occasional grumble under the kindly

logic of Isabell—for another wedding. The inexhaustible oak press, out of whose scarcely diminished stores had come the “providing” of Isabell and Janet, was now resplendent with snowy linen and mighty blankets for Katie’s; and in the pleasant month of April, Willie Morison was expected home.

These April days had come—soft, genial, hopeful days—and Katie sat in the kitchen of the Milton, working at some articles of her own *trousseau*, when a sailor’s wife from Anstruther knocked at the open door,—a preliminary knock, not to ask admittance, but to intimate that she was about to enter.

“I’ve brought ye a letter, Miss Katie,” said Nancy Tod. “The ship’s in, this morning afore daylight, and the captain sent aff my man in a boat to carry the news to his wife at the Elie; so the mate gi’ed Jamie this letter for you.”

Katie had already seized the letter, and was away with it to the further window, where she could read it undisturbed. It was the first letter she had ever received, except from Lady Anne—the first token from Willie Morison since he waved his cap to her from the yards of the schooner, as it glided past the Billy Ness.

“Jamie came hame in the dead o’ the night,” said the sailor’s wife, “and he’s gi’en me sic a fright wi’ what he heard at the Elie, that I am no like mysel since syne; for ye ken there’s a king’s boat, a wee evil spirit o’ a cutter, lying in the Firth, and its come on nae ither errand but to press our men. Ane disna ken what nicht they may come ashore and hunt the town; and there’s a guid wheen men the noo about Aest and Wast Anster, no to speak o’ Sillerdyke and Pittenweem. I’m sure if there ever was a bitter ill and misfortune on this earth, it’s that weary pressgang.”

“Nae doubt, Nancy,” said Mrs Stewart, with the comfortable sympathy of one to whom a kindred calamity was not possible; “but ye see Alick Morison, Janet’s man, is a mate like his brother—and it’s a guid big brig he’s in, too—so we’re no in ony danger oursel;—though, to be sure, that’s just a’ the mair reason why we should feel for you.”

“Ane never kens when ane is

safe,” said Nancy, shaking her head; “the very mates, ay, and captains too, nae less, are pressed just as soon as a common man afore the mast when they’re out o’ employ or ashore, my Jamie says; and muckle care seafaring men have to take now-a-days, skulking into their ain houses like thives in the night. It’s an awfu’ hard case, Mrs Stewart. I’m sure if the king or the parliament men could just see the housefu’ o’ bairns my man has to work for, and kent how muckle toil it takes to feed them and cleed them, no to speak o’ schulin’, it wadna be in their hearts to take a decent head of a house away frae his family in sic a manner. Mony a wae thought it gi’es me—mony a time I wauken out o’ my sleep wi’ wat cheeks, dreaming Jamie’s pressed, and the bairns a’ greetin’ about me, and their faither away to meet men as faes that never did harm to us, and wi’ far waur than the natural dangers o’ the sea to suffer frae. It’s nae easy or licht weird being a sailor’s wife in thir times.”

Katie, her letter already devoured, had stolen back to her seat with glowing cheeks and bright eyes; and Katie, in that delight of welcome which made the partings look like trifles, was not disposed to grant this proposition.

“Is it ony waur than being a landsman’s, Nancy?” she asked, glancing up from her work.

“Eh, Miss Katie, it’s little the like o’ you ken—it’s little young lassies ken, or new-married wives either, that are a’ richt if their man’s richt. I have as muckle regard for Jamie as woman need to have, and he’s weel wurdy o’t; but I’ve left ane in the cradle at hame, and three at their faither’s fit, that canna do a hand’s turn for themsels, puir innocents, nor will this mony a year—let-abee Lizzie, that can do grand about a house already, and will sune be fit for service, it’s my hope; and Tam, that’s a muckle laddie, and should be bund to some trade. What would come o’ them a’, if the faither was ta’en frae their head like Archie Davidson, no to be heard o’ for maybe ten or twenty years? Ye dinna ken—ye ken nae thing about it, you young things; it’s different wi’ the like o’ me.”

"Take hame a wheen bannocks with ye to the bairns, Nancy," said Mrs Stewart, taking a great basketful of barley-meal and wheaten cakes from the aumrie.

"Mony thanks, mistress," said Nancy, with great goodwill lifting her blue checked apron—"ye're just owre guid. It's no often wheat bread crosses my lips, and yestreen I wad hae been thankful of a morsel to mak meat to wee Geordie; but the siller rins scant sune enough, without wasting it on guid things to oursels. Mony thanks, and guid day, and I'm muckle obliged to ye."

"Willie's to be hame the night, mother," said Katie in a half whisper, as Nancy left the door with her well-filled apron.

"The nicht! He'll have sent nae word hame, I'll warrant. How is he to win away frae the ship sae soon?"

"The captain's wife's gaun up from the Elie—he'll no need to gang down himsel; and Willie's to cross the Firth after dark, a' for fear of that weary pressgang."

"Weel, weel, it can do nae ill to us—be thankful," said Mrs Stewart.

And that same night, when the soft April moon, still young and half formed, reflected its silver bow in the quiet Firth, strangely contrasting its peaceful light with the lurid torch on the May, Willie Morison stood on the little bridge before the mill, by Katie Stewart's side.

All these six long months they had never seen, never heard of each other; yet strange it is now, how they have learned each the mind and heart of each. When they parted, Katie was still shy of her betrothed; now it is not so;—and they talk together under the moonlight with a full familiar confidence, unhesitating, unrestrained, at which Katie herself sometimes starts and wonders.

But now the lamp is lighted within, and there are loud and frequent calls for Willie. Old Mrs Morison, his widow mother, occupies John Stewart's elbow chair, and Alick and Janet widen the circle round the fire; for winter or summer the cheerful fireside is the household centre, though, in deference to this pleasant April weather, the door stands open, and the voice of the burn joins pleasantly

with the human voices, and a broad line of moonlight inlays the threshold with silver. And now little Katie steals in with secret blushes, and eyes full of happy dew, which are so dazzled by the warm light of the interior that she has to shade them with her hand;—steals in, under cover of that great figure which she has constrained to enter before her; and sitting down in the corner, withdrawn from the light as far as may be, draws to her side her little wheel.

"Weel, ye see, I saw our owners this morning," said Willie, looking round upon, and addressing in general the interested company, while Katie span demurely with the aspect of an initiated person, who knew it all, and did not need to listen, "and they have a new brig building down at Leith, that's to be ca'ed the Flower of Fife. Mr Mitchell the chief owner is a St Andrews man himsel—so he said if I would be content to be maybe six weeks or twa months ashore out of employ, he would ship me master of the brig whenever she was ready for sea."

"Out of employ!" exclaimed Alick in consternation.

"I ken what ye mean, Alick, but nae fear of that. So I told the owner that I had my ain reasons for wanting twa-three weeks to mysel, ashore, the noo, and that I would take his offer and thank him; so we shook hands on the bargain, and ye may ca' me Captain, mother, whenever ye like."

"Ay, but no till the cutter's captain gi'es us leave," said Alick, hastily. "What glamour was owre ye, that ye could pit yoursel in such peril? better sail mate for a dizzen voyages mair, than be pressed for a common Jack in a man-o'-war."

"Nae fear of us," said Willie, gaily. "Never venture, never win, Alick; and ye'll have a' to cross to Leith before we sail, and see the Flower of Fife. I should take Katie with me the first voyage, and then there would be twa of them, miller."

"But, Willie, my man, ye've pitten yoursel in peril," said his mother, laying her feeble hand upon his arm.

"Ne'er a bit, mother—ne'er a bit. The cutter has dune nae mischief

yet—she's neither stopped a ship nor sent a boat ashore. If she begins to show her teeth, we'll hear her snarl in time, and I'll away in to Cupar, or west to Dunfermline; nae fear of me—we'll keep a look-out on the Firth, and nae harm will come near us."

"If there was nae ither safeguard but your look-out on the Firth, waes me!" said his mother; "but ye're the son of a righteous man, Willie Morison, and aye of the props of a widow. The Lord preserve ye—for I see ye'll ha'e muckle need."

CHAPTER XIX.

The next day was the Sabbath, and Willie Morison, with his old mother leaning on his arm, reverently deposited his silver half-crown in the plate at the door of West Anster Church—an offering of thankfulness, for the parish poor. There had been various returns during the previous week: a brig from the Levant, and another from Riga—where, with its cargo of hemp, it had been frozen in all the winter—had brought home each their proportion of welcome family fathers, and young sailor men, like Willie Morison himself, to glad the eyes of friends and kindred. One of these was the son of that venerable elder in the lateran, who rose to read the little notes which the thank-givers had handed to him at the door; and Katie Stewart's eyes filled as the old man's slow voice, somewhat moved by reading his son's name just before, intimated to the waiting congregation before him, and to the minister in the pulpit behind, also waiting to include all these in his concluding prayer, that William Morison gave thanks for his safe return.

And then there came friendly greetings as the congregation streamed out through the churchyard, and the soft hopeful sunshine of spring threw down a bright flickering network of light and shade through the soft foliage on the causewayed street;—peaceful people going to secure and quiet homes—families joyfully encircling the fathers or brothers for whose return they had just rendered thanks out of full hearts, and peace upon all and over all, as broad as the skies, and as calm.

But as the stream of people pours again in the afternoon from the two neighbour churches, what is this gradual excitement which manifests itself among them? Hark! there is the boom of a gun plunging into all the

echoes; and crowds of mothers and sisters cling about these young sailors, and almost struggle with them, to hurry them home. Who is that hastening to the pier, with his staff clenched in his hand, and his white "haffit locks" streaming behind him? It is the reverend elder who to-day returned thanks for his restored son. The sight of him—the sound of that second gun pealing from the Firth, puts the climax on the excitement of the people, and now, in a continuous stream from the peaceful churchyard gates, they flow towards the pier and the sea.

Eagerly running along by the edge of the rocks, at a pace which, on another Sabbath, she would have thought a desecration of the day, clinging to Willie Morison's arm, and with an anxious heart, feeling her presence a kind of protection to him, Katie Stewart hastens to the Billy Ness. The grey pier of Anster is lined with anxious faces, and here and there a levelled telescope under the care of some old shipmaster attracts round it a still deeper, still more eager, knot of spectators. The tide is out, and venturous lads are stealing along the sharp low ranges of rock, slipping now and then with incautious steps into the little clear pools of sea-water which surround them; for their eyes are not on their own uncertain footing, but fixed, like the rest, on that visible danger up the Firth, in which all feel themselves concerned.

Already there are spectators, and another telescope on the Billy Ness, and the whole range of "the braes" between Anstruther and Pittenweem is dotted with anxious lookers-on; and the far away pier of Pittenweem, too, is dark with its little crowd.

What is the cause? Not far from the shore, just where that headland,

which hides from you the deep indentation of Largo Bay, juts out upon the Firth, lies a little vessel, looking like a diminutive Arabian horse, or one of the aristocratic youngslightlads who are its officers, with high blood, training, and courage, in every tight line of its cordage, and taper stretch of its masts. Before it, arrested in its way, lies a helpless merchant brig, softly swaying on the bright midwaters of the Firth, with the cutter's boat rapidly approaching its side.

Another moment and it is boarded; a very short interval of silence, and again the officer—you can distinguish him with that telescope, by his cocked hat, and the flash which the scabbard of his sword throws on the water as he descends the vessel's side—has re-entered the cutter's boat. Heavily the boat moves through the water now, crowded with pressed men—poor writhing hearts, whose hopes of home-coming and peace have been blighted in a moment; captured, some of them in sight of their homes, and under the anxious straining eyes of wives and children, happily too far off to discern their full calamity.

A low moan comes from the lips of that poor woman, who, wringing her hands and rocking herself to and fro, with the unconscious movement of extreme pain, looks pitifully in Willie Morison's face, as he fixes the telescope on this scene. She is reading the changes of its expression, as if her sentence was there; but he says nothing, though the very motion of his hand, as he steadies the glass, attracts, like something of occult significance, the agonised gaze which dwells upon him.

"Captain, captain!" she cried at last, softly pulling his coat, and with unconscious art using the new title—"captain, isn't the Traveller? Can ye make her out? She has a white figure-head at her bows, and twa white lines round her side. Captain, captain! tell me for pity's sake!"

Another long keen look was bent on the brig, as slowly and disconsolately she resumed her onward way.

"No, Peggie," said the young sailor, looking round to meet her eye, and to comfort his companion, who stood trembling by his side—"no,

Peggie—make yourself easy; it's no the Traveller."

The poor woman seated herself on the grass, and, supporting her head on her hands, wiped from her pale cheek tears of relief and thankfulness.

"God be thanked!—and, oh! God pity thae pair creatures, and their wives, and their little anes. I think I have the hardest heart in a' the world, that can be glad when there's such misery in sight."

But dry your tears, poor Peggie Rodger—brace up your trembling heart again for another fiery trial; for here comes another white sail peacefully gliding up the Firth, with a flag fluttering from the stern, and a white figure-head dashing aside the spray which seems to embrace it joyfully, the sailors think, as out of stormy seas it nears the welcome home. With a light step the captain walks the little quarterdeck—with light hearts the seamen lounge amidships, looking forth on the green hills of Fife. Dark grows the young sailor's face as he watches the unsuspicious victim glide triumphantly up through the blue water into the undreaded snare; and a glance round, a slight contraction of those lines in his face which Katie Stewart, eagerly watching him, has never seen so strongly marked before, tells the poor wife on the grass enough to make her rise hysterically strong, and with her whole might gaze at the advancing ship; for, alas! one can doubt its identity no longer. The white lines on its side—the white figure-head among the joyous spray—and the Traveller dashes on, out of its icy prison in the northern harbour—out of its stormy ocean voyage—homeward bound!

Homeward bound! There is one yonder turning longing looks to Anster's quiet harbour as the ship sails past; carefully putting up in the coloured foreign baskets those little wooden toys which amused his leisure during the long dark winter among the ice, and thinking with involuntary smiles how his little ones will leap for joy as he divides the store. Put them up, good seaman, gentle father!—the little ones will be men and women before you look on them again.

For already the echoes are startled, and the women here on shore shiver and wring their hands as the cutter's gun rings out its mandate to the passenger; and looking up the Firth you see nothing but a floating globe of white smoke, slowly breaking into long streamers, and almost entirely concealing the fine outline of the little ship of war. The challenged brig at first is doubtful—the alarmed captain does not understand the summons; but again another flash, another report, another cloud of white smoke, and the Traveller is brought to.

There are no tears on Peggie Rodger's haggard cheeks, but a convulsive shudder passes over her now and then, as, with intense strained eyes, she watches the cutter's boat as it crosses the Firth towards the arrested brig.

"God! an' it were sunk like lead!" said a passionate voice beside her, trembling with the desperate restraint of impotent strength.

"God help us!—God help us!—cursena them," said the poor woman with a hysteric sob. "Oh, captain, captain! gie me the glass; if they pit him in the boat *I'll* ken Davie—if naeboddy else would, I can—gie me the glass."

He gave her the glass, and himself gladly turned away, trembling with the same suppressed rage and indignation which had dictated the other spectator's curse.

"If ane could but warn them wi' a word," groaned Willie Morison, grinding his teeth—"if ane could but lift a finger! but to see them gang into the snare like innocents in the broad day—Katie, it's enough to pit a man mad!"

But Katie's pitiful compassionate eyes were fixed on Peggie Rodger—on her white hollow cheeks, and on the convulsive steadiness with which she held the telescope in her hand.

"It's a fair wind into the Firth—there's anither brig due. Katie, I canna stand and see this mair!"

He drew her hand through his arm, and unconsciously grasping it with a force which at another time would have made her cry with pain, led her a little way back towards the town. But the fascination of the scene was too great for him, painful as it was,

and far away on the horizon glimmered another sail.

"Willie!" exclaimed Katie Stewart, "gar some of the Sillardyke men gang out wi' a boat—gar them row down by the coast, and then strike out into the Firth, and warn the men."

He grasped her hand again, not so violently. "Bless you, lassie! and wha should do your bidding but myself? but take care of yourself, Katie Stewart. What care I for a' the brigs in the world if onything ails you? Gang hame, or—"

"I'll no stir a fit till you're safe back again. I'll never speak to ye mair if ye say anither word. Be canny—be canny—but haste ye away."

Another moment and Katie Stewart stands alone by Peggie Rodger's side, watching the eager face which seems to grow old and emaciated with this terrible vigil, as if these moments were years; while the ground flies under the bounding feet of Willie Morison, and he answers the questions which are addressed to him, as to his errand, only while himself continues at full speed to push eastward to Cellardyke.

And the indistinct words which he calls back to his comrades, as he "devours the way," are enough to send racing after him an eager train of coadjutors; and with his bonnet off, and his hands, which tremble as with palsy, clasped convulsively together, the white-haired Elder leans upon the wall of the pier, and bids God bless them, God speed them, with a broken voice, whose utterance comes in gasps and sobs; for he has yet another son upon the sea.

Meanwhile the cutter's boat has returned from the Traveller with its second load; and a kind bystander relieves the aching arms of poor Peggie Rodger of the telescope in which now she has no further interest.

"Gude kens—Gude kens," said the poor woman slowly, as Katie strove to comfort her. "I didna see him in the boat; but ane could see naething but the wet oars flashing out of the water, and blinding folk's een. What am I to do? Miss Katie, what am I to think? They maun have left some men in the ship to work her. Oh! God grant they have ta'en the young men, and no heads of families wi'

bairns to toil for. But Davie's a buirdly man, just like ane to take an officer's ee. Oh the Lord help us! for I'm just distraught, and kenna what to do."

A faint cheer, instantly suppressed, rises from the point of the pier and the shelving coast beyond; and yonder now it glides along the shore, with wet oars gleaming out of the dazzling sunny water, the boat of the forlorn hope. A small, picked, chosen company bend to the oars, and Willie Morison is at the helm, warily guiding the little vessel over the rocks, as they shelter themselves in the shadow of the coast. On the horizon the coming sail flutters nearer, nearer—and up the Firth yonder there is a stir in the cutter as she prepares to leave her anchor and strike into the mid-waters of the broad highway which she molests.

The sun is sinking lower in the grand western skies, and beginning to cast long, cool, dewy shadows of every headland and little promontory over the whole rocky coast; but still the Firth is burning with his slanting fervid rays, and Inchkeith far away lies like a cloud upon the sea, and the May, near at hand, lifts its white front to the sun—a Sabbath night as calm and full of rest as ever natural Sabbath was—and the reverend Elder yonder on the pier uncovers his white head once more, and groans within himself, amid his passionate prayers for these perilled men upon the sea, over the desecrated Sabbath day.

Nearer and nearer wears the sail, fluttering like the snowy breast of some sea-bird in prophetic terror; and now far off the red fishing-boat strikes boldly forth into the Firth with a signal flag at its prow.

In the cutter they perceive it now; and see how the anchor swings up her shapely side, and the snowy sail curls over the yards, as with a bound she darts forth from her lurking-place, and, flashing in the sunshine like an eager hound, leaps forth after her prey.

The boat—the boat! With every gleam of its oars the hearts throb that watch it on its way; with every bound it makes there are prayers—prayers of the anguish which will take no discouragement—pressing in at the

gates of heaven; and the ebbing tide bears it out, and the wind droops its wings, and falls becalmed upon the coast, as if repenting it of the evil service it did to those two hapless vessels which have fallen into the snare. Bravely on as the sun grows lower—bravely out as the fluttering stranger sail draws nearer and more near—and but one other strain will bring them within hail.

But as all eyes follow these adventurers, another flash from the cutter's side glares over the shining water; and as the smoke rolls over the pursuing vessel, and the loud report again disturbs all the hills, Katie's heart grows sick, and she scarcely dares look to the east. But the ball has ploughed the water harmlessly, and yonder is the boat of rescue—yonder is the ship within hail; and some one stands up in the prow of the forlorn hope, and shouts and waves his hand.

It is enough. "There she goes—there she tacks!" cries exulting the man with the telescope, "and in half-an-hour she'll be safe in St Andrew's Bay."

But she sails slowly back—and slowly sails the impatient cutter, with little wind to swell her sails, and that little in her face; while the fisher-boat, again falling close inshore with a relay of fresh men at the oars, has the advantage of them both.

And now there is a hot pursuit—the cutter's boat in full chase after the forlorn hope; but as the sun disappears, and the long shadows lengthen and creep along the creeks and bays of the rocky coast so well known to the pursued, so ill to the pursuer, the event of the race is soon decided; and clambering up the first accessible landing-place they can gain, and leaving their boat on the rocks behind them, the forlorn hope joyously make their way home.

"And it's a' Katie's notion, and no a morsel of mine," says the proud Willie Morison. But alas for your stout heart, Willie!—alas for the tremulous startled bird which beats against the innocent breast of little Katie Stewart, for no one knows what heavy shadows shall veil the ending of this Sabbath-day.

RESIDENCE AND RAMBLES IN AUSTRALIA.

THE man who, having recently built a house and planted a garden, capriciously abandons his commodious dwelling and pleasant parterres for uncultivated solitudes, there to recommence the work, is open to a charge of eccentricity, if not of folly. It may be said that, to a considerable extent, this has been the conduct of the great North American nation. With abundant room to double and to treble itself, the population of the States has yet felt cramped within its ample limits, and has pushed forward, westwards to the Pacific, and southwards into the heart of Mexico. Gold discoveries may recently have stimulated, but had nothing to do with the origin of this migratory impulse, which we cannot doubt has been communicated by Providence to one of the most numerous, energetic, and intelligent of existing races, that the barren places of the earth may be fructified, and barbarism gradually be everywhere replaced by civilisation. Contrary to what might have been expected, the impulse has lately been less manifest in the European Anglo-Saxons than in those of America. From Great Britain—which, in a bird's-eye view, would seem a teeming ant-hill—where a crowded population is pent in scanty compass by encircling seas, where professions and trades are overstocked, and the battle of life is fought at disadvantage by reason of the narrow field, the great streams of emigration should, it may be thought, proceed. There are reasons, however, for the contrary. Without impeachment of the patriotism of our Transatlantic cousins, we suspect that love of country is far stronger in the breast of an old nation than in that of a young one. This is easy to understand, if there be value in things and in ideas which most men prize and cherish—in ancient monuments, glorious traditions, time-honoured associations, and the memory of the illustrious dead. The Americans seem to us to be more remarkable for love and admiration of

themselves than of their country. The Englishman talks of “dear Old England;” the Yankee tells you of “the greatest nation in creation.” To an Englishman, the soil of his country and bricks of his towns, the streets, rivers, and hills, and the very roads, are objects of affection; because with all those things are indissolubly associated so much of which he is justly proud; an American places his pride in introducing into new regions the banner and institutions of his restless, enterprising nation. We believe that a great many Englishmen, even of classes with whom physical wellbeing might be supposed a paramount consideration, would rather toil for a crust at home than wander to distant lands, with a prospect of improved condition on easier terms. It may be doubted whether recent Governments have properly aided, directed, and encouraged British emigration, and whether they have not suffered the current to be diverted to the shores of America, when a little judgment and guidance might have led it to our own colonies. As regards the lower classes of Irish emigrants, we confess that we would rather know them in the States than in Australia; the more so, because recent statistics prove that, upon American soil, and when amalgamated with the American people, the great majority of them speedily cast off the detestable yoke of Rome. But it is to Australasia emigrants from Great Britain should be directed; and we gladly observe the tide setting strong in that direction. It is useless now to inquire whether this might not earlier have been the case, had proper facilities been afforded, and had means been taken to shorten the passage to the Antipodes. Gold discoveries have at last given the signal, and private enterprise has taken the matter in hand. To it we already owe the direct steam transit from this country to Australia, round the Cape, and shall shortly be indebted for one which promises to be still more

rapid, *via* the Isthmus of Panama. Certainly the state of public feeling at the present time calls loudly for accelerated communication with our southern colonies. Emigration bids fair to proceed on a large scale. On all sides the note of preparation is heard, sounded by a class of emigrants superior to the majority of those who have hitherto replenished our colonies—by young men beginning life, who take out with them courage and energy unimpaired by failure and reverses. Doubtless most persons, of the many thousands who read these lines, have knowledge of such preparations—have friends, acquaintances, or relatives, fitting for the distant pilgrimage, or perhaps already shipped, and waiting but the anchor's trip to bid a long farewell—whose lingering regrets are tempered by bright hopes—to the land of their birth, but not to its laws and institutions—to many whom they love, but not to the society of those who speak the same tongue, and whose hearts throb to the same sympathies.

To all intending emigrants and emigrants' friends, to all who take an interest in our noble southern colonies, to all who love spirited narrative of adventure, and lively description of distant lands, we cordially recommend the volumes lately published by Colonel Mundy, who has given a worthy successor to his pleasant book of *Indian Sketches*. Let us not be misunderstood. We do not vaunt the Colonel's work as a *Colonist's Manual* or *Handbook to Australasia*; we do not pronounce it, according to a favourite formula, as indispensable a part of an emigrant's baggage as a shirt or a hairbrush, or declare that its possession will smooth every difficulty in the path of newly-arrived pilgrims in the lands it treats of. Its author himself has no such pretensions. He speaks of his work with more modesty than is always found in gentlemen who publish, in portly octavos, the results of five years' distant rambles. The soldier displays his colours at starting. He goes off with a distinct declaration that the book is intended to be a light one, but that he shall rejoice if he has incidentally supplied useful information. In another place he goes still farther, and calls his journal trifling.

It does comprise a certain amount of pleasant trifling; but the intending colonist will glean from it many valuable hints, whilst to all it will afford more or less information.

Colonel Mundy sailed for Sydney in the spring of 1846, as Deputy-adjutant-general of the Australian colonies. He returned to England in January of the present year. The interval was passed in New South Wales, Victoria, Van Diemen's Land, and New Zealand—besides visits to sundry small islands. Sydney was his headquarters during the greater part of his five years' abode in the Far South, and thence he made numerous excursions into the interior. He kept a regular diary, which it was the amusement of his leisure hours to cast into the form of a book;—so that the production of twelve hundred copious pages was distributed over several years, and was really a labour of love. To this we must attribute—as well as to the author's good temper and happy disposition—the unflagging spirit and vivacity of the work, whose last chapter is as freshly written as its first, and as free from appearance of effort.

But a few months had elapsed after Colonel Mundy's arrival in the colony of New South Wales, when there occurred to him a most favourable opportunity of visiting the interior. His Excellency, Sir Charles Fitzroy, proposed making a tour of inspection through the inland counties, and through some of the districts beyond the boundaries of location—usually called the *Squatting Districts*. The party consisted of the governor and his lady, the private and colonial secretaries, five servants, a couple of mounted policemen as escort, and of Colonel Mundy, who was invited to accompany it. Sir Charles Fitzroy, described by an Australian innkeeper as “the most sportingest” of all governors, drove himself, being a first rate whip, in a sort of mail phaeton, built for the purpose, with hood, rumble, and capacious boot, and drawn by four horses. The Colonel and the Colonial Secretary each put a horse into a light open carriage; two servants in a dog-cart brought up the rear. At first, during the early part of Trip No. 1, which

was to Bathurst and Wellington, and through the pastoral tracts west of those counties—Colonel Mundy gets over much more paper than ground. He is pleasantly digressive. His book's second title of *Rambles* was intended, he says, to apply equally to pen and to person. Accordingly, bush-ranging being started as a subject of conversation, he stops his horses for a chapter, in which he throws together a number of amusing and curious stories about runaway convicts, highwaymen, fights between police and banditti, and skirmishes with the aborigines. Then a crack of the whip, and off he goes again, past Blackheath and the Vale of Clwyd—names suggestive of home—past Hassan's Walls—a crescent of castellated crags, which in outline remind him of the fortress of Gwalior—threading the recesses of the Blue Mountains and the eternal gum-tree avenues, to the estate of Mr William Lawson, on Macquarie Plains, where he and his companions take up their abode for a time, and where he receives a most favourable impression of Australian hospitality.

"At this Australian country seat," he says, "120 miles from Sydney, at which emporium European supplies arrive, after four or five months' voyage, enhanced nearly double in price, and with the superadded risk, difficulty, and expense consequent on a dray journey of another half-month across almost impassable mountains, we found a well damasked table for thirty-five or forty persons, handsome china and plate, excellent cookery, a profusion of hock, claret, and champagne, a beautiful dessert of European fruits—in short, a really capital English dinner. Now, I assert that this repast afforded as strong and undeniable a proof of British energy, in the abstract, as did the battle of the Nile, the storming of Badajoz, the wonderful conflict of Meanee, or any other exploit accomplished by the obstinate resolution, as well as dashing valour, of John Bull.

Be it remembered that, within the memory of many hale old men, there was no white inhabitant of this vast continent; and nothing more eatable than a haunch of kangaroo, more drinkable than a cup of water, even where Sydney now stands; and that, little more than a quarter of a century ago, those Plains, to which most of the luxuries of the Old World now find their way, were not even known to exist."

Mr Lawson is a large grazier and cattle-breeder, one of the most extensive in Australia. Colonel Mundy does not supply statistics of his flocks, herds, and acres, but we may form some idea of them from the account given of the territorial and other possessions of Mr Icely, another substantial settler, whose "estate and live stock are said to consist of 50,000 acres of purchased land—purchased when the price was five shillings an acre—how much of granted land I did not learn; with, of course, hundreds of thousands of acres of pasture rented from the Crown; 25,000 sheep, 3000 head of cattle, and some 300 horses. Near the dwelling-house is one paddock—as it is modestly styled—consisting of 3000 acres, another of 1500 acres; and there are about forty-five miles of substantial three-railed fencing on the property. This latter article alone must have cost a small fortune."

During his stay at Mr Lawson's, Colonel Mundy obtained some insight into the habits and customs of the aborigines. A "corrobbery," or native dance, was got up for the amusement of the guests, and a most transcendent caper it appears to have been. The "gins" (native women) drummed upon a skin stretched tightly over their knees, screaming monotonously the while. The men, naked, or nearly so, were painted from top to toe, the favourite pattern being an imitation of a skeleton—spine and ribs picked out with a white pigment, and broad lines of the same down the legs. A war dance was the first business; then came a singular kind of gymnastics, which might be entitled the snake-polka.

"They all sprang into the air a wonderful height, and, as their feet again touched the ground, with the legs wide astride, the muscles of the thighs were set a quivering in a singular manner; and the straight white lines on the limbs being thus put in oscillation, each stripe became for the moment a writhing serpent."

This was followed by a zoological *sautouse*—imitations of the dingo or native dog, of the emu and kangaroo.

"When all were springing together in emulation of a scared troop of their own marsupial brutes, nothing could be more

laughable, or a more ingenious piece of mimicry. As usual in savage dances, the time was kept with an accuracy never at fault. The gentlemen of our party alone attended the Corobbery; for, whatever heraldry might do, decency could not have described any one of the performers as a 'salvage man cincted, proper!' The men were tall and straight as their own spears, many of them nearly as thin, but all surprisingly active."

So great are the agility and address of these savages, that a native servant, Fishhook by name, allowed the Colonel, who describes himself as tolerably handy with a pebble, to pelt him with stones as fast as he could throw them, at twenty paces. Those aimed at his head and body he turned aside, and jumped over those that threatened to leg him. The Australian is dexterous with the spear, and will knock over a kangaroo at fifty or sixty paces. But he is not always in the humour to do his best, either in dancing or using his weapons, for the amusement of strangers. At Wellington, a noted good spearsman repeatedly missed a piece of bark Colonel Mundy set up as a mark for him.

"I put a sixpence on the top, and, taking a policeman's carbine, made the black fellow understand that if I knocked it down before him, I would re-pocket it. Whilst pretending to take aim, I saw the savage brace up his muscular little figure, fix his fierce emu-like eye on the target, and in an instant he had transfixed its centre at sixty yards. Having put the 'white money' into his mouth, he had to exert all his strength with his foot on the sheet of bark, to withdraw the weapon."

We had the Bushranger's chapter earlier in the volume. This seventh chapter might be entitled the savage chapter, being particularly devoted to the aborigines, a fierce and brutal race, whose aggressions on the white men, formerly frequent, have not yet entirely ceased, although they are confined to the border districts. There, a native mounted police, commanded by British officers, has been found most effectual in repressing their turbulence and robberies. There is great competition for admission to this corps. No bounty is needed; threepence a day is the rate of pay; the uniform is a light dragoon un-

dress; the men are young, agile, and strong, handle their arms skilfully and ride well; and so much are they dreaded by the evil-disposed amongst their countrymen, that the mere appearance of a section of them clears the district of predatory tribes. According to Colonel Mundy's account, the New Hollander, in his natural state, is little better than a wild beast—treacherous, bloodthirsty, cruel, and ungrateful; and—it is the Colonel's conviction, although some have disputed the fact—a most atrocious cannibal. "Old Bull," the brawny chieftain of the tribe which exhibited the Corobbery for the entertainment of the travellers—a herculean pagan, of prodigious pectoral development, across the top of whose breast, when he stood upright, a spear rested as upon a shelf—lay under heavy suspicion of having, in his earlier days, "treated one or more Englishmen—not to mention black game—precisely as an Englishman would have treated a woodcock; i.e. brought him down in good style, given him a turn or two before the fire, and discussed him with zest and appetite." Colonel Mundy, whilst kindly abstaining from details of the subject, refers the reader to Blue Books and other sources of information in corroboration of his charge against the Australians, and mentions a case upon record where an infant was butchered and eaten by its own mother; which he declares, with horrible facetiousness, to be "marsupial instinct pushed to the utmost extremity!" Now, there is nothing to extenuate the Australian's unnatural and abominable partiality to human flesh. With kangaroo venison, the emu in lieu of the pheasant, with fish and wildfowl, (to catch which his women manufacture nets,) to say nothing of snakes, guanas, grubs, sweet acacia gum, and bulrush pulp ground into flour, he has certainly no need to have recourse to what Far West trappers denominate "man-meat." Honey, too, he loves, and is ingenious in obtaining it. "Catching a stray bee, he sticks upon its little busy body with gum an atom of white down from the owl or swan, and, releasing the scared insect, follows it by eye and foot to the hole in the hollow tree where the comb is con-

cealed." There is something so bucolic in this little vignette, that one can scarcely imagine the light-footed child of the forest quitting the chase of the honey-bee to transfix a Christian—first with his quivering lance, and then upon his ready spit. Did he limit his attacks to the flocks and herds of the white intruders, some allowance might be made for him. Colonel Mundy rather stands up for the savage in this respect.

"If Mephistopheles," he says, "could read the New South Wales police reports, how would he grin on finding that 'certain aboriginal blacks had been apprehended and punished for stealing dead timber, the property of Mr Whiteman, for firewood'! The said Mr Whiteman had purchased the land, on which the timber grew, from the Government, or had received it in free grant from the same source. What did the Government give for these 'waste lands of the Crown'! Nothing! The grandfather of the prisoner probably hunted over this very ground—the culprit himself was perhaps born under the very gum-tree whose fallen boughs he had been 'stealing.' . . . What wonder that the native retaliates upon the sheep and cattle of the pale-faced trespasser on his land and food! He thinks, perhaps, in his primeval simplicity, that he has as good right to beef and mutton as John Bull-calf, the Anglo-Australian, has to kangaroo-tail soup. Can one reasonably expect that any man, whatsoever his complexion, possessing a vigorous appetite and no moral code, will dine off grubs and lizards, when a sirloin or a saddle is to be had for the cast of a spear!"

Colonel Mundy does not expect to reckon amongst his readers persons so artless as to take this sort of reasoning more seriously than it is intended. Saddle and sirloin are dear joints to the black, and his butcher's bill is usually pretty heavy. Australian shepherds, overseers, and stockmen, (cattle-drivers,)—often emancipated convicts, or ticket-of-leave men—are neither patient under injury nor merciful in victory. They are soon exasperated by savage depredations, which entail upon them great trouble and harsh reproof. The blacks will drive off a flock of three or four hundred sheep in the night time. Ten of these are perhaps all they make mutton of, but the

others are dispersed through the bush, giving the shepherds three or four days' labour to collect them. Or a herd of cattle are speared, mutilated, or driven off. The shepherd gets blame, on his owner's next visit. The owner gone, he gets to horse with some of his comrades, and avenges the wiggling he has received by shooting half a tribe, and scattering the rest. This only makes the matter worse.

"Some poor solitary shepherd or hut-keeper, perhaps utterly unconnected with this retaliatory expedition, repays with his life the unnecessary severity of the white party. His hut is robbed, his brains are dashed out with a club. Three or four high-bred horses are speared, an imported Durham bull, value two hundred guineas, or a Saxon ram, worth fifty, is hamstrung, and the rage of the proprietor himself is now aroused. Reprisals are undertaken on a large scale—a scale that either never reaches the ears of the Government, which is bound to protect alike the white and the black subject; or, if it does reach them, finds them conveniently deaf."

Extermination is then the word—wholesale massacres of men, women, and children. Colonel Mundy entertains no doubt that the black population is being rapidly extirpated. These terrible razzias, occurring in the remote back settlements and pastures, are for the most part ignored by the local authorities, crown land commissioners, police magistrates, and others, or else considered as justifiable negrocide. The Colonel tells us some very horrid tales of the treatment of the aborigines—the shooting of pregnant women, and the placing of "damper," (dough cakes baked over the ashes,) seasoned with arsenic or strychnine, in the way of the savages. For this last description of cowardly murder, colonists have been brought to the gallows, and certainly they richly merited it. The temptations to such atrocities, as well as to armed collisions, have been diminished by the institution of the black mounted police, who are a great check on savage aggressions, and who beguile their leisure by hunting down white bushrangers. This latter sport is occasionally engaged in by civilian blacks when a reward is to be earned;

and woe betide the bushranger whose trail is "struck" by one of these active and dangerous savages. His fate is that of Goliath. His empty-handed pursuer finds arms upon the road, and smites his victim with smooth stones from the brook.

"However superior in bodily strength, however desperate his courage, the robber has no chance against the black scout, unless possessed of firearms. The latter attacks him with a running fire of stones, thrown with such vigour and accuracy, that a few minutes would suffice to cut to pieces or disable the former. The superior agility of the savage effectually prevents close quarters; and as for resisting with the same weapons, the poor clumsy Saxon might as well pelt a shadow. An instance was related to me of a native following for days, unsuspectedly, the steps of a runaway prisoner armed with a musket. Having exhausted the little food he had brought with him, the white man was at length compelled by hunger to fire at a bird, and, ere he could reload, he was felled by a stone, followed by a sustained volley—something like that of Perkins's steam-gun—which soon placed both man and musket in the power of the wily savage."

Tiger as he is in his state of nature, the Australian, Colonel Mundy believes, is capable of transformation into a civilised man. That he possesses energy and ingenuity is sufficiently proved by the arms and implements he manufactures, and by his address in using them. Enrolled in the police, he makes an excellent soldier, sober, obedient, and submissive to discipline. But although much zeal and money have been expended in endeavours to civilise and Christianise him, they have been misdirected and ineffectual. Missions, however they at first may have seemed to flourish, have been failures in the end. It is never very difficult, as Colonel Mundy remarks, to make "soup and blanket" proselytes. The Apsley mission, in Wellington Valley, thrived at first. The natives went to school, and were particularly punctual at feeding-time. But settlers came into the neighbourhood, with convict servants, misleading the black women, selling grog to the men, and teaching both to deride alike their lessons and their instructors. And wild natives came and camped hard by, their

proximity rousing all the vagrant and barbarian instincts of the semi-converts, who forthwith abandoned the restraints and creature comforts of the mission for the free range of the bush and roast kangaroo.

"I can picture to myself," says Colonel Mundy, "the mortification of the good teachers, as the wild *Coo-ee* of the savages, reclaiming their kindred, rang through the forest, and, obedient to the call, the half-tamed pupils, with flashing eyes and answering cry, tore off their garments—symbols of incipient civilisation—and, once more naked, rushed into their native wilds.

'Give me again my hollow tree,
My kangaroo and liberty!'

was their exclamation, as these children of the bush, tired of boiled mutton, turnips, potatoes, and tea, and of the twaddle (as they thought it) of their teachers, relapsed into their natural state of savagery."

The mission house at Moreton Bay was plundered by the very savages for whose benefit it was erected, and the missionaries had to defend themselves with firearms. All this was surely discouraging enough, but still the philanthropists have not despaired; and Colonel Mundy, without committing himself to a decided opinion, seems to entertain hopes of good results from a combined and energetic movement for the conversion of the Australasian heathen, commenced in the autumn of 1850, and powerfully stimulated by Bishop Selwyn and other earnest and active dignitaries of the Colonial Church. As a set-off to the evil he has recorded of them, and as proof that virtue may be found, although but rarely, in the breast of Australian savages, the Colonel gives an interesting account of the adventures of four Englishmen on a surveying expedition in the north-east part of New Holland. The chief of the party, Mr Kennedy, a fine, handsome, enterprising young fellow, had a black servant, named Jacky-Jacky. It is Jacky's narrative, elicited by a subsequent judicial investigation, that Colonel Mundy transcribes; and, but for its length, we would extract it here, certain that it would interest all readers. Accompanied only by the black, Mr Kennedy was compelled to separate from

the three other men, one of whom was badly wounded, and another lame. He was tracked with dogged perseverance and patient ferocity by a party of aborigines, who at last, when he was enfeebled by famine, ventured to approach near enough to spear him. Jacky stuck by him to the very last, buried his body, underwent terrible sufferings, and finally rescued the two survivors of the party, displaying, as Colonel Mundy justly says, "heroic endurance, unshaken fidelity, and devoted courage." Jacky's simple and unassuming narrative fully justifies the high eulogium. Black swans of this description are rare birds in Australia, and it would be highly imprudent for white gentlemen upon solitary rambles to build upon the fidelity of their sable followers, founding their confidence on this remarkable instance. In those latitudes, however, as may easily be imagined, where a large portion of the population proceeded originally from hulks and prisons, European servants are very often as untrustworthy as natives. And the better sort—those who would not cut your throat or rob you—are idle, drunken, and impudent. The article is scarce, the supply small, and the rascals take advantage of the state of the market. As recently as Colonel Mundy's departure from the colony in 1851, really good domestics, especially men, were hardly to be found. "Bad ones vibrated from pantry to pantry, from coach-box to coach-box of the Sydney gentry, and smiled impudently in the face of the master who last discharged them, well knowing that if they could lay a table or drive a pair of horses they could always get a place, and no impertinent questions asked as to character." Five hundred or a thousand good servants, shipping themselves from England to Australia, would find, the Colonel adds, prompt employment and high wages, and would remedy this crying evil, whose extent may be judged of from the fact that in almost every house in which the Governor and his party put up during their tour, although the gentlemen who received them were most eager to show hospitality and attention, the very servant on whom their comfort most depended thought proper to get

drunk—probably to show his independence, which he usually further evinced by insolence to his master. But any characterless scamp gets a good place and high wages in Australia, merely for the offering himself. Such was the case before the diggings were discovered; since that discovery we may imagine the state of things, or, if not, the newspapers will tell it us. In 1846, when stopping with Mr Icely, the great landholder and grazier before-mentioned, Colonel Mundy was sketching in the bush (and we may here parenthetically praise the fifteen excellent illustrations distributed through his volumes, especially those representing active scenes—kangaroo hunting, skirmishes, &c.) when he was startled by a rough voice close to his ear. He was at some distance from the house, be it observed, and his arms were pencils, not pistols.

"Any hands wanted on this 'establishment'!"

"It was a tall, ruffianly-looking fellow, with his personals wrapped up in an opossum rug which he carried on a stick, and he was followed by two as rascally looking dogs.

"What can you do?" said I, as if I were the lord of the manor.

"Well, most things," replied he; 'split, saw, wash, shear, break horses—what not.'

"Go away up to the stores. The overseer will put you on the books, I dare say," I rejoined, only anxious to get rid of so unpromising a comrade; and it was so. In a town he would have been arrested on suspicion. In the country, and at shearing time, he got £1 a-week and full rations, and no questions asked."

What does the reader suppose is the favourite pastime of a very numerous class of the rough customers who find such ready employment and handsome pay in the grazing and cattle-breeding districts of New South Wales—namely, of the shepherds? Virgil, Florian, and other great authorities, have impressed us with the conviction that a certain amount of sentiment and poetry is inseparable from the keeping of sheep. But when we learn that the swains in charge are of the queer sort usually found in Australia—uncouth gentlemen, carrying their "possibles" in opossum rugs, or hired convicts, emancipated, ex-

pires, or ticket-of-leavers—the French porcelain visions of garlands, swains, ribboned crooks, and melodious reeds, which our imagination at first conjured up, melt and change, as in a dissolving view, and we behold, smoking their pipes under gum trees, the Newgate countenances of gentlemen whose departure from their country was the greatest benefit they could confer upon it. For a tobacco-pipe is the only sort of pipe we can bring ourselves to place in the mouths of such shepherds. Here, again, our imagination has taken us too far a-field. Rough though his husk may be, the Australian pastor has a soul for harmony. The Jew's harp and the accordion are the instruments of his choice. Their importation and sale, we learn from Colonel Mundy, are immense. "Five hundred accordions, and fifty gross of the harps of Judah, are considered small investments by one vessel. A shepherd has been known to walk two hundred miles from a distant station of the interior, to purchase one of them at the nearest township." There is something appropriate in the notion of these convict-Corydons entertaining their sheep, and solacing their leisure, with the strains of the ignoble Israelite instrument. We are curious to know their favourite composers. The strains of the Beggars' Opera should be popular with them; and doubtless the pleasing air of "Nix my Dolly," and the doleful lament of "Samuel Hall," are familiar to the auriculars of Australian muttons. These musical sheep-keepers, we regret to find, are not held in that degree of esteem in bush and pasture, which their assiduous cultivation of a fine and gentle art ought assuredly to secure for them. They are looked down upon as sluggards and slow-coaches by the bold and adventurous stockman—as the man is called who tends and drives horned cattle and horses. A ranting, scampering, devil-may-care horseman is this *torero* of the Australian plain. Read Colonel Mundy's vivid description of him.

"The stockman lives on horseback. He has always a good—very likely has selected the best—young horse in his employer's stud, and is the only person aware of his superior quality. He has need of a

good and fast horse, and one that is not afraid of a three-railed fence or a wild bullock's horn. The riding after cattle in the bush, for the purpose of driving them in or collecting them for muster, is very hard and sometimes dangerous work. It is so exciting an employment as not only to become a favourite one with stockmen, but of the bush gentlemen; nay, the stock-horse himself is said to enjoy the sport—much as the high-mettled hunter at home, when not distressed, seems to relish his gallop with the hounds. By this rough work, however, many a fine young horse has been broken down or 'stumped up' before he has shed his colt's teeth; and many a broken rib or limb has fallen to the stockman's share.

"The stockman brags of his horse's prowess and his own, and contemns the shepherd's slothful life. You know the stockman by his chin-strapped cabbage-tree hat, his bearded and embrowned visage, his keen quick eye. He wears generally a jacket and trousers of colonial tweed, the latter fortified with fustian, or leather, between his thin bowed legs. But the symbol of his peculiar trade is the stock-whip—a thick but tapering thong of twelve or fourteen feet, weighing, perhaps, a couple of pounds, affixed to a handle of a foot and a half at most. At the end of this cruel lash is a 'cracker,' generally made of a twisted piece of silk handkerchief, or, what is better than anything, a shred from an old infantry sash. The wilderness echoes for miles with the cracks of this terrible scourge, which are fully as loud as the report of a gun, and woe betide the lagging or unruly bullock who gets the full benefit of its stroke, delivered by an experienced hand. I have seen a pewter quart pot all but cut in two by one flank of the stock-whip."

The Colonel quite takes away our breath. Great opportunities are evidently missed in Australia. Dr Kerr, the lucky finder of the big lump of gold known as the "Kerr Hundred-weight," was considered, by Mr Hardy, the gold commissioner, as a simple and unfortunate individual, because he had broken it up and contented himself with its intrinsic value of £4000, instead of preserving it entire, shipping himself and it to the Old World, and realising ten times the money by Barnumising the prodigy through Europe, at so much per head of spectators. How is it that some speculative stockman, instead of wasting the sound of his silk

on the desert air of Australia, does not come over to England, and exhibit the quart-pot feat? The professional swordsman who severs legs of mutton, bars of lead, and silk handkerchiefs, at a single sweep of the sabre, would be utterly eclipsed by the trenchant power of the Australian thong. We shudder to think of the condition of the stubborn or refractory bullock to whom the strong-armed stockman gives the full length of his lash. The poor brute must surely be cut up before it is killed. Colonel Mundy has brought home one of these whips as a curiosity, but declares his inability to use it. The art, to be properly acquired, should be practised long, and, if possible, studied young. Novices are apt to practise the cuts upon their own hides. Australian bush-brats devote much time to the accomplishment. The dashing, break-neck life of the stockman captivates their juvenile fancy. Formerly no Australian youth ever dreamed of applying himself to other occupations than those of the shepherd or stockman, and preferred them to Government situations. "Those were doubtless the days when the gentlemen squatters played whist at sheep points, and a bullock on the rubber; and remunerated a doctor for setting a broken limb (no other ailment is ever heard of in the bush) with a cow-fec."

Coombing, the seat of Mr Icely, before named, gives us, as well in Colonel Mundy's sketch as in his description, a charming idea of the residence of an Australian farmer and cattle-breeder.

"We drew up at the portico of a romantic cottage, surrounded by a wide verandah, whose columns and eaves were completely overshadowed with climbing roses, honeysuckles, and other flowering creepers. The front looks over a garden luxuriant with European flowers and standard fruit-trees oppressed with their glowing produce. Beyond are large enclosures, yellow with ripening grain, and sloping to a winding watercourse; and all around the prospect is bounded, somewhat too closely, by lightly wooded hills, some of them almost aspiring to be mountains."

The owner of this delightful place, and of all the tens of thousands of

acres, sheep, and cattle, enumerated a few pages back, is an Australian "squatter." The idea associated in most European minds with this inelegant word, is, we believe, that of a rude, hard-handed, needy vagabond, who builds a log shanty and clears a plot of ground in some remote prairie or forest, where none claim the soil, and law is unknown. But the squatters of Australia are of a different class from those of America. The lands they occupy are ceded to them by Government at an almost nominal rent for certain terms of years, at the expiration of which they may be put up for sale, the lessee having right of pre-emption at a fair price. There are squatters of all classes, and on every scale, from the man who himself works as stockman or shepherd, up to the grazing princes, the squatting magnates, on whom Colonel Mundy was so fortunate as to be repeatedly quartered during his rambles with Sir Charles Fitzroy. Here is his first *reveille* at Coombing—a pretty Australian picture.

"November 18th.—A lovely morning. I was awakened early by a chattering of parrots, absolutely stunning, and looking forth, I found the standard cherry-trees thronged with these birds—a thousand beautiful and mischievous creatures, frisking among the branches, eating no small quantity of the fruit of these exotic plants, reared with so much trouble, and wantonly destroying every berry and bud within reach of their strong little beaks. What wonder that the old Scotch gardener strewed the ground, in vain, however, with their painted corpses, as he prowled round the garden with a vengeful face, and a gun as long as himself! Beyond the garden fence, down on the cultivated land, the fields were covered, as by a snow-drift, with flocks of the large white cockatoo."

Australia is a great place for queer birds and beasts. One of Colonel Mundy's earliest feathered acquaintances was the Laughing Jackass, of whose extraordinary and comical song—which he declares it is impossible to listen to without laughing one's-self—he gives a ludicrous description. This bird is a large species of woodpecker, black and grey, with little or no tail, and an enormous head and bill—altogether as strange in appearance as in note. The large

white cockatoo, with an orange top-knot, is to be seen at any zoological garden or bird fancier's in England. Parrots are of various sorts, sizes, and colours. A chain of ponds outside Mr Icely's park abounds with that paradoxical creature, the Platypus, or water-mole—"always cited among the inconsistencies of Australian natural history, and very like a large mole, with the head and mandibles of a duck." Colonel Mundy, who is an ardent sportsman, went down to have a shot at these composite beasts, which are prized for their soft fur, prettily shaded from black to silver grey. They are very shy; and perfect immobility, whilst watching their rising, is indispensable. This the Colonel found it impossible to preserve, owing to the torment inflicted on him by flies—an intolerable nuisance on that side of the Blue Mountains. In houses, fields, and bush they swarm, and their attacks are apt to cause what is termed the "fly-blight" in the human eye, a malady whose symptoms are acute inflammation, and temporary deprivation of sight. These insects are the common fly, harmless in Europe. The "blight" is occasioned either by their bite, or by the deposit of their larvæ, and is most disastrous to working men. "We sometimes met a dozen bullock-drivers in a day, more or less affected by this blight—poor wretched fellows, with large green leaves bound over their eyes, staggering along almost blind, but unwilling to give in." Mr Icely's daughters invented the "Fitzroy paramouche"—a net to hang from the hat over the face; and although the meshes were large, not to obstruct the air, the flies ventured not within.

Disappointed of a Platypus, Colonel Mundy stepped into a luzerne field and shot a dozen brace of quails, a bird plentiful in New South Wales, and the only description of English game found there. With the quails, or near at hand, is also found manna, the juxtaposition recalling the miraculous supplies vouchsafed to the wandering descendants of Abraham.

"In the lowlands, the *Eucalyptus mannifera*, or Flooded Gum, grows in great profusion, and to a majestic size.

It sounds strange to English ears, a party of ladies and gentlemen strolling out in a summer's afternoon to gather manna in the wilderness. Yet more than once I was so employed in Australia. This substance is found in small pieces on the ground under the trees at certain seasons, or in hardened drops on the surface of the leaves. It is snowy white when fresh, but turns brown when kept, like the chemist's drug so called; is sweeter than the sweetest sugar, and softer than Gunter's softest ice-cream. This manna is seldom plentiful; for birds, beasts, and human beings devour it, and the slightest rain, or even dew, dissolves its delicate components. Theories have been hazarded, and essays published, as to the origin of this singular substance; but whether it be formed by the puncture and deposit of an insect, or is the natural product of the tree, no one, I believe, can venture to assert."

On the 30th of November, the governor and his suite, being then at Wellington, were invited by some gentlemen of the neighbourhood to join in a kangaroo hunt, the nearest approach that can be made in Australia to the English fox-hunt. Three or four powerful greyhounds composed the pack; the sportsmen, all well mounted, struck into an extensive tract of forest land, famous for kangaroo. They found but one; a strong, fleet animal, five feet high, of the kind known as "red flyers." And fly he did—or rather jumped—his fore-feet never touching the ground. At first, hounds and horses, going a fast pace, kept up pretty well with the gentleman, but, on coming to a descent, kangaroo made the running, and soon distanced all pursuers. His rate of speed, according to Colonel Mundy's estimate, far exceeded that of a stag. The kangaroo prefers a down-hill course, when pursued, as giving more time to gather up his hind legs, to repeat his tremendous spring, than he could have in facing an ascent.

"I wish," says Colonel Mundy, "I had had time to measure the stroke of the 'red flyer' we chased to-day, when at his best pace. I am convinced it would have equalled the well-known stride of the great 'Eclipse.' At bay, the kangaroo is dangerous to young and unwary dogs, from the strength with which he uses the long sharp claw of his hind-foot, a weapon nearly as formidable as

the wild boar's tusk. When hard pressed, he not unfrequently takes to a water-hole, where, from his stature, he has a great advantage over the dogs, ducking them under water, and sometimes drowning them as they swim to the attack. The tail of the kangaroo makes excellent soup; the haunch is tolerable venison, but, like most really wild venison, it is too lean. An officer from Van Diemen's Land told me that he had once killed, in that colony, a kangaroo of such magnitude, that, being a long way from home, he was unable, although on horse-back, to carry away any portion except the tail, which alone weighed thirty pounds. This species is called the boamah, and stands about seven feet high. Besides the single kangaroo, we saw this day no other animals, with the exception of a few kangaroo rats, which the dogs occasionally bounded after, with little success, amongst scrubby rockland; two large guanacs, about two feet long, swarming lazily up a tree, one of which a black fellow brought down with a cast of his boomerang; and a poisonous ash-coloured snake, which I cut in pieces with my hunting-whip under my horse's legs."

Although within a few hours of December, the kangaroo hunt was warm work in every sense of the word, for December is a sultry month in those latitudes. After describing Wellington, in two lines, as "a town where there are scarcely two houses within a stone's throw of each other, and where every second one is a public-house," Colonel Mundy goes on to the little settlement of Summerhill, the scene of the first gold discovery. It will be remembered that it was in the Summerhill Creek, in the year 1851, that this took place. In 1846, none dreamed of the metallic wealth that lay so near at hand. In 1850, on a second visit paid by the Colonel to Coombing, Mr Icely showed him some minute specimens of gold in a quartz matrix, visible only through a microscope. He showed him at the same time a letter from Sir Roderick Murchison, with reference to a specimen sent home, expressing that eminent geologist's opinion that the western slopes of the Australian Cordillera would be found highly auriferous. This was in September 1850; the specimen and the opinion probably stimulated research, and in May 1851 the newspapers announced the discovery, by

Mr Hargrave, of indigenous gold in the Bathurst district. The first news were discredited by many, and set down as a hoax. "The suspicious asserted that the hoax was got up by the Bathurst people in order to attract custom; that the specimens circulated in Sydney were of Californian origin, and had been planted and found again with a view to tempting persons inland." Now that the first novelty has worn off, that the gold mines of Australia have ceased to be matter of doubt or wonder, and that specie from New South Wales appears as natural an item in a ship's entry, as do dollars from Mexico or iron from Sweden, it is interesting to read, in Colonel Mundy's *Glimpse of the Gold Fields*, of the various indications—called to mind after the fact—which ought, one would fancy, to have long ago led to the unearthing of Australia's mineral treasures. For many years past, it appears, "gold, in the virgin state, had occasionally found its way to Sydney, and been sold to jewellers there, but some infatuation always led them to doubt that it was indigenous. An old prisoner, named McGregor, disposed periodically of bits of the precious metal whilst he was employed as a shepherd in the Wellington district. This man being in prison for debt at Sydney, when the gold-fund took place in 1851, a party proceeding to the diggings engaged to pay his debts and to liberate him, on condition of his binding himself to them for a term, and giving them the benefit of his gold-hunting experience. He soon disengaged himself, however, from this association; and when I was at the mines," continues Colonel Mundy, "he was supposed to be 'lying up' in some 'blind gulley' near his old haunts, with a countryman named Stewart for his companion. I have heard that in 1823—so far back—a convict of an ironed gang, working on the roads near Bathurst, was flogged for having in his possession a lump of rough gold, which the officer imagined must have been the product of watches or trinkets stolen or melted down!" Rather hard upon the unlucky transport, who had perhaps chipped the prize out of a pebble in the course of his com-

pulsory Macadamian pursuits; just as at Bathurst, this time twelvemonth, gold was found in a stone, picked up in the street and smashed with a blacksmith's hammer. This happened just after the great find of the "Kerr Hundredweight," and helped to augment the fever, which had previously been subsiding. Dr Kerr owed his good fortune to his and his wife's uniform kindness to the aborigines. Colonel Mundy heard from his own lips the story of the find. This was in no out-of-the-way or rarely-visited spot, but on a gentle slope, in the middle of a frequented sheep-walk. The black shepherd, its destined discoverer, had passed—perhaps sat upon, the mass of treasure—not once, but hundreds of times. The man had long been there, but the hour had not yet come. At last it struck. Sauntering along, Blacky's eye was caught by a glittering speck on a lump of rock. A clip with his tomahawk revealed a mass of pure gold. Without a thought of appropriation, he hurried to his master, who in an instant was on horseback and away—taking saddle-bags to receive the spoil. Afterwards, these bags, like everything and everybody connected with the wonderful lump, became objects of great curiosity.

"It was amusing to hear that the worthy doctor, on his long ride homewards with the gold on his saddle, being compelled to halt at some human habitation for refreshment, had, in order to avert suspicion from the precious freight, lifted it with assumed ease from his horse's back, and flung it with forced indifference over a rail-fence. 'It seems heavy,' remarked a bystander. 'Full of gold, of course!' replied the owner, with a smile, and with more truth than he desired to get credit for."

The first gold discoveries occurred only a few weeks before Colonel Mundy's departure for England, but he would not leave the country without seeing the diggings, and, with his accustomed activity, he once more turned his face to the Blue Mountains. Since December in Australia is a hot, sultry season, we need not wonder to hear of rain and snow in July, on the 14th of which month the Colonel started, in a light phaeton, with a pair of good horses, and an experi-

enced servant. The roads were destroyed by recent heavy rains, and by the passage of innumerable heavy vehicles, conveying stores, provisions, and tools to the mines. The Colonel met nothing but bullock-drays, and travellers on foot and on horseback; and as he himself was obliged to walk beside his carriage for a great part of the way, he soon began to think he might as well have left it behind him. At Bathurst he saw the monster lump, felt slight premonitory symptoms of the gold fever as he gazed at, and handled, the glittering mass, resolved to apply the homœopathic remedy of a day's prospecting when he reached the mines, and bought a dogskin bag (the saddlers were all busy making these) which he proposed filling at the diggings—either by work or by purchase. At Bathurst, too, he was so fortunate as to make the acquaintance of the Assistant Commissioner appointed by the Colonial Government to reside on the Gold Fields—for the double purpose of keeping order, and of collecting the license tax of thirty shillings a-month, levied on every miner; and in his company he continued his journey, and reached the valley of the Summerhill Creek and the camp of the Chief Commissioner, whose duties are anything but a sinecure, the country being highly unfavourable to his exertions.

"Miners of insolvent inclinations easily contrive to dodge the officer as he proceeds down the windings of the creek; the rocks and gulleys presenting endless and convenient hiding-places for the skulkers. At Ophir, the simulated croak of the raven was the signal for evasion agreed and acted upon by the unlicensed. One fellow shoulders the cradle and runs to earth, whilst his comrades disperse themselves among the legitimate workmen, assuming the innocent look of spectators hesitating to commence the arduous and precarious trade of gold mining. Numbers will doubtless always manage to work without payment in sequestered gulleys; but when any such spot is found to be profitable, it is not long kept secret. The solitary miners must go somewhere to obtain supplies. They are watched and followed by others who have been less successful, and the 'sly' diggings soon become known to the Commissioner and his myrmidons."

Colonel Mundy was surprised and pleased by the subordination and respect to law prevailing amongst the miners. A very large portion of these were, as may be supposed, exceedingly rough customers; many were suffering every hardship short of actual starvation; at the time of his visit, everything combined to irritate and sour them, for the heavy rains had inundated the diggings, flooding and refilling with heavy stones and gravel the holes they had cleared out by severe labour, and in which they were successfully working. Many had departed, discomfited and dismayed; some to return home and resume their former less arduous occupations, others to try the diggings on the Turon river, discovered more recently than those of Ophir. But order reigned amongst those who remained, and had done so from the beginning. "The facile establishment," says Colonel Mundy, "of a new code of regulations among a heterogeneous mob of well armed men, congregated in these wild mountain glens, far from the seat of the law, and apparently beyond its reach, struck me as a wonderful proof of the love of order inherent in Englishmen. At this moment there is not a soldier nearer than Sydney. The Commissioner and his assistant have but fifteen policemen to support them in the execution of their unpopular office, yet no open defiance of their authority has hitherto occurred." Defrauding the colonial revenue, by working without a license, was of course going on to a considerable extent. Colonel Mundy strolled through the diggings with his friend the Assistant Commissioner.

"Have you got a license?" asked the latter, of an ill-looking fellow, who was searching in the crevices of the slate-rocks for the "nuggets" or lumps of gold sometimes found there.

"No, sir," said the man, with a look of combined ague and impecuniosity, "I have neither health to work, nor money to buy a license."

"Then get out of the creek. You have no business there," was the inexorable rejoinder.

"The man slowly and unwillingly obeyed the order, but *did* obey it."

We should doubt the efficacy of such a summons in California, and

feel indisposed to insure the existence of the commissioner who should venture on such perilous service amongst the revolvers and bowie-knives of the Pacific State. Even in Australia, at the first go off, there were some signs of a "difficulty." One fellow refused either to pay or quit; but the Commissioner put a pistol to his head, arrested him in the Queen's name, and had him handcuffed and removed. Gangs of illicit diggers were occasionally detected and driven away by parties of police, and their cradles smashed, which effectually stopped their mining. Colonel Mundy was greatly amused at the motley community he found at the diggings. He enumerates at some length the various classes of people there assembled—from convicts, through all imaginable trades and professions, up to magistrates, and including an aide-de-camp on leave, and a live lord on his travels. Owing to uniformity of costume—a serge shirt, leathern belt, woollen comforter, and Californian hat, composing the usual dress—and to the general disuse of soap and razors, it was scarcely possible to distinguish one class from another; and nearly as difficult, thanks to long beards and queer disguises, to recognise an acquaintance. The Colonel unceremoniously addressed one uncouth-looking digger in a zebra Jersey and beef boots, who replied with an affected lisp, and with an attempt to pull up an imaginary shirt-collar, and proved to be a member of the faculty. He stumbled upon his hair-dresser, who was doing pretty well, having some Californian experience. His saddler was there also, but less prosperous. In short, half Sydney had turned out; but many were returning in discouragement; and, during his four days' journey across the mountains, Colonel Mundy met three hundred men, homeward bound, mortified, ragged, and poorer than when they started, having parted with their dearly-bought mining implements for a song—and terribly sore and wrathful at the ironical inquiry addressed to them by villagers and upward bound miners, whether they "had sold their cradle"—a slang phrase then in vogue, which stung them to the very quick. Stores of all kinds were then greatly depreciated

in price at Ophir. The Colonel saw a fine tent, twenty feet by ten, which had cost £35, sold for two ounces of gold. Provisions were as cheap as at Sydney. The sale of spirits was prohibited, but a good deal was secretly sold; and, when comfortably sipping his toddy with the Commissioner, whilst the rain rattled on the tent roof, a doubt crossed Colonel Mundy's mind as to the justice of refusing the solace of a dram to the poor hard-worked miners in their muddy bivouac, and he marvelled at their patience under so mortifying a restriction. But those were the early days of the diggings, and, pending thorough and efficient organisation, absolute prohibition was the only safeguard against most dangerous license. In spite of all vetoes, however, where gold was, grog assuredly there would be.

"It was rumoured that hard drinking, gambling, and fighting were rife in the recesses of the tents and huts of the nomadic township, and that a noted thimble-rigger had been seen plying the delusive pea on the stump of a tree by the light of the moon, and had plied it to some purpose. All this might very well be, although not apparent to the eye of the mere traveller."

Amongst the various advantages which it is evident, from Colonel Mundy's work, that the Australian diggings possess over those of California, (the greater respect to law and safety to property, the absence of Judge Lynch, and the less amount of reckless debauchery and immorality,) their superior salubrity is prominently to be reckoned. Colonel Mundy was there in the wet season, which in California is rife with ague, fever, and dysentery. We need hardly remind our readers of the accounts of the rainy season given by Mr Shaw,* and by other writers on California, whose narratives have been reviewed in this Magazine. Very different is the tale told by the author now under examination:—

"In spite of rain and wintry weather, there has scarcely been a case of serious sickness at either of the diggings. The scarcity of strong drinks, the plainest of food, physical activity combined with a

healthful degree of mental excitement, seem to render drugs and doctors useless. A few of the latter, well supplied with the former, early repaired to the gold fields with an eye to practise. They soon found more profit in tormenting earth's bowels than those of their fellow men, and they who came to drug remained to dig. A broken arm and a dislocated shoulder were all the medical cases I heard of. One poor fellow, at Ophir, is said to have fallen down in a fit, when, like little Jack Horner, he put in his thumb and pulled out a 'nugget' of forty-six ounces from a clay-slate 'pocket;' but I believe he had always been an epileptic subject. I can well imagine, however, that the sudden acquisition of such a treasure by an indigent person, who had, besides, long worked without success, might act hurtfully on the nerves. There is, moreover, a fascination about gold in its birthplace, the raw material, pure, native virgin gold—(I felt it myself)—which it is far from possessing when sophisticated into the shape of a sovereign."

'To check at once the nascent symptoms of the gold epidemic, Colonel Mundy set to work "prospecting," and was so fortunate as completely to eradicate the disease, by aid of "a rough pony, a cold day, six quartz ridges jagged with slate, two or three flooded creeks, a pickaxe, a sledge-hammer, a tin dish, and a total absence of gold." Having a sum of money to take home to England, resulting from the sale of his horses and effects, he resolved to take it in gold-dust, and proceeded to the Turon Diggings, where he proposed purchasing of the miners. The road was hilly and difficult. On the summit of the last ridge, overhanging the valley through which flows this Pactolus of the Antipodes, his companion bade him stop and listen. The diggings, their position indicated by wreaths of bluish smoke, were as yet invisible; but there was a sound as of the rushing of a mighty cataract. "It is the cradles," said the Colonel's guide; "and so it was—the grating of the gravel or rubble on the metal sifters of five hundred rockers!" The effect was most singular, for it was scarcely possible to imagine the presence of a herd of busy gold-seekers in that mist-shrouded and seemingly solitary

* "A Voice from the Diggings." *Blackwood's Magazine* for October 1851.

glen. But as the travellers rode downwards, tents and huts appeared, scattered over the banks of the river, which they crossed, and went to visit an establishment of a kind peculiar to the place—the shop of a gentleman butcher. This young man was a relation of Mr Suttor, Colonel Mundy's companion. It is rather odd, by the by, that the first discovery of gold in California, was at "Sutter's Mill;" and here we have the same name at the headquarters of Australian gold discovery, where it is borne by a brother-in-law of Dr Kerr, the lucky, or unlucky according to Commissioner Hardy, owner of "The Hundredweight." The butcher, a man of good address, manners, and education, had begun as a digger, but soon abandoned that work to his companions, and took to slaughtering (by proxy) the sheep which Mr Suttor sent him down from his pastures in droves of fifty or a hundred. Fat wethers were selling for eight or ten shillings (before the gold discovery they fetched but three or four,) and meat was three-pence a pound. After a meal of damper, grilled mutton, and tea boiled in a tin pot, with brown sugar, (the best method, according to Colonel Mundy, of making tea,) the Colonel walked down to the creek, and chanced upon the richest spot of that digging, known as Golden Point. The first party he accosted, consisting of six men, had got eighteen ounces of gold in a pannikin, the produce of three hours' labour. A little higher up, a party of eight men washed forty ounces that day. The miners were not in a selling mood. The Colonel had been forestalled by "a business-like individual on horseback, with a leathern case strapped to his saddle." But next day he opened a trade.

"One fellow asked me £5 and half profits to let me wash out a cradle. I declined, and he only obtained an ounce and a-half, which, however, was more than he had got in the previous two days. Displaying my leathern pouch, and taking care to proclaim that it was not a Bathurst gold-monger who was dealing with them, but an army officer travelling from curiosity, no sooner did the miners comprehend my mixed military and marauding character, than they relaxed their reserved air and became both colloquial

and commercial. Some sold gold because they wanted 'a little cash for subsistence,' others merely 'to oblige me;' one or two because they were satiated with the sight of 'dust,' and were dazzled by a handful of bran-new notes—the mere old-rag representatives of the precious specie. Suffice it to say that I soon got rid of £60, at £3, 3s. per ounce, and was disgusted to see how lean and hungry my dingo-skin bag still looked. Subsequently I found means to fill a more capacious one, though on somewhat less favourable terms. In addition to two or three nuggets, one hundred and fifty-five ounces of well washed dust made me a pouch plethoric enough to have pleased a much more ardent chrysophilite than myself."

The speculation proved good. In the appendix to his third volume, the gallant colonel—a thorough old soldier, who flew at everything, was up to everything, and, whilst enthusiastically fond of sport, did not neglect the main chance—furnishes us with the £ s. d. account of his gold transactions, which will have strong interest for all who anticipate finding themselves at Ophir or Turon, or at any of the other mines discovered since his departure from Australia, with an empty dingo-skin bag, and a pocket-book full of flimsies. The result is that, having purchased in New South Wales, in August 1851, one hundred and fifty-five ounces of gold dust for £510, he received for the same in London, in January 1852, £589—showing the mode of remittance to be tolerably beneficial.

As a shrewd observer, and long resident in Australia, Colonel Mundy's opinion as to the effect of the gold discoveries on the condition of those colonies is unquestionably valuable. It agrees with what we believe to be the growing opinion amongst all reflecting persons in this country. The fear of destruction to the agricultural and wool-growing interests daily diminishes and disappears. Some temporary derangement there may be, but it is insignificant compared with the manifold advantages and rapid progress of which it is the forerunner. Even from the brief extracts we have been able to make from Colonel Mundy's present work, the attentive reader will have discerned that deficiency of labour has long been one of

the greatest obstacles to the prosperity of New South Wales. The colony has vegetated : it has never flourished. Its drawbacks were many, its progress null, when there suddenly occurred what the Colonel styles the "most opportune gold discovery." To New South Wales, he says—

"The severance of Port Philip was as the amputation of her right hand. The loss of her left impended in the menaced separation of Moreton Bay, and the great pastoral province whereof it is the outlet. Port Philip, rejoicing in her new title of Victoria, had squibbed off all her spare powder in pyrotechnical merry-makings at her freedom from the apron-strings of her old convict mother. The wealthy northern squatters talked big of their readiness for independence. South Australia chuckled over her pockets full of 'coppers.' The poor 'Middle District' shorn of her members, and with a limited and unproductive interior, would have lain helpless, gaping with her huge port towards the Pacific, waiting for the commerce to which she could no longer help herself—for the food which she could no longer raise within her own frontiers. Even the most sanguine of the Sydney press and politicians seemed to argue against their own convictions, when they suggested possible sources of future prosperity for New South Wales. She was evidently on the road to the workhouse !—when plump into her lap, as into that of the gold-favoured nymph of mythology, fell a shower of gold—gold of her own spontaneous production."

From every side—Victoria, Adelaide, New England,—living streams now rush and career to the land where the gold dust gleams. From California, too, they come—from California, whither, between the 1st January 1851, and the date of the gold discovery in the subsequent May, no less than 1684 persons had emigrated from Sydney. Since Colonel Mundy left Australia the Victoria mines have been discovered ; and it cannot be doubted that many other rich natural storehouses remain to be unearthed. The following passage from a postscript to his book will reassure those persons who predicted the total neglect of other important interests as an inevitable consequence of the all-absorbing search for gold :—

"I am happy to add," says the Colonel, "that, by one of the last ships, I have heard a very cheering account from an

influential squatter of New South Wales, wherein he states that he had got through all the important operations of washing, shearing, &c., of his flocks, and had shipped a fine clip of wool for England, without having suffered materially by the desertion or extortion of his labouring men. The truth is, that gold mining, although a fascinating and sometimes lucrative pursuit, is no child's-play ; and plenty of old, indolent, weakly, or quietly-inclined persons will be found willing and able to perform, at ordinary wages, the simple and regular services of the grazier and wool-grower."

Upon Colonel Mundy's second volume, which relates principally to New Zealand, we are unable to touch ; and must confine ourselves to saying, that it is in no way less commendable than the two upon which we have descanted. The third chapter of his third volume—headed "Emigration"—will be read with much interest by intending settlers—as will be, indeed, a great many portions of his pleasant book ; in acknowledgment of which, and of the entertainment we have derived from it, we should certainly—had we the disposal of the good things of the Horse Guards—forthwith bestow upon him his brevet rank. We trust, however, that he will not fail of a more appropriate reward, for services of a literary nature, in the applause of the public and the cheques of his publisher. And although, as he informs us, he has now attained the middle period of life, and has recently taken a wife, and moreover has had enough of new countries, and rejoices once more to inhabit the "land of old renown"—some of whose countless glories, beauties, and advantages he enumerates in a glowing final page, whose every line is full of warm and hearty English feeling—yet if military duty, or reviving restlessness, or any other cause should again take him to distant latitudes, we hope he will not fail to do as he has twice already done—to keep a diary when away, and to publish it on his return home. Since Mrs Moodie's Canadian volumes, nothing has been published about the British Colonies that has pleased us half as well as *Our Antipodes*. We part with regret from its genial and cheerful-hearted author, and, sincerely hoping again to meet with him in print, we bid him not farewell, but *au revoir* !

SOME REMARKS ON THE FOURTH VOLUME OF CHALMERS' BIOGRAPHY.

TO THE EDITOR.

THE MANSE, 28th June 1852.

SIR,—Having at the close of last General Assembly been detained in Edinburgh some days by ill health, I was much obliged to a kind friend who, to lighten my heavy hours, put into my hands the fourth volume of Dr Hanna's "*Life of Dr Chalmers.*" I certainly admired the ability displayed in it, and not less the becoming tone of its language throughout. I found in it, however, various statements on important points which I had no hesitation in noting down as mistaken, whether attributable to inadvertency or to a natural partiality for the cause so warmly advocated by the distinguished subject of the memoir. Being now restored in a measure of health to the quietness of my home, and to some brief intervals of leisure, I think it my duty to advert in this way to a few of these mistakes, and so to point out to all who may be pleased to read my remarks, that the arguments against the Established Church, raised upon such statements, are altogether fallacious. I think the occasion calls for such an exposition by some minister of the Church. Railing, indeed, ought never to provoke notice, and on this ground much of silence on the part of the Church is not only to be justified, but even highly commended. But the case is altogether different when the attack is made with calmness and dignity, as by Dr Hanna. In such a case I cannot help thinking that silence is not the true exponent of a proper forbearance.

It will not do to leave statements of a prejudicial tendency to be published in a popular work—to be repeated with approbation in reviews, and circulated as unanswerable in newspapers, without that contradiction and refutation which truth enables us to give. Left unnoticed, they may make an impression on the public

mind which ought to be prevented. While the husbandman is sleeping, the tares may take root amongst the wheat.

It is natural for me to take Dr Hanna up at the 11th chapter of the volume, in which, without any quotations of the sayings and opinions of others, he gives his own version of the rise and progress of the Church of Scotland, for the sake of deducing what he thinks ought to be regarded as her great and primary principles. "As the child is father of the man, so," he says, "it is with Churches." To drop his metaphor, the sum of his plain statement in the beginning of this 11th chapter is, that the Church of Scotland, unlike the Church of England, was organised and constituted, free from connection with the civil government, or at least independent of its authority.

He says, pp. 175, 176—

"It is now nearly three hundred years since the first General Assembly convened in Edinburgh. It met by no summons—it received no express sanction from the State. The spread of the Holy Scriptures, and the preaching of that Gospel which they contain, had so leavened the general community, that in 1560, by the Estates of Parliament, and against the Sovereign's will, the Papal Jurisdiction was abrogated. But no other was substituted in its stead. At their own instance, and having the Word of God as their alone guide and warrant, a few clergymen and laymen assembled and organised the Protestant Church of Scotland. They framed a creed, drew up a code of discipline, and resolved that, as the highest court of the Church exercising supreme legislation and judicial authority, they should meet in 'general assembly twice each year.'" "Seven years elapsed; fifteen General Assemblies were held; kirk-sessions were instituted; provincial synods erected; ministers appointed, suspended, deposed; in a word, all the highest functions of ecclesiastical authority were exercised, without any authority

from, or any recognition by, the State. It did finally interfere, not to create, however, but to ratify; and by Act of the Scottish Parliament, 1567, the ministers of the blessed Evangel, &c., were declared to be the true and holy Kirk of Jesus Christ within this realm."

Such is Dr Hanna's statement; and his object in making it is plainly to show that as, in his view, the Church arose thus independent of civil sanction, so the establishing statutes did not mean that in anything she should be afterwards subjected to civil control.—Pages 182, 183.

If Dr Hanna's premises be erroneous, his conclusions must be equally so. Now, what are the facts? In terms of the Pacification of Leith, to which the Sovereign was a party, the Estates of Parliament, not an unusual form of the Scottish Legislature, were convened by the Queen's warrant and authority at Edinburgh on the 1st August 1560. What ensued?

"The business of religion," says M'Crie in his *Life of Knox*, "was introduced by a petition, presented by a number of Protestants of different ranks, in which, after rehearsing their former endeavours to procure the removal of the corruptions which had affected the Church, they requested Parliament to use the power which Providence had put into their hands, for effecting this great and urgent work. They craved, therefore, in general that the antichristian doctrine maintained in the Popish Church should be discarded; that means should be used to restore purity of worship and primitive discipline; and that the ecclesiastical revenues, which had been engrossed by a corrupt and indolent hierarchy, should be applied to the support of a pious and active ministry, to the promotion of learning and the relief of the poor.

"This supplication being read," says Calderwood, "in audience of the whole assembly, the barons and ministers were called, and commandment given them to draw, in plain and several heads, the sum of that doctrine which they would maintain, and desire the Parliament to establish. This was gladly undertaken, and within four days the Confession was presented."

The Confession, so presented in obedience to the requirement of Parliament, was read in Parliament, article by article, and approved of in all its parts.

"On the 24th of August," (1560,) says M'Crie again, "the Parliament abolished the Papal Jurisdiction, prohibited under certain penalties the celebration of mass, and rescinded all the laws formerly made in support of the Roman Catholic Church, and against the Reformed faith. Thus did the Reformed religion advance in Scotland, from small beginnings, amid great opposition, till it obtained a *Parliamentary establishment*."

I pray you to observe that by this Parliament of 1560, there was not only a full and entire abolition of Popery in Scotland, but also, both by inference and direct expression, a full and entire recognition of the Protestant Church. It will not do to say, "that the Papal Jurisdiction was abrogated, but no other was substituted in its stead," when we have, ratified in all its articles, a Confession giving the marks of the true Church, and when especially a separate enactment of the same date, for the due administration of the sacraments, contains a sanction of the one Church, as well as a prohibition of the other; since it runs in these words:—"That nas manner of person or persons, in any time coming, administrate ony of the sacraments aforesaid, secretly, or in any manner of way, but they that are admitted and have warrant to that effect."

Indeed, it is perfectly plain that if, as M'Crie expresses it, the Protestant religion thus received a Parliamentary establishment—the Protestant Church must be understood as established also—if not as completely organised and developed at the time, yet with Parliamentary authority to carry out its development, as all parties must have understood to be necessary. An abstract establishment of the Protestant faith, as some see very strangely in these proceedings, is to me an inconceivable thing. I venture to say, that neither Knox and his brethren, nor the Lords of Parliament, ever dreamed of such a nonentity. True, in these acts of 1560 there is no mention of Church Courts by name, but neither is there direct mention of them in the act of 1567, which Dr Hanna says ratified them as previously existing without sanction. There is, indeed, in the latter act an incidental mention of General Assemblies, as there is of

provincial superintendents, for whom I think Dr Hanna will not claim the benefit of ratification — although the act, taken in his sense, is as good for the one as for the other; but there is no more mention of kirk-sessions in 1567 than in 1560; although these, as Dr Hanna correctly states, were universally erected in the interval. The fact is, that 1567 is no more a ratifying act than 1560. It was not till 1592 that, in Dr Hanna's sense, the several courts of the Church were ratified and formally sanctioned by Parliament. Yet I presume Dr Hanna does not mean to say that, in the interval between 1567 and 1592, the Church of Scotland had not a legal establishment; but if it had such in that interval, it had the same in the interval between 1560 and 1567; supposing always, the act 1560 to have been valid in a civil point of view. And was it not so? I am quite aware that Mary refused to ratify it; a circumstance which, by the technicalities of lawyers, prevented its getting its place in the statute book, till it was repeated in 1567, by the first Parliament after the deposition of Mary. But this cannot avail Dr Hanna for his idea of its non-existence as the law of the land sanctioning from its date the establishment of the Church; for we have the clearest proofs that, notwithstanding Mary's refusal, and the recusancy of the Catholics, it was held by the nation as the law of the land, and even admitted by Mary herself, throughout her whole reign, after her return to Scotland, as virtually in force. Thus, in the very next year, 1561, in a convention of the Estates, in which Mary is recorded as being personally present, a State provision was made for the support of the Protestant ministers; and in 1568 an act of Parliament was passed, four years before Dr Hanna's non-sanctioning but ratifying act of 1567, bestowing upon those ministers the manse and glebes of the Popish parochial clergy; the original title on which at this present day manse and glebes are enjoyed by the parochial clergy of Scotland. Was there nothing in all this, before 1567, of an establishing and recognising character? How, with these facts, can Dr Hanna recon-

cile his statement that the Church exercised, "in a word, all ecclesiastical authority, without any authority from, or any recognition by, the State"? It is a gross and grievous mistake. Why, even unsettled as were the times, and often disregarded as was the law, the meeting of the six ministers and thirty-four laymen, whom Dr Hanna correctly mentions as constituting the first General Assembly, did not venture to convene in this capacity till the petition for the establishment of the true Church was granted by what they understood to be the Parliamentary authority of Scotland. That petition was granted, as we have seen, on 24th August 1560. Was Dr Hanna aware that the said first General Assembly was not held till the 20th day of December of that year? To the general reader his statement would convey the impression that the first Assembly was held before any proceedings in Parliament.

It does not at all strengthen Dr Hanna's view, and it does not in the least weaken my argument, that we find the Parliament of 1567 repeating the acts of Mary's Parliament of 1560, and adding other enactments for carrying out what experience had shown in the interval to be needful, that thus all doubts, if any existed, about the want of Mary's ratification might be removed, and that the Reformed Church, now clearly in the ascendant, might have enlarged Parliamentary authority.

The truth is, that troublous and out of joint as the times were, with all the wounds of civil war still bleeding, and bitter passions still rankling between the adherents of two forms of religion which had each been contending for the mastery, the fathers of our Church, having obtained that mastery, never for a moment dreamed of founding their Church as the Church of Scotland, without the express and formal sanction of the Civil Government of Scotland. They organised no Church constitution—they met in no Church Courts—they proceeded to no exercise of Church authority, till they got what at least they were entitled to hold as that sanction. Moreover, they had not one particle about them of Popish priestcraft or professional pretension.

The moment that Parliament, in reply to their petition, asked them what it was they sought to be established, they immediately responded to the call for information. They tabled their Confession, and so admitted the right of the State to interfere in matters of religion—admitted the State's right to see to it, that that Confession should be adhered to, and the State's right, not merely to withdraw emoluments and countenance at its pleasure, as is conceded in many passages of this volume, but also to insist that succeeding generations of ecclesiastics should keep to that Confession, or withdraw in favour of others who might hand down the Church of Scotland, as so established, to the generations coming after them.

2dly, In the same chapter, Dr Hanna goes on to state the case of Robert Montgomery, occurring in the interval between 1567 and 1592, as a case completely demonstrative of the then independence of the Church, and exactly antagonistic to the cases which produced the Secession of 1843, such as Auchterarder and Marnoch. Now, I might, *in limine*, object, with some ground of reason, to the bringing forward, for such a purpose, any case, however otherwise apt, from the record of times when, as appears from Dr Hanna's own account of them, the King on the one hand, and the Assembly on the other, were struggling for more power than perhaps was the due of either. But let this pass, and let me rather invite Dr Hanna and his friends, on better consideration, to acknowledge that, in other respects, the case of Montgomery is not one which ought to be named at all in support of that species of independence which was claimed by the majorities of the Church in the recent contest with the courts of law. Montgomery's acceptance of a bishopric was not according to law at the time, but in the very teeth of law. It was moreover sure, if successful, to be destructive not only of the authority of the Assembly, but of the very existence of the Church on its Presbyterian basis. The Church had the very strongest reasons both of law and expediency to resist the attempt, which had nothing to support it but the arbitrary

will of the Sovereign, wrought upon by a wretched minion for mercenary purposes. The condemnation by the Assembly of this troubler of the Church went not at all exclusively on his defiance of the Assembly in reference to the bishopric. Besides, he was solemnly accused of no fewer than fifteen specific charges of error in doctrine, duty, and life, together with a general charge of gross and infamous falsehood in face of the Assembly. Of all these, cumulatively, he was found guilty. Was there anything of this sort in the cases of Auchterarder and Strathbogie? Then again, being found guilty, Montgomery betook himself for defence to the King in Council—in other words, to an arbitrary power which he knew would be exerted in his favour, without any regard to the justice of the cause. I am not lawyer enough to speak of the competency of this course at that time; neither do I understand about horning, when the horn was sounded by the mere arbitrary command of the king, without trial at law. But I am sure I can see a great and essential difference between such a procedure and a solemn process before independent judges, carried on under all the safeguards of justice, and issuing in a judgment which the king himself, had it gone against him, would have been compelled to obey.

But most of all, against this colouring of Church independence from the case of Montgomery, is the singular fact, which has somehow escaped Dr Hanna's notice, that the Act of Assembly made in consequence of his case and in the very heat of discussing it, to the effect "that none should follow his example in excommunicating themselves, by the Civic power, from the jurisdiction of the Church, nor make any appellation from the General Assembly to stop the discipline and order of the Church," concludes with the remarkable clause, "*that this Act be nas ways prejudicial to the laic Patrons and their PRESENTATIONS unto the time the Laws be reformed according to God's word.*" I do not recollect to have seen this clause quoted in any of the numerous publications which, in the time of the recent controversy, were poured forth from the press in vindication of

Assembly's proceedings against the Auchterarder and Strathbogie brethren; but now that the heat of controversy is over, it ought to be distinctly noticed by candid writers on the subject, as it seems very clearly to show that, if the Assembly condemned Montgomery for aiming at the abolished bishopric of Glasgow, by enforcing Patronage by royal power, and discharged others from following his example, it declared it to be free to enforce the proper rights of Patronage, in some such way as was pursued in the cases of Auchterarder and Marnoch.

3dly, Misstatements or perversions multiply upon us as we proceed in the perusal of this same chapter. The next objection which I have to make, refers to Dr Hanna's positive and unqualified assertion (p. 183) that "for the discharge of a purely spiritual act, a Presbytery was summoned to the bar of the Civic Court and rebuked." Of course there is no dispute as to the fact here referred to, and stated by Dr Hanna, at great length, in his eighth chapter, that the Presbytery of Dunkeld were summoned to the bar of the Court of Session, and were there rebuked; but the question is about the cause? Dr Hanna says this was the performing a purely spiritual act. I say, *per contra*, and with all the truth of the facts bearing me out, that their act was anything but a purely spiritual one. It was not for ordaining Mr Kessen to the holy ministry—that would have been a purely spiritual act, and one for which no Civil Court could, or would, have interfered with them; but it was for *admitting* and *inducting* him as minister of the parish of Lethendy, while they were interdicted from doing so, because the claims of another person were at this very time, by a competent process, under consideration of the Court of Session.

Even supposing that the induction of Mr Kessen by the Presbytery did not confer upon *him* any Civil rights whatever, which is an argument frequently, but most strangely, put in the controversy; yet, did not that act of induction trench upon the territories of Civil right, and present a proper object for Civil interdict,

pendente lile, when the *least* effect of it was to deprive the *other claimant*, out and out, of *his* Civil rights, and nullify altogether the presentation which he was entitled to plead as the preferable one?

Of this question of preference the Presbytery was confessedly incompetent to judge, and the Court of Session was confessedly within its own province when it was treating it. Yet the Presbytery, meanwhile, chose to do an act, under colour of their right to ordain, which was tantamount to a Civil finding, and which, if it had not been impugned, would have cut off altogether the legitimate effect of the finding of the Civil Court. And was there to be no remedy for this, and no means of preventing such an abuse?

4thly, My fourth objection is to Dr Hanna's statement in the sequel of the very same sentence, "that the preaching of the Word and the administration of the Sacraments were prohibited in a whole district of the land." This, of course, refers to the interdict granted by the Court of Session, 14th February 1840, detailed more particularly in a preceding chapter, pp. 145-6, which in effect prohibited, under pains of law, ministers of the Established Church from preaching and administering ordinances in the parishes of the seven ministers of Strathbogie, alleged to be suspended, without the consent of these ministers, it being the privilege of parish ministers of the Church of Scotland to prevent other ministers of the Establishment from intruding on their flocks, unless by consent and arrangement.

Now, it is hardly possible to imagine anything more preposterous than to say that this interdict, even had it been obeyed in the strictest letter, prohibited the preaching of the Gospel in the district comprehending the parishes mentioned. I say nothing about the ministers of other denominations to whom Strathbogie continued as open as any other quarter of Scotland, though Dr Hanna's dissenting friends may wonder at his close confinement of the Gospel to the Establishment; but looking to the ministers and members of the Establishment alone, it is a strange declaration. Had Dr Hanna said that the in-

terdict prevented the preaching of the Gospel in the way determined on by the majority of the Commission of the General Assembly, that would have been a correct statement; or had Dr Hanna argued that the Gospel could not be preached by ministers in a state of suspension, we might—admitting the *fact*, but not the *competency* of the suspension—have answered the argument by referring to the case of Erskine and the other leaders of the Original Secession, who, being suspended, continued preaching for several years, apparently unchallenged by the Church for doing so, and not superseded by the appointment of others for the duty. But to lay it down that the Court of Session actually prohibited, or attempted to prohibit, Gospel preaching and ordinances in those parishes, really must seem too much when it is borne in mind that the seven ministers suspended, or not suspended, were still there doing duty as regularly and as ably as they did before the alleged suspension, when they were approved of by the Church as faithful in all respects; that nearly one-half of the Church were made welcome to preach in the district, as very many did; and that, in fact, the interdict interfered with no one clergyman going to officiate in Strathbogie, unless he did so with the *avowed purpose of superseding* some one or other of the district ministers.

Strangers might understand from Dr Hanna's language that there was not, and could not have been, any dispensation of the Word and ordinances in the devoted district, except by breaking the interdict, while, in fact, the services of the sanctuary were in full and regular exhibition by men who had been pronounced by the Church duly qualified for the sacred duty, whose merits were attested by large congregations still continuing to attend them, notwithstanding every effort of a most unscrupulous agitation to seduce them, and whose only fault, as charged against them—admitting it to be a fault—was one which did not in the least derogate from their ability or faithfulness.

Dr Hanna speaks of Strathbogie as

if it had been found a heathen land, and he mentions Marnoch *especially* as a parish in which at this time the Gospel was welcomed as a new light dawning amid the clouds of long prevailing error. Strange would this be, were it true; for I am enabled most positively to state the fact, that for several years immediately preceding 1839, that parish was favoured to enjoy for several months of each successive summer the regular ministrations of the talented Professor of Greek in Marischal College, Aberdeen, Dr Robert J. Brown, since of high name and influence in the Free Church, who was in the way of spending his college vacations under the roof of his aged relative, the minister of Marnoch. Impossible, indeed, it was that clergymen of such distinction as Drs Chalmers, Gordon, Candlish, &c., could appear as preachers in such a remote and secluded district, and after great pains given by the party to herald their coming, without collecting large congregations, and causing great excitement. In fact, it is matter of wonder that any of the simple country folk escaped the influence of such talented men, and, in spite of their appearance as the denouncers of the district pastors, continued to believe that these pastors were still worthy of respect. After all, it was neither Dr Chalmers, nor Dr Gordon, nor Dr Candlish, but quite another man,* who, in ignorance or heedlessness of Dr Brown's labours, reported as to his own preaching in Marnoch what Dr Hanna has ventured to republish in page 145. Great allowance is to be made for vanity and self-conceit in the individual making that report, and something also for the excitement of the time; but I had imagined that the day was gone by for the repetition of such a clap-trap narrative, and that now, when excitement is over, regard to the character of the Church, as it existed prior to 1840, would have made one scrupulous of again casting such a stigma upon her efficiency. Let me also recall to recollection the fact, that Dr Chalmers, or his friends at least, repeatedly offered to restore the seven ministers to that

* The Rev. Mr Buchan of Hamilton.

status, of which it was alleged that the Assembly's sentence had deprived them, if they would but yield submission to the views of the dominant majority. Would Dr Chalmers have concurred in this offer, if these ministers had been really unfaithful in their duties? Would he have consented to the continued infiction of such a curse on their parishes? By inadvertently asserting or insinuating this unfaithfulness, Dr Hanna has unwittingly laid a heavy charge at the door of those with whom Dr Chalmers was then acting.

5thly, The next objection I have noted is to the way in which Dr Hanna expresses himself in the sentence at the middle of page 104, where he says—"Assuming" (*i. e.* the non-intrusion committee assuming) "that the Church were to stand firm to her purpose, to take no part in the ordination of men whom she conscientiously believed to be *unfit* for that particular charge to which they had been presented, it was obvious," &c. It is not to the grammar of this sentence that I object, but to the unwarrantable use of the word "*unfit*," which I have marked in italics. By no decision of the Civil Court was the Church ever condemned to the necessity of ordaining, or admitting as pastors, men whom she conscientiously believed to be unfit for the charges to which they had been presented. Such a necessity was never admitted by what Dr Hanna calls the Moderate party in the Church; and, in truth, it was never averred in the motions or formal documents of the opposite party, however strongly it was insinuated in some of their speeches, and industriously proclaimed in some of their addresses to the public.

The word which the facts referred to in the quoted passage authorised Dr Hanna to use, was "*unacceptable*," and not "*unfit*;" and there is a very clear and wide distinction between them. Acceptability was all along the watchword of the Non-intrusion party, from the beginning to the end of the contest; while the Moderate party held that, in right reason and law both, *fitness*, in the sense of the presentee's personal qualifications for the office and parish, irrespective of

the liking or disliking of the parishioners for him at the time, was the only point on which the Church either could or ought to decide.

This distinction is so palpable, and the maintenance of it by the Moderate party is so well known, that I confess I find it difficult to account for Dr Hanna's allowing himself to make the statement, especially when I notice that he gives correctly (page 99) Dr Cook's motion in 1833, which declared the point of fitness very clearly, as distinguished from the acceptability implied in the then proposed veto.

I am quite aware that throughout the controversy several contended that "*acceptability*" was a necessary element in "*fitness*;" and probably it was to express some such idea that Dr Hanna employed the latter word as he has done; but I am sure that, on reflection, he will see that in such use of the word there is either a most illogical confusion of two distinct things, or a laxity of language, which is both dangerous, in the way of self-deception to those who use it, and very fatal to the interests of truth in the conceptions of those to whom it is addressed.

The celebrated Dr Reid was presented to the church and parish of New Machar, near Aberdeen. He was so unacceptable at the time, that his settlement was made at the point of the bayonet. That he was fit for the ministry need hardly be said; that he was fit for the ministry in that particular charge, was proved at the time of his translation to Glasgow, when it again almost required the bayonet to extricate him from the love of his parishioners. Such a man as Dr Reid, Dr Cook and his friends would, in similar circumstances, have settled, if not without reluctance, yet in the hope of somewhat of a like happy result. But the purest Moderate would never have held himself bound to settle, and would not have concurred in the guilt of settling, a man of whose unfitness he was conscientiously persuaded.

After the Auchterarder decision, indeed, doubts arose in the minds of many whether the just liberties of the Church in this matter were not likely to be unduly narrowed in consequence

of certain *obiter dicta* of the judges in the House of Peers, when giving that decision. For my own part, I always considered these doubts groundless. But be this as it may, as they were entertained by many, and as future litigation might very possibly have arisen out of them, the Church was deeply indebted to Lord Aberdeen for the bill which he brought into Parliament to remove them. And this bill having passed into law, the Church Courts find themselves, happily, in unquestioned and unquestionable possession of a jurisdiction which is amply sufficient to protect every parish, according to the judgment of the Church, from the induction of a pastor who is proved unfit for it in any respect.*

6thly, I take my next objection to the whole paragraph of the volume, which begins at the bottom of page 278, and goes on at the top of page 279, where Dr Hanna says—

"A broad and patent way to the Court of Session had been opened, and when Presbyteries had gone before them, individual ministers could find no difficulty of approach. The minister of Stranraer had been accused of various acts of fraud, and his Presbytery was proceeding in his trial, when he applied to the Civil Court to suspend the whole proceedings of the Presbytery, and further to prohibit, interdict, and discharge the said Presbytery from taking cognisance of the pretended libel. The minister of Cambusnethan had been found guilty of four separate acts of theft, and the Presbytery were about to depose him, when he raised an action in the Court of Session, and obtained an interdict against their proceeding. Mr Clark, the presentee to Lethendy, who was living in the manse of which he had taken pos-

session, was accused of repeated acts of drunkenness, and the Presbytery of Dunkeld had entered on the investigation of those charges, with a view to deprive him of his license. But he too had recourse to the great protector, and an interdict against the Presbytery had been issued."

Now, my objection here is not so much to what is said—though really great objection lies to the taunting way in which, contrary to his usual tone, Dr Hanna has allowed himself to say it—but I complain that, having said so much, he has not said all. By what I am willing to believe is an unintentional *suppressio veri*, he has given it to be understood that the Court of Session opened its doors to complaints of ministers in matters of pure discipline, arrogating to itself the proper functions of Presbyteries, and superseding the Church Courts in their most sacred and best guaranteed jurisdiction. And connecting this passage with the relative passage in page 345, he has actually tried to represent the Church of Scotland, after the secession in 1843, as homologating such usurpations, in clear disregard of her duty to her Spiritual Head, and in full and unworthy submission to Erastian control.

In the name of all that is just and honest and true, what was it that misled him, when so stating the applications to the Civil Court in the cases of Stranraer, &c., to refrain from stating that in each and all of them the application was made, not in denial of the proper presbyterial jurisdiction, but on averment that the body pretending in each case to exercise jurisdiction was not a Presbytery of the Church of Scotland, because vitiated

* According to Lord Aberdeen's Act, the parishioners, being members of the congregation, are called, after due notice, to state if they have any objection to the presentee "in respect to his ministerial gifts and qualities, either in general or with reference to that particular parish, or any reason to state against his settlement in that parish;" and it is enacted that the Presbytery "shall, in cognoscing and determining on the same judicially, have regard only to such objections and reasons so stated as are personal to the presentee, in regard to his ministerial gifts and qualities either in general or with respect to that particular parish, but shall be entitled to have regard to the whole circumstances and conditions of the parish, to the spiritual welfare and edification of the people, and to the character and number of the persons by whom the said objections or reasons shall be preferred." It is further enacted, that any appeal from the "Presbytery, acting within its competency as a judicatory of the Church, shall lie exclusively to the superior judicatories of the Church, according to the forms and government of the Church of Scotland, as by law established."

by the presence, as members, of individuals whom the constitution of the Church of Scotland did not recognise as such? This was the sole and only ground, the well-known, the notorious ground on which the applications were made, and on which the Civil Court interfered with the Presbytery's procedure.

That individuals did sit and act and judge as members of these Presbyteries, who were not proper parish ministers or elders, is equally notorious; and that against their doing so, the Moderate party had protested from the beginning.

And do not these facts most materially alter the inferences which a stranger to them would draw from a statement of the cases from which all mention of them is carefully or inadvertently excluded? It would have been but candid, too, to have stated the fact, that the Church, in the year 1843, while admitting the validity of the objection which had been taken by the unhappy individuals to the vitiated constitution of their respective Presbyteries, ordered in the same breath new libels to be served upon them, against which no such objection could be brought.

If the public mind will attend at all to these humble observations of mine, I hesitate not to say that this passage, given, however inadvertently, as the *whole* truth, while a most essential and important part of the truth is left out, must seriously detract from the authority of Dr Hanna's work as a faithful record of the circumstances which led to what he calls the Disruption.

7thly, The next misstatement to which I would invite attention, is that in the beginning of the 13th chapter, p. 268, where Dr Hanna says that it was in violation of manifold and most sacred securities that the act for the restoration of patronages in Scotland, 1712, was introduced into Parliament.

As is truly observed a little before this statement, the Scottish nation, jealous for the liberties of the Church, stipulated, by the Act of Security engrossed into the Treaty of Union, that that Church should remain sacred and inviolable in its worship, doctrine, and discipline; and I grant freely that

this is a most sacred security: but still the question may be put, Was the patronage act 1712, in any reasonable sense of the term, an invasion or violation of it? And to this question I humbly contend that the answer must be in the negative. Patronage, or the right originally derived from endowment to Lay parties to nominate to particular charges ministers already declared by the Church qualified for the ministry, and subject, on presentation, to the further trial and examination of the Church, in reference to the particular benefice, was not, in any period of the history of the Church, abhorrent to its genius and constitution.

The child, in this respect too, may be viewed as father of the man. The very first General Assembly received, with apparent welcome, a presentation by a layman. Again, in 1565, the Assembly declared that it was not their mind that the Sovereign and lay patrons should be deprived of their rights of patronage, but only that patronage should not be absolute, without trial and examination by the Church. At the Revolution, the right of patrons was indeed put into abeyance, but something of a very analogous character was substituted, when it was provided that the right of nomination to vacant parishes should be in the elders, and the heritors or landholders, being Protestants, without any other qualification. And most strikingly of all, the Assembly of 1839, on the motion of Dr Chalmers himself, after a speech which Dr Hanna has not recorded, gave a most solemn sanction to the consistency of patronage with the principles of the Church of Scotland, and with all its securities, by constituting a new right of patronage in favour of Mr Gladstone, with reference to the newly erected church of St Thomas in Leith.

Worship, doctrine, and discipline are the three immunities of the Act of Security. Under which of the three is it contended that anti-patronage is included? The very circumstance that this matter was not expressly mentioned in the Act of Security, might have been sufficient to lead Dr Hanna to some hesitation in making his statement; and, in addition to this, there is abundant evidence that

the act 1690, giving the nomination to heritors and elders, bears all the character of a mere doubtful and temporary expedient. But, more than all this, and most conclusively contradictory of the statement, we can demonstrate the fact that, in the deliberations of the Scottish Parliament, when engaged in drawing up the Act of Security, it was actually debated whether the act 1690, implying anti-patronage to the extent that it went, should or should not be included, and that this question passed in the negative. True, some said they so voted because they held inclusion to be unnecessary; but the inference must be taken, that if these had been very earnest they would have insisted on a positive expression, seeing that others held a different view. So much for the sacred security of the Act of Union against the restoration of patronage; and of any other security, though Dr Hanna says that such are manifold, I am entirely ignorant.

8thly, My eighth objection is to a statement which is made, not so much in any particular passage of the volume, as in many passages, in fact, pervading the whole of it, that it is to the act 1712, restoring patronage, that all the subsequent troubles of the Church are to be ascribed. The intended inference from this is obviously that, had patronage not been so restored, a spirit of contentment would have prevailed; secessions would not have taken place, and the grand question of the Church's independency probably would not have been raised, or, at least, not raised by appeals for the vindication of Civil rights in the matter of the settlement of parishes.

Now, it is all very well to blame the act 1712; but has Dr Hanna ever reflected on the fact, that if it had not been passed, the act 1690, giving the nomination to heritors and elders, would have been in full force. In blaming the act 1712, there seems to be an idea that, but for it, the Church would have had what is called a Scriptural freedom in this matter, a *liberum arbitrium*, a presbyterial presentation, a call at large or a popular election. The existence of the act 1690, behind the act 1712, and starting immediately into life and action

if the extinguishing effect of the latter were removed, is somehow kept much out of sight, and the act 1712 looms in the visionary mind as the only chain upon "the liberty" wherewith some, perverting Scripture, with whom we are told that Dr Chalmers had no sympathy, say, that "Christ makes his people free." But take away act 1712 from the statute-book, and then you have act 1690 in its stead, equally in opposition to the principles of the Free Church, and in spirit and in essence equally unsatisfactory to the advocates of anti-patronage; for it settled by Civil authority intruding, as the phrase runs, into the very penetralia of the temple, how the pastoral tie is to be formed, and bestowed Civil rights in this matter on parties not at all unlikely to vindicate them by Civil process. Contentment! As to the experience of the working of the system of 1690, let us look to the numerous and long protracted disputes under that system. We could mention instances upon instances of parishes kept vacant for years, and the bitterest heart-burnings and unseemly dissensions prevailing all the while. And to know the feeling of the times as to the principle of that act, we have only to turn to such accounts as are given us by Currie of Kinglassie and others. The right of heritors, merely as such, was held as unsatisfactory as the right of patrons, and loud were the complaints about dukes and earls lording it over God's sacred heritage.

Or we may go to the recorded objections of the Original Seceders on this head, apparently the chief ground and immediate cause of their secession, namely, that the Church, in cases of the *jus devolutum*, which were then frequent, when she had the power of filling up the parishes in her own way, chose, notwithstanding, still to fill them up by calls by heritors and elders; in other words, according to the way of the act 1690.

Appeals to law! I think I may venture with entire safety to infer, from the numerous cases of dispute which occurred under the act 1690, that in the system of nomination by heritors and elders there were fertile sources of contention; and

I cannot but think that, if that system had been continued, questions as to the rights of parties would sooner or later have found their way into the Civil Court. Suppose that this system had existed in the year 1834, will any one deny the great probability that questions, such as whether certain parties were heritors in the sense of the act? whether elections of elders, made in vacancies by presbyteries, were valid? whether a nomination was duly made by one set of voters when protested against by another? which of two nominations was the legal one? &c. &c., would have been taken into the Court of Session, even if the Church Courts had previously pronounced judgments upon them? In fact, the dangers as to what Dr Hanna seems to hold the independence of the Church, were innumerable under the act of 1690. Cases such as Lethendy, with only the difference of nomination being substituted for presentation, would have been frequent, and some such as Auchterarder and Marnoch would not have been rare.

It is not my business to express any opinion of the merits of the act 1690. I may even grant it to have been deserving of all the censure urged against it by the Curries and Erskines of the beginning of last century; but it is passing strange to have the Curries and Erskines of the present century apparently anxious for its restoration by the repeal of the act 1712. If the Revolution arrangement for the filling up of vacant parishes would not be satisfactory to our Free Churchmen, what, in the name of common sense, is the meaning of all their outcry about the violation of all its supposed sacred and manifold securities? If they would spurn away with equal contempt what they say was solemnly guaranteed to them by the Treaty of Union, as they do what the alleged infraction of that treaty has produced, it would really seem that, except for having a popular watchword, their complaints in reference to that infraction might have been wholly spared.

9thly, My last objection is to the passage beginning at the foot of p. 213, and running on at the top of p. 214, in these terms—

"They"—i. e. the Presbytery of Strathbogie—"hesitated, however, as to the act of ordination. They had acted hitherto upon the decision of the Court, that they were bound to disregard the dissent of the people; but as yet there had been no express order to ordain. Mr Edwards supplied them with the authority under which they expressed their willingness to act, by instituting an action in which he craved the Court of Session to issue an order to that effect. The question of the competency of the Civil Court to interfere directly with spiritual acts, was here stripped of all attendant or accessory considerations. It might review the proceedings of a Presbytery, and pass judgment upon their legality; it might declare, as it had done, that the rejection of a presentee on the sole ground of the people's opposition was contrary to statute. All this, however, might be done for no other purpose than to determine the destination of the benefice, and yet the Court might not have felt itself entitled to do, what was now asked—give an authoritative direction to ordain. No doubt was felt—no hesitation manifested by the majority of the judges. Seven clergymen suspended by the Church—reposed by these judges, declared by the one authority to be incapable of performing any official act, recognised by the other authority as the one and only Presbytery of Strathbogie, were deposed and ordained to receive and admit Mr Edwards as minister of Marnoch."

Now, to say nothing of minor errors, there is in this statement another instance of a very delusive and deluding laxity of language; for the expression "to ordain," is used here as exactly synonymous with "to receive and admit." It is perfectly true that the Court, after very grave deliberation, and a long pleading on the part of the minority of the Presbytery, did issue a finding, that in the circumstances as laid before the Court, and not contradicted, the Presbytery were bound to receive and admit; but neither in Mr Edward's application, nor in the finding of the Court upon it, was there any mention of ordination. By accepting establishment under the statutes, the Church bound herself to induct *qualified* ministers; and accordingly, in every case where qualification might not be denied, all proceedings of a ceremonial character, which the Church

ex proprio motu, and by her own private arrangements, had annexed to this obligation, ought to follow as a matter of course. The fact of qualification, always reserving this to the trial and judgment of the Church herself, was the only thing which the Civil Court had to ascertain, and it was the only thing, being ascertained, which the Court regarded in the case in question. Mr Edwards had been taken on trial, and had been definitively found and pronounced qualified. Being qualified then, said the Court of Session, in effect to the Presbytery, you are bound to proceed to his admission. With the forms which the Church has devised for the discharge of the duty we have nothing to do. We know nothing about ordination. We meddle not with it. We neither enjoin nor prohibit it. We just adjudge the Civil duty, and leave you to discharge it in your own ecclesiastical way.

And in all this I am free to say that there was no encroachment on the spiritual liberties of the Church, if it be granted me, what cannot be denied, that the Church is bound to admit qualified ministers to the particular benefices. If to this obligation she has thought proper, in the way of internal regulation, to annex certain practices or forms, it can be no hardship on her that the call to acknowledged duty is also a call to these. On the contrary supposition, she could defeat the obligation altogether at her arbitrary will. By refusing ordination, she could refuse admission in every case of an unordained presentee. In this way she might nullify the rights of patrons altogether, however clearly these are reserved in the Establishing Statutes. If ordination be essential to induction, which implies Civil right, it will not do to argue that, ordination being a spiritual act, it ought in cases of induction to be free from Civil control. We might as well be told that the Church could refuse to receive a presentation, because this requires a meeting of Presbytery, which the Civil Court has no right to convene.

But the fallacy of the argument, that the liberties of the Church were invaded in the matter of ordination,

comes out very clearly in another way. To be good in its application to any one case, that argument ought to be good in its application to all cases; while it is notorious that it would not apply to a full third of the yearly number of inductions in Scotland. It is by no means universally true what Dr Chalmers (page 110) is stated to have said, "That by the practice of our Church, induction and ordination go together." Many are every year inducted who have received what we call ordination previously. Strangers, among whom this work is sure to be circulated far and wide, ought to have been told that we have two classes of ministers, somewhat corresponding in functions to deacons and priests in England—some licensed to preach, and others fully ordained in our sense of the term; and that it is competent for patrons to choose presentees from either, while it is only in the cases of the former class that ordination accompanies induction. The latter class affords a large proportion of our presentees. Incumbents of other parishes are presented for translation, or individuals receive presentation who have also already received the full commission of the ministry as incumbents of Chapels of Ease, missionaries at home and abroad, assistants to aged and infirm pastors, ministers in England, America, &c. In their inductions there is no accompanying ordination. When, for instance, with all its numerous parishes, was there an ordination in Edinburgh? Let, then, Dr Hanna take a case of this description, and try his ordination argument with it in demonstration of the invasion of spiritual rights, and it immediately fails him. Had Mr Edwards been one of this class, or had another person, an ordained man, been the "vetoed" presentee to Marnoch, as might very probably have been the case, the finding of the Civil Court must have been the same; but where, with this small and very possible difference, would have been the room for lamentation over spiritual rights dishonoured and desecrated?

It was, to say the least, not very well judged to represent Scotch ordination and English ordination as the same thing, and to draw conclu-

sions as to the former, which were only just, as applicable to the latter. Though under the same name, the two things are very far from identical. In Scotland, an inchoate ordination, in the sense of a finding by a Presbytery that the individual is fit for the office of the ministry in general, is, under the name of "licence," made equally available for a patron's presentation as ordination, such as we have it,* most fully completed; and the rights of the Scottish Church were no more invaded by an order from the Civil Court to receive and admit, than are the rights of the English Church when the writ *Quare Impedit* issues from the Court of Queen's Bench upon a refractory bishop.

Much of confusion on the subject arises from not distinguishing between admission to the ministerial office simply, and admission to it in connection with induction. Where induction is not concerned, the Civil power cannot interfere with the Church. In such circumstances she may grant or refuse full ordination at her pleasure. In like manner she may, and does, grant partial ordination or *licence entirely at her own will and discretion*. But if she has *licensed*, and a licensed individual be presented to her for induction and be found qualified for the particular parish, she is bound to complete her ordination, if this be necessary from her not doing it before, as she often does, and as she always can do.

Before concluding, I would advert, in a sentence or two, to the way in which Dr Hanna has seen fit to speak of the Strathbogie brethren. I say nothing again here as to the absurd charge of their having neglected the preaching of the Gospel, although it may be worth while to remark, that Dr Chalmers in his visit to them at Huntly, in the course of his northern tour, expressed himself in terms which showed that he was highly pleased

with them—more so than, from the extract given, he seems to have been with the Elgin brethren. In particular, he stated publicly, that Huntly was the best spiritually managed parish he had ever fallen in with. I wish Dr Hanna had given us an extract from the Journal of the passage in which the visit to Huntly is recorded. But leaving this, I beg to say that these brethren were not, as Dr Hanna seems to understand, the willing agents of Church disturbance—the ready tools of the Church's alleged enemies—glorying in Church defiance, and rejoicing in the Civil edicts which they held themselves bound to obey. It was not rashly, nor unscrupulously, but painfully, and anxiously, and after long deliberation, that they came, in November 1839, to the resolution, which drew down upon them the unbridled wrath of the Commission of the General Assembly in the following month—the interdict to which that resolution referred having been served upon them early in summer. And well founded as that resolution was in the law and constitution of the Church, their sense of this did not give them courage to bear with equanimity the censure of their brethren in Commission. It is difficult to say, and useless to speculate, what might have been the result, had the sentence of the Commission been milder, as it well might have been, in the case of men who pleaded conscience in a matter which many in the Church, as well as out of it, viewed as they did. But, to be degraded for ever, and pronounced unworthy of the ministry for merely delaying a process in obedience to a Civil interdict, which they believed ought upon their allegiance to be obeyed, was what at all events they could not abide. They vindicated their position against wrath and injustice; but, with it, they retained also their responsibility. Still, when that responsibility led them on in the process to the

* I have used the expression as to ordination, "such as we have it;" for, in truth, we have not ordination at all in the exact sense which the word bears in the Church of England. In the period when the act 1592 defined the rights of nations, Bruce of Kinnaird was twelve years a minister of Edinburgh, without any form of ordination. Forbes of Corse, afterwards Bishop of Aberdeen, was likewise a minister of the Presbyterian Church for several years—without ordination. And many other examples might be found.

settlement of Mr Edwards, not one step did they take but with every symptom of the most anxious concern. Placed in the most galling position, between the two fires of Ecclesiastical threatenings and Civil injunctions, they exhibited wonderful patience and discretion; and so far from hurrying on the settlement at Marnoch, it was not till they had rendered themselves, by delay, liable to a claim for a heavy amount of damages, like what the Presbytery of Auchterarder had to pay, and till the Court told them by a definite sentence, that, having no valid reason for delay, it was their bounden duty to proceed—that at length they took the decisive step. Dr Hanna says they might have waited for the compulsitors of law. Surely not so, when the law laid their duty plainly before them. In matters of duty, to wait for compulsitors is scarcely the part of a right-thinking man. If the law tells me that I have a debt to pay, I can hardly persuade myself that it is right for me wilfully to delay till the messengers come to seize my property or my person.

From nothing in this volume would it be discovered what now, when the grave has closed upon him, I have a melancholy pleasure in testifying, that Mr Edwards was a person of most respectable character, and very generally esteemed; that he was a scholar of high attainments; and that everywhere, but latterly in Marnoch, he was considered an excellent preacher. Before his engagement as preaching-assistant for part of each year in Marnoch, he was employed regularly for several years in the same capacity in the neighbouring parish of Boyndie, and there minister, elders, and people were so well pleased, that all declared their readiness to have him permanently settled among them, if the patron could be persuaded to grant a presentation of successorship.

Many are the other passages of Dr Hanna's volume to which I would fain

advert; but I must conclude. It will not be denied that the passages which I have selected are important; and if I have succeeded in showing that so many statements on important points in the controversy are fallacious—having either no foundation but a mistaken one in fact, or being perversions of the truth—I think the conclusion cannot fail to be drawn, that the reproaches so sedulously cast for so many years, and in so many ways, on the Church of Scotland, are causeless. Let not Dr Hanna misunderstand me, as if I were accusing him of wilful misstatement or perversion. Nothing of the sort; but sometimes men, having taken up certain views and prejudices, get so blinded by them as to see nothing except through their medium, and under their influence, under which they wish to bring others with themselves, are rendered indifferent to a painstaking search into facts, and give for truth what they believe to be such, although closer and unprejudiced investigation would have convinced them of their error. There was much philosophy in the title of a pamphlet published during the controversy by Sir William Hamilton—"Be not Schismatics by mistake." I suspect this mistake has happened unconsciously with many.*

The success of the Free Church may tend to this delusion; but I would have all to consider that this may probably be much owing to the circumstance that popular claims happened to be connected with the assertion of the Independence principle as the Free Church holds it. Had the case been otherwise, as it might possibly have been, I suspect the popular support would have been much smaller. Had not spiritual independence been connected with supposed privileges which many people were determined to make their own at whatever cost of exertion or of wealth, the battle, perhaps, would not have been fought so keenly, nor would defeat have borne so much the character of victory. Had popular election of ministers not been held

* "I will never," said Calvin, "allow myself to become the author of a schism. Before I could do this, I must have learnt that the Church had altogether ceased to honour God and preach his word." Such was the opinion of as great and good a man as Dr Chalmers.—*Vide Henry's Life of Calvin*, by Stebbing, vol. i. p. 144.

forth as the reward of agitation, the result, perhaps, would not have been the formation of a new Church in the land, with numerous congregations supporting their own pastors.

But be this as it may, and whether the Free Church is to continue in its present strength, or to increase, or to wane, let the Established Church have that fair play to which she is entitled; and let charges against her of Erastianism or unfaithfulness be avoided, which a careful as well as candid examination of the facts will prove to be groundless. This is not only due, but amply deserved; for those who, in 1843, felt themselves warranted to abide by the Church of their fathers, viewed the Secession of so many respected ministers, and the consequent withdrawal of many of the people from her congregations, as anything but a matter of triumph, or a victory to be gloried in. They felt that, be the blame where it might, a severe wound was inflicted on the Church; and they took this for a warning call in Providence to greater faithfulness in every walk of duty. They could indeed rejoice in the ample testimony borne to the value of the Church, with all its real or alleged imperfections, by the Patronage Committee of the House of Commons, in its then recent report to the House and to the country, and they had occasion to be satisfied that constitutional rights had been vindicated according to their views; but withal they felt that there was affliction and suffering in the sepa-

ration, which they received as the Lord's chastisement, exercising them to more abundant righteousness.

In this spirit, looking up with revering confidence to her great Head, has the Church of Scotland gone on in the work of the Lord since the period of the Secession. We behold her universally earnest and devoted to the great ends of her establishment. We behold her following up with increasing energy, and wonderful success, the glorious views of Dr Chalmers for the evangelisation of the masses, and no less interested and zealous for the equally glorious views of Fathers who held her own constitutional principles for increasing the means of education at home, and promoting religion in the colonies, and converting the heathen to the truth as it is in Jesus. We behold her not only in possession of more unfettered and stringent powers of discipline than belong to any of the Churches of Dissent, but exercising those powers with unflinching zeal and unsparing hand. And assuredly there never was a period in her existence when the doctrines of grace were more faithfully expounded in her pulpits, or more earnestly upheld in all her ministrations. We behold her acting *thus*; and without referring to despicable calumnies, and vulgar contumely, we ask, Is this a Church that ought to be injured by random accusations and careless misstatements?—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

A COUNTRY MINISTER.

MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.

BY PISISTRATUS CAXTON.

BOOK XII.—INITIAL CHAPTER.

"AGAIN," quoth my father—"Again behold us! We who greeted the commencement of your narrative, who absented ourselves in the mid-course when we could but obstruct the current of events, and jostle personages more important—we now gather round the close. Scill, as the chorus to the drama, we circle round the altar with the solemn but dubious chaunt which prepares the audience for the completion of the appointed destinies; though still, ourselves, unaware how the skein is to be unravelled, and where the shears are to descend."

So there they stood, the Family of Caxton—all grouping round me—all eager officiously to question—some over-anxious prematurely to criticise.

"Violante can't have voluntarily gone off with that horrid Count," said my mother; "but perhaps she was deceived, like Eugenia by Mr Bellamy, in the novel of 'CAMILLA.'"

"Ha!" said my father, "and in that case it is time yet to steal a hint from Clarissa Harlowe, and make Violante die less of a broken heart than a sullied honour. She is one of those girls who ought to be killed! *Ostendent omnia letum*—all things about her forbode an early tomb!"

"Dear, dear!" cried Mrs Caxton, "I hope not—poor thing!"

"Pooh, brother," said the Captain, "we have had enough of the tomb in the history of poor Nora. The whole story grows out of a grave, and to a grave it must return:—if, Pisistratus, you must kill somebody, kill Levy."

"Or the Count," said my mother, with unusual truculence.

"Or Randal Leslie," said Squills. "I should like to have a *post-mortem* cast of his head—it would be an instructive study."

Here there was a general confusion of tongues, all present conspiring to bewilder the unfortunate author with their various and discordant counsels how to wind up his story and dispose of his characters.

"Silence!" cried Pisistratus, clapping his hands to both ears. "I can no more alter the fate allotted to each of the personages whom you honour with your interest than I can change your own; like you, they must go where events lead them, urged on by their own characters and the agencies of others. Providence so pervadingly governs the universe, that you cannot strike it even out of a book. The author may beget a character, but the moment the character comes into action, it escapes from his hands—plays its own part, and fulfils its own inevitable doom."

"Besides," said Mr Squills, "it is easy to see, from the phrenological development of the organs in those several heads which Pisistratus has allowed us to examine, that we have seen no creations of mere fiction, but living persons, whose true history has set in movement their various bumps of Amativeness, Constructiveness, Acquisitiveness, Ideality, Wonder, Comparison, &c. They must act, and they must end, according to the influences of their crania. Thus we find in Randal Leslie the predominant organs of Constructiveness, Secretiveness, Comparison, and Eventuality—while Benevolence, Conscientiousness, Adhesiveness, are utterly *nil*. Now, to divine how such a man must end, we must first see what is the general composition of the society in which he moves—in short, what other gases are brought into contact with his phlogiston. As to Leonard, and Harley, and Audley Egerton, surveying them phrenologically, I should say that——"

"Hush!" said my father, "Pisistratus has dipped his pen in the ink, and it seems to me easier for the wisest man that ever lived to account for what others have done, than to predict what they should do. Phrenologists discovered that Mr Thurtell had a very fine organ of Conscientiousness, yet, somehow or other, that erring personage contrived to knock the

brains out of his friend's organ of Individuality. Therefore I rise to propose a Resolution—that this meeting be adjourned till Pisiistratus has completed his narrative: and we shall then have the satisfaction of knowing that it ought, according to every principle of nature, science, and art, to have been completed differently. Why should we deprive ourselves of that pleasure?"

"I second the motion," said the Captain; "but if Levy be not hanged, I shall say that there is an end of all poetical justice."

"Take care of poor Helen," said Blanche, tenderly; "not that I would have you forget Violante."

"Pish! and sit down, or they shall both die old maids."

Frightened at that threat, Blanche,

with a deprecating look, drew her stool quietly near me, as if to place her two protégées in an atmosphere mesmerised to matrimonial attractions; and my mother set hard to work—at a new frock for the baby. Unsoftened by these undue female influences, Pisiistratus wrote on at the dictation of the relentless Fates. His pen was of iron, and his heart was of granite. He was as insensible to the existence of wife and baby as if he had never paid a house bill, nor rushed from a nursery at the sound of an infant squall. O blessed privilege of Authorship!

"O testudinis auree
Dulcem quæ strepitum, Pieri, temperas!
O mutis quoque piscibus
Donatura cycui, si libeat, sonum!"

CHAPTER II.

It is necessary to go somewhat back in the course of this narrative, and account to the reader for the disappearance of Violante.

It may be remembered that Peschiera, scared by the sudden approach of Lord L'Estrange, had little time for farther words to the young Italian, than those which expressed his intention to renew the conference, and press for her decision. But, the next day, when he re-entered the garden, secretly and stealthily as before, Violante did not appear. And after watching round the precincts till dusk, the Count retreated with an indignant conviction that his arts had failed to enlist on his side, either the heart or the imagination of his intended victim. He began now to revolve, and to discuss with Levy, the possibilities of one of those bold and violent measures, which were favoured by his reckless daring, and desperate condition. But Levy treated with such just ridicule any suggestion to abstract Violante by force from Lord Lansmere's house—so scouted the notions of nocturnal assault, with the devices of scaling windows and rope-ladders—that the Count reluctantly abandoned that romance of villany so unsuited to our sober capital, and which would no doubt have terminated in his capture by the police, with the prospect of committal to the House of Correction.

Levy himself found his invention at fault, and Randal Leslie was called into consultation. The usurer had contrived that Randal's schemes of fortune and advancement were so based upon Levy's aid and connivance, that the young man, with all his desire rather to make instruments of other men, than to be himself their instrument, found his superior intellect as completely a slave to Levy's more experienced craft, as ever subtle Genius of air was subject to the vulgar Sorcerer of earth.

His acquisition of the ancestral acres—his anticipated seat in parliament—his chance of ousting Frank from the heritage of Hazeldean—were all as strings that pulled him to and fro, like a puppet in the sleek filbert-nailed fingers of the smiling showman, who could exhibit him to the admiration of a crowd, or cast him away into dust and lumber.

Randal gnawed his lip in the sullen wrath of a man who bides his hour of future emancipation, and lent his brain to the hire of the present servitude, in mechanical acquiescence. The inherent superiority of the profound young schemer became instantly apparent over the courage of Peschiera and the practised wit of the Baron.

"Your sister," said Randal to the former, "must be the active agent in the first and most difficult part of your

enterprise. Violante cannot be taken by force from Lord Lansmere's—she must be induced to leave it with her own consent. A female is needed here. Woman can best decoy woman."

"Admirably said," quoth the Count; "but Beatrice has grown restive, and though her dowry, and therefore her very marriage with that excellent young Hazeldean, depend on my own alliance with my fair kinswoman, she has grown so indifferent to my success that I dare not reckon on her aid. Between you and me, though she was once very eager to be married, she now seems to shrink from the notion; and I have no other hold over her."

"Has she not seen some one, and lately, whom she prefers to poor Frank?"

"I suspect that she has; but I know not whom, unless it be that detested L'Estrange."

"Ah—well, well. Interfere with her no farther yourself, but have all in readiness to quit England, as you had before proposed, as soon as Violante be in your power."

"All is in readiness," said the Count. "Levy has agreed to purchase a famous sailing vessel of one of his clients. I have engaged a score or so of determined outcasts, accustomed to the sea—Genoese, Corsicans, Sardinians—ex-Carbonari of the best sort—no silly patriots, but liberal cosmopolitans, who have iron at the disposal of any man's gold. I have a priest to perform the nuptial service, and deaf to any fair lady's 'No.' Once at sea, and wherever I land, Violante will lean on my arm as Countess of Peschiera."

"But Violante," said Randal doggedly, determined not to yield to the disgust with which the Count's audacious cynicism filled even him—"but Violante cannot be removed in broad daylight at once to such a vessel, nor from a quarter so populous as that in which your sister resides."

"I have thought of that too," said the Count; "my emissaries have found me a house close by the river, and safe for our purpose as the dungeons of Venice."

"I wish not to know all this," answered Randal quickly; "you will instruct Madame di Negra where to take Violante—my task limits itself to the fair inventions that belong to intellect; what belongs to force, is not in my province. I will go at once to your sister, whom I think I can influence more effectually than you can; though later, I may give you a hint to guard against the chance of her remorse. Meanwhile as, the moment Violante disappears, suspicion would fall upon you, show yourself constantly in public surrounded by your friends. Be able to account for every hour of your time—"

"An *alibi*?" interrupted the *ci-devant* solicitor.

"Exactly so, Baron. Complete the purchase of the vessel, and let the Count man it as he proposes. I will communicate with you both as soon as I can put you into action. To-day I shall have much to do; it will be done."

As Randal left the room, Levy followed him.

"What you propose to do will be well done, no doubt," quoth the usurer, linking his arm in Randal's; "but take care that you don't get yourself into a scrape, so as to damage your character. I have great hopes of you in public life; and in public life character is necessary—that is, so far as honour is concerned."

"I damage my character! and for a Count Peschiera!" said Randal, opening his eyes. "I! What do you take me for?"

The Baron let go his hold.

"This boy ought to rise very high," said he to himself, as he turned back to the Count.

CHAPTER III.

Randal's acute faculty of comprehension had long since surmised the truth that Beatrice's views and temper of mind had been strangely and suddenly altered by some such revolution as passion only can effect; that pique

or disappointment had mingled with the motive which had induced her to accept the hand of his rash young kinsman; and that instead of the resigned indifference with which she might at one time have contemplated

any marriage that could free her from a position that perpetually galled her pride, it was now with a repugnance, visible to Randal's keen eye, that she shrank from the performance of that pledge which Frank had so dearly bought. The temptations which the Count could hold out to her, to become his accomplice in designs of which the fraud and perfidy would revolt her better nature, had ceased to be of avail. A dowry had grown valueless, since it would but hasten the nuptials from which she recoiled. Randal felt that he could not secure her aid, except by working on a passion so turbulent as to confound her judgment. Such a passion he recognised in jealousy. He had once doubted if Harley were the object of her love; yet, after all, was it not probable? He knew, at least, of no one else to suspect. If so, he had but to whisper, "Violante is your rival. Violante removed, your beauty may find its natural effect; if not, you are an Italian, and you will be at least avenged." He saw still more reason to suppose that Lord L'Estrange was indeed the one by whom he could rule Beatrice, since, the last time he had seen her, she had questioned him with much eagerness as to the family of Lord Lansmere, especially as to the female part of it. Randal had then judged it prudent to avoid speaking of Violante, and feigned ignorance; but promised to ascertain all particulars by the time he next saw the Marchesa. It was the warmth with which she had thanked him that had set his busy mind at work to conjecture the cause of her curiosity so earnestly aroused, and to ascribe that cause to jealousy. If Harley loved Violante, (as Randal himself had before supposed,) the little of passion that the young man admitted to himself was enlisted in aid of Peschiera's schemes. For though Randal did not love Violante, he cordially disliked L'Estrange, and would have gone as far to render that dislike vindictive, as a cold reasoner, intent upon worldly fortunes, will ever suffer mere hate to influence him.

"At the worst," thought Randal, "if it be not Harley, touch the chord of jealousy, and its vibration will direct me right."

Thus soliloquising, he arrived at Madame di Negra's.

Now in reality the Marchesa's inquiries as to Lord Lansmere's family had their source in the misguided, restless, despairing interest with which she still clung to the image of the young poet, whom Randal had no reason to suspect. That interest had become yet more keen from the impatient misery she had felt ever since she had plighted herself to another. A wild hope that she might yet escape—a vague regretful thought that she had been too hasty in dismissing Leonard from her presence—that she ought rather to have courted his friendship, and contended against her unknown rival, at times drew her wayward mind wholly from the future to which she had consigned herself. And, to do her justice, though her sense of duty was so defective, and the principles which should have guided her conduct were so lost to her sight, still her feelings towards the generous Hazeldean were not so hard and blunted, but what her own ingratitude added to her torment; and it seemed as if the sole atonement she could make to him was to find an excuse to withdraw her promise, and save him from herself. She had caused Leonard's steps to be watched; she had found that he visited at Lord Lansmere's; that he had gone there often, and staid there long. She had learned in the neighbourhood that Lady Lansmere had one or two young female guests staying with her. Surely this was the attraction—here was the rival!

Randal found Beatrice in a state of mind that favoured his purpose. And first turning his conversation on Harley, and noting that her countenance did not change, by little and little he drew forth her secret.

Then, said Randal gravely, "If one whom you honour with a tender thought visits at Lord Lansmere's house, you have, indeed, cause to fear for yourself, to hope for your brother's success in the object which has brought him to England—for a girl of surpassing beauty is a guest in Lord Lansmere's house; and I will now tell you that that girl is she whom Count Peschiera would make his bride."

As Randal thus spoke, and saw how his listener's brow darkened and her eye flashed, he felt that his accomplice was secured. Violante! Had not Leonard spoken of Violante, and with such praise? Had not his boyhood been passed under her eyes? Who but Violante could be the rival? Beatrice's abrupt exclamations, after a moment's pause, revealed to Randal the advantage he had gained. And partly by rousing her jealousy into revenge—partly by flattering her love with assurances that, if Violante were fairly removed from England, were the wife of Count Peschiera—it would be impossible that Leonard could remain insensible to her own attractions—that he, Randal, would undertake to free her honourably from her engagement to Frank Hazeldean, and obtain from her brother the acquittal of the debt which had first fettered her hand to that confiding suitor—he did not quit the Marchesa until she had not only promised to do all that Randal might suggest, but impetuously urged him to mature his plans, and hasten the hour to accomplish them. Randal then walked some minutes musing and slow along the streets, revolving the next meshes in his elaborate and most subtle web. And here his craft luminously devised its masterpiece.

It was necessary, during any interval that might elapse between Violante's disappearance and her departure from England, in order to divert suspicion from Peschiera, (who might otherwise be detained,) that some cause for her voluntary absence from Lord Lansmere's should be at least assignable;—it was still more necessary that Randal himself should stand wholly clear from any surmise that he could have connived at the Count's designs, even should their actual perpetrator be discovered or conjectured. To effect these objects, Randal hastened to Norwood, and obtained an interview with Riccabocca. In seeming agitation and alarm, he informed the exile that he had reason to know that Peschiera had succeeded in obtaining a secret interview with Violante, and he feared had made a certain favourable impression on her mind; and, speaking as if with the jealousy of a lover, he

entreated Riccabocca to authorise Randal's direct proposals to Violante, and to require her consent to their immediate nuptials.

The poor Italian was confounded with the intelligence conveyed to him; and his almost superstitious fears of his brilliant enemy, conjoined with his opinion of the susceptibility to outward attractions common to all the female sex, made him not only implicitly credit, but even exaggerate, the dangers that Randal intimated. The idea of his daughter's marriage with Randal, towards which he had lately cooled, he now gratefully welcomed. But his first natural suggestion was to go, or send, for Violante, and bring her to his own house. This, however, Randal artfully opposed.

"Alas! I know," said he, "that Peschiera has discovered your retreat; and surely she would be far less safe here than where she is now!"

"But, diavolo! you say the man has seen her where she is now, in spite of all Lady Lansmere's promises and Harley's precautions."

"True. Of this Peschiera boasted to me. He effected it not, of course, openly, but in some disguise. I am sufficiently, however, in his confidence—(any man may be that with so audacious a braggart)—to deter him from renewing his attempt for some days. Meanwhile, I or yourself will have discovered some surer home than this, to which you can remove, and then will be the proper time to take back your daughter. Meanwhile, if you will send by me a letter to enjoin her to receive me as her future bridegroom, it will necessarily divert all thought at once from the Count; I shall be able to detect, by the manner in which she receives me, how far the Count has overstated the effect he pretends to have produced. You can give me also a letter to Lady Lansmere, to prevent your daughter coming hither. O, sir, do not reason with me. Have indulgence for my lover's fears. Believe that I advise for the best. Have I not the keenest interest to do so?"

Like many a man who is wise enough with pen and paper before him, and plenty of time wherewith to get up his wisdom, Ric

flurried, nervous, and confused when that wisdom was called upon for any ready exertion. From the tree of knowledge he had taken grafts enough to serve for a forest; but the whole forest could not spare him a handy walking-stick. That great folio of the dead Machiavel lay useless before him—the living Machiavel of daily life stood all puissant by his side. The Sage was as supple to the Schemer as the Clairvoyant is to the Mesmerist. And the lean slight fingers of Randal actually dictated almost the very words that Riccabocca wrote to his child and her hostess.

The philosopher would have liked to consult his wife; but he was ashamed to confess that weakness. Suddenly he remembered Harley, and said, as Randal took up the letters which Riccabocca had indited—

“There—that will give us time; and I will send to Lord L'Estrange and talk to him.”

“My noble friend,” replied Randal mournfully, “may I intreat you not to see Lord L'Estrange until at least I have pleaded my cause to your daughter—until, indeed, she is no longer under his father's roof.”

“And why?”

“Because I presume that you are sincere when you deign to receive me as a son-in-law, and because I am sure that Lord L'Estrange would hear with distaste of your disposition in my favour. Am I not right?”

Riccabocca was silent.

“And though his arguments would fail with a man of your honour and discernment, they might have more effect on the young mind of your child. Think, I beseech you, the more she is set against me, the more accessible she may be to the arts of Peschiera. Speak not, therefore, I implore you, to Lord L'Estrange till Violante has accepted my hand, or at least until she is again under your charge; or rather, he thinks too much of what I have been—too little of what I am.”

“Perhaps you are right. Certainly Lord L'Estrange is prejudiced against you; or rather, he thinks too much of what I have been—too little of what I am.”

“Who can see you, and not do so? I pardon him.” After kissing the hand which the exile modestly sought to withdraw from that act of homage, Randal pocketed the letters; and, as if struggling with emotion, rushed from the house.

Now, O curious reader, if thou wilt heedfully observe to what uses Randal Leslie put those letters—what speedy and direct results he drew forth from devices which would seem to an honest simple understanding the most round-about, wire-drawn wastes of invention—I almost fear that in thine admiration for his cleverness, thou mayest half forget thy contempt for his knavery.

But when the head is very full, it does not do to have the heart very empty; there is such a thing as being topheavy!

CHAPTER IV.

Helen and Violante had been conversing together, and Helen had obeyed her guardian's injunction, and spoken, though briefly, of her positive engagement to Harley. However much Violante had been prepared for the confidence, however clearly she had divined that engagement, however before persuaded that the dream of her childhood was fled for ever, still the positive truth, coming from Helen's own lips, was attended with that anguish which proves how impossible it is to *prepare* the human heart for the final verdict which slays its future. She did not, however, betray her emotion to Helen's artless eyes: sorrow, deep-seated, is seldom

self-betrayed. But, after a little while, she crept away; and, forgetful of Peschiera, of all things that could threaten danger, (what danger could harm her more!) she glided from the house, and went her desolate way under the leafless wintry trees. Ever and anon she paused—ever and anon she murmured the same words: “If she loved him, I could be consoled; but she does not! or how could she have spoken to me so calmly! how could her very looks have been so sad! Heartless—heartless.”

Then there came on her a vehement resentment against poor Helen, that almost took the character of scorn or hate—its excess startled herself.

"Am I grown so mean?" she said; and tears, that humbled her, rushed to her eyes. "Can so short a time alter one thus? Impossible!"

Randal Leslie rang at the front gate, inquired for Violante, and, catching sight of her form as he walked towards the house, advanced boldly and openly. His voice startled her as she leant against one of the dreary trees, still muttering to herself—*forlorn*. "I have a letter to you from your father, Signorina," said Randal. "But, before I give it to your hands, some explanation is necessary. Condescend, then, to hear me." Violante shook her head impatiently, and stretched forth her hand for the letter. Randal observed her countenance with his keen, cold, searching eye; but he still withheld the letter, and continued, after a pause—

"I know that you were born to princely fortunes; and the excuse for my addressing you now is, that your birthright is lost to you, at least unless you can consent to a union with the man who has despoiled you of your heritage—a union which your father would deem dishonour to yourself and him. Signorina, I might have presumed to love you; but I should not have named that love, had your father not encouraged me by his assent to my suit."

Violante turned to the speaker her face eloquent with haughty surprise. Randal met the gaze unmoved. He continued, without warmth, and in the tone of one who reasons calmly, rather than of one who feels acutely—

"The man of whom I spoke is in pursuit of you. I have cause to believe that this person has already intruded himself upon you. Ah! your countenance owns it; you have seen Peschiera? This house is, then, less safe than your father deemed it. No house is safe for you but a husband's. I offer to you my name—it is a gentleman's; my fortune, which is small; the participation in my hopes of the future, which are large. I place now your father's letter in your hand, and await your answer." Randal bowed slightly, gave the letter to Violante, and retired a few paces.

It was not his object to conciliate Violante's affection, but rather to excite her repugnance, or at least her

terror—we must wait to discover why; so he stood apart, seemingly in a kind of self-confident indifference, while the girl read the following letter:—

"My child, receive with favour Mr Leslie. He has my consent to address you as a suitor. Circumstances, of which it is needless now to inform you, render it essential to my very peace and happiness that your marriage should be immediate. In a word, I have given my promise to Mr Leslie, and I confidently leave it to the daughter of my house to redeem the pledge of her anxious and tender father."

The letter dropped from Violante's hand. Randal approached, and restored it to her. Their eyes met. Violante recoiled.

"I cannot marry you," said she, passively.

"Indeed?" answered Randal drily.

"Is it because you cannot love me?"

"Yes."

"I did not expect that you would, and I still persist in my suit. I have promised to your father that I would not recede before your first unconsidered refusal."

"I will go to my father at once."

"Does he request you to do so in his letter? Look again. Pardon me, but he foresaw your impetuosity; and I have another note for Lady Lansmere, in which he begs her ladyship not to sanction your return to him (should you so wish) until he come or send for you himself. He will do so whenever your word has redeemed his own."

"And do you dare to talk to me thus, and yet pretend to love me?"

Randal smiled ironically.

"I pretend but to wed you. Love is a subject on which I might have spoken formerly, or may speak hereafter. I give you some little time to consider. When I next call, it will be to fix the day for our wedding."

"Never!"

"You will be, then, the first daughter of your house who disobeyed a father; and you will have this additional crime, that you disobeyed him in his sorrow, his exile, and his fall."

Violante wrung her hands.

"Is there no choice—no escape?"

"I see none for either. Listen to me. I might have loved you, it is true; but it is not for my happiness to marry one who dislikes me, nor for my ambition to connect myself with one whose poverty is greater than my own. I marry but to keep my plighted faith with your father, and to save you from a villain you would hate more than myself, and from whom no walls are a barrier, no laws a defence. One person, indeed, might perhaps have preserved you from the misery you seem to anticipate with me; that person might defeat the plans of your father's foe—effect, it might be, terms which could revoke his banishment and restore his honours; that person is—"

"Lord L'Estrange?"

"Lord L'Estrange!" repeated Randal sharply, and watching her pale parted lips and her changing colour; "Lord L'Estrange! What could he do? Why did you name him?"

Violante turned aside. "He saved my father once," said she feelingly.

"And has interfered, and trifled, and promised, Heaven knows what, ever since—yet to what end? Pooh! The person I speak of your father would not consent to see—would not believe if he saw her; yet she is generous, noble—could sympathise with you both. She is the sister of your father's enemy—the Marchesa di Negra. I am convinced that she has great influence with her brother—that she has known enough of his secrets to awe him into renouncing all designs on yourself; but it is idle now to speak of her."

"No, no," exclaimed Violante. "Tell me where she lives—I will see her."

"Pardon me, I cannot obey you; and, indeed, her own pride is now aroused by your father's unfortunate prejudices against her. It is too late to count upon her aid. You turn from me—my presence is unwelcome. I rid you of it now. But welcome or unwelcome, later you must endure it—and for life."

Randal again bowed with formal ceremony, walked towards the house, and asked for Lady Lansmere. The Countess was at home. Randal delivered Riccabocca's note, which was very short, implying that he feared Peschiera had discovered his retreat

—and requesting Lady Lansmere to retain Violante, whatever her own desire, till her ladyship heard from him again.

The Countess read, and her lip curled in disdain. "Strange!" said she, half to herself.

"Strange!" said Randal, "that a man like your correspondent should fear one like the Count di Peschiera. Is that it?"

"Sir," said the Countess, a little surprised—"strange that any man should fear another in a country like ours!"

"I don't know," said Randal, with his low soft laugh; "I fear many men, and I know many who ought to fear me; yet at every turn of the street one meets a policeman!"

"Yes," said Lady Lansmere. "But to suppose that this profligate foreigner could carry away a girl like Violante against her will—a man she has never seen, and whom she must have been taught to hate!"

"Be on your guard, nevertheless, I pray you, madam: where there's a will there's a way."

Randal took his leave, and returned to Madame di Negra's. He staid with her an hour, revisited the Count, and then strolled to Limmer's.

"Randal," said the Squire, who looked pale and worn, but who scorned to confess the weakness with which he still grieved and yearned for his rebellious son—"Randal, you have nothing now to do in London; can you come and stay with me, and take to farming? I remember that you showed a good deal of sound knowledge about thin sowing."

"My dear sir, I will come to you as soon as the general election is over."

"What the deuce have you got to do with the general election?"

"Mr Egerton has some wish that I should enter Parliament; indeed, negotiations for that purpose are now on foot."

The Squire shook his head. "I don't like my half-brother's politics."

"I shall be quite independent of them," cried Randal loftily; "that independence is the condition for which I stipulate."

"Glad to hear it; and if you do come into Parliament, I hope you'll not turn your back on the land?"

"Turn my back on the land!" cried Randal, with devout horror. "Oh, sir! I am not so unnatural!"

"That's the right way to put it," quoth the credulous Squire; "it is unnatural! It is turning one's back on one's own mother! The land is a mother—"

"To those who live by her, certainly,—a mother," said Randal gravely. "And though, indeed, my father starves by her rather than lives, and Rood Hall is not like Hazeldean, still—I—"

"Hold your tongue," interrupted the Squire; "I want to talk to you. Your grandmother was a Hazeldean."

"Her picture is in the drawing-room at Rood. People think me very like her!"

"Indeed!" said the Squire. "The Hazeldeans are generally inclined to be stont and rosy, which you are certainly not. But no fault of yours. We are all as Heaven made us! However, to the point. I am going to alter my will—(said with a choking gulp.) This is the rough draft for the lawyers to work upon."

"Pray—pray sir, do not speak to me on such a subject. I cannot bear to contemplate even the possibility of—of—"

"My death! Ha, ha! Nonsense. My own son calculated on the date of it by the insurance tables. Ha, ha, ha. A very fashionable son—Eh! Ha, ha!"

"Poor Frank, do not let him suffer for a momentary forgetfulness of right feeling. When he comes to be married to that foreign lady, and be a father himself, he—"

"Father himself!" burst forth the Squire. "Father to a swarm of sal-low-faced Popish tadpoles! No foreign frogs shall hop about my grave in Hazeldean churchyard. No, no. But you need not look so reproachful—I'm not going to disinherit Frank."

"Of course not," said Randal, with a bitter curve in the lip that rebelled against the joyous smile which he sought to impose on it.

"No—I shall leave him the life-interest in the greater part of the property; but if he marry a foreigner, her children will not succeed—you will stand after him in that case. But—(now, don't interrupt me)—"

but Frank looks as if he would live longer than you—so small thanks to me for my good intentions, you may say. I mean to do more for you than a mere barren place in the entail. What do you say to marrying?"

"Just as you please," said Randal meekly.

"Good. There's Miss Stick-to-rights disengaged—great heiress. Her lands run on to Rood. At one time I thought of her for that graceless puppy of mine. But I can manage more easily to make up the match for you. There's a mortgage on the property; Old Stick-to-rights would be very glad to pay it off. I'll pay it out of the Hazeldean estate, and give up the Right of Way into the bargain. You understand. So come down as soon as you can, and court the young lady yourself."

Randal expressed his thanks with much grateful eloquence; and he then delicately insinuated, that if the Squire ever did mean to bestow upon him any pecuniary favours, (always without injury to Frank,) it would gratify him more to win back some portions of the old estate of Rood, than to have all the acres of the Stick-to-rights, however free from any other encumbrance than the amiable heiress.

The Squire listened to Randal with benignant attention. This wish the country gentleman could well understand and sympathise with. He promised to inquire into the matter, and to see what could be done with old Thornhill.

Randal here let out that Mr Thornhill was about to dispose of a large slice of the ancient Leslie estate through Levy, and that he, Randal, could thus get it at a more moderate price than would be natural if Mr Thornhill knew that his neighbour the Squire would bid for the purchase.

"Better say nothing about it either to Levy or Thornhill."

"Right," said the Squire; "no proprietor likes to sell to another proprietor, in the same shire, as largely aced as himself; it spoils the balance of power. See to the business yourself; and if I can help you with the purchase—(after that boy is married—I can attend to nothing before)—why, I will."

Randal now went to Egerton's. The statesman was in his parlour, settling the accounts of his house-steward, and giving brief orders for the reduction of his establishment to that of an ordinary private gentleman.

"I may go abroad if I lose my election," said Egerton, condescending to assign to his servant a reason for his economy; "and if I do not lose it, still, now I am out of office, I shall live much in private."

"Do I disturb you, sir?" said Randal, entering.

"No—I have just done." The house-steward withdrew, much surprised and disgusted, and meditating the resignation of his own office—in order, not like Egerton, to save, but to spend. The house-steward had private dealings with Baron Levy, and was in fact the veritable X Y of the *Times*, for whom Dick Avenel had been mistaken. He invested his wages and perquisites in the discount of bills; and it was part of his own money that had (though unknown to himself) swelled the last £5000 which Egerton had borrowed from Levy.

"I have settled with our committee; and, with Lord Lansmere's consent," said Egerton briefly, "you will stand for the borough as we proposed, in conjunction with myself. And should any accident happen to me—that is, should I vacate this seat from any cause, you may succeed to it—very shortly perhaps. Ingratiate yourself with the electors, and speak at the public-houses for both of us. I shall stand on my dignity, and leave the work of the election to you. No thanks—you know how I hate thanks. Good night."

"I never stood so near to fortune and to power," said Randal, as he slowly undressed. "And I owe it but to knowledge—knowledge of men—life—of all that books can teach us."

So his slight thin fingers dropped the extinguisher on the candle, and the prosperous Schemer laid himself down to rest in the dark. Shutters closed, curtains down—never was rest more quiet, never was room more dark!

That evening, Harley had dined at his father's. He spoke much to Helen—scarcely at all to Violante. But it so happened that when later, and a little while before he took his leave,

Helen, at his request, was playing a favourite air of his; Lady Lansmere, who had been seated between him and Violante, left the room, and Violante turned quickly towards Harley.

"Do you know the Marchesa di Negra?" she asked, in a hurried voice.

"A little. Why do you ask?"

"That is my secret," answered Violante, trying to smile with her old frank, childlike archness. "But, tell me, do you think better of her than of her brother?"

"Certainly. I believe her heart to be good, and that she is not without generous qualities."

"Can you not induce my father to see her? Would you not counsel him to do so?"

"Any wish of yours is a law to me," answered Harley gallantly. "You wish your father to see her? I will try and persuade him to do so. Now, in return, confide to me your secret. What is your object?"

"Leave to return to my Italy. I care not for honours—for rank; and even my father has ceased to regret their loss. But the land, the native land—Oh, to see it once more! Oh, to die there!"

"Die! You children have so lately left heaven, that ye talk as if ye could return there, without passing through the gates of sorrow, infirmity, and age! But I thought you were content with England. Why so eager to leave it? Violante, you are unkind to us!—to Helen, who already loves you so well!"

As Harley spoke, Helen rose from the piano, and, approaching Violante, placed her hand caressingly on the Italian's shoulder. Violante shivered, and shrunk away. The eyes both of Harley and Helen followed her. Harley's eyes were very grave and thoughtful.

"Is she not changed—your friend?" said he, looking down.

"Yes, lately—much changed. I fear there is something on her mind—I know not what."

"Ah!" muttered Harley, "it may be so; but at your age and hers, nothing rests on the mind long. Observe, I say the mind—the heart is more tenacious."

Helen sighed softly, but deeply.

"And therefore," continued Harley,

half to himself, "we can detect when something is on the mind—some care, some fear, some trouble. But when the heart closes over its own more passionate sorrow, who can discover! who conjecture! Yet you at least, my pure, candid Helen—you might subject mind and heart alike to the fabled window of glass."

"O, no!" cried Helen involuntarily.

"O, yes! Do not let me think that you have one secret I may not know, or one sorrow I may not share. For, in our relationship,—*that* would be deceit."

He pressed her hand with more than usual tenderness as he spoke, and shortly afterwards left the house.

And all that night Helen felt like a guilty thing—more wretched even than Violante.

CHAPTER V.

Early the next morning, while Violante was still in her room, a letter addressed to her came by the Post. The direction was in a strange hand. She opened it, and read in Italian what is thus translated:—

"I would gladly see you, but I cannot call openly at the house in which you live. Perhaps I may have it in my power to arrange family dissensions—to repair any wrongs your father may have sustained. Perhaps I may be enabled to render yourself an essential service. But for all this, it is necessary that we should meet, and confer frankly. Meanwhile time presses—delay is forbidden. Will you meet me, an hour after noon, in the lane, just outside the private gate of your gardens. I shall be alone; and you cannot fear to meet one of your own sex, and a kinswoman. Ah, I so desire to see you! Come, I beseech you. BEATRICE."

Violante read, and her decision was taken. She was naturally fearless, and there was little that she would not have braved for the chance of serving her father. And now all peril seemed slight in comparison with that which awaited her in Randal's suit, backed by her father's approval. Randal had said that Madame di Negra alone could aid her in escape from himself. Harley had said that Madame di Negra had generous qualities; and who but Madame di Negra would write herself a kinswoman, and sign herself "Beatrice?"

A little before the appointed hour, she stole unobserved through the trees, opened the little gate, and found herself in the quiet solitary

lane. In a few minutes, a female figure came up, with a quick light step; and, throwing aside her veil, said, with a sort of wild, suppressed energy, "It is you! I was truly told. Beautiful!—beautiful! And, oh! what youth and what bloom!"

The voice dropped mournfully; and Violante, surprised by the tone, and blushing under the praise, remained a moment silent; then she said, with some hesitation—

"You are, I presume, the Marchesa di Negra? And I have heard of you enough to induce me to trust you."

"Of me! From whom?" asked Beatrice, almost fiercely.

"From Mr Leslie, and—and—"

"Go on—why falter?"

"From Lord L'Estrange."

"From no one else?"

"Not that I remember."

Beatrice sighed heavily, and let fall her veil. Some foot-passengers now came up the lane; and seeing two ladies, of mien so remarkable, turned round, and gazed curiously.

"We cannot talk here," said Beatrice impatiently; "and I have so much to say—so much to know. Trust me yet more; it is for yourself I speak. My carriage waits yonder. Come home with me—I will not detain you an hour; and I will bring you back."

This proposition startled Violante. She retreated towards the gate, with a gesture of dissent. Beatrice laid her hand on the girl's arm, and again lifting her veil, gazed at her with a look, half of scorn, half of admiration.

"I, too, would once have recoiled from one step beyond the formal line by which the world divides liberty from woman. Now—see how bold I

am. Child, child, do not trifle with your destiny. You may never again have the same occasion offered to you. It is not only to meet you that I am here; I must know something of you—something of your heart. Why shrink?—is not the heart pure?"

Violante made no answer; but her smile, so sweet and so lofty, humbled the questioner it rebuked.

"I may restore to Italy your father," said Beatrice, with an altered voice. "Come!"

Violante approached, but still hesitatingly.

"Not by union with your brother?"

"You dread that so much, then?"

"Dread it? No! Why should I dread what is in my power to reject. But if you can really restore my father, and by nobler means, you may save me for—"

Violante stopped abruptly; the Marchesa's eyes sparkled.

"Save you for—ah! I can guess what you leave unsaid. But come, come—more strangers—see; you shall tell me all at my own house. And if you can make one sacrifice, why, I will save you all else. Come, or farewell for ever!"

Violante placed her hand in Beatrice's, with a frank confidence that brought the accusing blood into the Marchesa's cheek.

"We are women both," said Violante; "we descend from the same noble house; we have knelt alike to the same Virgin Mother; why should I not believe and trust you?"

"Why not?" muttered Beatrice feebly; and she moved on, with her head bowed on her breast, and all the pride of her step was gone.

They reached a carriage that stood by the angle of the road. Beatrice spake a word apart to the driver, who was an Italian, in the pay of the Count; the man nodded, and opened the carriage door. The ladies entered. Beatrice pulled down the blinds; the man remounted his box, and drove on rapidly.

Beatrice, leaning back, groaned aloud. Violante drew nearer to her side. "Are you in pain?" said she, with her tender, melodious voice; "or can I serve you as you would serve me?"

"Child, give me your hand, and

be silent while I look at you. Was I ever so fair as this? Never! And what deeps—what deeps roll between her and me!"

She said this as of some one absent, and again sank into silence; but continued still to gaze on Violante, whose eyes, veiled by their long fringes, drooped beneath the gaze.

Suddenly Beatrice started, exclaiming, "No, it shall not be!" and placed her hand on the check-string.

"What shall not be?" asked Violante, surprised by the cry and the action. Beatrice paused—her breast heaved visibly under her dress.

"Stay," she said slowly. "As you say, we are both women of the same noble house; you would reject the suit of my brother, yet you have seen him; his the form to please the eye—his the arts that allure the fancy. He offers to you rank, wealth, your father's pardon and recall. If I could remove the objections which your father entertains—prove that the Count has less wronged him than he deems, would you still reject the rank, and the wealth, and the hand of Giulio Franzini?"

"Oh yes, yes, were his hand a king's!"

"Still, then, as woman to woman—both, as you say, akin, and sprung from the same lineage—still, then, answer me—answer me, for you speak to one who has loved—Is it not that you love another? Speak."

"I do not know. Nay, not love—it was a romance; it is a thing impossible. Do not question—I cannot answer." And the broken words were choked by sudden tears.

Beatrice's face grew hard and pitiless. Again she lowered her veil, and withdrew her hand from the check-string; but the coachman had felt the touch, and halted. "Drive on," said Beatrice, "as you were directed."

Both were now long silent—Violante with great difficulty recovering from her emotion, Beatrice breathing hard, and her arms folded firmly across her breast.

Meanwhile the carriage had entered London—it passed the quarter in which Madame di Negra's house was situated—it rolled fast over a bridge—it whirled through a broad thoroughfare, then through defiles of lanes,

with tall blank dreary houses on either side. On it went, and on, till Violante suddenly took alarm. "Do you live so far?" she said, drawing up the blind, and gazing in dismay on the strange ignoble suburb. "I shall be missed already. Oh, let us turn back, I beseech you!"

"We are nearly there now. The driver has taken this road in order to avoid those streets in which we might have been seen together—perhaps by my brother himself. Listen to me, and talk of—the lover whom you rightly associate with a vain romance. 'Impossible,'—yes, it is impossible!"

Violante clasped her hands before her eyes, and bowed down her head. "Why are you so cruel?" said she. This is not what you promised! How are you to serve my father—how restore him to his country? This is what you promised."

"If you consent to one sacrifice, I will fulfil that promise. We are arrived."

The carriage stopped before a tall dull house, divided from other houses by a high wall that appeared to enclose a yard, and standing at the end of a narrow lane, which was bounded on the one side by the Thames. In that quarter the river was crowded with gloomy, dark-looking vessels and

craft, all lying lifeless under the wintry sky.

The driver dismounted and rang the bell. Two swarthy Italian faces presented themselves at the threshold.

Beatrice descended lightly, and gave her hand to Violante. "Now, here we shall be secure," said she; "and here a few minutes may suffice to decide your fate."

As the door closed on Violante—who, now waking to suspicion, to alarm, looked fearfully round the dark and dismal hall—Beatrice turned: "Let the carriage wait."

The Italian who received the order bowed and smiled; but when the two ladies had ascended the stairs, he re-opened the street-door and said to the driver, "Back to the Count, and say 'all is safe.'"

The carriage drove off. The man who had given this order barred and locked the door, and, taking with him the huge key, plunged into the mystic recesses of the basement and disappeared. The hall, thus left solitary, had the grim aspect of a prison; the strong door sheathed with iron—the rugged stone stairs, lighted by a high window grimed with the dust of years, and jealously barred—and the walls themselves abutting out rudely here and there, as if against violence even from within.

CHAPTER VI.

It was, as we have seen, without taking counsel of the faithful Jemima that the sage recluse of Norwood had yielded to his own fears, and Randal's subtle suggestions, in the concise and arbitrary letter which he had written to Violante; but at night, when churchyards give up the dead, and conjugal hearts the secrets hid by day from each other, the wise man informed his wife of the step he had taken. And Jemima then—who held English notions, very different from those which prevail in Italy, as to the right of fathers to dispose of their daughters without reference to inclination or repugnance, and who had an instinctive antipathy to Randal—so sensibly, yet so mildly, represented to the pupil of Machiavel that he had not gone exactly the right way to work, if he feared that the hand-

some Count had made some impression on Violante, and if he wished her to turn with favour to the suitor he recommended—that so abrupt a command could only chill the heart, revolt the will, and even give to the audacious Peschiera some romantic attraction which he had not before possessed,—as effectually to destroy Riccabocca's sleep that night. And the next day he sent Giacomo to Lady Lansmere's with a very kind letter to Violante, and a note to the hostess, praying the latter to bring his daughter to Norwood for a few hours, as he much wished to converse with both. It was on Giacomo's arrival at Knightsbridge that Violante's absence was discovered. Lady Lansmere, ever proudly careful of the world and its gossip, kept Giacomo from betraying his excitement to her.

vants, and stated throughout the decorous household that the young lady had informed her she was going to visit some friends that morning, and had no doubt gone through the garden-gate, since it was found open; the way was more quiet there than by the high-road, and her friends might have therefore walked to meet her by the lane. Lady Lansmere observed that her only surprise was that Violante had gone earlier than she had expected. Having said this with a composure that compelled belief, Lady Lansmere ordered the carriage, and, taking Giacomo with her, drove at once to consult her son.

Harley's quick intellect had scarcely recovered from the shock upon his emotions, before Randal Leslie was announced.

"Ah," said Lady Lansmere, "Mr Leslie may know something. He came to her yesterday with a note from her father. Pray let him enter."

The Austrian Prince approached Harley. "I will wait in the next room," he whispered. "You may want me, if you have cause to suspect Peschiera in all this."

Lady Lansmere was pleased with the Prince's delicacy, and, glancing at Leonard, said, "Perhaps you too, sir, may kindly aid us, if you would retire with the Prince. Mr Leslie may be disinclined to speak of affairs like these, except to Harley and myself."

"True, madam; but beware of Mr Leslie."

As the door at one end of the room closed on the Prince and Leonard, Randal entered at the other, seemingly much agitated.

"I have just been to your house, Lady Lansmere. I heard you were here; pardon me if I have followed you. I had called at Knightsbridge to see Violante—learned that she had left you. I implore you to tell me how or wherefore. I have the right to ask: her father has promised me her hand."

Harley's falcon eye had brightened up at Randal's entrance. It watched steadily the young man's face. It was clouded for a moment by his knitted brows at Randal's closing words. But he left it to Lady Lansmere to reply and explain. This the Countess did briefly.

Randal clasped his hands. "And she not gone to her father's? Are you sure of that?"

"Her father's servant has just come from Norwood."

"Oh, I am to blame for this! It is my rash suit—her fear of it—her aversion. I see it all!" Randal's voice was hollow with remorse and despair. "To save her from Peschiera, her father insisted on her immediate marriage with myself. His orders were too abrupt, my own wooing too unwelcome. I know her high spirit; she has fled to escape from me. But whither, if not to Norwood?—oh, whither? What other friends has she—what relations?"

"You throw a new light on this mystery," said Lady Lansmere: "perhaps she may have gone to her father's, after all, and the servant may have crossed, but missed her on the way. I will drive to Norwood at once."

"Do so—do; but if she be not there, be careful not to alarm Riccabocca with the news of her disappearance. Caution Giacomo not to do so. He would only suspect Peschiera, and be hurried to some act of violence."

"Do not you, then, suspect Peschiera, Mr Leslie?" asked Harley suddenly.

"Ha! is it possible? Yet, no. I called on him this morning with Frank Hazelden, who is to marry his sister. I was with him till I went on to Knightsbridge, at the very time of Violante's disappearance. He could not then have been a party to it."

"You saw Violante yesterday. Did you speak to her of Madame di Negra?" asked Harley, suddenly recalling the questions respecting the Marchesa which Violante had addressed to him.

In spite of himself, Randal felt that he changed countenance. "Of Madame di Negra? I do not think so. Yet I might. Oh, yes, I remember now. She asked me the Marchesa's address; I would not give it."

"The address is easily found. Can she have gone to the Marchesa's house?"

"I will run there, and see," cried Randal, starting up.

"And I with you. Stay, my dear mother. Proceed, as you propose, to Norwood, and take Mr Leslie's

advice. Spare our friend the news of his daughter's loss—if lost she be—till she is restored to him. He can be of no use meanwhile. Let Giacomo rest here; I may want him."

Harley then passed into the next room, and entreated the Prince and Leonard to await his return, and allow Giacomo to stay in the same room.

He then went quickly back to Randal. Whatever might be his fears or emotions, Harley felt that he had need of all his coolness of judgment and presence of mind. The occasion made abrupt demand upon powers which had slept since boyhood, but which now woke with a vigour that would have made even Randal tremble, could he have detected the wit, the courage, the electric energies, masked under that tranquil self-possession. Lord L'Estrange and Randal soon reached the Marchesa's house, and learned that she had been out since morning in one of Count Peschiera's carriages. Randal stole an alarmed glance at Harley's face. Harley did not seem to notice it.

"Now, Mr Leslie, what do you advise next?"

"I am at a loss. Ah, perhaps,

afraid of her father—knowing how despotic is his belief in paternal rights, and how tenacious he is of his word once passed, as it has been to me, she may have resolved to take refuge in the country—perhaps at the Casino, or at Mrs Dale's, or Mrs Hazeldean's. I will hasten to inquire at the coach-office. Meanwhile, you—"

"Never mind me, Mr Leslie. Do as you please. But, if your surmises be just, you must have been a very rude wooer to the high-born lady you aspired to win."

"Not so; but perhaps an unwelcome one. If she has indeed fled from me, need I say that my suit will be withdrawn at once? I am not a selfish lover, Lord L'Estrange."

"Nor I a vindictive man. Yet, could I discover who has conspired against this lady, a guest under my father's roof, I would crush him into the mire as easily as I set my foot upon this glove. Good-day to you, Mr Leslie."

Randal stood still for a few moments as Harley strided on; then his lip sneered as it muttered—"Insolent! He loves her. Well, I am avenged already."

CHAPTER VII.

Harley went straight to Peschiera's hotel. He was told that the Count had walked out with Mr Frank Hazeldean and some other gentlemen who had breakfasted with him. He had left word, in case any one called, that he had gone to Tattersall's to look at some horses that were for sale. To Tattersall's went Harley. The Count was in the yard leaning against a pillar, and surrounded by fashionable friends. Lord L'Estrange paused, and, with a heroic effort at self-mastery, repressed his rage. "I may lose all if I show that I suspect him; and yet I must insult and fight him rather than leave his movements free. Ah, is that young Hazeldean? A thought strikes me!" Frank was standing apart from the group round the Count, and looking very absent and very sad. Harley touched him on the shoulder, and drew him aside unobserved by the Count.

"Mr Hazeldean, your uncle Eger-

ton is my dearest friend. Will you be a friend to me? I want you."

"My lord—"

"Follow me. Do not let Count Peschiera see us talking together."

Harley quitted the yard, and entered St James's Park by the little gate close by. In a very few words he informed Frank of Violante's disappearance, and of his reasons for suspecting the Count. Frank's first sentiment was that of indignant disbelief that the brother of Beatrice could be so vile; but as he gradually called to mind the cynical and corrupt vein of the Count's familiar conversation—the hints to Peschiera's prejudice that had been dropped by Beatrice herself—and the general character for brilliant and daring profligacy which even the admirers of the Count ascribed to him—Frank was compelled to reluctant acquiescence in Harley's suspicions; and he said, with an earnest gravity ' y

rare to him—"Believe me, Lord L'Estrange, if I can assist you in defeating a base and mercenary design against this poor young lady, you have but to show me how. One thing is clear—Peschiera was not personally engaged in this abduction, since I have been with him all day; and—now I think of it—I begin to hope that you wrong him; for he has invited a large party of us to make an excursion with him to Boulogne next week, in order to try his yacht; which he could scarcely do, if—"

"Yacht, at this time of the year! a man who habitually resides at Vienna—a yacht!"

"Spendquick sells it a bargain on account of the time of year and other reasons; and the Count proposes to spend next summer in cruising about the Ionian Isles. He has some property on those Isles, which he has never yet visited."

"How long is it since he bought this yacht?"

"Why, I am not sure that it is already bought—that is, paid for. Levy was to meet Spendquick this very morning to arrange the matter. Spendquick complains that Levy screws him."

"My dear Mr Hazeldean, you are guiding me through the maze. Where shall I find Lord Spendquick?"

"At this hour, probably, in bed. Here is his card."

"Thanks. And where lies the vessel?"

"It was off Blackwall the other day. I went to see it—'The Flying Dutchman'—a fine vessel, and carries guns."

"Enough. Now, heed me. There can be no immediate danger to Violante, so long as Peschiera does not meet her—so long as we know his movements. You are about to marry his sister. Avail yourself of that privilege to keep close by his side. Refuse to be shaken off. Make what excuses for the present your invention suggests. I will give you an excuse. Be anxious and uneasy to know where you can find Madame di Negra."

"Madame di Negra?" cried Frank. "What of her? Is she not in Curzon et?"

"No; she has gone out in one of the Count's carriages. In all probability the driver of that carriage, or some servant in attendance on it, will come to the Count in the course of the day; and, in order to get rid of you, the Count will tell you to see this servant, and ascertain yourself that his sister is safe. Pretend to believe what the man says, but make him come to your lodgings on pretence of writing there a letter for the Marchesa. Once at your lodgings, and he will be safe; for I shall see that the officers of justice secure him. The moment he is there, send an express for me to my hotel."

"But," said Frank, a little bewildered, "if I go to my lodgings, how can I watch the Count?"

"It will not then be necessary. Only get him to accompany you to your lodgings, and part with him at the door."

"Stop, stop—you cannot suspect Madame di Negra of connivance in a scheme so infamous. Pardon me, Lord L'Estrange; I cannot act in this matter—cannot even hear you, except as your foe, if you insinuate a word against the honour of the woman I love."

"Brave gentleman, your hand. It is Madame di Negra I would save, as well as my friend's young child. Think but of her, while you act as I entreat, and all will go well. I confide in you. Now, return to the Count."

Frank walked back to join Peschiera, and his brow was thoughtful, and his lips closed firmly. Harley had that gift which belongs to the genius of Action. He inspired others with the light of his own spirit and the force of his own will. Harley then hastened to Lord Spendquick, remained with that young gentleman some minutes, then repaired to his hotel, where Leonard, the Prince, and Giacomo still awaited him.

"Come with me, both of you. You, too, Giacomo. I must now see the police. We may then divide upon separate missions."

"Oh, my dear lord," cried Leonard, "you must have had good news. You seem cheerful and sanguine."

"*Scem!* Nay, I am so! If I once

paused to despond—even to doubt—I should go mad. A foe to baffle, and an angel to save! Whose spirits

would not rise high—whose wits would not move quick to the warm pulse of his heart?"

CHAPTER VIII.

Twilight was dark in the room to which Beatrice had conducted Violante. A great change had come over Beatrice. Humble and weeping, she knelt beside Violante, hiding her face, and imploring pardon. And Violante, striving to resist the terror for which she now saw such cause as no woman-heart can defy, still sought to soothe, and still sweetly assured forgiveness.

Beatrice had learned—after quick and fierce questions, that at last compelled the answers that cleared away every doubt—that her jealousy had been groundless—that she had no rival in Violante. From that moment, the passions that had made her the tool of guilt abruptly vanished, and her conscience startled her with the magnitude of her treachery. Perhaps had Violante's heart been wholly free, or she had been of that mere commonplace, girlish character which women like Beatrice are apt to despise, the Marchesa's affection for Peschiera, and her dread of him, might have made her try to persuade her young kinswoman at least to receive the Count's visit—at least to suffer him to make his own excuses, and plead his own cause. But there had been a loftiness of spirit in which Violante had first defied the Marchesa's questions, followed by such generous, exquisite sweetness, when the girl perceived how that wild heart was stung and maddened, and such purity of mournful candour when she had overcome her own virgin bashfulness sufficiently to undeceive the error she detected, and confess where her own affections were placed, that Beatrice bowed before her as mariner of old to some fair saint that had allayed the storm.

"I have deceived you!" she cried through her sobs; "but I will now save you at any cost. Had you been as I deemed—the rival who had despoiled all the hopes of my future life—I would, without remorse, have been the accomplice I am pledged to be. But now, you!—oh, you—so

good and so noble—you can never be the bride of Peschiera. Nay, start not: he shall renounce his designs for ever, or I will go myself to our Emperor, and expose the dark secrets of his life. Return with me quick to the home from which I ensnared you."

Beatrice's hand was on the door while she spoke. Suddenly her face fell—her lips grew white; the door was locked from without. She called—no one answered; the bell-pull in the room gave no sound; the windows were high and barred—they did not look on the river, nor the street, but on a close, gloomy, silent yard—high blank walls all around it—no one to hear the cry of distress, rang it ever so loud and sharp.

Beatrice divined that she herself had been no less ensnared than her companion; that Peschiera, distrustful of her firmness in evil, had precluded her from the power of reparation. She was in a house only tenanted by his hirelings. Not a hope to save Violante, from a fate that now appalled her, seemed to remain. Thus, in incoherent self-reproaches and frenzied tears, Beatrice knelt beside her victim, communicating more and more the terrors that she felt, as the hours rolled on, and the room darkened, till it was only by the dull lamp which gleamed through the grimy windows from the yard without, that each saw the face of the other.

Night came on; they heard a clock from some distant church strike the hours. The dim fire had long since burnt out, and the air became intensely cold. No one broke upon their solitude—not a voice was heard in the house. They felt neither cold nor hunger—they felt but the solitude, and the silence, and the dread of something that was to come.

At length, about midnight, a bell rang at the street door; then there was the quick sound of steps—of sullen bolts withdrawn—of low, murmured voices. Light s

through the chinks of the door to the apartment—the door itself opened. Two Italians bearing tapers entered, and the Count di Peschiera followed.

Beatrice sprang up, and rushed towards her brother. He placed his hand gently on her lips, and motioned to the Italians to withdraw. They placed the lights on the table, and vanished without a word.

Peschiera then, putting aside his sister, approached Violante.

"Fair kinswoman," said he, with an air of easy but resolute assurance, "there are things which no man can excuse, and no woman can pardon, unless that love, which is beyond all laws, suggests excuse for the one, and obtains pardon for the other. In a word, I have sworn to win you, and I have had no opportunities to woo. Fear not; the worst that can befall you is to be my bride. Stand aside, my sister, stand aside."

"Giulio, no! Giulio Franzini, I stand between you and her: you shall strike me to the earth before you can touch even the hem of her robe."

"What, my sister!—you turn against me?"

"And unless you instantly retire and leave her free, I will unmask you to the Emperor."

"Too late, *mon enfant!* You will sail with us. The effects you may need for the voyage are already on board. You will be witness to our marriage, and by a holy son of the Church. Then tell the Emperor what you will."

With a light and sudden exertion of his strength, the Count put away Beatrice, and fell on his knee before Violante, who, drawn to her full height, death-like pale, but untrembling, regarded him with unutterable disdain.

"You scorn me now," said he, throwing into his features an expression of humility and admiration, "and I cannot wonder at it. But, believe me, that until the scorn yield to a kinder sentiment, I will take no advantage of the power I have gained over your fate."

"Power!" said Violante haughtily. "You have ensnared me into this house—you have gained the power of a day; but the power over my fate—no!"

"You mean that your friends have discovered your disappearance, and are on your track. Fair one, I provide against your friends, and I defy all the laws and police of England. The vessel that will bear you from these shores waits in the river hard by. Beatrice, I warn you—be still—unhand me. In that vessel will be a priest who shall join our hands, but not before you will recognise the truth; that she who flies with Giulio Peschiera must become his wife, or quit him as the disgrace of her house, and the scorn of her sex."

"Oh, villain! villain!" cried Beatrice.

"Peste, my sister, gentler words. You, too, would marry. I tell no tales of you. Signorina, I grieve to threaten force. Give me your hand; we must be gone."

Violante eluded the clasp that would have profaned her, and darting across the room, opened the door, and closed it hastily behind her. Beatrice clung firmly to the Count to detain him from pursuit. But just without the door, close, as if listening to what passed within, stood a man wrapped from head to foot in a large boat cloak. The ray of the lamp that beamed on the man, gleamed on the barrel of a pistol which he held in his right hand.

"Hist!" whispered the man in English; and passing his arm round her—"in this house you are in that ruffian's power; out of it, safe. Ah! I am by your side—I, Violante!"

The voice thrilled to Violante's heart. She started—looked up, but nothing was seen of the man's face, what with the hat and cloak, save a mass of raven curls and a beard of the same hue.

The Count now threw open the door, dragging after him his sister, who still clung round him.

"Ha—that is well!" he cried to the man in Italian. "Bear the lady after me, gently; but if she attempt to cry out—why, force enough to silence her, not more. As for you, Beatrice, traitress that you are, I could strike you to the earth—but—No, this suffices." He caught his sister in his arms as he spoke, and, regardless of her cries and struggles, sprang down the stairs.

The hall was crowded with fierce swarthy men. The Count turned to one of them, and whispered; in an instant the Marchesa was seized and gagged. The Count cast a look over his shoulder; Violante was close behind, supported by the man to whom Peschiera had consigned her, and who was pointing to Beatrice, and appeared warning Violante against resistance. Violante was silent, and seemed resigned. Peschiera smiled cynically, and, preceded by some of his hirelings, who held torches, descended a few steps that led to an abrupt landing-place between the hall and the basement story. There, a small door stood open, and the river flowed close by. A boat was moored on the bank, round which grouped four men, who had the air of foreign sailors. At the appearance of Peschiera, three of these men sprang into the boat and got ready their oars. The fourth carefully readjusted a plank thrown from the boat to the wharf, and offered his arm obsequiously to Peschiera. The Count was the first to enter, and, humming a gay opera air, took his place by the helm. The two females were next lifted in, and Violante felt her hand pressed almost convulsively by the man who stood by the plank. The rest followed, and in another minute the boat bounded swiftly over the waves towards a vessel that lay several furlongs adown the river, and apart from all the meaner craft that crowded the stream. The stars struggled pale through the foggy atmosphere; not a word was heard within the boat—no sound save the regular splash of the oars. The Count paused from his lively tune, and, gathering round him the ample folds of his fur pelisse, seemed absorbed in thought. Even by the imperfect light of the stars, Peschiera's face wore an air of sovereign triumph. The result had justified that careless and insolent confidence in himself and in fortune, which was the most prominent feature in the character of the man who, both bravo and gamester, had played against the world, with his rapier in one hand, and clogged dice in the other. Violante, once in a vessel filled by his own men, was irretrievably in his power. Even her father

must feel grateful to learn that the captive of Peschiera had saved name and repute in becoming Peschiera's wife. Even the pride of sex in Violante herself must induce her to confirm what Peschiera, of course, intended to state, viz., that she was a willing partner in a bridegroom's schemes of flight towards the altar, rather than the poor victim of a betrayer, and receiving his hand but from his mercy. He saw his fortune secured, his success envied, his very character rehabilitated by his splendid nuptials. Ambition began to mingle with his dreams of pleasure and pomp. What post in the Court or the State too high for the aspirations of one who had evinced the most incontestable talent for active life—the talent to succeed in all that the will had undertaken? Thus mused the Count, half forgetful of the present, and absorbed in the golden future, till he was aroused by a loud hail from the vessel, and the bustle on board the boat, as the sailors caught at the rope flung forth to them. He then rose and moved towards Violante. But the man who was still in charge of her passed the Count lightly, half leading, half carrying, his passive prisoner. "Pardon, Excellency," said the man in Italian, "but the boat is crowded, and rocks so much that your aid would but disturb our footing." Before Peschiera could reply, Violante was already on the steps of the vessel, and the Count paused till, with elated smile, he saw her safely standing on the deck. Beatrice followed, and then Peschiera himself; but when the Italians in his train also thronged towards the sides of the boat, two of the sailors got before them, and let go the rope, while the other two plied their oars vigorously, and pulled back towards shore. The Italians burst into an amazed and indignant volley of execrations. "Silence," said the sailor who had stood by the plank, "we obey orders. If you are not quiet, we shall upset the boat. *We can swim*; Heaven and Monsignore San Giacomo pity you if you cannot."

Meanwhile, as Peschiera leapt upon deck, a flood of light poured upon him from lifted torches. That light streamed full on the face and form of a man of commanding stature, whose

arm was around Violante, and whose dark eyes flashed upon the Count more luminously than the torches. On one side this man stood the Austrian Prince; on the other side (a cloak, and a profusion of false dark locks, at his feet) stood Lord L'Estrange, his arms folded, and his lips curved by a smile in which the ironical humour native to the man was tempered with a calm and supreme disdain. The Count strove to speak, but his voice faltered. All around him looked ominous and hostile. He saw many Italian faces, but they scowled at him with vindictive hate; in the rear were English mariners, peering curiously over the shoulders of the foreigners, and with a broad grin on their open countenances. Suddenly, as the Count thus stood perplexed, cowering, stupified, there burst from all the Italians present a hoot of unutterable scorn—" *Il traditore! il traditore!*"—(the traitor! the traitor!)

The Count was brave, and at the cry he lifted his head with a certain majesty.

At that moment Harley, raising his hand as if to silence the hoot, came forth from the group by which he had been hitherto standing, and towards him the Count advanced with a bold stride.

"What trick is this?" he said in French, fiercely. "I divine that it is you whom I can single out for explanation and atonement."

"*Pardieu, Monsieur le Comte,*" answered Harley in the same language, which lends itself so well to polished sarcasm and high-bred enmity—"let us distinguish. Explanation should come from me, I allow; but atonement I have the honour to resign to yourself. This vessel"—

"Is mine!" cried the Count. "Those men, who insult me, should be in my pay."

"The men in your pay, *Monsieur le Comte*, are on shore, drinking success to your voyage. But, anxious still to procure you the gratification of being amongst your own countrymen, those whom I have taken into my pay are still better Italians than the pirates whose place they supply; perhaps not such good sailors; but then I have taken the liberty to add

to the equipment of a vessel, which has cost me too much to risk lightly, some stout English seamen, who are mariners more practised than even your pirates. Your grand mistake, *Monsieur le Comte*, is in thinking that the 'Flying Dutchman' is yours. With many apologies for interfering with your intention to purchase it, I beg to inform you that Lord Spendquick has kindly sold it to me. Nevertheless, *Monsieur le Comte*, for the next few weeks I place it—men and all—at your service."

Peschiera smiled scornfully.

"I thank your lordship; but since I presume that I shall no longer have the travelling companion who alone could make the voyage attractive, I shall return to shore, and will simply request you to inform me at what hour you can receive the friend whom I shall depute to discuss that part of the question yet untouched, and to arrange that the atonement, whether it be due from me or yourself, may be rendered as satisfactory as you have condescended to make the explanation."

"Let not that vex you, *Monsieur le Comte*—the atonement is, in much, made already; so anxious have I been to forestall all that your nice sense of honour would induce so complete a gentleman to desire. You have ensnared a young heiress, it is true; but you see that it was only to restore her to the arms of her father. You have juggled an illustrious kinsman out of his heritage; but you have voluntarily come on board this vessel, first, to enable his highness the Prince * * * *, of whose rank at the Austrian Court you are fully aware, to state to your Emperor that he himself has been witness of the manner in which you interpreted his Imperial Majesty's assent to your nuptials with a child of one of the first subjects in his Italian realm; and, next, to commence by a penitential excursion to the seas of the Baltic, the sentence of banishment which I have no doubt will accompany the same act that restores to the chief of your house his lands and his honours."

The Count started.

"That restoration," said the Austrian Prince, who had advanced to Harley's side, "I already guarantee.

Disgrace that you are, Giulio Franzini, to the nobles of the Empire, I will not leave my royal master till his hand strike your name from the roll. I have here your own letters, to prove that your kinsman was duped by yourself into the revolt which you would have headed as a Catiline, if it had not better suited your nature to betray it as a Judas. In ten days from this time, these letters will be laid before the Emperor and his Council."

"Are you satisfied, *Monsieur le Comte*," said Harley, "with your atonement so far? if not, I have procured you the occasion to render it yet more complete. Before you stands the kinsman you have wronged. He knows now, that though, for a while, you ruined his fortunes, you failed to sully his hearth. His heart can grant you pardon, and hereafter his hand may give you alms. Kneel then, Giulio Franzini—kneel, baffled bravo—kneel, ruined gamester—kneel, miserable outcast—at the feet of Alphonso, Prince of Monteleone and Duke of Serrano."

The above dialogue had been in French, which only a few of the Italians present understood, and that imperfectly; but at the name with which Harley concluded his address to the Count, a simultaneous cry from those Italians broke forth.

"Alphonso the Good!—Alphonso the Good! *Viva—viva—the good Duke of Serrano!*"

And, forgetful even of the Count, they crowded round the tall form of Riccabocca, striving who should first kiss his hand—the very hem of his garments.

Riccabocca's eyes overflowed. The gaunt exile seemed transfigured into another and more kingly man. An inexpressible dignity invested him. He stretched forth his arms, as if to bless his countrymen. Even that rude cry, from humble men, exiles like himself, consoled him for years of banishment and penury.

"Thanks, thanks," he continued; "thanks. Some day or other, you will all perhaps return with me to the beloved Land!"

The Austrian Prince bowed his head, as if in assent to the prayer.

"Giulio Franzini," said the Duke

of Serrano—for so we may now call the threadbare recluse of the Casino—"had this last villanous design of yours been allowed by Providence, think you that there is one spot on earth on which the ravisher could have been saved from a father's arm? But now, Heaven has been more kind. In this hour let me imitate its mercy;" and with relaxing brow the Duke mildly drew near to his guilty kinsman.

From the moment the Austrian Prince had addressed him, the Count had preserved a profound silence, showing neither repentance nor shame. Gathering himself up, he had stood firm, glaring round him like one at bay. But as the Prince now approached, he waved his hand, and exclaimed, "Back, pedant, back; you have not triumphed yet. And you, prating German, tell your tales to our Emperor. I shall be by his throne to answer—if, indeed, you escape from the meeting to which I will force you by the way." He spoke, and made a rush towards the side of the vessel. But Harley's quick wit had foreseen the Count's intention, and Harley's quick eye had given the signal by which it was frustrated. Seized in the gripe of his own watchful and indignant countrymen, just as he was about to plunge into the stream, Peschiera was dragged back—pinioned down. Then the expression of his whole countenance changed; the desperate violence of the inborn gladiator broke forth. His great strength enabled him to break loose more than once, to dash more than one man to the floor of the deck; but at length, overpowered by numbers, though still struggling—all dignity, all attempt at presence of mind gone, uttering curses the most plebeian, gnashing his teeth, and foaming at the mouth, nothing seemed left of the brilliant Lothario but the coarse fury of the fierce natural man.

Then, still preserving that air and tone of exquisite imperturbable irony which might have graced the marquis of the old French regime, and which the highest comedian might have sighed to imitate in vain, Harley bowed low to the storming Count.

"*Adieu, Monsieur le Comte—adieu!* I am rejoiced to see that you are so

well provided with furs. You will need them for your voyage; it is a very cold one at this time of the year. The vessel which you have honoured me by entering is bound to Norway. The Italians who accompany you were sent by yourself into exile, and, in return, they now kindly promise to enliven you with their society, whenever you feel somewhat tired of your own. Conduct the Count to his cabin. Gently there, gently. *Adieu, Monsieur le Comte, adieu! et bon voyage.*"

Harley turned lightly on his heel, as Peschiera, in spite of his struggles, was now fairly carried down to the cabin.

"A trick for the trickster," said L'Estrange to the Austrian Prince. "The revenge of a farce on the would-be tragedian."

"More than that—he is ruined."

"And ridiculous," quoth Harley. "I should like to see his look when they land him in Norway." Harley then passed towards the centre of the vessel, by which, hitherto partially concealed by the sailors, who were now busily occupied, stood Beatrice; Frank Hazeldean, who had first received her on entering the vessel, standing by her side; and Leonard, a little apart from the two, in quiet observation of all that had passed around him. Beatrice appeared but little to heed Frank; her dark eyes were lifted to the dim starry skies, and her lips were moving as if in prayer; yet her young lover was speaking to her in great emotion, low and rapidly.

"No, no—do not think for a moment that we suspect you, Beatrice. I will answer for your honour with my life. Oh, why will you turn from me—why will you not speak?"

"A moment later," said Beatrice softly. "Give me one moment yet." She passed slowly and falteringly towards Leonard—placed her hand, that trembled, on his arm—and led him aside to the verge of the vessel. Frank, startled by her movement, made a step as if to follow, and then stopped short, and looked on, but with a clouded and doubtful countenance. Harley's smile had gone, and his eye was also watchful.

It was but a few words that Bea-

trice spoke—it was but by a sentence or so that Leonard answered; and then Beatrice extended her hand, which the young poet bent over, and kissed in silence. She lingered an instant; and even by the starlight, Harley noted the blush that overspread her face. The blush faded as Beatrice returned to Frank. Lord L'Estrange would have retired—she signed to him to stay.

"My lord," she said very firmly, "I cannot accuse you of harshness to my sinful and unhappy brother. His offence might perhaps deserve a heavier punishment than that which you inflict with such playful scorn. But whatever his penance, contempt now, or poverty later, I feel that his sister should be by his side to share it. I am not innocent, if he be guilty; and, wreck though he be, nothing else on this dark sea of life is now left to me to cling to. Hush, my lord! I shall not leave this vessel. All that I entreat of you is, to order your men to respect my brother, since a woman will be by his side."

"But, Marchesa, this cannot be; and—"

"Beatrice, Beatrice—and me!—our betrothal? Do you forget me?" cried Frank, in reproachful agony.

"No, young and too noble lover; I shall remember you ever in my prayers. But listen. I have been deceived—hurried on, I might say—by others, but also, and far more, by my own mad and blinded heart—deceived, hurried on, to wrong you and to belie myself. My shame burns into me when I think that I could have inflicted on you the just anger of your family—linked you to my own ruined fortunes, my own tarnished name—my own—"

"Your own generous, loving heart!—that is all I asked!" cried Frank. "Cease, cease—that heart is mine still!"

Tears gushed from the Italian's eyes.

"Englishman, I never loved you; this heart was dead to you, and it will be dead to all else for ever. Farewell. You will forget me sooner than you think for—sooner than I shall forget you—as a friend, as a brother—if brothers had natures as tender and as kind as yours! Now,

my lord, will you give me your arm? I would join the Count."

"Stay—one word, madam," said Frank, very pale, and through his set teeth, but calmly, and with a pride on his brow which had never before dignified its careless open expression—"one word. I may not be worthy of you in anything else—but an honest love, that never doubted, never suspected—that would have clung to you though all the world were against; such a love makes the meanest man of worth. One word, frank and open. By all that you hold most sacred in your creed, did you speak the truth when you said that you never loved me?"

Beatrice bent down her head; she was abashed before this manly nature that she had so deceived, and perhaps till then undervalued.

"Pardon, pardon," she said, in reluctant accents, half-choked by the rising of a sob.

At her hesitation Frank's face lighted as if with sudden hope. She raised her eyes, and saw the change in him, then glanced where Leonard stood, mournful and motionless. She shivered, and added firmly—

"Yes—pardon; for I spoke the truth; and I had no heart to give. It might have been as wax to another—it was of granite to you." She paused, and muttered inly—"Granite, and—broken!"

Frank said not a word more. He stood rooted to the spot, not even gazing after Beatrice as she passed away leaning on the arm of Lord L'Estrange. He then walked resolutely away, and watched the boat that the men were now lowering from the side of the vessel. Beatrice stopped when she came near the place where Violante stood, answering in agitated whispers her father's anxious questions. As she stopped, she leaned more heavily upon Harley. "It is your arm that trembles now, Lord L'Estrange," said she, with a mournful smile, and, quitting him before he

could answer, she bowed down her head meekly before Violante. "You have pardoned me already," she said, in a tone that reached only the girl's ear, "and my last words shall not be of the past. I see your future spread bright before me under those steadfast stars. Love still; hope and trust. These are the last words of her who will soon die to the world. Fair maid, they are prophetic!"

Violante shrank back to her father's breast, and there hid her glowing face, resigning her hand to Beatrice, who pressed it to her bosom. The Marchesa then came back to Harley, and disappeared with him in the interior of the vessel.

When Harley reappeared on deck, he seemed much flurried and disturbed. He kept aloof from the Duke and Violante, and was the last to enter the boat, that was now lowered into the water.

As he and his companions reached the land, they saw the vessel in movement, and gliding slowly down the river.

"Courage, Leonard, courage!" murmured Harley. "You grieve, and nobly. But you have shunned the worst and most vulgar deceit in civilised life; you have not simulated love. Better that yon poor lady should be, awhile, the sufferer from a harsh truth, than the eternal martyr of a flattering lie! Alas, my Leonard! with the love of the poet's dream are linked only the Graces; with the love of the human heart come the awful Fates!"

"My lord, poets do not dream when they love. You will learn how the feelings are deep in proportion as the fancies are vivid, when you read that confession of genius and woe which I have left in your hands."

Leonard turned away. Harley's gaze followed him with inquiring interest, and suddenly encountered the soft dark grateful eyes of Violante. "The Fates, the Fates!" murmured Harley.

THE PREMIER'S PRESENT POSITION.

THE smoke of the battle-field has cleared away. There are traces of havoc visible in those quarters where the firing was hottest. The wounded and killed have been removed. The belligerents have retired, as it were, into winter quarters. The generals are anxiously considering which side has been really victorious, or whether it has been a drawn battle; and what is to be the plan of the next campaign.

This seems a fair figurative statement of the present position of public affairs; and an entire month's calm reflection convinces us that, in our last month's Number, we accurately indicated * the general character, and probable results, of the great electoral contest which was then in the act of closing, as well as the character and conduct of those who had been, or wished to be considered, most prominent and active in that contest, and to be most deeply interested in its issues. Our metropolitan contemporary, the *Times*, favoured its myriad readers, by anticipation, with an Irish bird's-eye view of our observations;—we say, an *Irish* bird's-eye view, since it was a view of what they were *not*, and yet designed, as afforded by a great organ of political opinion, to guide its readers as to what our sentiments and intentions really were. We shall not, on any account, express ourselves otherwise than courteously towards our able opponent. We sincerely regret that we are not fellow-labourers in that which we believe to be a high cause. But we beg to intimate, that our views were inaccurately represented by the *Times*; and involved in such inaccuracy are the character and conduct of the Ministry, continuing on their trial before a great and enlightened country. We are not the organs of that Ministry, nor do we profess to be in their confidence in any, the slightest degree; nor shall we defend their policy, any further than we deliberately and conscientiously believe it to be conducive to the welfare of the country. To support impostors in high places; to abet

a gigantic fraud upon the country, for the basest purposes of selfish and corrupt political party aggrandisement; to lower the tone of public morality, is not a line of conduct which ought lightly to be attributed to any public journal—daily, weekly, monthly, or quarterly; nor to any party, or combination, of public men, aspiring to conduct the government of this mighty empire, and that, too, under circumstances of extreme difficulty and immense responsibility. Yet such is the line of conduct which the *Times* has attributed to the Earl of Derby's Government, and to ourselves as one of his independent supporters. The leading article of the *Times*, on the 31st July, concluded with the following elaborate paragraph: "Lord Derby has, in his own person, greatly lowered the standard of public morality; and, by constantly using the language of deception and evasion, has inoculated his supporters with the same miserable arts; so that we find a Magazine, in which we were always able hitherto to admire the chivalrous advocacy of a losing cause, and the preference of justice to expediency, stooping to the poorest artifices and the most transparent substitution of sound for meaning, in order to mask a gross desertion of principle, and to invest a party, held together by the lowest considerations, with the semblance of a policy and the counterfeit of a cause."

This is a grave charge against both Lord Derby, and ourselves as one of his volunteer supporters; but is it a just charge? We will demonstrate the contrary.

To the generosity and justice of Englishmen, however, it must have long ago occurred, that Lord Derby's Government, a body of men of as high personal character as ever carried on the government of the country, has been condemned to submit in silence, in unavoidable silence—their lips being sealed by the condition of their existence—while extreme political turpi-

* The Earl of Derby's Appeal to the Country—August 1852.

tude was being daily imputed to them, and sayings and doings which never were theirs. We calmly protest against all this; and are certain that we do so upon grounds recognised by the public opinion of the country. We support Lord Derby's Government because it deserves to be supported—first, as an honourable and powerful Government, guiltless of what has been imputed to it; secondly, as the only Government capable of being formed with the slightest pretensions to permanency, and consistently with the safety of our menaced institutions. These are the reasons why it has stood its ground for six months, though subject every day to the concentric fire of the Radical press; and why it will continue to stand, though that fire should become still closer, quicker, and hotter.

In this Magazine we have uniformly advocated Conservative principles, as most congenial to the intellect and conscience of the country, and conducive to its welfare. No one that we know of ever charged us—and we defy anybody truly to do so—with being political weathercocks, or abandoning our principles to meet momentary political exigencies. We have lived through hard and gloomy times, without turning to the right hand or to the left, and shall continue on our course through the far harder and more gloomy and trying times which may be before us—which we are in our conscience persuaded are close upon us, unless Lord Derby's Government maintain its ground. We have always advocated protection to British agriculture, and on principles which cannot be better enunciated than in the following passage from the speech of a distinguished statesman of the present day, but delivered about thirty years ago—between the years 1820-1826—to the farmers of Huntingdonshire:—

"There is a party amongst us distinguished in what is called the science of political economy, who wish to substitute the corn of Poland and Russia for our own. Their principle is, that you ought always to buy where you can buy cheapest.

They count as nothing the value to the country of a hardy race of farmers and labourers. They care not for the difference between an agricultural and a manufacturing population in all that concerns morals, order, national strength, and national tranquillity. Wealth is the only object of their speculation; nor do they much consider the two or three millions of people who may be reduced to beggary in the course of their operations. This they call diverting capital into another channel. It is to these men, I suspect, that our Ministers are about to give up the question of trade in corn."

Twelve years ago the same eminent person again expressed himself thus upon the subject:—

"I am decidedly opposed to the repeal of protecting duties, whether on corn or manufactures. The system of protecting duties is one which has been approved of by Mr Huskisson, who always declared that he never intended to propose a perfectly free trade. That system I believe to be a wise one; and I am sure that when a system has been long tried, and found effectual, *any sudden change which throws aside all protecting duties will be attended with the greatest distress.*"*

These sound sentiments were uttered by LORD JOHN RUSSELL on the 26th May 1840; and eleven years afterwards, he inserted a distinct assertion in the Queen's Speech, that such distress was then existing, which nevertheless he took no steps to relieve or mitigate, and has ever since, forsooth, been condemning those who would! Whatever changes his Lordship may have since seen fit, in common with Sir James Graham and the late Sir Robert Peel, to make in his views, ours have undergone none whatever; and we are ready to support them by arguments which we deem irrefragable. These are also Lord Derby's sentiments; and we support him in his present position. But what is that position? Let no one try to throw dust into the eyes of others, in order to prevent them from seeing distinctly that position; yet an

* We are indebted for these striking revivals to our excellent contemporaries, the *Morning Herald* and *John Bull*.

extraordinary amount of misrepresentation has been incessantly uttered by the Radical press for that purpose, ever since he took, and has occupied, that position. It is exactly this, as we had it, substantially, several months ago from his own lips—I am still in favour of imposing upon foreign corn a moderate duty, as upon other articles, for purposes of both Protection and revenue; but if the country be decidedly opposed to my adopting that policy, I will not attempt it, but respectfully bow to its decision, though I may think it wrong. He admits, and we admit with him, that the voice of the country is not at this moment in favour of adopting that policy, and we regret that such is its present opinion, though we are very far indeed from believing that such is its settled and irreversible judgment upon the great question. No one can see what is in the womb of the future, with reference to what is called the Free-Trade policy, nor how soon the eyes of those representing all our great national interests may see in that policy the huge canker-worm, under whose blighting presence and action those interests are steadily languishing and perishing, in spite of present appearances of health and vigour. The country must decide for itself. Who is to decide for it? Not Lord Derby; and he has simply said as much, and when Parliament meets will assuredly not belie what he has said. He will not follow the deadly example set him by Sir Robert Peel, Sir James Graham, and Lord John Russell, who have given such shocks to public morality as it will not recover, in their or our time at least. Is it not perfectly outrageous, under these circumstances, to hear the Radical press and their protégés, who creep into the House of Commons under their auspices, day after day accusing Lord Derby and his friends and supporters of having no fixed principles or policy, and of outraging public morality by their silence during the very time when the country was answering his appeal, and while they declare themselves maturing extensive and important measures, by

which they are prepared to stand or fall? Take, for instance, the generally calm *Spectator*. On the 31st July, it seemed to have quite lost its head, as if infuriate at the result of the elections; and what then* fell from it appears now exceedingly remarkable. It spoke of the Earl of Derby as "this reckless nobleman;" of the "evils resulting from one man's immoral selfishness;" and Mr Disraeli figures as "his audacious Chancellor of the Exchequer!" The *Spectator* accused Lord Derby of base and systematic "equivocation;" but went on to make a most extraordinary and astounding admission, rendering ridiculous all that had gone before: "Yet so little are the people of this country affected by such a fact, that, instead of indignantly hurling him from his seat of power, when the opportunity was in their hands, they have cushioned it for him, and made his tenure easier than before! *The question throughout the elections has practically been one of confidence in Lord Derby*; and with no disappointment, but with deep regret, we are forced to recognise the fact, that public conduct of a mean and equivocating character is no bar to the entire confidence of a very large proportion of the electors of England!" We ask our tranquil friend whether he now adheres to this view? and whether he perceives that, to blacken Lord Derby, he has been driven to libel that country which has given him so great a measure of its confidence and support! Such are the desperate exigencies of obstinate and short-sighted faction! Here is by far the ablest, and generally the most temperate, of the Radical journals, unable to conceal its intense mortification at the unexpected success of Lord Derby in the elections, and too honourable to deny or disguise it. Nay, the admission is made in the broadest way, that "the question had been practically, throughout the elections, *one of confidence in Lord Derby*." It was so, and designed by Lord Derby to be so; and Sir James Graham has been taken at his word, according to the *Spectator*; for that anxious aspirant for renewed political power

* Saturday, 31st July 1852.

thrust himself before the country at a critical moment, for the purpose of advising it to make the question at the elections a simple one of confidence or no confidence in Lord Derby. He obligingly recommended the country to discard all other questions but this—confidence or no confidence in the Earl of Derby; and an abler and fairer politician than himself has watched these elections with an eye very hostile to the Earl, and now declares that that exact question has been answered in the Earl's favour! But in so answering it, according to the *Spectator*, the country has disgraced itself by the deliberate sanction of a course of "mean and equivocal public conduct!" Surely the interval which has since elapsed must have enabled this acute journalist to perceive that it had been looking at a great national action with jaundiced and perverted vision! A gentleman once visited a madhouse, and saw in it a thoughtful and melancholy inmate, whom he asked how he had got there. "The world, sir," he replied sorrowfully, "and I had a great dispute. The world said I was mad; I said the world was mad: numbers carried the day, and here am I!" And thus reasons the *Spectator* concerning itself, and the country.

On the very same day on which our grave friend was thus disporting himself, another organ of extreme liberal opinions, the *Daily News*, suddenly snapped at a crumb of comfort for its famishing stomach, and conspicuously announced to its admirers and confiding readers as follows:—"It is stated that serious dissensions have already arisen within the Tory camp. Some of its members have made Free-Trade professions, others are still Protectionists; and the differences are said already to indicate the still more serious difficulties which the future can scarcely fail to aggravate." A Cabinet Council had just been held; and a discreet *bird of the air*, it seems, had carried to the ear of the favoured scribe exactly as much of what had passed there as it was prudent to divulge for the edification of the public. The *dissensions* in question have ever since been kept exceedingly snug in the Tory camp,

it must be owned; and the sentries have been so vigilant that no spies or sneakers have since been able to catch a confirmatory whisper, nor the faintest echo of one. We fear the wish was father to the thought of this sagacious but sanguine organ of the Manchester School; who, as Lord John Russell assures us, can see nothing whatever, with their singularly contrived optics, but cotton-corn and corn-cotton. They are squinting swine, huddled together in a filthy sty, believing that there is, or ought to be, nothing in the world but their swill-tub. Let us not, however, anticipate our observations with reference to this disreputable yet dangerous quarter.

We have said that we support the present Ministry, because we believe them deserving of support as an honourable and powerful Government, guiltless of what has been imputed to it. We take leave to say that that Government reckons among its members some of the greatest intellects of the age, brilliant and profound, largely acquainted with affairs, and consummately qualified to administer them in every department of the State, with practical advantage to the British Empire. It numbers, also, men of unimpeachable purity, and elevation of personal character, as has been repeatedly testified by their bitterest, yet most honourable opponents, both within and without the walls of Parliament.

Do we arrogate for the Ministry the exclusive possession of such distinctions? We should act idly and speak falsely in doing so; but, at the same time, we fearlessly challenge an array of names superior to theirs in respect of title and qualifications for effectively serving the public. It were fulsome and superfluous to mention names: they will occur to all competent observers of political men. The head of that Government we must needs except from our intention not to mention names, because he is its visible exponent before the country. Who, then, shall honestly lay anything to the charge of the Earl of Derby? Who will deny him the possession of splendid powers of eloquence, exercised with uniform dignity, befitting his name and station, and the a-

assembly which always listens to him with visible and audible tokens of admiration? A man whose first exposition, in his place in Parliament, of his motives and objects in assuming the dazzling station of danger and responsibility to which his Sovereign had invited him, instantly conciliated the confidence of the country, which he has never since lost. And why? Because his motives and objects are altogether above suspicion; and the country assuredly believes that he would see his Cabinet crumble into political annihilation, rather than continue its head an instant after he thought he could no longer do so with honour to himself, and with advantage to his Sovereign and fellow-countrymen. His personal character is identified with the Government which he was commanded to form; and that personal character has long been known and spoken of as one of chivalrous honour. Why, then, should it be deemed wonderful that, in the language of the *Spectator*, the one practical question before the country was, that of confidence in this nobleman—ay or no—and the country has answered *ay*? We present to the opponents of the Earl of Derby an intolerable fact, that no one will venture, on the meeting of the House of Commons, to propose the conversion of that *Ay* into *No*; and shall duly celebrate the folly of him, the chosen champion of that absurd aggregate of incapacities struggling to deserve the name of a Parliamentary opposition, who shall venture to make the attempt.

On a former occasion we represented the Earl of Derby as the head of the Conservative Government—as the uncompromising opponent of Popery and Democracy; both of whom he has already fought successfully, and will continue to fight. In the House of Commons these same opponents will confront him in attempted combination, as they endeavoured to do during the elections. Having already spoken of the *Times*, the *Spectator*, and the *Daily News*, let us proceed briefly to deal with two of Lord Derby's deadly enemies, as they have shown, and will continue to show themselves. Those two enemies, as the exponents of Popery and

Democracy, are—the Popish priests of Ireland, and Sir James Graham. Both have spoken out very characteristically; and we declare our conviction that that right honourable baronet has, for the last two years, during which we have carefully observed his public movements, addressed himself sedulously to the conciliation of the Popish priesthood of Ireland, in which his experienced astuteness has detected, as he supposes, the strongest element in modern political combinations. It cannot, and ought not to be forgotten, that Sir James Graham tendered, and cordially accepted, a vote of thanks from the representatives of that body, for his zealous and able exertions to defeat the efforts of Protestantism in guarding us against Papal aggression. He was conspicuously active in his opposition to the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, in all its stages; and by his conduct on that occasion, by his skilful manœuvring, he deserved the confidence of those who applauded the audacious attempt of the Pope upon our civil and religious liberties; and equally earned the indignation and contempt of the aroused Protestantism of the country. The Pope, Dr Wiseman, and Sir James Graham despised us all, and set us down as bigots and drivellers; and we verily believe that, if Sir James Graham can by any possibility effect that result, he will, and as soon as he may deem it advisable, destroy the Irish Church; obliterate from the statute-book all our few remaining and insufficient safeguards against the disastrous re-ascendancy of Popery; and, in conjunction with Earl Grey, give Dr Wiseman and his brother Popish Bishops seats in the House of Lords. Then the Pope will indeed have made a mighty advance; and his interests will be ceaselessly and resistlessly urged forward in both Houses—the Lords and Commons. What next? The downfall of the Church of England—the grand bulwark against Popery throughout the world, which the Pope and his emissaries are at this moment steadfastly undermining in every direction, wherein they have the opportunity. O Protestant England, open your eyes; send out your scouts in every

direction—your Church, the sacred guardian of our civil and religious liberties, is in real, in great and imminent danger; a danger that has never been equalled since our great Reformation, which the Pope, in his impudent and infamous Bull two years ago, called an Anglican Schism, and a calamity!

Let us see whether these apprehensions are chimerical; and for a moment turn our eyes to Ireland during the late general election, where scenes have been exhibited which appear, reverently be it said, to have been designed by Providence to awaken us to a sense of our danger. There may be seen, in hideous perspective, scenes which may ere long be witnessed on this side of the Channel. There all the decencies of life have been set at defiance, all social ties snapped asunder, morality and religion stamped under foot, by a body of men who have acted as though they had been so many incarnate fiends. Their frantic desperation has been calmly directed towards the attainment of great ends, by those acting in direct and immediate obedience to orders from Rome; and, to thoughtful politicians, nothing is more remarkable, and suggestive of deep anxiety, than the recklessness with which these shocking exhibitions have taken place—the Popish hierarchy perfectly aware, all the while, of the effect likely to be produced by these exhibitions, on England and Scotland. Rome runs risks, only very advisedly—when it is indispensable, and in the furtherance of a profound policy. We should have imagined that her objects would have been to avoid alarming or irritating us just now, so soon after the immense shock which she had given our institutions in 1850; to conciliate, dissemble, and disguise. She has, however, pursued a directly opposite course. She has again defied us; as in the autumn of 1850, so in the summer of 1852, and in pursuance of a grand policy, fraught with utter destruction to us if we do not bestir ourselves, and with her own re-establishment in supreme universal dominion. Lord John Russell deliberately stated in his place in Parliament, as his insulted Queen's Prime Minister, that he believed the Papal

aggression, which he had been foremost in denouncing, was part of a vast Roman conspiracy against civil and religious liberty throughout Europe. If he believed it to be so, he did right to express that belief; and has for ever forfeited all claim to the character of an honest or competent statesman, if he had formed that belief with levity, and on insufficient grounds. Unless we are mistaken, Lord John Russell will not now state that he has changed his opinion, nor will he, when asked the question in the House of Commons, during the impending Session. What Rome has done in Ireland during the late so-called elections, is done according to the carefully concerted plan which commenced daring operations in 1850; and the one object kept steadily in view, to be attained at all hazards whatsoever, was the return to the new Parliament of as great a number as possible of pledged uncompromising supporters of Dr Wiseman's policy. To gain that end, enormous risks have been run, with great audacity. Nay, even in England—in the metropolitan county—the "Metropolitan Catholic Committee," consisting of seven priests and three laymen, whose names are now before us, met on the 6th July 1852, and came to the following Resolution, which all Catholics enjoying the franchise were requested to adopt:—

"Should a contest take place for the county of Middlesex, the Catholics are earnestly requested to plump for R. Bernal Osborne, Esquire!" The same course was adopted in the Westminster election—we lament to add, with success in both instances; and we are satisfied that exactly similar resolutions have been made and acted upon, but with great caution, in every constituency throughout the kingdom, where Roman Catholic voters existed in sufficient numbers to justify the procedure. What is to be the end of all this?

Let us now, however, recur to Ireland; and, to obviate any charge of exaggeration, we will select a witness whose sentiments on the subject of Protestantism have, we are bound to say, been expressed, during the last two years, with a uniform vigour and heartiness which does honour to the

Times. On the 2d of August, the *Times*, which is so fiercely opposed to the Earl of Derby's Government, wrote thus in its leading article:—

"This is no question of *Derby v. M'Hale*, or *M'Hale v. Derby*, with us. It is an expression of honest indignation at one of the foulest scenes that has ever been known in the constitutional annals of this country. It would be the same thing to us whether the candidates, who have incurred the hatred of the Roman Irish priesthood, had been men whose policy was in all respects adverse to our own. We can see nothing but a system of intimidation, which has rendered the theory of an elective Parliament a mere delusion throughout Ireland." We do not believe that any honest Protestant journal in the empire, of whatever hue of secular politics, will gainsay this statement; and is it not one of startling significance? The Romish priesthood have ridden roughshod through blasphemy and blood, in devoted obedience to orders from headquarters; and the result should speak, and is speaking, trumpet-tongued, throughout the empire. But for the noble spirit displayed by the Irish Protestants, wherever they had the faintest chance of maintaining or gaining ground, and had Drs Wiseman, Cullen, and M'Hale had their will, there would not have been a Protestant representative returned from Ireland. It is with loathing and abhorrence only that we feel constrained to defile our columns with a few samples of the awful blood-provoking blasphemies, which the Romish priests of Ireland had unscrupulous recourse to, for the purpose of carrying their point. We are constrained, however, by a solemn feeling of public duty, to shock our readers by the recital.

The following language was used by a parish Popish priest * in Ireland, on a Sunday, from the altar. The words were taken down on the spot, and have been supplied to us by a gentleman of unquestionable veracity. "He then displayed the sacred vessels (calling them such) from the altar, and said,

'Lord Derby's Government had trodden them in the dirt—waded in the blood of Jesus Christ—and trampled on the Lord of Hosts!' Again—all the following frightful and execrable passages were uttered from the altar! and by priests! professing to be the servants of the ever-blessed Redeemer, the meek, the merciful, the once Incarnate God, who, in mysterious long-suffering forbearance, was present while His professed servants dared thus to speak—'If there be one amongst you who still clings to, and gloats over, his sin, let him not show his face. I will be on the hustings, and watch the perjured wretch who dares come forward, and, for a paltry bribe, register his vote for —! I'll mark him!' 'If there be a Catholic elector of this borough who will dare to go forward and register his vote for the English enemy, pass him by with scorn and contempt. Do not be seen to walk with him, or talk to him, or associate with him. *Let him fester in his corruption; be not you contaminated by any contact with a wretch so base and degraded. Despise him. If you meet him on the high-road, pass over to the other side. Have no dealing with him.*' Again—'For my part, I'll confess to you what my feelings are with respect to those wretched and corrupt Catholics [who vote for Protestants.] Let me suppose one of those wretches prostrated by sickness. Suppose the hand of death heavy upon him, and that a messenger comes to me to attend him in his dying moments. If there were no other priest in the way, I would be bound to go. I dare not refuse to attend him. *But I confess to you that I would be sorry from my heart to be called upon to attend the deathbed of such a being. I would go to attend such a wretch with a heavy heart—without much hope, because I would feel that I was going to administer sacraments to one whose conscience was so scared, and whose heart was so rotten at the core, that I could not have much expectation of effecting a conversion. Overpowered with the impression that I was about to visit a perjured wretch who, for a miserable*

* As these cases will be brought before Parliament, we publish, at present, no names.

bribe, had betrayed the dearest interests of his country and his religion, and borne down with the harrowing reflection that God in his just anger might leave such a wretch to die in his sins, I would fear that my mission would be fruitless—that I could have no hope of converting a heart so hardened, so lost to every sense of duty and religion, as to vote for those who would trample on the Lord of Hosts.' Again — 'Hell has opened, and belched forth armies of devils to desecrate and murder. This is the work of the Derby Government, who drew the sword against the altars of Christianity; and who, if they can get power to do so, will not leave one of them in these united kingdoms! Up, Irishmen, for the Old Faith! Link your strength around the sanctuary. This is no time for cabals or feuds. Who would place his hopes in the smiles of an Orange landlord, while the Holy God of Heaven spreads forth His arms to shelter the faithful defenders of his Church? Who would support —, the supporter of DERBY and his hell-crew? Who would vote for —, that wants to go to Parliament to help in the destruction of the Catholic Church? The traitor who will do so, never let him enter a chapel door. Let his memory be to you like the memory of Judas. Keep from him, for the devils of hell are his companions, and no saint in heaven will pray for him in his dying hour. Vote for — and —. Do your duty to God and man, and trust in HIM alone who can defend you—who can wither in a moment the hand that would attempt to strike you in persecution. Hurrah for the Brigade!'"

Surely this is inconceivably shocking! And here we shall close the brief black series, though it could be greatly extended from authentic materials in our possession. Can any one suppose that the men who uttered these passages really believed in the truths of the religion which they were so frightfully belying? If they *did*, their case is infinitely beyond human remark, or presumptuous speculation.

Now, we are not aware that the ecclesiastical superiors of these men have, in any instance, rebuked them for what they have done, or repudiated

it. Much further than this, we fear we are justified in expressing a belief, that they were ordered to do it, and have gained the thanks of those from whom such order had emanated. Another fact requiring special notice is, that the individuals selected to figure as candidates in these sanguinary farces, are men, generally speaking, of an inferior class in every respect; doubtless selected with prudence, as fit instruments, from their utter insensibility to ridicule, contempt, or indignation, to execute the orders received from time to time. The *Times* has indignantly spoken out on the subject, characterising these pseudo "representatives" as "Helots, sent to reveal the shame of their country. Dirty work has this peculiarity, that it must be done by dirty agents. The very men whom they send to Parliament as their spokesmen and mouthpieces, even when they rise to address the House with the usual cuckoo song about the unredressed wrongs of Ireland, are conscious of considerations which must give them pause. Every member of the assembly whom they are addressing, who cares to know the facts, is perfectly aware that most of the impassioned orators of the moment are nothing but broken-down black-legs; that they have run up scores with the waiters of their clubs, and with as many unfortunate tradesmen as they could find silly enough to give them credit. No one would willingly associate with them in private, or admit them to social intercourse in their own homes."

See, then, the men with whom the Earl of Derby will have to deal; and officered by—Sir James Graham! Let us for a moment relieve the gloom which overhangs this portion of the case, by imagining the veteran commander, in bran-new uniform, very splendid indeed—radiant in every hue of the political rainbow, reviewing his quaint brigade, thinking the while of Falstaff and Coventry, and the hard necessities of the campaign on which he was entering! With what a comical mixture of concern and disgust would he eye them! But, after a while, he would heave a sigh, and inwardly exclaim—"Trusty fellows, nevertheless, for rough work!"

And rough work they are sent to do, and roughly they will do it. We entertain little doubt that these gentry have received peremptory orders to obey Sir James implicitly; and that he is at this moment planning the campaign, in concert with his new, creditable, and heterogeneous allies. But will matters get to that pass?

The coming man—in his own estimation, and by the temporary concessions of several other little coming ones—to overthrow Lord Derby, is Sir James; and he has taken uncommon pains, as we showed in our last Number, to familiarise the public with him in that capacity. Since we last wrote, he has made an eager ambitious appearance at Carlisle; much too eager, and much too ambitious: for he has set people thinking of what *he* must be thinking of, and what purposes and objects he has in view. We wish to speak of the right honourable baronet with the consideration due to a gentleman, and one who has played a prominent part in the public service; but truth compels us to say that, on the occasion to which we allude, he approached the confines of buffoonery and *unfairness*, to use a very mild term. We have weighed all that fell from him at the "banquet" which he and Earl Grey honoured with their presence at Carlisle, on Monday the 26th July last; for Sir James says nothing, either gravely, or with lumbering jocosity, without having well considered it. On this occasion, however, somewhat premature exultation at fancied political successes threw him slightly off his guard, and he said some things which the subsequent reflections of a gentleman may have induced him to regret. A few days previously it had been carefully bruited abroad that a gentleman, filling a high and honourable post in Lord Derby's Government, had been guilty of direct interference in bribery at Derby. It was said that there was irrefragable written proof of the fact; and if so, no one knew better than Sir James Graham that the consequences, both political and personal, must needs be most serious. On the very day on which the right honourable baronet permitted himself publicly to open his lips upon the subject, the

right honourable Secretary-at-War was thus indignantly and voluntarily addressing the great county constituency which had just returned him to Parliament by an overwhelming majority: "I tell you that, *directly or indirectly*, I have had no hand whatever, in any case whatever of bribery in the borough of Derby. Further, as to particulars, I will not go; *because*, whenever Parliament meets, whether it be mooted on the other side or not, I shall consider it my duty, in my place, to state that these accusations have been made against me; and I shall call on those who have made them to prove them. *I shall endeavour to have an inquiry into the whole affair*, which, I have not the slightest hesitation in saying, will expose, bare and broad to the public view, *as gross a case of conspiracy, combined falsehood, and vile subornation*, as ever was brought before a Committee of the House of Commons!" This was said by a man of as high personal honour as Sir James Graham himself—an officer, a Privy Councillor. Now, let us hear what was being said, perhaps at the very same moment, by a right honourable rival—the imagined coming man, at Carlisle.

"Gentlemen, something was said about *Derby*! I am going to tell you an electioneering secret. Now, mind, it is strictly between you and me; and I beg that on no account it may go any farther." Dreary pleasantries, surely! Now, mark what follows: "There is the Vice-President opposite, *who will confirm me, if necessary, for he has the letters in his pocket to which I am about to allude*." So that the right honourable baronet and the worthy opposite had concerted the little interlude together! Could it have been believed? Will it—can it be denied? "You have heard of a letter addressed, as alleged by a member of the Government, to a Mr Frail?"—"Sir James Graham," says the reporter, "turned towards the side galleries, where some *ladies* were sitting!" and delicately reminded them of a line one has heard before, "Frailty, thy name is woman!" proceeding to say, that, in the case of which he was speaking, the remark could be more appropriately made of men! He con-

tinued, 'amidst roars of laughter,' to make certain statements, which were *not* confirmed by the letters which were present, relative to a visit which had been threatened by Mr Frail to the Carlisle election. But Sir James said, the expected visit was not paid. "Mr Frail was so busily engaged elsewhere, he did not come. *I know not whether the claims of Derby or Shrewsbury kept him away, but he was not forthcoming.* Mr Frail did not venture to show his face!" All this from the gentleman who had been acquiescingly told, a day or two before, that in any administration which may be formed, Sir James Graham would be sure to occupy the first place! Had Lord Derby been similarly entertained, and had a corresponding imputation been made upon a right honourable opponent, he would probably have preserved a dignified silence concerning an absent gentleman, and political opponent; or he might possibly have said, "Allusion has been made to an affair alleged, in the papers of the day, seriously to implicate a right honourable gentleman holding a high and important office in the Government. He is not present to answer for himself; and I cannot bring myself to doubt that, if he were, he would exonerate himself from that imputation. At all events, the matter must come before Parliament; and, till then, it will be right to withhold all comment upon it." But Sir James Graham condescended to act somewhat differently. Eager to crush a political rival, he arranges with some local electioneering ally, that allusion shall be made to Derby—that he *shall come prepared with certain vouchers* to verify certain statements which were to be made by the right honourable baronet, in order to give currency and colour to a derogatory imputation upon an absent opponent, whose lips, he knew, were sealed till Parliament had met! The whole passage is pregnant with cruel and unjustifiable insinuation; and we are certain that no gentleman can approve the course taken by Sir James Graham on this occasion. It was, to the last degree, ungenerous; and we must take leave to add, coarse and derogatory to the utterer, and in every way unworthy of a man aspir-

ing to so high a position as that on which his eyes are at this moment so fondly fixed. Were we to imitate his procedure on this occasion, we might survey his chequered career—his flight from constituency to constituency—from Carlisle to Cumberland, from Cumberland to Pembroke, from Pembroke to Dorchester, from Dorchester to Ripon, from Ripon to Carlisle again, accommodating his political opinions, in his flight, to that which seemed the interest of the hour, and then exclaim, "Frailty, thy name is—GRAHAM!" Of these "frailties" he now speaks very gaily; but the public thinks of them gravely, and will not trust its vital interests to such unsteady keeping.

Having thus given a malignant lunge at the Secretary-at-War, the right honourable baronet favoured the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the Prime Minister himself, with his political compliments. Let us speak of each in their order; and, first, of Mr Disraeli. Than this gentleman, we doubt whether there are half-a-dozen abler men in the country; abler, we mean, for the purposes of practical and masterly statesmanship. Every one but those who knew his thorough business habits, both as a county magistrate in Buckinghamshire, and a political leader in the House of Commons, was astonished at his undertaking the duties of a Chancellor of the Exchequer. Has not, however, the penetrating judgment of Lord Derby, in appointing him to this post, been thus far justified by the result? As leader of the House of Commons, in as critical and harassing a position as could be imagined, he has displayed consummate discretion on every occasion; and those who have the best opportunities of knowing, assert that the rapidity and accuracy of his apprehension, and the soundness and decision of his judgment, challenge unqualified and high admiration. He affords a very splendid refutation of the impudent and selfish fallacy of presumptuous dullards, that a man of genius cannot be a man of business! We entertain no doubt that he is at the present moment devoting, and has long been devoting, every faculty of his mind—aided by the greatest financial

ability and information which are at the command of a responsible British statesman in his high office, and under the pressure of immense responsibility—to the duty of devising measures to remedy real and great fiscal evils, with a comprehensive regard to all the interests of the country. He himself publicly announced, that the Government were engaged upon "measures which would obtain the assent, and even the enthusiastic approbation, of the great body of the people." On another occasion, the Chancellor of the Exchequer spoke of measures as "looming in the future;" and, we doubt not, alluded to the application of certain commanding principles of justice, which none wish more sedulously to keep out of sight and operation than the venomous and writhing occupants of the Manchester nest of falsely-called Free-Traders. Hear, then, what Sir James Graham, almost in the same breath in which he announced his meek willingness to occupy "ANY SITUATION WHICH IT MIGHT BE IN THE PLEASURE OF THE CROWN TO CALL UPON HIM TO FILL"—Sir James Graham, whose official experience should have recalled to his recollection the pressure of official reserve operating on Ministers—said with reference to these well-considered intimations of an eminent minister: "We hear of something 'looming in the future.' I will tell you what is looming in the future—a quart bottle, into which a conjuror is to jump. May I be there to see!" Novel and dignified language this for a right honourable baronet in Sir James's position; smacking somewhat of the slang of that elevated school—the Manchester school—to which Sir James has recently allied himself. "And I tell you this," he continued: "I am satisfied that all these vain declarations about 'some great scheme for the revision of taxation, which will be hailed with delight by all classes of the country,' are vain delusions, and will be dissipated into thin air." Sir James Graham will probably admit that Mr Drummond, a man of high personal

character, of great ability, and an accomplished financier, is equally well qualified with himself to speak on the subject to which he was alluding; and Mr Drummond publicly declared, that "Mr Disraeli was a man of very great genius,* and, together with the persons now in office, more likely to put our taxes in a proper state, than others are." Another first-rate financial authority—perhaps the greatest in the country—Mr Baring, the member for Huntingdon, spoke, in his place in the House of Commons, in still higher terms of eulogy concerning the capabilities of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Is it, then, becoming in Sir James Graham thus to speak of that right honourable gentleman, and the measures which he is maturing under the pressure of official responsibility? Let Sir James ask himself, with a blush, what is the real value of his own political opinions, adopted and abandoned with such criminal levity! If he be now as sincere as he was in 1839, let him reflect on his language then, and be silent: "After the best reflection which I can bestow upon the subject, and viewing it in every possible light, I do not hesitate to declare my conviction, that A FREE IMPORTATION OF CORN . . . would render this THE LAST COUNTRY WHICH I SHOULD WISH TO INHABIT!"

Having thus disposed of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir James flew at still higher game—the noble Premier. We beg to call special attention to the right honourable baronet's well-considered observations on the Earl of Derby, and the course which he has hitherto adopted. After coquetting, in a miserable spirit of subservient trifling, with the question of the ballot, and alluding to the Earl of Derby's declared resistance to the progress of democracy, the right honourable baronet thus proceeded: "I have no such great alarm at the spread of democracy. . . . If I were the most timid person dreading the increase of power on the part of the popular party, I should say, *deliberately*, that Lord Derby, during the short time he has held office, has

* It is a feather in the cap of the new House of Commons, that it contains three men of such high literary genius and brilliant reputation as Mr Disraeli, Mr Macaulay, and Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.

done more to give a sudden and violent impulse to the popular party, than any course of mild progressive reform could have effected in the space of two generations! . . . What was the very first act of Lord Derby, on accepting the seals of office? It was"—not to send for that veteran soldier of fortune, but—"on that very day to create eighteen privy councillors,—to raise men to the *highest office in the State*, with no official training whatever, and without any peculiar ability or intelligence to MITIGATE their inexperience. *That was an immense stride towards democratic government!*"

Such are the "deliberate" assertions, and such the reasons assigned for them, by this venerable chameleon. It is thus that he presumed "deliberately" to stigmatise a Government, consisting, amongst others, of the Duke of Northumberland, Lord St Leonards, the Earl of Lonsdale, the Earl of Malmesbury, the Earl of Eglinton, the Marquis of Salisbury, the Marquis of Exeter, the Earl of Hardwicke, Lord Hardinge, Mr Disraeli, Mr Walpole, Sir John Pakington!—to say nothing of the various other gentlemen anxiously selected by the Earl of Derby to carry on the Queen's Government, and every day of whose tenure of office affords a glittering refutation of the unfounded and wanton assertion of this eager and not very fastidious aspirant for office! In what way is it insinuated that Lord Derby's appointments have constituted "an immense stride towards democratic government?" The alleged absence of "official training." Farewell, then, heroes of the Manchester School! Broad-bottomed as Sir James Graham's Administration may be, it will not include Friend Bright, or Cobden—or any of those other worthies who are, doubtless, licking their lips in hopeful expectation of a good time coming, with their eyes fixed upon Netherby!

We give to Sir James Graham's "deliberate" assertion, as deliberate and an indignant contradiction; and, in simply doing so, feel that we forbear from the utterance of exceedingly severe strictures upon what fell from him on an occasion to which he

naturally hoped and expected that the anxious eyes of the public would be directed. If, however, he have nothing different from, or better than, this to offer them, as pledges and guarantees for safe statesmanship, guided by a lofty and chivalrous character and bearing, let him be off to California, and so contemptuously quit "the last country which he can wish to inhabit"—where "a free importation of corn" is in disastrous operation, rendering us, the "workshop of the world, dependent for our bread upon foreign countries!" We will tell Sir James what *would* constitute "an immense stride towards democratic government"—the accession of himself and the associates with whom he has latterly allied himself, and with whom he is at this moment busily arranging preliminaries, and the conditions of adhesion and support. It would be an immense stride towards democratic government, to see a gentleman called to the head of affairs, who adopts and discards political principles as so many counters for a political gaming-table—perilously announcing, by his own conspicuous example, that to-day affords no security for to-morrow's principles or course of action, or rather, on the contrary, a guarantee that those of to-morrow will contradict those of to-day. Such conduct tends to convert a Politician into—Pantaloony; and the case would be only aggravated by the fact that such conduct was practised by one who, in all the private relations and amenities of life, was perfectly irreproachable.

We now approach Sir James Graham's other grave imputation upon the political conduct of the Earl of Derby, and shall again adopt his own words—designed to condense and give currency to those derogatory insinuations, or rather accusations, with which the Radical press had been teeming.

"Never would I," commenced Sir James, in the capacity of candidate for the premiership—"never would I say, 'I throw the question of my policy before the people of this country, that the people may decide: *that I have no absolute opinion of my own*, but am willing to do as the country directs. I would say, this is a wise, this is a

prudent people; but this is a democratic course dangerous to pursue. I never would be the tool of the will of the people of this country. I would exercise my own independent judgment. That which I thought right I would publicly uphold, and I would stand or fall by it. As to Lord Derby, he himself says, he entertains an opinion—an individual opinion—an individual opinion is entertained by the Prime Minister. . . . If the people of this country think otherwise, I will not propose the reimposition of a duty on corn, but leave it to my Chancellor of the Exchequer to propose some remission of taxation which will compensate for the losses which the agricultural interest has sustained.' No, we are too far north to be led away by *that*!"

Passing over the undignified tone of this, let us look steadily for a few moments at what he has said, in order to see whether there be any substance in it. On a particular question of fiscal economy, forming only one item of the many with which a statesman has to deal in governing a country, the Prime Minister, as we have seen, said to the country at large—'Such is my own opinion; but if a decisive majority of a "wise and prudent people" oppose my acting in accordance with that opinion, I will so far defer to the deliberate voice of the country, that I will not interfere with its decision; but I see evils which require a remedy, in consequence of the country having, in my view, precipitately arrived at a particular conclusion; and those evils I will take the earliest opportunity of redressing.' This opinion Lord Derby shares in common with—Lord Shelburne, and a great number of his political opponents.

Questions of this kind are of a supremely difficult practical character—namely, how far a governor or lawgiver may accommodate himself to the universally prevalent error among those for whom he is called by Providence to legislate and to govern: but is it not mere unworthy trifling to say, that a modern governor of an enlightened people is to abdicate his functions, because on one particular subordinate question their opinion differs from his own, and he

is prepared to defer to it from reasons of pressing state policy? If he plainly tell them *beforehand* the principles by which he will regulate his Government, purposely requiring them to express trust or distrust in his principles and pretensions, and they insist on selecting him, who shall gain-say the conduct and decision of governor, or governed? The matter appears to us unworthy of being seriously discussed; and this is the last time that we shall discuss it. But Sir James Graham, in his own elegant phraseology, is "too far north to be led away by" that which he will soon find recognised as "legislation in the spirit of the age, which is the spirit of justice." We verily believe that no man living could more powerfully and conclusively illustrate, express, and demonstrate, the propriety of Lord Derby's procedure, than Sir James Graham himself, did it but suit his political interests to do so; but then, to be sure, what course of procedure could he, and has he, *not*, so powerfully illustrated and cogently enforced?

The genius of the Roman Catholic religion abhors Democracy, but will fondly embrace it, in order to further the supposed interests of that religion. "Its soft embrace is agony and death," however—as is the case with the flower which tenderly closes over the fly. Democracy, to vary the figure, in dalliance with Popery, is like the prey seen fascinated by the baleful eye of the serpent—viz. to destruction. Sir James Graham appears to us on the eve of a thorough identification with the Democratic party of this country, having lost all chance of an alliance with the Conservative party. His ambition is great, and he feels acutely the isolated position to which, from some cause or other, he has been relegated by all parties. He is tired of sitting on the back benches, and seeing "novices" governing the country, and, what is worse, successfully, without his co-operation, and in spite of his opposition. His resolve has been taken.

"Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo."

On none of the occasions which he has latterly seized for exhibiting him-

self have we seen *any repudiation of even the extremest opinions*; for he knows that, were he to do so, *pari passu* would recede from him those without whom he can now do nothing. This is the true key to his present position, which he must secretly feel and acknowledge to be both embarrassing and humiliating. His *που στροφ* he felt to be gone, the instant that the Earl of Derby had announced his resolution to act in accordance with the expressed opinion of the country, at the elections, on the subject of a duty on corn. Let any one refer to Hansard for his elaborate effort, on the first meeting between the new Ministers and the House of Commons, to demonstrate that Lord Derby was finally and for ever committed to a duty on corn, with which he ought to stand or fall; and at this moment Sir James feels himself politically—*nowhere*. With whom is he to combine, in order to return to power, "if it should be the" very improbable "pleasure of the Crown to call him to" power?

Does he dream of effecting a junction with Mr Gladstone, Mr Cardwell, and the other members of what has hitherto passed under the name, for want of a conveniently distinctive designation, of the Peel party? First of all, we have yet to learn that the men of high honour and principle whom Sir Robert Peel persuaded to follow his eccentric movements, are capable, in a moment of pique and disappointment, of politically perjuring themselves by the adoption of Radical opinions, against which all their public acts and declarations are on record against them, to stare them out of countenance before an indignant and disgusted country. Sir James Graham's recent conduct is indeed calculated to "lower the tone of public morality;" but we *know*—we say it advisedly—that there are distinguished members of that party whom nothing can drive into the ranks of the Radicals; who have declared that neither directly nor indirectly will they do what is tantamount to taking such a course, and who are anxious that the existing Government should be dealt with fairly, and encouraged to act in a spirit of moderation and conciliation. We shall be infinitely

astonished to find such a man as Mr Gladstone commit such an act of political suicide. We are persuaded that no paltry feelings of irritation can induce that gentleman to enlist himself in the ranks of Sir James Graham, in company with such men as Mr Cobden or Mr Bright, in the bonds of economical, social, moral, and political union of principles and sentiments. We speak the sentiments, we are certain, of the vast majority of moderate politicians, when we say that we regard such a conjuncture as practically impossible. It is absurd and monstrous to think that any man, or number of public men, would venture upon such a desperate experiment upon public opinion and forbearance as would be indicated by the spectacle of Newcastle, Graham, Gladstone, Cobden, Cardwell, Hume, Villiers, and Bright, sitting, a happy united family, at the same council-board! The very sound moves to laughter; and the first visible advance towards such a combination would be the signal for instant adherence to Lord Derby's Government of very many honourable and independent but moderate Whigs. Rightly read, the elections have taught impressive and instructive lessons to three parties—to the Peel party, the Russell-Whig party, and the Graham-Cobden revolutionary party; namely, that the country will have none of them separately, for each is in decisive and ludicrous minority. Had the country given any one of them its confidence, it would have placed it in a commanding majority, capable of effective action; but by placing them in an unquestionable minority, it has told them plainly—we wish you to be in Parliament, but not in power. Be there to check, to counsel, for the purpose of defeating faction and misgovernment, *but not yourselves to govern*. Then, has the country not equally forbidden the three to combine, and thereby attempt to convert three minorities into a majority? Is there a single member of the Reform Club, however sanguine, who ventures to hope that *the country will stand a Radical Government*? Why did it not say so at the last election? It then spoke out in the negative; and if Sir James

Graham were really to attempt the formation of a Cobden cabinet, at the very first inkling of such an impudent experiment, incredulity would succumb to alarm, to consternation—and down would go the Funds, lower and lower, till the attempt was abandoned, once and for ever, to introduce revolution into the heart of a thoroughly conservative country. Wild work would Messrs Cobden and Co. make in a twinkling with the Church, with the army, the navy, with the laws and the constitution, all of which they would submerge under the deluge of universal suffrage. Lord John Russell and Sir George Grey openly declared their conviction in the House of Commons, that the measure which these men supported in a body, in the year 1849,* was one of downright Chartism. We recently quoted the very words in which they so expressed themselves. Are we, then, to expect Lord John to support a Chartist Government? Is he to turn Chartist? If so, a mournful country would instantly send him to keep company with another Chartist, who is now prevented from doing further mischief. What then becomes of Sir James Graham's advance towards the Radicals?—or are they advancing towards him? We beg these gentry to consider these things coolly; for this is the lesson which the country has taught them.

What has the country said to the Whigs?—the Russell-Grey semi-Radicals? Where are they? Blown away by the breath of popular contempt and disgust. They are apparently silent as the grave. Lord John is at this moment sitting in a delightful little apartment, trying to solace his jaded mind with the materials lying before him, by the aid of which he is to come out in a new and engaging character, as the biographer of his brother poet, Moore. The author of *Don Carlos* is sighing, as he reads the lonely lines, "Oft in the still night;" and thinks of their applicability to certain *political* "halls deserted." Let him take courage: the country wishes him, and Lord Mahon, and Mr Cardwell, to drop

politics and write biography, and has given them leisure for it. But the brilliant pencil of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, or rather his eloquent lips—for he spoke it at the hustings, on commencing his gallant and successful fight for Hertfordshire—shall tell us what view the country takes of the little clique which it has just pushed unceremoniously into a back room, with paper caps on their heads.

"I denounce that small section of ambitious men who endeavour to juggle the Whigs into the belief that, without them, no Government can be safe, and to coax the Radicals into the notion that without them no Government can be liberal! I don't deny that Lord John himself has many high qualities: he has courage, eloquence, genius; but he has shown a most inordinate passion to monopolise power, and a most restless impatience to regain it; and he certainly did succeed in forming an Administration as much the reverse of liberal as possible, and as much resembling an oligarchy as was ever before seen in this country. With one or two illustrious exceptions, it was the Government of a couple of families. Wherever you looked you saw a Russell, or the connection of a Russell; a Grey, or the cousin of a Grey. That last Government puts me in mind of the Chinese map of the world. The Chinese describe a large circle in the middle of a square, leaving out four little corners, which they consider the regions of perpetual darkness and snow. They state this circle to be the Celestial empire of China; and to the four cold little corners they banish the miserable remnant of mankind. Just so, the last Cabinet described a Liberal Administration. They drew a great circle round all the good things of Downing Street. That was the 'Celestial Empire' in which they quartered themselves and their families; but as for you, Radicals, Reformers, friends of progress—you don't belong to the 'Celestial Empire' any more than the Conservatives do—you were left to blow your nails on the cold side of the circle."

And let us add the beautiful peroration:—

"It was once finely said by Lord Brougham, that it was the boast of the Roman Emperor Augustus that he found Rome of brick and left it of marble; but how much nobler the boast of the Minister who shall say that he found law dear,

* See our June Number—"The Great Question," p. 762.

and left it cheap ; found it the patrimony of the rich—left it the inheritance of the poor ; found it the two-edged sword of fraud and oppression—left it the staff of honesty and the shield of innocence ! And if for nothing else but to carry through all our courts the reform thus nobly commenced in the Court of Chancery, I should still say as a true friend of the people, 'Give to Lord Derby's Government a fair trial.' "

Sir Edward must pardon our sudden transit, for one moment, from himself to Mr Cobden, to remind our readers that that plain-spoken gentleman, in the late Parliament, told Lord John to his face, flatly, that *his* return to power was impossible ; wherefore, it seems to us—on considering what has thus fallen from a highly gifted genius, and a daring demagogue—that Lord John and his little decimated party are, with reference to Conservative and Radical elements of attraction and support, in the position of Mahomet's coffin ; and there we leave them.

The country has frightened the Peel party out of its wits ; it has suddenly proved a very Herod to them. We seriously ask all the *honourable* members of that party to reflect on the treatment which they have experienced at the hands of the constituencies. If they do not see it, every one else does—that they are at a terrible discount ; as our mercantile friends would say, they are at a *very low figure*. Their faithful little dog, the *Chronicle*, has clean gone mad on their account. It has yelped, and yelped, and yelped, till it can now only snap in silence. It hopes that the cream of the Radical, the Whig, and the Conservative parties will rally round its intelligent and modest owners as the coming men—whom it does not seem to see are yet a very long way off indeed ! It is utterly inconceivable to us what this singular paper would be at—what it really believes to be possible, in any political contingency that can occur.

And now a word concerning Lord Derby's Government, and the party which supports, and has placed it where it is. That Government, that party, is Conservative—PROTESTANT-CONSERVATIVE—and placed in its present position at an extremely

perilous crisis. That position is a proud one, but surrounded with the gravest possible responsibilities, which none can sustain but men of great ability. We have been charged by the *Times* with sharing and abetting Lord Derby's alleged attempt to lower the standard of political morality—a charge which we repel with great indignation. We see no difference whatever between personal and political immorality. That man cannot be personally virtuous who deliberately perpetrates political profligacy. In this great enlightened country, public opinion is naturally influenced by the public expression of that opinion. Whoever writes what will be read by, and influence even a very few persons, incurs a real responsibility—commensurately greater with the number of those who so read and are so influenced ; and those who write in this Magazine are men who deeply feel that responsibility. They do not commit this long-established organ of public opinion lightly to the support of either men or measures ; and cherish, on the contrary, such a painful sense of a certain recent act of prodigious political tergiversation—that to which we owe the sudden total repeal of the corn-laws, and the imposition of the income-tax under a pledge which was flatly false—as renders the writers in *Blackwood's Magazine* both cautious and jealous. Let any man prove to us, if he can, that we have in any single instance upheld "deception and evasion." We challenge proof ; and if it be not given, despise assertion. Incapable ourselves of deception or evasion, we are also incapable of such an act of incredible stupidity, and ingratitude towards the public, as to enlist ourselves into the service of a Government which deals in deception and evasion. If we thought Lord Derby's Government capable of such conduct, we should be the first to expose and denounce it ; but we deny the imputation altogether. The course which a certain portion of the press has thought consistent with the dignity of political literature to adopt, towards the distinguished men whom the Queen has intrusted with the government of her mighty empire,

is, in our opinion, not only censurable, but quite intolerable, and a degradation to that political literature. Those who are guilty of it fail to see how it lowers them in public estimation, and also how completely it fails of its object. The press of Great Britain is very powerful, but not omnipotent; the public is nobly and sternly generous and just—it sympathises with those who are falsely accused, and visits with the vengeance of an indignant disdain those who falsely accuse, and that systematically, and for the basest party purposes. We shall make no particular allusions, nor condescend to use the language of vituperation; but we have, with all just and moderate men, been shocked at the way in which the Earl of Derby and his brother ministers have been sedulously slandered, and with the more eagerness, that their own lips are necessarily sealed—for a while. Grave and specific imputations have been made and persevered with, in defiance of distinct denial and disproof; and we are at a loss for language in which fitly to characterise such conduct. But, in the mean time, what is the result? These misrepresented ministers, sought to be covered in the slanderer's slime, are silently conducting the affairs of the country, as far as we can see from their public acts and the result of their acts, calmly and most effectively.

We are ourselves constant Protectionists; but we also know that what is scientifically right is sometimes politically impossible. We are not going to call on Lord Derby to resign because he cannot give us all we require, or think right. We still hold those fundamental political opinions which Lord John Russell, Sir James Graham, and Sir Robert Peel, have publicly, deliberately, solemnly, repeatedly declared to be their own, but suddenly repudiate, and then conceive themselves justified in ridiculing us for continuing to entertain them. We look upon the repudiation by political men of great leading principles of state policy, averred for a long course of years, to be as serious a matter as can occupy thoughtful attention. It appears to us—and it has always

appeared to us—that those who thus act, fairly subject themselves to the sternest scrutiny, and are liable to the imputation of radical unsoundness of judgment, or unconscientiousness. If a public man, highly educated, intellectually gifted, with infinite opportunities for observation and reflection, during fifteen or twenty years, deliberately affirms, re-affirms, and acts upon certain great political principles as wise, honest, and advantageous, the political moralist has surely a right to require him to establish, on the clearest possible proofs, that what he has been saying and doing all his life, he now verily and in his conscience believes to have been utterly and ruinously fallacious; and if, in addition to this, the challenged individual is liable to the least suspicion of having acted with a view to personal advancement or aggrandisement, receives place and power as the consequences and results of changed opinions, a presumption is raised which it is almost impossible to rebut. Now "*our* withers are unwrung"—we have no recantation, or excuse, or apology to make: we stand by our principles, and respect all who do the same; but we must be excused for dealing somewhat contemptuously with those who, being in the other category, become our flippant censors. We say "*silence*, for decency's sake." We believe, for reasons alleged by those who have so coolly changed their coats, that a Protectionist policy will in the end be again the dominant policy of this country—alike shedding its benignant influence over our ships, our colonies, our commerce, our manufactures, our agriculture. We are content to wait, repressing, as best we may, our anxieties when we contemplate all these great interests. We suspect that these are the principles of the present Government; but their own faith is solemnly pledged to the country to deal fairly with it on the question of Protection. They are bound to abandon the attempt to impose a duty on corn; but they are as solemnly bound, in the language of Mr Disraeli, "*to have justice done to the soil.*" The present Ministers declare that they believe themselves able to do justice to the soil; and if they do not, they will fall. The

ardent hope of the enemies of the agricultural interest is, that it will prove very unreasonably exacting and intractable, in order to let in that great friend of the agricultural interest, Mr Cobden, who told them. "*we owe the farmers something*,"—these being the very words of that sapient and conscientious statesman. But that ardent hope is doomed to disappointment, for the agricultural interest is not going to have a strait-waistcoat put on it for its pains. It will not take the perfidious advice offered to it. The crow has the cheese in its bill, and will not drop it into the watering mouth of the flattering fox beneath. Poor reynard, the crow thanks you for your compliments, and will sing for you when she has swallowed her cheese.

The Earl of Derby declared, on assuming office in February, that the revision of our economical system was a vast undertaking, requiring deliberate and comprehensive consideration. Has he yet had time for it? Is he to rush to results with puerile and idiotic precipitancy? If he were, he would, it is superfluous to say, lose the confidence of the country; but there is no fear of his doing it. We cannot, we do not, doubt that measures are in preparation which may surprise our enemies; but they ought to wait, though the suspense is tantalising. Their staunch friend the *Times* tells them that "it is only fair and wise, to hear *from ministers themselves* the principles on which they intend to act, and the measures which they mean to bring forward." We wait, in patience and confidence, for the acts and deliberations of those whom we take the liberty to believe men of high and scrupulous honour, integrity, and great capacity, and also indomitable courage. We bear in mind what one of themselves* has lately said: "We shall carry out our views with more efficiency, and I believe with more success, in the new Parliament,

when the Ministry will no longer have to meet a hostile Parliament, or be restrained in its policy by an overpowering opposition. We shall meet Parliament *prepared to do our duty*, under a firm conviction that the country will steadily support us."

But that DUTY, gentlemen of the LEAGUE, at Chesham Place, Netherby, and Manchester, is a duty of a very comprehensive character, affecting every individual, and every interest in the British Empire. In it are involved the preservation and advancement of imperial interests—those of the national religion, morality, social economy—the colonial, agricultural, mercantile, and manufacturing interests of this superb empire. We say with reverence, may God guide the counsels that have to deal with such mighty matters! And above and beyond all other sources of anxiety, is that profound one which concerns our Protestantism. We again fervently declare, before our fellow-countrymen, that we believe our Protestantism in danger. Look to the Irish elections, a sickening but suggestive spectacle! There the Popish priesthood is seen squatting like a hideous nightmare on the benighted population. Rouse yourselves! rouse yourselves! ye Protestants of England, Scotland, and Ireland! Up to the rescue! Why was the Earl of Derby the object of such diabolical hatred and falsehood, vented from the rancorous lips of the Popish priesthood of Ireland? Because they know that in him they have to deal with their most steadfast opponent; for his memorable words on assuming office are still ringing in their ears—

"WILL YOU SUPPORT A GOVERNMENT WHICH WILL UPHOLD THE PROTESTANT INSTITUTIONS OF THE COUNTRY, AND GIVE STRENGTH AND INCREASED POWER TO RELIGIOUS AND MORAL EDUCATION THROUGHOUT THE LAND?"

* The Chancellor of the Exchequer at the Buckingham election.

THE CRUSADERS' MARCH.

WRITTEN FOR MUSIC.

I.

RAISE ye up the song of Zion ;
 Raise it up 'mong Judah's hills.
 Who will dare to meet the Lion
 By the fountains of the rills ?
 Strong, strong—raise the song !
 Raise it the hills among ;
 Raise it till the Moslem hear—
 Sound, sound, trump and drum !
 Let them know we come—
 Cross and banner, sword and spear !

II.

Base it were for us to linger
 By the dull and weary wave,
 While the Unbeliever's finger
 Points with scorn the Holy Grave.
 Ride, ride !—to-morrow's tide
 Sees us the spot beside
 Watered by our Lady's tear.
 Sound, sound, trump and drum !
 Let them know we come—
 Cross and banner, sword and spear !

III.

Saintly forms above are bending,
 Martyrs' hands are beckoning on ;
 They, the brave, who died contending
 For the faith that Christians own !
 Speed, speed !—pilgrim's weed
 Shows not like steel at need.
 Men in mail, not monks, are here !
 Sound, sound, trump and drum !
 Let them know we come—
 Cross and banner, sword and spear !

IV.

Lo! the evening shadows gather ;
 See, the night is settling down.
 Shield us, O Almighty Father !—
 Shield our army, and thine own !
 Halt, halt ! beneath the palm
 Raise ye the evening psalm,
 Raise it up both loud and clear.
 Sound, sound, trump and drum !
 Let them know we come—
 Cross and banner, sword and spear !

V.

Bright the stars above are burning,
 As they may have burned of yore,
 When the shepherds, home returning,
 Told the words that angels bore.
 Pray, pray ! for the day
 Calls us again away.
 Once more let the foemen hear.
 Sound, sound, trump and drum !
 Let them know we come—
 Cross and banner, sword and spear !

W. E. A.

Dies Boreales.

No. X.

CHRISTOPHER UNDER CANVASS.*Camp at Cladich.*SCENE—*The Pavilion.* TIME—*Sunset.*

NORTH — TALBOYS — SEWARD — BULLER.

NORTH.

SOMETIMES a formally exact symmetry presents itself to me in the most general structure of the *Paradise Lost*. Establishment of the danger, or preparation of the catastrophe, Four Books—diminution of the danger, or retardation of the catastrophe, Four Books—realisation of the danger, or effectuation of the catastrophe, Four Books.

BULLER.

But, sir, this formally exact symmetry was not in the original Ten Books, which then gave for this distribution of the subject, first Four Books, three ditto, and three ditto. The later division having been, I think, of the original VII into VII. and VIII., and of the original X. into XI. and XII.

NORTH.

Even this was, however, a symmetry. Our business is now mainly with the first Four, which bring the mischief to the door.

BULLER.

Formerly, Criticism seemed to have done her part in developing unity. Now she is required, in establishing unity, to demonstrate its power—that is, its utility; else she is held to fight for forms, which are themselves held to be shadows.

NORTH.

The power with which the action of the *Paradise Lost* moves on from its origin in the lifting of the head, from the fiery flood, of Satan, *is felt*. The simple severity of the earlier conduct, is the condition of that felt power. But only the inventors, or studious judges of poetical fictions, perhaps, will perceive the force of intellect implied in contriving the simplicity. Look at the first steps. Satan raises his face—looks round—rouses his next mate—hears—answers—flies to shore—is followed—soliloquises—turns to the thought of arousing the rest—is encouraged by his mate—approaches the shore, and lifts up his voice. Imagine that the rest of the Poem had been lost; or that silence had then overtaken the tongue of the Poet. How great an accession to the Epic Poetry of the world would have stood in those few lines! And yet, externally viewed, how little has been done! The magnitude is internal. It is the prodigious simplicity of the Action—the power of the archangelical intelligence, and of the “unconquerable will,” that sustains the seemingly impossible conflict with Omnipotence. Imagine the Action which goes near to wrest the new creation from the sceptre of the Creator! And that proceeds adequately strong from so small-seeming an outset as that slight corporeal movement of an individual creature! “Round he throws his baleful eyes.” From that mere casting his eyes round, to the utmost magnitude of depicted Action, there is no leap, no precipitous or disproportioned ascent, no escalade. For from the beginning there is the power in the form. “Eyes,” “that witnessed huge affliction and dismay,” mixed with obdurate pride and steadfast hate. There is already the sufficiency, so far as on the finite side sufficiency can be, for the renewed Satanic warfare!

BULLER.

The main contemplation which Satan entertains of God is one which comprehends them both as rivals and antagonists, opposed belligerents. He has waged war, and the business of the Poem imports that he *shall* wage war. He has waged war, and been annihilatingly overthrown; he will wage war, and, by high and mysterious permission, shall partially succeed, although to his unspeakable harm. From the war past he draws the conclusion, that the Almighty surpasses him in force,—“whom thunder has made greater.” He knows God as omnipotent. Meanwhile he believes that cunning and fraud may prevail. He knows not omniscience. Thus a hope is opened to him, and the progress of it is seen in First Book. He accounts for his past defeat; that is to say, he justifies the attempt which induced his defeat, by saying that God had hidden his strength, and without display of his powers seemed to reign rather by acquiescence of the angelical multitude. The outward superior Power of God he acknowledges freely enough in a great many places. Satan succeeds in Heaven after the same sort in which he succeeds upon earth—he *seduces*, and he succeeds by permission. Such success as he has attains not Omnipotence. Apparently Satan is herein deceived.

NORTH.

This appears to be the immediate birth of pride. He would feel himself humbled in confessing himself vanquished. As long as he is ready to endure all consequences, and in spite of all to say I hate—I resist—I will not—so long he appears to himself unvanquishable. So long, in some sort, the equal foe. He must in his pride have forgotten that overwhelming approach when the warring Messiah came on with lightnings and thunders, and *their* war was no more. The reasoning of this cannot be understood, unless Milton means that Pride blinds, as all Passions, during their access, blind. As long as he will not submit, he blindly feels that the war is—power against power. Satan in his first speeches proposes to wage by force or guile eternal war, putting force and guile equally. In the next he has made up his mind for guile—

“Ever to do ill our sole delight,
And out of good still to find means of evil!”

This is verging towards the war that must be waged—not of outward force, but within the mind.

BULLER.

That sharply defined beginning and ending—so full of profound, intellectual power for the matter—and set with such Epic and childlike ocular evidence before you—first in

“Round he throws his baleful eyes;”

and last in,

“Hand in hand through Eden took their solitary way;”

the first and last link of the strong chain so plainly shown, gives me the impression of an integrity learned from the Attic stage—as expounded by Aristotle—quite different from Homer’s integrity and unity of action in the Iliad. Milton here displays his unity with a severe significance, tempered indeed by his poetry, picturesque and pathetic as it is; but that may remind us of Aristotle’s three magisterial terms—“a beginning, a middle, and an end.”

NORTH.

Yes. There is, to my thinking, but one part of the Conduct that essentially and absolutely takes away integrity and unity. This is nothing less than a *second great Action* ingrafted on or embosomed in the first. The catastrophe is calamitous to the hero and heroine; and let me here say, that in this respect alone the Poem resembles a Tragedy, much more than it resembles the Iliad. However, Milton could not, as a Theologian, or as a Poet, end his relation in unmitigated pain—one only mitigation, measured to the calamity, lay before him, and that mitigation he has employed—The Redemption.

NORTH.

Let us speak afterwards of that part of the Poem. Meanwhile of

the Fall of Man from obedience, innocence, Divine favour, bliss, and his blissful abode, Paradise. Man sins—God casts him out. The Poem relates this history. But this history arises out of an anterior history. For Satan is moved by Revenge, and prolongs an old Warfare. That the chain of causes and effects may be apparent, that anterior history must be related. The Poet must relate it in its place, in the order of time; for he must begin where he does, from the birth of Revenge in the mind of Satan—that is, immediately after the Fall of Satan. For expectation of the catastrophe which concerns the reader—which is the Fall of Man—must dawn from the outset. It is the one day of the Poem. There cannot be two successive principal expectations, the Fall of Satan followed by the Fall of Man. Accordingly, the Poet includes the Fall of Satan, which is respecting the poetic the lesser Action, in the relation of that which in the poem is acknowledged the greater Action, the Fall of Man. He must make that prior Action, in the relating, dependant and subordinate. He does this with consummate art. The archangel Raphael, in Book VI., relates the Rebellion and Fall of Satan as a *warning* against his machinations, and Raphael narrates, too, the consequences of that Fall, namely, the creation of this world and of Man. This is the great deed of art by which the complex given subject is reduced under needful Epic unity. The full relation, then, of the angelical catastrophe lies reserved for the middle time of the Poem. But the Poet needs this catastrophe before the commencement of the Action. Else the Action begins unintelligibly. What does he do? He moves on from his two opening Invocations to the outset of his Action, *through* a vivid, almost lyrical, and, as it were, prophetic strain or burst. He glances into the future of his Poem, and for an instant shows Satan climbing, fighting, and falling. This momentary introduction over, he begins to *tell*. The fountains are unlocked; and the deep, broad stream flows, its profound bed murmuring with everlasting music. The lyrical manner saves all unpleasant impression as if the Rebellion and Fall of Satan were twice related in the Poem.

BULLER.

Presented as the would-be co-rival of the Deity—he is with great consistency of purpose and effect shown *singly* as *hurled*, by which few significant verses in the Introduction you are launched into the now opening narrative, with your soul, or understanding, or eye full of Satan. The indeterminateness the report gives concerning the object of Satan's ambition, prevents that criticism of improbability. No more is done than effectually to move vivid remembrance in you of that which you have in various ways out of the Poem heard concerning the War. Nothing is distinct in that first passage, or clear in painting, but the *hurling*.

NORTH.

Milton fills our mind with Satan and his angels before any of the celestial powers are presented; so that we come with eyes and mind accustomed to humanity, and surprise aggrandises, the habitual standard. You do not habitually think thus gigantically of angels. It was the more needful that Milton should diligently impress this. One reason is to keep them apart from Adam and Eve afterwards—a separate order. He impresses the gigantic stature of the mind before the personal appearance of Satan.

TALBOYS.

Sir?

NORTH.

Yes, sir. Satan—

"Extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood; in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,
Titanian, or Earth-born, that warr'd on Jove;
Briareos or Typhon, whom the den
By ancient Tarsus held; or that sea-beast
Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugest that swim the ocean stream:

Him, haply, slumbering on the Norway foam,
The pilot of some small night-foundered skiff
Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,
With fixed anchor in his scaly rind
Moors by his side under the lee, while night
Invests the sea, and wished morn delays:
So stretched out huge in length the arch-
flood lay!"

Satan lies extended like the overthrown and imprisoned monsters of the Old Fable—the hundred-handed Briareos, Typhon; or like that monster of the New Fable, the slumbering whale, 'on whose thick, insensible skin the mariner anchors. You observe the steps trodden by the imagination. The monsters of more analogous nature and configuration are first presented. They are too like to be more than remembered by name. But the hint has dilated your eye and unsettled your wonted conceptions, and you pass on prepared to the more explicit and poetical imagining of similitude. Even loving and reverent critics of the *Paradise Lost* lose love and reverence, when a technical term crosses their way; and here are in one large hemistich, two from the craft of the sailor. You may be well assured that "moors" by his side "under the lee" has not escaped sharp reprehension. But listen you devoutly to the profound Poet, and to your own moved soul. In the first place, the words are musical; in the next, they affect no extraordinary display of nautical erudition, but are familiar enough to your own landsman's ear. Shall the words of the sea be strange to the Poet's fellow-islanders? Will you make good to the simile the loss of the two terms that are its life? What other word than that which customarily signifies to the navigator the secure possession held by his vessel of the immovable shore, will suffice for expressing his case inspired by his present perilous anchorage? How will you do justice to the wild fable—how magnify the sleeping leviathan more than by bestowing upon him the phrase which the night-foundered pilot himself would upon a true and actual island, when under its sheltering coast he and his tossed skiff lie during the drear night-hours, in the lull of the wind and the sea?

TALBOYS.

Moreover, the designations of the creature, "sea-beast leviathan," dispel ordinary associations; and one after the other turns your fancy to the uncouth, the huge. Far more the Divine power introduced, and even as if exerted for the purpose of creating dimension—

"Whom God of all his works
Created hugest that swim."

The bold and grasping phrase itself, "his works that swim;" and lastly, mark even the unusual, but not unconsidered placing of the words, the separation of *his works* from the limiting that *swim*, by which, for an instant, our apprehension is thrown loose into the region of the absolute-measureless—you are uncertain of the Poet's intention, and when he brings you into the sphere of the known and the real, the very limiting aggrandises

"That swim the ocean-stream."

NORTH.

Eh? Acutely remarked, Talboys.

TALBOYS.

As for the wonderful doubt that has been moved, whether the whale or the *crocodile* sleeps on the Norway foam, and quietly receives anchors, and shelters vessels "under the lee" of his floating bulk, Milton has particularly provided against that danger in the Seventh Book, in which he again describes the Leviathan, and yet more explicitly the Whale; besides which, for a final security against misapprehension, the Crocodile is created on one day, and the Leviathan on another. But what precautions, sir, are good against a commentator?

BULLER.

Three things necessitated Satan's poetical exaltation in Books First and Second. First, he is lately fallen, and even his corruption is not immediately uttermost. Throughout the poem are visible, lingering angelical gleams. His pride, supporting an unconquerable will, is really required to his destined warfare, which is the whole business in hand. He must be magnified for the sake of the reader's imagination, in order to give verisimilitude to the Past War. Satan is the greatest agent of the catastrophe. The mind of the reader must be carried along with the agency. But it would revolt from

following him, unless a certain dominion over the imagination had been given him. We go along with him now, certainly *not* desiring his success, by which we are to suffer, but with eyes that are fixed upon him by curiosity, by pity, for so much good that remains in him of what he was, by admiration of what is in him of yet unextinguished greatness. Moreover, he has to be taken down, as he goes on, and the greatness at the beginning is not more than was needed for that purpose. However unresulting the pomp of array in the First and Second Books turns out, it was obliged. Warriors fallen, and recovering courage, must unavoidably put on the pomp of war. If this is reason enough, the Poem gains in its proportions: Hell has now a magnitude corresponding to Heaven and our Universe. But it is agreeable to the purpose of the whole Poem that the magnificent display and preparation of Devils shall turn to nought. Is there not such lesson designed to our Imagination? That it has to learn that it has too hastily let itself be dazzled by the false glory of those Two First Books!

NORTH.

I have said what all the world, except Talboys, knows, that—

TALBOYS.

I like, sir, occasionally to disagree with all the world except Talboys.

NORTH.

I have said, my dear Talboys, that the Action of the Poem takes the starting point of its majestically sweeping career from the consternation in which the rebellious angels are shown lying after their Fall.

TALBOYS.

What more, sir?

NORTH.

I wish to insist for a moment upon the Poet's picture of this consternation. And the rather because they who have but the inspiration of the Sister Art for the visual illustration of the *Paradise Lost*, do not seem to have possessed themselves of Milton's unquestionable meaning.

TALBOYS.

I pity the poor painters; but, sir, perhaps—

NORTH.

The Poet says that

"Nine times the space that measures day and night
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquished, rolling in the fiery gulf,
Confounded, though immortal."

TALBOYS.

No mystery there?

NORTH.

A great mystery. I ask, in what posture did they lie?

TALBOYS.

You ask, in what posture did they lie?

NORTH.

The answer of the Poet, if you examine the relevant passages, is unequivocal. They lay, all the while "prone"—"prostrate"—"grovelling"—in the abject posture of "adoration." These are some of *his* words—in *one* then—*flat on their faces as they fell!*

TALBOYS.

That would never suit the Sister Art.

NORTH.

But what does the singular picture mean? Are they insensible? No. The Poet delivers you from that supposition, if you have entertained it—

"Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel."

They did perceive the evil plight in which they were—they did feel the *fierce* pains. They lay in keen anguish. In a word, the stupor in which the Poet represents them as lying is no stupor of the sensibility. The power

is inert, suspended, utterly useless in them, is the power of acting. They lie in utter stupor of the *Will*.

TALBOYS.

And what does this mean, sir? A great difference there, sir.

NORTH.

Think for a moment, my dear Talboys, of the introductory verses in which the Fall of the Angels has been rapidly touched!

"Him the Almighty Power

Hurled headlong! flaming from the ethereal sky,

With hideous ruin and combustion, down

To bottomless perdition."

You may readily believe that such a fall has withered in them for a season every faculty but that of agony. But the war and the fall that are here foreshadowed are in the Sixth Book fully told. There their defeat is pictured, when the Messiah, clothed in the terrors of omnipotence, goes forth to rout their battle;—and they drop under his lightnings;—they flee;—to flee farther they throw themselves out of Heaven, and

"Eternal wrath

Burnt after them to the bottomless pit."

Now, from that helpless, aghast, and thunder-ploughed battle-field, on which they lay,

"Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fallen!"

till the Victor raised them to expel them—from that unimaginable nine days of "Heaven ruining from Heaven"—it is that they lie in this powerless consternation and stupefaction!

TALBOYS.

Reading the Poem over again, we read it, sir, with a more profound and exact intelligence.

NORTH.

This picture, of which whether all our good Painters have striven to transmit into their colours, the stern and appalling monotony, I know not—may serve as an instance to show how Milton, true to a great elementary function of the Poet, uses the visible—the act or the inaction—to signify, with overwhelming power, the invisible—the utterly vanquished mind.

TALBOYS.

That "rolling" is only the undulating and fluctuating of the bodies, as the flaming billows heave and roll under them. But Milton has not done.

NORTH.

Done!—only begun. The things told by a Poet must have probability—that is to say, they must have credibility, or verisimilitude of their own; or they must carry a persuasion of their truth and reality. But in the constitution of this Action, the first feature shocks and subverts all belief—all persuasion of truth and reality. A Finite Leader, and the host of his finite followers, contending against their Infinite Adversary!

The first heavy task laid upon the genius of the Poet then is the duty of making this impossibility seem possible. He has done it, and you read on with an understanding unshocked by the contradiction—persuaded. He has for this purpose exalted the mind of Satan to the utmost that was consistent with Satan's dedication of himself to evil.

TALBOYS.

And especially the Poet has exalted him by that which lay next at hand, as being all along implied, his ascendancy over, and real superiority to his followers.

NORTH.

He is the first who recovers to thought and to bodily motion. The Archangel *lifts up his head!* That is all. His other parts besides are "prone on the flood"—he looks and knows! He rouses

"The next in power and next in crime,"

who lies next him—Beelzebub. They converse—they leave the flood, and alight on the land. And now Satan will arouse the rest. His legions—angel-forms that lay in trance

“Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
In Valombrosa.”

He approaches the shore—

“And called so loud that all the hollow deep
Of hell resounded !”

His words are short and few—words of bitter upbraiding—of worse—of insulting denunciation. And he bids them awake and rise, “or be for ever fallen !” He *bids* them, and they *have arisen*. They heard and were abashed, and up they spring !

TALBOYS.

Prevailing Poet ! Nine days which measure time to mortal men they have lain, spite of their agony—without the motion of a limb. One word of searching displeasure and imperious command from that well-known voice ! and instantaneously, like a noontday cloud of locusts, the millions are on the wing in the air.

NORTH.

And the speaking of the Poet, which we must hear, is not the illimitable representation, to our senses ; not the sign, but the thing signified, the revelation of an inward Power !

The angels are in that horrible trance utterly powerless—will-less ; they have not stirred—neither have they shrieked—nor yelled—nor groaned. One word was required to tell you this—and that one word is there. When Satan, self-armed and recollected, will answer Beelzebub, and to that intent addresses him, Milton ushers in those first words uttered in Hell by telling you that he speaks—

“*Breaking the horrid silence.*”

TALBOYS.

You have this evening shown, sir, how with Milton the pomp and prodigality of Poetry serve the main business of the narrative Poet—the conduct of his Action ; how poetry, properly and universally, uses things external or corporeal as the most affecting and effectual expression of things Internal, Spiritual ; how uniting a spirit prevails in different parts of the Poem ; with what power Milton creates the persons of his Epic ; what is meant by the sublimity of imagination—understanding the faculty as we usually understand it—in Milton. Whatever resembles moral sublimity is no less to be attributed to him. How like a giant he grapples with his more than gigantic subject !

NORTH.

What was the condition of the fallen angels, when we first contemplated them ? Stunned as if annihilated under the wrath of God !

TALBOYS.

Wrapped, as it seemed, in indissoluble chains.

NORTH.

Powerless with despair.

TALBOYS.

Prostrate on a lake of fire.

NORTH.

One word from their great Chieftain, infusing strength by shame—one other, imparting courage by hope—and Hell stands in armed and bannered array,

“Hurling defiance towards the vault of Heaven !”

The fallen angels are here first presented to us in the only way in which they can win over our sympathy and affection.

TALBOYS.

Devils winning over our sympathy and affection !

NORTH.

Do they not? You know they do. They have sinned, and they suffer ; hence two ways of access to our hearts.

TALBOYS.

Ay, my good sir, the offence is, after a measure, balanced ; that is, the anger and the hate of our pure conscience is mitigated. In condemning, we pity.

NORTH.

They are like ourselves.

TALBOYS.

Accordingly, along with a sublimity of being which lifts them out of consanguinity, or fellowship with us, there is felt, in the speeches of the First Book—thorough Tragic Pathos, the true pathos of Melpomene.

NORTH.

We mourn, perforce, with mourners, in what manner soever calamity may have been brought upon the crushed head.

TALBOYS.

Moreover, we must go along, to a certain degree, even with Devils, seeking our own destruction, else the Poet loses his indispensable hold upon us. How could we go along, sustained by antipathy? Through two whole Books, where all the agents are engaged in a common interest—by antipathy?

NORTH.

Love is essentially, my dear Talboys, the creating spirit of Poetry—and we must—Heaven forgive us—*love the Devils!*

TALBOYS.

More or less—and so must the Poet ; so, between us two, did Milton. Approving, at the bottom of our hearts, their proceedings, is *toute une autre chose!* We can go along with Revenge—pretty—very, very well.

NORTH.

Ay, Talboys, much better than with simple Disloyalty, Envy, wrongful Ambition, and Ingratitude. And we must go along with a flaming force of mind which not experience of thunder, nor immeasurable precipitation from heaven's brink, nor the boiling flood, which has "received them falling," nor the dungeon horrible, that on all sides round, as one great furnace flames, nor anguish possessing limb and soul, nor "despair" can quell or make to falter.

TALBOYS.

The powers of mind—the heroism, though misapplied—the magnanimity, though depraved, appear in quite a new light, and from more vivid and irresistible evidence, in the rebound from such a fall.

"From this descent
Celestial virtues rising will appear
More glorious, and more dread *than from no fall*,
And trust themselves to fear no second fate."

What Satan here says of the Virtues, meaning the spirits themselves, we feel of the *Virtue* such as is left them—Virtue in its first sense unquestionably, and enough of it.

NORTH.

Besides, my excellent Professor—

TALBOYS.

Talboys.

NORTH.

They possess the field wholly to themselves. You are amongst the conspiracy, and you have a difficulty to disbelieve against the hopes and trust of a whole multitude. You are carried along. Not every one can be an Abdiel in understanding even. You have no other personages presented to divide your sympathy. You have none to divide your admiration—astonishment—awe—reverence!

TALBOYS.

They are the utmost of power shown you. They far overtop your imaginations of powerful created beings. They dilate your imagination. Your ima-

gination carries no standard of greatness which it can apply, and find them scant measure.

NORTH.

But if they fill by their magnitude your outward and inward eyesight—stretch it—how are you prepared to set bounds to their enterprise, or its results? You have that sort of calling which suffices for carrying you on without distrust.

TALBOYS.

Compare our actual disposition towards the rebellious angels in Books V. and VI., where they have it not, as here, all their own ways!

NORTH.

An artistical reason, Talboys, is, that we thus begin with a character of Poetry from which the other kinds rise well: the mournful and terrible, the bitter and sad, the morally and physically disturbed and painful. I suppose, *mon bon ami*, that the fires of Hell reflect something in our own souls; wrath and smouldering hate and raging desire—inward, eating, unappeased. The load upon the eyelids of imagination laid by that darkness visible has the power of a moral element. So has that sullen, grim, shrouded glare of the lurid flames, and the stifling and the scorching. No doubt that we shall rejoice, as the Poet will, to escape. The rest is relief. It is like the daily natural apparition of the Universe. Day rises out of night—beauty out of horror.

TALBOYS.

Moreover, it is by far the *strongest* demand made by the Poet upon our capacity of sympathy, and of conceiving; and it is well to have it over—as it was well to take us fresh.

NORTH.

The disadvantage is that a great many readers get no farther.

TALBOYS.

They like hell too well.

NORTH.

But plainly, Talboys, the order of art is that the dark disturbance raised in your spirit be brightened and quieted, not the reverse. See the whole system of the composition. First, Hell or Heaven intermixed—then Earth, which is proportionate—a balance of tones, harmony. Heaven in its glory, Paradise in its heavenly beauty, lie between Hell on the one side, and on the other the now unstained Earth.

TALBOYS.

The rebel spirits are first presented to us, sir, beaten. That is quite an intelligible state—our understanding accepts it at once; and we have here no occasion of asking, Can they, by possibility, succeed? We remain undisquieted by any intellectual scruples that might have been raised on that account.

NORTH.

But there is a little more in this matter. That first warfare was one in which they were utterly to fail, as they must fail in contest of strength with Omnipotence. This is a war in which they will be permitted, after a manner, to succeed. One may ask, in Books V. and VI., how far the war of the angels is, for itself, better told, after you know that it has failed, or worse? In the First and Second Books, however, this is clear, that no conviction of utter insanity obtrudes itself to diminish your admiration of intellectual power, and of immeasurably sublime nature, in the angels. And yet, if any repentance lay open to them, there is insanity here too. They partially succeed against us; for themselves they end in utter failure. But that is beyond our beam of light and our horizon.

TALBOYS.

The pervading, unspeakable sorrow of the First Book is the—privation.

NORTH.

A third part of the Celestials have lost their goodness, their glory, their bliss, the love of the Creator and heaven. In the stead of all these, they have now the prize of their unhappy attempt—Hell. The First Book lavishes poetical power in

making Hell sensibly present—visibly—tangibly. This was poetically required. The scene is new and strange to the imagination. And we would not with sufficient activity create it for ourselves. The poet industriously creates it for us. The overwhelming presence of the scene was indispensable; for to us who know the Fallen Angels, first under their loss, in their place of punishment—their positive suffering—grounds the terrible pathos. Fire and gloom! These are the two colours on the pallet of the stern painter, and he spares them not. Fire! The incessant scorching of the angelical flesh, which heretofore bathed in perpetual delight! Liquid fire, and solid fire! That is to Hell's "dread emperor" the composition, which immediately reveals itself, of his new kingdom. Dull fire, or flames! And let it not for a moment seem to any criticism wilfully refined, and inventively sceptical—such as that which inconsiderately diadems to the Greek stage the penal and Lernæan wound of the hero Philoctetes—a humiliation of Poetry—that she insists with deliberate pains on corporeal sufferance. The nature of Poetry claims that the outward be emphatically spoken, if imagination lives and breathes by the bodily senses; and the fires of Hell are terrible to the imagination. Besides, what else is Poetry but the intuitive interpreter from or into symbols? These fires have another significance, and a worth of terror far other than that they derive from the bare fact of the physical pain. They have symbolic power. They, and the thunder that so long and so loud peals through the Poem, are the appalling exponents of God's awakened, afflicting, or annihilating wrath. And so, spontaneous, unsophisticated imagination knows and feels them. And so, sublime Power, justly exerted, forces its proper acknowledgment, and justifies itself. The gloom that loads the angelical eyes, used to the resplendency and ineffable beauty of heaven, and to the dazzling and blinding rays of the Divine presence, speaks obviously and immediately to the spirit.

TALBOYS.

It does.

NORTH.

An indissoluble bond ties in our thoughts light with life, bliss, truth, honour, and sanctity. Its opposite, darkness, with death, sorrow, intellectual and moral destitution. The persons of the good angels are luminous, radiant all over with visual glory. Those of the revolted have, during the Fall, undergone change. Their "glory," says Beelzebub, is "extinct." The luminous property has not passed wholly away, but it suffers extreme diminution.

"His form had not yet lost
All her original brightness."

We hear by-and-by of the Archangel in the Second Book, having received from Chaos instruction for continuing his journey towards this newly-created world; he,

"With fresh alacrity, and force renewed,
Springs upward, like a pyramid of fire,
Into the wild expanse."

Even his "dimmed lustre" "strikes fiery off" against the pitchy darkness of the chaotic abyss. When Satan sees Beelzebub lying beside him on the Lake, he scarcely knows him from the transformation; and his first words mourn his personal obscurity.

"If thou beest He! But, oh! how fallen! how changed
From Him who, in the happy realms of light,
Clothed with transcendent brightness, didst outshine
Myriads though bright!"

In "the happy Realms of Light!" Just so, cleaving to the light, when he has flown to the burning land, and more deliberately agnising his new habitation, takes possession of his empire, and mourns the change.

"This mournful gloom
For that celestial light."

TALBOYS.

A well-known scene in the Fourth Book, sir, brings out properly, and beautifully draws out, the hidden soul of the symbol.

"So saying, on he led his radiant files,
Dazzling the moon."

The radiant files dazzle the terrestrial moon! by their natural self-splendour, not merely by reflecting back from their arms her own lustre!

NORTH.

Should any one unluckily ask you, "Who, in the *Paradise Lost*, bears the part of Achilles in the *Iliad*? or the part most resembling that part? you will doubtless be tempted to say—Satan. The interest created in Satan in Books I. and II. has led English readers to think him the Hero. And an Italian critic says, "I define the hero of a Poem, that personage to whom the Poet has attributed the most active part in bringing the undertaking proposed to its accomplishment." And he concludes by deciding the question, Who is the Hero of *Paradise Lost*? in favour of Satan, the undertaking being the Fall of Man.

TALBOYS.

Then, I suppose that, in the tragedy of *Othello*, the hero is Iago. Satan and Iago both bring to pass by persuasion.

NORTH.

Why, Satan is the great heroic and poetical creation of a person in the Poem. And for this, no doubt—that he is the agent upon whom chiefly the action rests. His action is principal and continuous. But there the parallel ends. The heart of the Poet is with Achilles—not with Satan. The heart of the right hearer is with Achilles—not with Satan.

TALBOYS.

I like that, sir.

NORTH.

Two persons are, in the *Paradise Lost*, who have no parallel in the *Iliad*. One is on earth—Adam. One in heaven—the Son.

BULLER.

And yet, in a certain sense, both have an analogy of their Epic personage in Achilles. For the human head, upon which the pathetic soul of desire in the bosom of the hearer hangs, is *there* Achilles, *here* Adam. And the armed warrior, upon whose right hand Victory sits eagle-winged, is *there* Achilles, *here* the Messiah.

SEWARD.

Upon another hand, it may seem fitter to say, that the matter of the subject removes the *Paradise Lost* from all comparison with merely human Epics.

NORTH.

Adam is no single man. He is mankind.

SEWARD.

Then it is true that, notwithstanding the immense importance of the human destinies at stake, and although, in one respect, Adam and Eve are thus the principal personages in the Action—indeed, the only personages of the proper action, and the highest beings out of humanity are, in an Epic sense, if one may dare so to speak, *subordinate*—yet another way of looking, in a manner subverts this view. For the Persons and the Conflict, out of humanity, are so transcendent in themselves, that you might speciously say, that the bosom of Man is merely a field, upon which the Lord of Good and the Lord of Evil contend for victory.

SEWARD.

Still I think that that is but a momentary view taken by a sublime Theology. The sympathy of the heart, and the intense reality of representation, rest upon the human personages.

BULLER.

It can't be doubted such was Milton's view.

NORTH.

All the beings out of humanity belong more to the Imagination; and a shadowy veil floats, however thin, between us and them, vividly and energetically as they are presented. Our own kind belongs to *us*, and we to *our own kind*. Adam and Eve are the centre of the prime interest in these.

SEWARD.

Adam then *is* the hero; Eve is the heroine—the only two human persons. This you may learn from Homer—the *Iliad*. There you learn that proper supporters of an Epic Action are the human actors—men and women—ourselves; that the superhuman agents—even to the highest—even to those whom we name with awe—whom, through awe, we rather abstain from naming—are in the uncontrolled poetical moulding of the Epic Bard, *the machinery of his human action*. Man is the centre, the subject. With good reason; since the Poet is a man, and his hearers are men. Everything, without exception, glorifies man. If we would make an exception in the *Paradise Lost*, in consideration of the great extent occupied by the preternatural persons in the relation, as well as in favour of their extraordinary dignity, and choose to carry a notion acquired amongst human transactions into affairs infinitely raised above humanity, we must look for the superhuman Hero of the *Paradise Lost*, I think, not in the warring and vanquished Satan, but where the warfare deforms the celestial fields, in the sublime Vanquisher of Satan. On that field Satan is indeed thrice vanquished; but I speak of the third and last victory, which empties distressed heaven of sin and all molestation.

NORTH.

Yes, my friend, of all the persons which Milton, in winnowing with irrepressible pinion the air of all the worlds, has dared to present, his love and awful admiration chiefly beam forth in delineating the Gracious Power who steps in as Mediator and Intercessor between the offended Father of all Being, and his offending human children. In bringing into personal presence, as it were, and in supplying with human words the highest of all Persons, the Almighty King, which Milton has many times done in the Poem, his genius might seem to be tamed with reverential fear, with a surmise of excessive daring; not so when he clothes the brow or the lips of the Messiah, now with mercy, now with terror. The few lines in Book III., which describe the appearance of the Filial Godhead, after his offer of Himself to be the propitiation for Man who *will* fall, are unspeakably beautiful. They possess the new or the rare *sublimity of tenderness*. The same august Being, on the second day of the angelical warfare, taking the field against the Rebels of Heaven, in the Sixth Book of the Poem—the Militant Messiah—has brought out powers of utterance from our English Epic Harp, which may bring to mind the verses of Cowper:—

“The strings are swept with such a power, so loud,
The storm of music shakes the astonish’d crowd.”

BULLER.

There is a question which I feel as painful, and which cannot be avoided. After all, *who* has vanquished? Personally, Satan is vanquished. Follow to the close the views of the immense poem, which comprehend all worlds—all space—all time—eternity—and we answer, with regard to the Archfiend at the conclusion—

“Hell, her numbers full,
Henceforth shall be for ever shut!”

There lies the prostrate antagonist of Heaven, indungeoned in fierce fires, for evermore. He is personally vanquished. But along with Him, Hell “has her numbers full.” And there are Angels and Men; and by all theological report, and by Milton’s own intimations, I think—by *far the greater part of mankind*. Looking at the Poem, then, as the history of a Conflict—what is the result? First, God creates man to supply the vacant room of the Angels: but they do not supply his room. Upon the contrary, much rather, it seems, do they fill Hell! Secondly, The first created have immediately fallen; and

as far as the Creation alone goes, the Counsels of God have failed. But there is a reserve. It is in the infinite Love of the Redeemer. Man is redeemed, and Satan thus at the second stroke, if not at the first, is quelled. No! for the Infinite sacrifice does but partially succeed—I fear, in small part! Therefore, twice, and the second time ultimately, the Counsels of the Infinite Wisdom, of Infinite Love, and the acting of Omnipotence, fail.

SEWARD.

And the God of Evil has carried his point with cost enough to himself.

BULLER.

If I were simply challenged to criticise, as a theologian, the Theology of Milton, I do not know, whether, ignorant as I am, I should not think myself bound to hold my tongue. But the Poem challenges criticism as a Poem, and I feel in myself that here is a gap in my satisfaction in the Poem. That which is undertaken, promised, vaunted even by the highest speaker and agent, does not appear to a common human understanding as performed.

SEWARD.

I cannot help fearing that this flaw—may I call it? like one broken link of the mightiest chain, invalidates the whole work, as a whole; disables us from giving it the acceptance we desire, and in which, merely as critics of Poetry, we should rest happily.

NORTH.

The question is not a slight one with us, as wonderers, whether we may gaze with pure, entire wonder, or must wonder at this and at that, and not at the whole.

BULLER.

This view may even beget a suspicion as to the poetical sincerity of Milton's mind in the Poem. Is there here, one may be driven to ask, a theological sophism? Has Milton by some untenable syllogism reasoned himself into a belief, which the human soul, illuminated by Love into Truth, cannot receive? A narrow tenet? A tenet narrowing at once God's grace and man's reason?

SEWARD.

If we have the persuasion that he has done so, then it strikes me as probable, that, since once for all, we are compelled to carry on, strangely, the consideration of Theology and Poetry side by side, we must herein find our poetical sense and capacity constrained and oppressed. For is not Poetry the life of our souls, flowing pure, free, and full? And can there be a wrong in Truth and Love that will not be felt as a wound to this life?

BULLER.

A syllogism standing in the place of an Inspiration might, in a sense, be called a defect in poetical sincerity. It is much worse, if we can, for a moment, imagine that Milton has, with splendour of poetry, knowingly hidden the defects of an argument, which, while it convinced him, he might suspect did not equally convince all others.

NORTH.

I feel that the deepest soul of Milton breathed in the purpose of the Poem, which is, I understand, to establish man's holiness, as only by possibility subsisting in its consent with God's holiness. Whatever thought, issuing truly from the spiritual consciousness which led Milton to his purpose, vindicates, in so issuing, its fitness for poetry—vindicates its tendency to enlarge, exalt, rectify, nourish all our best powers.

BULLER.

But merely the fact that a thesis found in the schools, recogitated by him, and not sent up by the oracular soul, seemed to justify and correspond to his consciousness, and recommend itself to Milton the Inquirer, would by no means vindicate the Thesis as poetical.

TALBOYS.

You very properly, sir, asked me somewhat sternly—

NORTH.

Mildly.

TALBOYS.

In what posture did they lie? You have now given us a very forcible and truthful account of in what posture they now stand; but might you not have been—

NORTH.

More circumstantial? I might, and shall be so now. I ought to have spoken of that first COLLOQUY on the fiery flood between Satan and Beelzebub.

TALBOYS.

That *infernal* colloquy sublime! You said well that the change has been produced by steps that our minds follow easily; that we have pursued with satisfaction to our understandings the progress of this wonderful revolution. Does the colloquy help it on? Do the myriads hear it? Or are they dumb and deaf?

NORTH.

Dumb and deaf. But we are not; and the colloquy is for us. By-and-by the myriads will hear it; meanwhile we feel in it Satan's greatness and his power, and are enabled to believe in the cleaving and inflamed allegiance of the Myriads to their King. Recite the Colloquy.

TALBOYS.

"If thou beest he,—but O, how fallen! how changed
From him, who, in the happy realms of light,
Clothed with transcendent brightness, didst
out-shine
Myriads though bright!—if he, whom mutual
league,
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
And hazard in the glorious enterprise,
Join'd with me once, now misery hath join'd
In equal ruin; into what pit, thou seest,
From what height fallen! so much the
stronger proved
He with his thunder: and till then who knew
The force of those dire arms? Yet not for
those,
Nor what the potent Victor in his rage
Can else inflict, do I repent or change,
Though changed in outward lustre, that fixed
mind,
And high disdain, from sense of injured
merit,
That with the Mightiest raised me to contend;
And to the fierce contention brought along
Innumerable force of spirits arm'd,
That durst dislike his reign; and, me pre-
ferring,
His utmost power with adverse power op-
posed
In dubious battle on the plains of heaven,
And shook his throne. What though the
field be lost?
All is not lost; the unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield,
And what is else not to be overcome.—
That glory never shall his wrath, or might,
Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
With suppliant knee, and deify his power,

Who, from the terror of this arm, so late
Doubted his empire; that were low indeed!
That were an ignominy, and shame beneath
This downfall! since, by Fate, the strength
of gods

And this empyreal substance cannot fail;
Since, through experience of this great event,—
In arms not worse, in foresight much ad-
vanced,—

We may, with more successful hope, resolve
To wage by force or guile eternal war,
Irreconcilable to our grand foe,
Who now triumphs, and in the excess of joy
Sole reigning holds the tyranny of heaven.

So spake the apostate angel, though in pain,
Vaunting aloud, but rack'd with deep de-
spair;

And him thus answered soon his bold com-
peer.

O Prince! O chief of many throned
Powers!

That led the embattled seraphim to war
Under thy conduct; and, in dreadful deeds
Fearless, endanger'd Heaven's perpetual
King.

And put to proof his high supremacy,
Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or
fate;

Too well I see, and rue the dire event,
That with sad overthrow and foul defeat
Hath lost us heaven; and all this mighty
host

In horrible destruction laid thus low,
As far as gods and heavenly essences
Can perish; for the mind and spirit remain
Invincible, and vigour soon returns,
Though all our glory extinct, and happy
state

Here swallow'd up in endless misery."

NORTH.

How solemnly and majestically the first lines glorify Satan—by a scale set! Chief of Powers that led! a Leader of leaders—a Prince of princes—a Throne above thrones! Think on the strange misprision of Bentley, who thinks that either Milton ungrammatically put "led" for "leddest"—ignorantly then too—for he would not have shunned "ledst," who said elsewhere "sleptst!"

TALBOYS.

And what a locution he, Bentley, thus bestows on Milton—"Leddest under thy conduct!"

NORTH.

Or that if Milton means "led," Bentley thinks he has lowered Satan by attributing to the subordinate powers "endangered," "put to proof;" not discerning that all that all do under Satan becomes much more majestically and superbly and sublimely Satan's than if he did it personally. He is their Soul, and to him they owe that which they do. Note the grave, touching, and magnificent composition of the first and following verses:—"O Prince!" is a full address; but satisfies not Beelzebub, who proceeds to reproduce and expand his compellation. And first by translating "O Prince!" into "O Chief of many throned Powers!" But neither is that enough; and all that is hung in the following lines upon the Powers becomes only an immense explication and amplification of that first "O Prince!" For you must not, for the world, for an instant think of such a construction as "O Prince—of many throned Powers;" for that would go down at once from "Prince" to "Chief." But decidedly "O Prince" is insulated, entire, independent, self-sufficient; and all the rest is a second birth, unbosomed out of it. Observe, too, the instantaneous resumption by Beelzebub of his old relationship to Satan—as a follower, loyal, admiring, attached, justifying, only not having yet received from him the courage to *hope on*; there is not a word of displaying his own zeal, but in perfect simplicity, and as a mere follower, of course. There they are together, master and servant, or rather brother and brother, for it is a mixed relationship. What they were before, that they are after; the "horrid change" has in this made none. There is here a moral sublimity; and

"Study of revenge, immortal hate!"

like a seed cast into the soil of the future—like an end of thread put between the fingers of Destiny, which she shall spin on. There is, in three words, the fall of man spoken. And observe how slowly the reacquisition of will, fitting for corporal act, ensues. Lifting up a face, eyes cast round, the project of a flight so heavily proposed, under such a depression of all physical energy! Herein, and in the flight which follows, and is described with care, the impressive representation of a quasi-annihilation, from which they have to revive, the aggrandisement which all this annihilation of a physical kind acquires, that herein is expressed the hand of God weighing them down, as indeed throughout the whole Poem the finite teems with an inly-born infinitude.

TALBOYS.

Compeers! but Beelzebub, methinks, is beginning to quail.

"Here swallowed up in endless misery.
But what if He our Conqueror (whom I now
(Of force believe almighty, since no less
Than such could have o'erpowered such force
as ours)
Have left us this our spirit and strength
entire,
Strongly to suffer and support our pains,

That we may so suffice his vengeful ire;
Or do him mightier service, as his thralls
By right of war, whate'er his business be,
Here in the heart of hell to work in fire,
Or do his errands in the gloomy deep?
What can it then avail, though yet we feel
Strength undiminish'd, or eternal being,
To undergo eternal punishment?"

NORTH.

"Whereto with speedy words the Archfiend replied."

Good Dr Newton says, that what Beelzebub had last said hath startled Satan, and that he "*thinks proper* to make a speedy reply."

"Fallen Cherub! to be weak is miserable,
Doing, or suffering; but of this be sure,
To do aught good never will be our task,
But ever to do ill our sole delight,
As being the contrary to His high will,
Whom we resist. If then his providence

Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
Our labour must be to pervert that end,
And out of good still to find means of evil:
Which oft-times may succeed, so as perhaps
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
His inmost counsels from their destined aim!"

Satan "thought proper" to make this speedy reply. And Beelzebub mute. Satan follows up his triumph; and seeing that the "angry vi

has recalled his ministers of vengeance and pursuit back to the gates of heaven, and ceased to "bellow through the vast and boundless deep," "thinks it proper" not to let slip the occasion,

"Whether scorn,
Or satiate fury, yield it from our foe."

He must be up and doing.

"Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
The seat of desolation, void of light,
Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
From off the tossing of these fiery waves;
There rest, if any rest can harbour there;
And, reassembling our afflicted powers,
Consult how we may henceforth most offend,
Our enemy—our own loss how repair—
How overcome this dire calamity—
What re-enforcement we may gain from hope—

If not—what resolution from despair.

Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty stature! On each hand the flames,
Driven backward, slope their pointing spires,
and roll'd
In billows, leave in the midst a horrid vale:
Then with expanded wings he steers his flight
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air,
That felt unusual weight; till on dry land
He lights,—if it were land that ever burn'd
With solid as the lake with liquid fire."

The opening of his speech very beautifully brings out Satan's mournful regret. You can see his angelical senses offended, wrung by the change. He, too, loved light, and beauty, and serenity! *He had love!* Whither has it gone, or going? The excess of "glory obscured," answers to a like change of mind!

"Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,
Said then the lost Arch-Angel, this the seat
That we must change for heaven, this mourn-
ful gloom
For that celestial light? Be it so, since he
Who now is Sovran can dispose and bid
What shall be right: farthest from him is
best,
Whom reason hath equal'd, force hath made
supreme
Above his equals. Farewell, happy fields,
Where joy for ever dwells: hail, horrors, hail
Infernal world, and thou, profoundest hell,
Receive thy new possessor; one who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time.
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.

What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be, all but less than he
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at
least
We shall be free; the Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence;
Here we may reign secure, and, in my choice,
To reign is worth ambition, though in hell;
Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven.
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
The associates and copartners of our loss,
Lie thus astonish'd on the oblivious pool,
And call them not to share with us their part
In this unhappy mansion, or once more
With rallied arms to try what may be yet
Regain'd in heaven, or what more lost in
hell?"

In part of the respect which we feel for Satan is our admiration of his understanding;—of its powers, at least, if not always of its conclusions. His greatness is twofold—first, the intellectual endowment is of the highest order, which was requisite in the Antagonist of Heaven, Author of Evil, Seducer of Man, Tempter of the Saviour. But we feel quite as much a moral grandeur in his intellect. Moral qualities must proceed, I suppose, from the will. There may be, and I suppose are, many *unobvious* ways of this proceeding from the will into the understanding in angel and in man—ways claiming the research of the Philosopher. But there is also one *obvious* way of this proceeding—namely, to face and understand your own evil condition. There, every one feels that the collecting your intellectual powers, and the strength exerted in using them, are from a will full of power; and perhaps most of all, that the voluntary rejection of all self-delusion, of all hiding from seeing, the simple determination to know the worst that is to be known—is heroic. By power of intelligence, and by intellectual courage, Satan calmly looks into, and takes on him the condition which he has made for himself. There is only one exception to be made to his clearness of understanding—that is, his moral perversion—his *monomania*—to which he gives concentrated expression—

"Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven!"

As he afterwards admits the inevitable and self-condemning consequences in a word—"Evil, be thou my Good!" which is the sublimest moral *reductio ad absurdum*; and yet you feel when he comes to it, not that he has found light, but that he has bound himself to darkness; only he shows that he thoroughly knows the darkness. He is a clear logician. The fixing of our admiration on Satan's intelligence began early, or at once—"as far as angels' ken he views!" His eyes are sublime visual organs. And you may know how far they can see, when Uriel sees, from the Sun, Satan's face on Niphates repeatedly change colour. He, the Leader, more than any other angel, takes penetrating and comprehensive views of his situation:

"Is this the *region*, this the *soil*, the *clime*,—
Said then the lost Archangel,—this the seat
That we must change for Heaven!"

SEWARD.

Beelzebub, at first, and throughout, is a grand, a sublime angel; beyond all the others, even Moloch, furious king. Moloch is above Mammon, and Mammon above Belial. But Beelzebub is not further above them, than he is below Satan. He does not dare to call on the Legions; but implores Satan to speak, knowing that his voice will prevail. That consternation, he knows, has not broken the power of that name. "Astonished on the *oblivious* pool," they have still remembrance of his place in Heaven, "there sitting where they durst not war." In Bliss, or in revolt, or "in hideous ruin and combustion," equally the "Lord Paramount."

TALBOYS.

Lucifer, Son of the Morning, of Heaven, is now Hesperus in the Night of Hell. And Hesperus, who yet still leads the starry host, *shines* brightest; and they yet believe that, following Him, they shall repossess their native seats.

"Leader of those armies bright,
Which but the Omnipotent none could have foil'd!
If once they hear THAT VOICE,"

they will soon resume new courage and revive, though now they lie

"Groveling and prostrate in yon lake of fire!
As we *erewhile*, astounded and amazed."

Satan *will* speak. But the Poet gives him time—*not* to prepare Him—for he has for nine days been thinking of his Address. Nay, he makes two Addresses, both equally suitable and appropriate; but the second being the Speech of the Evening. The Poet rejoices in the certainty of "thunder and lightning" worthy of the occasion, and is absolutely averse to the cessation of that Colloquy. He himself uses three hundred lines in telling us the final result! Yes, from the imploration of Beelzebub till the close of Satan—three hundred lines of such Poetry! Beelzebub "scarce had ceased," till the superior Fiend was moving "towards the shore." We have seen him—lying—rising—flying—now behold him *walking*—that is, "*moving* towards the shore."

"His ponderous shield,
Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,
Behind him cast: the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders, like the moon whose
orb

Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening from the top of Fesolè,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe."

Here is, then, the whole sublime Figure detached and in motion; the most conspicuous piece of his warlike array singled out and presented under a first impression. The astronomer is placed in his observatory; his eye as if created anew by that wonderful organ of revelation which his hands have fabricated. He at least is for the moment "sublime with expectation." And still the sights, too, that he hopes for, are "here inwrapped in an expectant music."

"To descry new lands,
Rivers, or mountains."

How faithfully to his calling and to his own being has the Poet of a sudden put life into the Moon, by the suggestion of *running* waters! No matter, though Lord Rosse may have little hope of descrying rivers in a planet without an atmosphere! Young observation might hope everything. "In her spotty globe!" *Spotty!* You here see how harmoniously, and with what an accession of composure to the momentary leave-taking, one word of this final musical clause resumes the whole various imagery of the next preceding one, *lands, rivers, mountains!* Gigantic Spottings, when science has interpreted them! And an Art in the Versifier mated to the genius of the Thinker. Ay, there is a capacity resident in verse to reflect the stupendous creations of genius—Dread Action, Dread Passion, Dread Cogitation.

BULLER.

Eh?

TALBOYS.

Beelzebub—and you and I are now standing beside Beelzebub—sees Satan going *from* him;—were Satan coming towards him, where would be *that* Shield? That description of Satan's Shield?

BULLER.

Nowhere in Milton.

TALBOYS.

The Leader of the host now stands on the brink of that inflamed sea, and calls.

"He called so loud that all the hollow deep
Of Hell resounded."

An expecting hemistich! Listen! Hell listens! and all her forlorn myriads, grovelling, weltering, and powerless of will, as they lie, and for nine days and nights have lain upon the tossing of the fiery surge—they listen to the hardly less than omnipotent call! The voice of the Archangel, in the pride of his call, twice reaches a resting-place. Once in the words—"To slumber here as in the vales of Heaven!" Observe here that repose is the very matter that is ironically presented; and observe that from this momentary repose break out, like lightnings and thunders which tear open the breast of some solid cloud, the fiercest scorn-shafts with which Satan will vex them up from their slumber as of annihilation!

NORTH.

But what follows the Shield, Talboys?

TALBOYS.

"His spear,—to equal which the tallest pine,
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great ammiral, were but a wand,—
He walk'd with, to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marle, not like those steps

On Heaven's azure; and the torrid clime
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire.
Nathless he so endured, till on the beach
Of that inflamed sea he stood, and called
His legions."

It *was* but a wand. Imagine his Shield, and you know the size of his Spear. Imagine his Stature, and you know his volume of Voice.

NORTH.

He makes two Addresses. The first, of which you have spoken well, did its business.

"Princes, potentates,
Warriors! the flower of heaven, once yours,
now lost,
If such astonishment as this can seize
Eternal spirits! Or have ye chosen this place
After the toil of battle to repose
Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find
To slumber here, as in the vales of heaven?
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn

To adore the Conqueror? who now beholds
Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood
With scatter'd arms and ensigns; till anon
His swift pursuers from heaven-gates discern
The advantage, and, descending, tread us
down
Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf.
Awake!—arise!—or be for ever fallen!"

The Myriads are on wing—they heard, and were abashed, and up they spring
"Upon the wing,

"Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires."

They were like leaves—now they are like locusts.

"As when the potent rod
Of Amram's son, in Egypt's evil day,
Waved round the coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud,
Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,
That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
Like night, and darken'd all the land of Nile."

What would you more? At a signal given by the uplifted spear of their Great Sultan's waving to and fro to direct their course, in even balance they light on the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain. That night of locusts darkening all the land of Nile in Egypt's evil day was God-sent;—so is this night of locusts darkening the clime of Hell. And forthwith from every squadron and each band—of Locusts—the Heads and Leaders thither haste where stands their Great Commander! "Godlike shapes and forms excelling human!" "Princely Dignities" and "Powers that erst in Heaven sat on thrones."

SEWARD.

I hope, sir, you feel the poetical grandeur of Milton's picture of the old Mythology here—a strain of one hundred and forty lines, which has been found fault with by some critics as a digression or episode—*out of place!*

NORTH.

Out of place! Gloriously in place. The Poet thereby aggrandises Satan and his Angels all. Of them in heaven there is no memorial—blotted out and razed, by their rebellion, from the Book of life. Our imagination is moved by this splendid vision of gay religions full of pomp and gold, when "Devils were adored for Deities;" and all over the earth prevailed the worship of those very fallen angels, by the posterity of the two human beings whose Fall is *yet* to happen! What says Thomas Campbell? "The subject of Paradise Lost was the origin of evil—an era in existence—an event more than all others dividing past from future time,—an isthmus in the ocean of eternity. The theme was in its nature connected with everything important in the circumstances of human history; and amidst those circumstances Milton saw that the fables of Paganism were too important and poetical to be omitted. As a Christian, he was entitled wholly to neglect them; but as a Poet, he chose to treat them, not as dreams of the human mind, but as the delusions of infernal existences. Thus anticipating a beautiful propriety for all classical allusions; thus connecting and reconciling the coexistence of Fable and of Truth; and thus identifying the fallen angels with the deities of 'gay religions full of pomp and gold,' he yoked the heathen mythology in triumph to his subject, and clothed himself in the spoils of superstition."

SEWARD.

Nobly said.

NORTH.

And again, "The Powers of Milton's Hell are Godlike shapes and forms; their appearance dwarfs every other poetical conception. When we turn our dilated eyes from contemplating them, it is not their external attributes alone which expand the imagination, but their souls which are as colossal as their stature—their thoughts that wander through eternity—the mind that burns amidst the ruins of their divine natures, and their genius that feels with the ardour, and debates with the eloquence of Heaven."

TALBOYS.

And I say, again and again, that in Satan we see Intellect of the highest order, next to divine—Invincibility of Will—the consciousness of that invincible will, and of all its resources—Ambition, which nothing less than the throne of God seems as if it could satisfy—the Imperial Consciousness of Command—the complacent accepting of the dominion in *Hell*—the scorn of Pain—the infinite capacity of Pain—the infinite active energy which forthwith produces new warfare with Heaven—the power of infusing hope and hate into others—magnificent eloquence—glorying in the conduct and prowess of the past war—heroic trust in the unbroken zeal of and trust of his Followers—

NORTH.

Satan now feels that the time is come for another kind of eloquence.

"Then straight commands that at the warlike sound
Of trumpets loud and clarions be upreared
His MIGHTY STANDARD."

BULLER.

"At which the universal host up-sent
A shout that tore hell's concave, and beyond,
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night."

TALBOYS.

"All in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand banners rise into the air,
With orient colours waving : with them rose
A forest huge of spears ; and thronging helms
Appear'd, and serried shields in thick array
Of depth immeasurable."

SEWARD.

"And now,
Advanced in view, they stand ; a horrid front
Of dreadful length, and dazzling arms, in
guise
Of warriors old with order'd spear and shield ;
Awaiting what command their mighty chief
Had to impose. He through the armed files
Darts his experienced eye, and soon traverse

The whole battalion views—their order due—
Their visages and stature as of gods—
Their number last he sums. And now his
heart
Distends with pride, and hardening in his
strength
Glories."

NORTH.

"He, above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower ; his form had yet not lost
All her original brightness, nor appear'd
Less than archangel ruin'd, and the excess
Of glory obscured : as when the sun, new
risen,
Looks through the horizontal misty air
Shorn of his beams ; or, from behind the
moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Darken'd so, yet shone
Above them all the Archangel : but his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd ; and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride
Waiting revenge : cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion, to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather,
(Far other once beheld in bliss) condemn'd

For ever now to have their lot in pain :
Millions of spirits for his fault amerced
Of heaven, and from eternal splendours flung
For his revolt ; yet faithful how they stood,
Their glory wither'd : as when Heaven's fire
Hath scathed the forest oaks, or mountain
pines,
With singed top their stately growth, though
bare,
Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepared
To speak : whereat their doubled ranks they
bend
From wing to wing, and half enclose him
round
With all his peers : attention held them mute.
Thrice he essay'd, and thrice, in spite of
scorn,
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth : at
last
Words, interwove with sighs, found out their
way."

SEWARD.

The Address ! The Address !

NORTH.

"O myriads of immortal spirits ! O powers
Matchless, but with the Almighty ! and that
strife
Was not inglorious, though the event was
dire,
As this place testifies, and this dire change
Hateful to utter : but what power of mind,
Foreseeing, or presaging, from the depth
Of knowledge, past or present, could have
fear'd
How such united force of gods,—how such
As stood like these, could ever know repulse ?
For who can yet believe, though after loss,
That all these puissant legions, whose exile
Hath emptied heaven, shall fail to reascend,
Self-raised, and repossess their native seat ?

For me,—be witness all the host of heaven,
If counsels different, or dangers shunn'd
By me, have lost our hopes ! But he who
reigns
Monarch in heaven, till then as one secure
Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute,
Consent, or custom ; and his regal state
Put forth at full, but still his strength conceal'd,
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our
fall.
Henceforth his might we know, and know
our own ;
So as not either to provoke, or dread
New war provoked. Our better part remains
To work in close design, by fraud or guile,

What force effected not ; that he no less
 At length from us may find, who overcomes
 By force, hath overcome but half his foe.
 Space may produce new worlds ; whereof so
 rife
 There went a fame in heaven, that He ere long
 Intended to create, and therein plant
 A generation, whom his choice regard
 Should favour equal to the sons of Heaven :

Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps
 Our first eruption : thither or elsewhere ;
 For this infernal pit shall never hold
 Celestial spirits in bondage, nor the abyss
 Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts
 Full counsel must mature : peace is despair'd ;
 For who can think submission ? War then,
 war
 Open or understood, must be resolved."

SEWARD.

Go on—go on.

NORTH.

"He spake; and, to confirm his words, out
 flew
 Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the
 thighs
 Of mighty cherubim; the sudden blaze
 Far round illumined hell: highly they raged

Against the Highest; and fierce, with grasped
 arms,
 Clash'd on their sounding shields the din of
 war,
 Hurling defiance toward the vault of
 heaven."

BULLER.

The Colonel asks where *they got them*?

NORTH.

This is the law, and privilege, and glory of Poetry, that it hides the mechanism while it displays the power. It hides the mechanism by which the angels who in defeat in Heaven dropped their weapons, have in Hell each his own sword in sheath. You must read with Faith—in all poetry. The Poet says that such or such a thing happened. You must believe that it did, although you cannot tell how. Perhaps he could not tell you how. He knows that it did. The Muse has told him, or some spirit. You do not know, and had better not ask him how he knows.

SEWARD.

Raphael conveyed to Adam and Eve the war of the Angels. Milton conveys the war of the Angels to us. Raphael conversed with Adam in a language which they understood. Milton reports their conversation to us in a language which we understand. Whilst we read we identify ourselves with Adam and Eve. We lend to each our intelligence of the things related and discoursed; and as long as the power of the Song is upon us, herein no mistrust creeps in. Coldly, afterwards, we may inquire, How could they understand? But then coldly we may answer, the Poet does not mean that these were literally the words used, but that this was the substance and effect of the words used. This was the meaning in one way or in another conveyed.

TALBOYS.

The belief *that these were the words*, belongs to the fervour of the hearing; but the same fervour of the hearing gives the simultaneous and universal belief that *the words were understood*.

BULLER.

Keep the hour of Hearing and the "torturing hour" of Criticism separate, each in its own integrity.

NORTH.

Milton, a little humorous, meets, plays with, and baffles, or provides for the Criticism. The hardest part, the Cannon and Gunpowder, are *described* by Satan to the Angels.

SEWARD.

Milton, in different places, gives hints of previous angelical visits and communications. Eve, relating her dream, says—

"One shaped and winged like one of those from Heaven."

How do we know what they had heard, or Paradise seen, of angelic weapons? Armed angels guard Paradise.

BULLER.

Grant that the War had passed as Milton has described it, and that Raphael comes commissioned to make it known, do we for an instant doubt that He has power to make it known? Or, if the War had passed quite

otherwise, viz. spiritually, mentally, morally, or in ways to us in themselves incomprehensible, but that Raphael will virtually declare it by shadows of human war, he must then use human war, and he could, and he did, make it intelligible.

NORTH.

It looks like *ignotum per ignotius*. It is a little circuitous and cumbrous to suppose the *ignotius* first made clear. It is better to ignore the bill. Milton gives us the example. He will not say, and Raphael will not, how far he speaks reality—how far symbols! It is better to throw ourselves upon the amplitude unknown to us of the angelical and then-human faculties of language.

NORTH.

His sanctity of purpose, his sincerity, assures us that it will save Milton from falling into any *impiety* in giving utterance to the Evil Ones. Should any such sentiment affect us, we are not only entitled, but bound, to believe that the fault lies in ourselves—in our own weakness to lie under the thralldom of association with *mere words* which have their character solely from the spirit with which they breathe or burn. And all the Two Great Books will bear the severest examination on this point.

BULLER.

Yet many excellent people think otherwise, sir.

SEWARD.

Startling as in many places the speeches necessarily are, as each speaker ceases we are made to feel that it is a speech of the Wicked. We never for a moment suspect, or fear, or believe, or imagine, that Milton has been dallying, in pride of his own genius, with evil thoughts, or sentiments, or suggestions; or, while so dallying, enjoying too the imagined perplexity, astonishment, or horror of his own fellow-creatures who may read.

NORTH.

Much less do we ever, for a moment, feel that he awakens and starts doubts for the sceptic to muse over, or embrace.

SEWARD.

Or that he himself is a sceptic, embodying difficulties for the reason to conflict with in vain; so that they may remain for ever to deaden the life of faith.

BULLER.

And make religion full of bugbears and "chimeras dire."

TALBOYS.

Neither does any profound and enduring melancholy hang over our hearts on account of those Evil Ones. Pity and terror is theirs—their doom is tragic; but only because in our human hearts such emotions must always accompany great sufferings,—even of sin. But we are never for a while seduced in our souls to question the righteousness and the justice of such decrees. Free Will has been abused, and that is a great mystery. But our faculties of thought and reason justify the Divine judgment; and in all they say we believe the teacher asserting Eternal Providence—nor, till we obscure our ideas of Right and Justice and Truth, can we doubt that such delinquency and such anguish are connate and included in a Holy Fiat.

NORTH.

Yet many critics have confined themselves too much to the Two First Books for the character of Satan—the Enemy, and thus have not given the whole character in its entirety. But this is unjust to the divine Poet, and it is unjust to his readers, who may be thus greatly misled, and miss, or be defrauded of the moral and the theology which he the devout desired to leave engraven on the human soul. We are taught by him the Goodness and Bliss of an angelical Being Unfallen, and the wickedness and misery of an angelical Fallen. At first "not less" than archangel ruined; but afterwards less than that first. Therefore from his first appearance to his last must the Enemy of God and of Man be in our imagination as in Milton's. And thus, you see, not merely that we may understand the

Poem as a great work of art, but the doctrine as a great doctrine necessary to salvation. But both are done at once by right—that is, by full comprehensive view of Him—that is, by elucidatory criticism, drawing Him at full length—in all conditions and vocations.

TALBOYS.

Satan's degradation is early begun. From the first there is a contradiction between his words and himself—

“Vaunting aloud, but rack'd with deep despair.”

And again, when he cheers his troops—

“His high word that bore
Semblance of worth, not substance.”

Showing, on Milton's part, whilst he most exalts him, at least a willingness to let him down—an intimation of hollowness.

SEWARD.

He flatters the Monster at Hell's gate. He changes his shape, and lies through thick and thin to the angel Uriel. Leaping into Paradise, he is compared to a thief and a wolf. The will of the poet is shown towards a subject by the similes. Homer thus always exalts Achilles. Milton vilifies and vilipends the Devil. He exalted him lately.

What an insulting line—

“The tempter, ere the accuser of mankind.”

Base to turn against his own tempted. Moreover, Milton disparages him for avenging his loss in Heaven, on innocent man! He nowhere diminishes that representation of his agony! The First and Second Books are full of confessions how it is within him Hell. How conscience wakes despair, that slumbered! And put all the acknowledgments together that are in the soliloquy! The confession of suffering—of lying—the infatuation of Evil—“the first to practise falsehood under saintly show”—“artificer of fraud!” Already there is nothing enviable—there is glory deeply overshadowed.

BULLER.

“And thou, sly hypocrite, who now would'st seem
Patron of liberty, who more than thou
Once fawn'd, and cringed, and servilely adored
Heaven's awful Monarch!”

TALBOYS.

“Back to the thicket slank
The guilty serpent.”

BULLER.

“O foul descent! that I, who erst contended
With gods to sit the highest, am now constrain'd
Into a beast; and, mix'd with bestial slime,
This essence to incarnate and imbrute,
That to the height of deity aspired!
But what will not ambition and revenge
Descend to! Who aspires, must down as low
As high he soar'd; obnoxious, first or last,
To basest things.”

SEWARD.

“Spite then with spite is best repaid.”

TALBOYS.

He sits a cormorant on the tree of life. That is a particularly disparaging shape. A scarth—not an eagle—not a swan—not a bird of Paradise. He watches about Adam and Eve in divers animal shapes, in which there is a certain humiliation.

He squats as a toad at Eve's ear, poisoning her innocent sleep. Vile squatter! All God's creatures are good—a toad, as a toad, not to be despised. Fair fiction has in one imprisoned a Princess.

SEWARD.

He is abashed by Zephon. He is in some nameless way quelled or controlled by Ithuriel—like a proud steed! Being ready to fight with Gabriel and all his angelical band, he is put to flight by an ill sign in the sky, which is, at the best, defeat. The detecting as a toad, and being compelled by the touch of Ithuriel's falsehood-detecting spear is a great dishonour—to spring up in his own *ugly shape*—for he is getting *ugly* fast. The Son of the Morning is losing his good looks! He would be black-balled at the "Face!"

TALBOYS.

And the simile to a heap of gunpowder is not at all enchanting.

NORTH.

The dialogue between Gabriel and him in *Paradise* seems really not very creditable to either of them. As far as Milton's intention is inquired after, it is evidently against Satan. Upon the whole, even thus far it is evident that Milton means to load shame on his head, and that he does bring him down in your esteem. But I see plainly that this way of taking it out is confused and undemonstrative. There should be regular heads of the degradation. We must discuss the matter more deeply and truly another day.

SEWARD.

To-morrow?

NORTH.

I never can help fancying that the sublime of the *Paradise Lost*—on the infernal side—is most felt when Satan is most alone. If you want epic magnitude in the ordinary sense, you have it, when a "third part of Heaven's host" are in motion or prostrate before you. But the true sublime is inward, and that sublime is most perceived when "He who seemed alone the antagonist of Heaven," stands or moves alone.

"Meantime the adversary of God and man
Puts on swift wings, and towards the gates of Hell
Explores his solitary flight."

I suppose, sir, there may be several reasons. One is, that it is the business of Poetry to *find representative Unities*. Our affection, sympathy, admiration—whatsoever emotion is to be raised—concentrates itself upon the One, being so strengthened; diffuses itself upon the many, being so weakened. The multitude—all the others—are there to support Satan, and not one of them for himself, and with right; for He is the *Soul of Evil*! And howsoever the theologico-ethical reason of the Poem may be wrapped up and hidden in persons, the intellectual basis is the conflict of Moral Good and Evil. Strongly and effectually as the personal interests are presented, this grounding signification predominates, taking the Poem into a separate sphere from all others, and entitling it to be judged by its own laws. It is the greatest of all conflicts, involving all our interests, and all our destinies; is for us the fight of the universe, *our* fight. The muster of the "third part of heaven's host," in Pandemonium, ends in this—

"With full assent
They vote;"

And then what follows?

"This enterprise
None shall partake with us!"

The enterprise, too, which we know that He has imagined. And He goes, alone, to wage the renewed warfare.

TALBOYS.

And let us for a few hours go along with him.

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peculiar influence on the national tone of thought or character. When a Parisian multitude not only sought its amusement, but gained a large share of its ideas—of its thinking—from the theatre, the dramas of Corneille must have exercised a vast influence over them, and one which they can never repeat.

We think we trace that influence very distinctly in the political history of France, and of Paris; for the great city and "great nation" have, in political events, been terms almost synonymous. In the midst of the French Revolution we trace the theatre of Corneille. Whence did the people obtain that fondness for classical models, so conspicuous during the scenes of the French Revolution? It must have been from the theatre—not from their scholarship. Whence, but from Corneille, did they obtain that readiness to sacrifice to some principle, some all but imaginary duty, the natural feelings and affections of humanity? But Corneille, it will be said, wrote in the very palmy days of the monarchy; some one has called his dramas "the breviary of kings," so delighted was he with magnifying the office, the rights and dignity of kings and emperors. It was not from Corneille, only occasionally republican, that they would learn the doctrines of the Revolution. Very true; but he helped to make them the sort of revolutionists they were. For good and for bad, his influence is conspicuous in their mode of thinking and their moral temperament. He taught them a heroic devotion to a general principle; he taught them, too, to sacrifice the safer guides of humane feeling, kindly sympathy, and the *personal equities* of life, to some stern and national duty; and he taught them, moreover, the intellectual habit of changing these general principles with surprising rapidity. His dialogues consist of a passionate logic, wielded with equal power by the most opposite antagonists. Their passion is, indeed, for the most part, displayed by some egregious paradox, or bold, fallacious reasoning. No sentiment is so common as that *all is permitted for a great end*; and if the mind is familiarised with this sentiment, it is quite

as well prepared to take part in the tyranny of a mob as in the tyranny of a despot. The "Old Man of the Mountain" recruits his assassins from the same moral nature that supplies fit members for a Revolutionary Tribunal. Fouquier Tinville would have made an admirable fanatic.

It is matter of common remark that you excite a Parisian mob by a logical abstraction—by the lofty enunciation of a general principle. This has been often made the subject of laudatory comment, when a comparison has been drawn between a Parisian and an English mob. This last, it has been said, can be moved but in two ways: *either* by vociferating some single watchword—as you would wave a banner in the air—some *cry* which bears concentrated in itself the prejudices which have been many years in ripening: it is "No Popery!" or the "Constitution!" or "Reform!" as the case may be;—*or*, by appealing to some deep-rooted feeling of justice and morality, or some spontaneous natural sympathy. "Fair play!" and "He has had enough!" are the oratorical expressions which often decide the controversy. Instead of being prepared to sacrifice their humanity for an abstraction, the most popular cause would be in danger of losing its popularity the moment it led to a flagrant act of cruelty. Englishmen are more ready to sympathise with men, than inflame themselves with a principle; and their sympathies extend as widely through the various classes of society, as that of any people who can be named.

This aptitude in a French populace to throw its passion into the form of general reasoning, which leads it often into the heroic mood, and which has also impressed upon it the character, above all other people, of inconstancy, (monarchical and republican principles succeeding each other in rapid alternation,) may be not unfairly traced, in some degree, to the education received from its theatre. Upon the whole, we regard it as an unfortunate education which this great dramatist provided for the French people.

Upon any one of the dramas of Corneille. Each speaker is a bold and eloquent pleader for his cause,

abounding in all the maxims of conduct which may suit his purpose or position. Liberty, loyalty, honour, dissimulation, each for the time, is put in full possession of the whole artillery of logic and rhetoric. The most unscrupulous maxims are delivered with unblushing effrontery, and in the most precise and energetic language. Passionate and argumentative at once, no style could be more fitted to engrave them on the memory, or win for them at least a transitory assent of the judgment. It is the display of strong passion, leading men not into violent *action*, but into violent *reasoning*, that we have so frequently placed before us.

From a volume of the *chefs-d'œuvres* of Corneille which lies before us, we select the first on which the page opens. It is *Pompée*. Pompey, who gives the name to the piece, never, as our readers will remember, appears upon the scene. News come of his fatal defeat, in the plains of Pharsalia, to Ptolemy, king of Egypt, and he and his council consult together what policy to adopt; whether, from gratitude to Pompey, to protect, as far as possible, the conquered, or to appease the conqueror by the sacrifice of the fugitive. *Photin*, *Septime*, *Achillas*, and *Ptolomé* himself, give their several opinions. Photin argues that Pompey should be put to death. Fortune has declared against him; nay, there is a sort of piety in siding with the victor.

"Rangez-vous du parti des destins et des dieux.
* * * * *

Quels que soient leurs décrets déclarez-vous pour eux,
Et, pour leur obéir, perdez le malheureux."

If the standard of victory had been waving from the prow of his galleys, we would have received him with honours and festivities;—we wished it; why has he not better answered our wishes and our hopes? He comes cursed by the gods. As to the justice and the morality of the case, Photin scouts any appeal to such vulgar considerations. He throws all the energy of his language into his indignant disclaimer:—

"Laissez nommer sa mort un injuste attentat,
La justice n'est pas une vertu d'Etat.

Le choix des actions, ou mauvaises ou bonnes,
Ne fait qu'anéantir la force des couronnes :
Le droit des rois consiste à ne rien épargner,
La timide équité détruit l'art de régner."

The poet seems to triumph in the audacity with which he can utter the most infamous principles. Meanwhile, some shadow of loyalty, or some vague sense of a duty to the State, just saves the speaker from our utmost execrations, or from the charge of downright madness. *Achillas* advises a milder course, but takes care to say,

"Non qu'en un coup d'Etat je n'approuve le crime."

Septime is a Roman. He declares that to adopt the cause of Pompey would be to rush into destruction. The king can either chase him from his dominions, or deliver him up to Cæsar, alive or dead. He counsels the last. "Take upon yourself," he says, "the crime, and leave Cæsar the benefit of it: he will be doubly grateful for an enemy destroyed, and his own reputation spared." Ptolemy decides in favour of the last proposition. In that decision even *Achillas* acquiesces—

"Seigneur, je crois tout juste alors qu'un roi l'ordonne."

If nothing can be crime which serves King Ptolemy, so Ptolemy, in his turn, finds that nothing can be wrong which is done in the service of one who represents the majesty of Rome. He lays claim to peculiar merit for sacrificing his honour to the interest of Cæsar.

"Mais pour servir César rien n'est illégitime!"

Quotations of this kind might be easily multiplied; but it is not necessary. Neither shall we pursue a step further the course of this drama, which does not indeed hold a place in the first rank in the theatre of Corneille. The *love* of Cæsar is very absurd; and his clemency is not more worthily represented. Both it, and the most magnanimous hatred of Cornelia, are precisely what we are accustomed to call melo-dramatic.

Corneille's classical heroes have been complimented as being "more

Roman than the Romans themselves." In one sense of the word we have no doubt of this;—such Romans as his never lived. They are rather boasting Spaniards, thrown into the toga, and losing, under this new costume, the little nature that belonged to them. Corneille borrowed a good deal more than his plots from the Spanish drama. We quite agree with the speaker in "Horace" who says,

"Je rends grâces aux dieux de n'être pas
Romain,
Pour conserver encore quelque chose d'hu-
main."

In this fine drama of "Horace" our sympathies, unless borne along by the power of some great actor, entirely break down. We admire the elevation of mind, half patriotism, half stoicism, which Horace displays in that interview with his sister which occurs *before* the battle. He tells Camille that if Curiace, her lover, shall return the conqueror, not to reproach *him* with the death of her brother—to love and to marry him as a man who had only fulfilled his duty. But, on the other hand, if he (Horace) should return the victor, to give him the like welcome.

"Ne me reprochez point la mort de vôtre
amant—
Querrellez ciel et terre, et maudissez le
sort ;
Mais après le combat ne pensez plus au
mort."

These are natural sentiments, and naturally expressed; he is strong at heart himself, and he would fortify his sister against the approaching calamity;—but when he in fact returns the victor, we feel that this stoical elevation degenerates into a harsh and boastful manner, devoid of the least trait of heroic, or any other, nature. He at once challenges his sister's joyful reception! He points to the swords of the slain—

"Vois ces marques d'honneur, ces témoins
de ma gloire,
Et rends ce que tu dois à l'heur de ma
victoire."

It is brutal;—and, on the other hand, the conduct of Camille is a sort of suicidal rage; for she not only laments her lover, which was natural, but rushes into a general abuse of

Rome!—which is quite inexplicable, unless it was intended to inflame the anger of her brother.

It is rarely that the natural and spontaneous passions, whether good or ill, have their fair play and development in the dramas of Corneille. What he delights to do is to raise up some principle of honour, or of loyalty, and then to break the heart against it. His *Chimène* loves; but her idea of honour requires that she should revenge her father, and she goes before the king, clamorously petitioning for the execution of her lover! And *Chimène* is the tenderest of his heroines. If we look at his "Emilia" in *Cinna* we absolutely recoil, as before some beautiful tigress; nay, as far as we see, there is more of ferocity than beauty of any description. If the general effect of Corneille's dramas be to elevate the mind into certain heroic moods, we may add, with quite as much truth, that another general effect is to *indurate* the heart. So far from doing, as his master Aristotle would have told him—so far from softening the spectator by the means of pity and terror, he succeeds, as we say, in hardening the heart. He teaches us to throw aside and trample upon natural goodness, or natural weakness; but he is far from teaching us to do this in obedience to ennobling or steadfast sentiments of duty. While he tortures our feelings, he plays with our principles. We cannot but think that a great poet of this kind was, upon the whole, a national misfortune.

We shall return again, if space permits us, to some examination of the dramas of Corneille. These few specimens will justify the general remark we have made on the character of the influence he habitually exercised upon his audience. Let us look, for a moment, at our Shakspeare, and the national influence which he appears to have exercised.

Beyond some appeals to our patriotism, or national vanity, it may at first appear that there is nothing in the drama of Shakspeare to exercise an influence on the national character. He presents to us human life and human passions in all their varieties; and the boast which his critics have made in his name is precisely

this, that he is so universal, so impartial, that, in his mimic world, you see humanity, but you do not see William Shakspeare. Any other influence, therefore, except the beneficial results that attend upon the wide exercise and development of our sympathies, it may seem difficult to specify.

But notwithstanding this character not unjustly ascribed to him, of dramatic universality, we think the mind of Shakspeare himself is seen and felt throughout his dramas, and that there are prevailing trains of thought which have had a permanent influence on his countrymen. How are Englishmen characterised abroad, and by neighbouring nations? A practical people, marvellously industrious, but withal a melancholy and reflective people; given more than any other, that ever led so active and strenuous life, to meditation. Serious and taciturn, we are supposed to be peculiarly subject to ennui, and to have a great tendency to suicide. This last we dispute. But that a strain of serious and of melancholy reflection runs through the national character, and through the English literature, will be generally admitted. Where did it begin? Next to our seas and our skies, and that infinity which surrounds all human life, we trace it to William Shakspeare. What young poet, after having read his Shakspeare through and through, does not begin with something which, consciously or unconsciously, is an imitation of Hamlet?

There is much of Hamlet in many other characters than the Prince of Denmark—much of the same deep unsatisfied reflection, leaning more to despondency than to hope, and dwelling much with doubt, though never throwing faith aside. How, indeed, could a man of keen and pensive observation on human life, of habitual reflection upon himself and the strange scene around him, fail to introduce traits of his own mode of thinking? He has diffused them more copiously through his *Hamlet* than elsewhere; but in many other characters it is Shakspeare that speaks, and not the hero of the piece. The strain of sentiment was never suggested by a dramatic exercise of his mind, but thoughts and images which had oc-

curred to him in some observant or meditative hour are reproduced, with or without much dramatic propriety. What gave Claudio in *Measure for Measure* that thrilling passage—

“Ay, but to die, to go we know not where”?

The situation of Claudio, who is condemned to die, would give rise naturally enough to reflections upon death; but what was there in the character of Claudio to suggest this *tone* of reflection? An ordinary Italian takes the priest's account of what happens after death. It was not Claudio that was speaking here. When Romeo, the fond and despairing lover, has heard of Juliet's death—he too will die—he will procure some poison, carry it to Juliet's tomb, and drink it there. Was that description, which lives in the memory of every one of us, of the starved apothecary, introduced for the exigencies of the drama? On the contrary, more than one critic has observed, that no man in the affliction of Romeo could possibly have so far abstracted his mind from his own personal distress as to have then dwelt upon the condition of another, and drawn this faithful picture of him. It was not Romeo, it was Shakspeare, that had seen and noted the apothecary.

What had Macbeth, assassin and usurper, to do with that pensive moralising—

“Life's but a walking shadow”?

We do not say here that there is any dramatic discrepancy. Shakspeare has given throughout his *Macbeth* softening touches of reflection. He could not help it. This reflective tendency was so strong in his mind that it throws its light over all his pictures. There is more of this cast of thought in one play of Shakspeare than in all the dramas of Corneille. Such a character of Jacques can have been introduced for no other purpose than to unburden the poet's mind of these pensive, meditative, poetic thoughts that were crowding in upon it. But even where his creations are eminently dramatic, he still carries with him his own peculiar thoughtfulness, that sad and marvelling inquisition which the philosophic spirit can never release itself from. And thus it happens that, let the tragedy

be what it may which Shakspeare has presented to us, one result is sure to follow: he leaves us in the reflective mood; if not wiser, in the mood for wisdom. Of all the creations of Shakspeare, one of the most thoroughly dramatic, as it is also one of his very grandest, is *King Lear*. What mournful sagacity, what serious and pensive satire, gleam through the free and wild discourses of the discrowned and half-bewildered monarch! Oh, do not tell us that Shakspeare is not seen in his dramas! He is not seen intrusively; his men and women speak; but there is the same inspiration felt throughout.

This reflective mood, like everything earthly, may have its darker side, and evil as well as good may be traced to it. We have heard some complaints in print, as well as in conversation mutterings, on what has been called the sceptical spirit of the dramas of Shakspeare. Very susceptible of scepticism those minds, we think, must be who have found it there. But say that you encounter a spirit of meditation, revolving much and concluding little, where the problems of human life are stated, and not resolved, consider this—that it is always a *serious* spirit. Doubt is sadness; there is no levity in it; inquiry is never thrown aside; a great problem is never forgotten, never trifled with. And the doubt is but transitory—an obscuration, not a departure of faith. It is but the cloud upon Mount Sinai; the sacred mountain itself is not removed. If a certain distrust and despondency may be said to characterise the people and the literature of England, and if this be in some measure traceable to the author of "*Hamlet*," let it be also remembered that no Gallic levity enters into this dubious and distrustful disposition. At one time, when all earnest thought was out of fashion, and Shakspeare himself was forgotten, there appeared this spirit of light-hearted scepticism amongst us. But even then it was a foreign importation. It is a *Rasselas*, and not a *Candide*, that takes root in the English mind. Sadness enough it may betray, and arising partly from incertitude in its quest for truth; but a gay recognition that no truth is to be found, and a

"let us live happy without it!"—this is not in our national mind, nor in our national poet.

Shakspeare lived at a time when a great religious revolution was taking place in this country. At such times there is brought before the observant mind one of the most mournful spectacles which human affairs present. Virtue and piety are arrayed—against virtue and piety. Men substantially of the same faith, and the same morality, are condemning each other with a bitterness of language they do not use towards the worst of criminals. Each, in the estimation of his opponent, is the enemy of God and of man. In such scenes of controversy, they are not to be most blamed who find it impossible to side heartily with either party—whose first wish is for peace, and who stand aloof that they may not further embroil the fray. It is said of Shakspeare that he was neither good Protestant nor good Catholic, and that he had probably received just so much of the new doctrine as to disturb his faith in the old. To us it seems that there was a great similarity in this respect between Bacon and Shakspeare. Both were Protestants, so far as this was a national or patriotic question; both were ready to declare

"That no Italian priest
Shall toll and tithe in our dominions;"

and we need not add that both were men accustomed to the independent exercise of their own judgment. So far, they were Protestants. But they had neither of them irrevocably pledged themselves to the doctrinal system of that party. Bacon was a *political* Protestant; the poet Shakspeare had evidently never revoked or called in his sympathies from the old forms of Christian piety. Both were occasionally driven, by the influence of the times, to speculate on first principles. Bacon found his consolation, and a great purpose, in recalling men to the study of material nature, and Shakspeare his occupation in the study of human nature. One hardly sees how he could have pursued his theme, and been the staunch Protestant of the times: he could hardly have been both dramatist and Puritan.

But he might have been the poet.

Milton, it may be suggested, was a Puritan. Have many of those who would thus characterise Milton reflected on the various elements that entered into the composition of the mind of that poet? He was a Puritan imbued with the spirit of Homer and of Æschylus. Classical learning had done for him what a speculative spirit had done for Shakspeare; it imparted a certain freedom, produced a certain impartiality of thought and vision, without which we might have had hymns, many and beautiful, but no epic.

Speaking on national poets, it is hardly a digression to bestow a passing word on Milton. What is it we see in the mind of this great poet? It is nothing less than the confluence of two streams of poetic literature—the Hebrew and the Greek. Homer and Isaiah meet together. In prose, he was a Puritan arguing against Prelacy, as if this were the turning-point of the world's history. But in poetry, his imagination haunts the past, and the old gods restored to him large portions of our common humanity. In vain did he convert the heathen gods into disguised and treacherous devils; they had reared a temple for themselves in his imagination which he never could desecrate.

Examine the mind of Milton—we feel our knee bend reverently as we approach the theme, with just that slight genuflexion the priest makes as he nears the altar—examine his mode of thinking and reasoning. You find that in his controversial works he shows little tendency to build on first principles, or on abstract truths, but argues much, (according to the prevailing manner of the times,) from his authorities, his texts, his citations, his “Kings” and “Chronicles,” his priests and prophets. His learning and his reasoning go hand in hand. But Milton happily had two learnings, and the balance and interchange between them produced some of the liberalising effect of enlarged abstract reasoning. In his poetry this becomes very conspicuous. The Hebrew literature lent him all its grandeur of conception, and its moral purity; but he escaped from its spirit of exclusiveness; for the Greek literature also claimed an allegiance from him.

These two sources of thought, these two golden urns, were on his right hand and on his left, and he drew from both: or rather let us say, that these two literatures were the two mighty wings on which he soared and balanced himself in that loftiest empyrean in which none other has sailed with safety.

Our national mind and character are permanently, and in every department, marked by *compromise*. In our political constitution, in our church, in our system of education, in our great habits of thinking, we make some curious, undefinable, but most useful compromise between irreconcilable antagonists. We talk like republicans, and we feel an enthusiastic loyalty; we have a personal independence that amounts to churlishness, and the throne is scarcely more honoured than the aristocracy; we are the most practical and business-like, and the most sad and reflective of men; and in our speculative opinions we claim ever the greatest freedom, and are most averse to any use of it—are very bold, and full of self-distrust;—and lo! amongst our *poets*, our great epic is a compromise between Christian and classical learning; and in our Shakspearian drama we have been taught to look for nothing but a faithful reflection of all manner of men, of all sentiments, and all passions.

We have been carried on by our own train of thought, to the forgetfulness of our critical duty, and have not yet ushered in the two works of M. Guizot which led to these reflections on the national influences of the French and the English dramatist. Two such announcements as *Corneille and his Times*, and *Shakspeare and his Times*, by an author who is almost naturalised amongst us, and who, at all events, is as highly appreciated in this country as in his own, must have proved very attractive. Those who did not give themselves the leisure to reflect whether it was very likely that the ex-minister, or the fallen statesman, would so soon have withdrawn his attention from political events to fix it upon purely literary themes, will have expected, under these titles, to receive two new works, the result of the last researches and reflections of

M. Guizot. They will have been disappointed when, on opening the volumes, they found them composed of essays and fragments written many years ago—one of the longest not even by the pen of M. Guizot. The volumes, however, will be found worthy of perusal; although they will hardly add to the mature reputation of the philosophical historian.

In the *Shakspeare and his Times*, the conspicuous defect lies where one would have least anticipated—in the historical and biographical notice of Shakspeare. The author has not revised his early work; he has not taken advantage of the researches or suggestions of later authors; neither, when he wrote his essay, does he appear to have bestowed much attention on this part of his subject. The consequence is that he repeats some old stories, which we believe we may say are now generally exploded.

Historical investigation has added very few facts to the biography of Shakspeare, but it has disproved several idle traditions that have been currently attached to his name. All we seem really to know is this, that about the age of nineteen or twenty he left Stratford, and came up to London to push his fortune there, as actor and playwright. A youth, in our days, bent on the like search of fame and fortune, travels up to London with a manuscript in his pocket, and hies forthwith to the publisher. There was no *Murray* or *Longman* in those times of Shakspeare—not even a *Lintot*; even *Grub Street* as yet was unknown—and our literary aspirant betakes himself, of necessity, to the *Globe* theatre. This is all we really know. When the adventurous youth had become the renowned dramatist, the gossips bestirred themselves, and found, or invented, divers anecdotes which, we apprehend, are now generally discredited, or likely to become so.

Shakspeare's father is now a glover, now a butcher; he is a wool-stapler, he is a grazier, a man in distressed circumstances, and a respectable burgess. Shakspeare himself has been articulated to a lawyer, has been a school-master; has been bred a butcher, and seen killing a calf, and making speeches over it; he had no education, he has been educated at a most excellent

grammar school: there is no end to the conflicting gossip. Then comes the famous story of the deer-stealing, told hitherto in all the biographies—but told with gradually diminishing confidence, till at length his last biographer, Mr Knight, boldly refuses to it any historical value whatever. M. Guizot, after a very hasty examination, concludes that this story must be true, but regards it in the light of a jocular event, such as Shakspeare himself might have alluded to in after life with the same frankness that men relate the feats of their schoolboy days with. This is the most rational representation to give, if the story is to be retained. But M. Guizot still relates it as the turning-point in our poet's career. It is hard to conceive that he should have been driven from his native place by an occurrence which admits of being represented as a mere youthful exploit, in which there was more frolic than crime. And if he really had to fly from Stratford as a disgraced culprit, it is quite as hard to understand why he should have clung with tenacity to his native place, continually revisiting it, and returning to end his days there. But what is still more to the purpose than any general reasoning of this kind—it has been shown that the facts by which the tradition has been upheld are without authority—are not facts, but fictions.

We cannot do better than give, in the first place, the narrative as told by M. Guizot.

“The occurrence which forced Shakspeare to leave Stratford, and gave to England her greatest poet, proves that his position as the father of a family (he had very early married Anne Hathaway) had not effected any great alteration in the irregularity of his habits as a young man.

“Jealous preservers of their game, like all gentlemen who are not engaged in war, the possessors of parks were continually under the necessity of defending them against invasions which, in places so open and unprotected, were as frequent as they were easy. Danger does not always diminish temptation, but frequently even makes it appear less illegitimate. A band of poachers carried on their depredations in the neighbourhood of Stratford, and Shakspeare, who was eminently sociable, never refused to engage in any—

thing that was done in common. He was caught in the park of Sir Thomas Lucy, locked up in the keeper's lodge, where he passed the night in no very agreeable manner, and taken the next morning before Sir Thomas, in whose presence, according to all appearance, he did not extenuate his fault by submission and repentance. Shakspeare seems to have retained too merry a recollection of this circumstance of his life for us to suppose that it caused him anything more than amusement. Sir Thomas Lucy, whom he brought on the stage some years afterwards as Justice Shallow, had doubtless taken hold of his imagination less as an object of ill humour than as a pleasant caricature.

"Shakspeare composed and posted on Sir Thomas's gates a ballad which was quite bad enough to thoroughly divert the public, to whom he then looked for triumph, and to excite to the last degree the anger of the man whose name is held up to popular ridicule. A criminal prosecution was commenced against the young man with such violence, that he found it necessary to provide for his own safety; so he left his family, and travelled to London in search of an asylum and the means of subsistence.

"Some of Shakspeare's biographers have supposed that pecuniary difficulties may have occasioned this flight from home. Aubrey attributes it only to his desire to find in London some opportunity for the display of his talent. But, whatever may have been the ulterior results of the poet's adventure with Sir Thomas Lucy, the fact itself cannot be called in question. Shakspeare seems to have taken particular pains to state it. *Of all Falstaff's follies, the only one for which he is not punished* is having 'beaten the men, and killed the deer,' of Shallow. All the advantage remains with Falstaff in this affair; and Shallow, who is so clearly designated by the arms of the Lucy family, is nowhere so ridiculous as in the scene in which he vents his wrath against the robber of his game. . . . The friendly care and complacency with which Shakspeare reproduces in the piece, in reference to Shallow's armorial bearings, the play upon words which formed the basis of his ballad against Sir Thomas Lucy, have quite the appearance of a tender recollection; and assuredly few historical anecdotes can produce in favour

of their authenticity such conclusive moral evidence."

Now, the doggrel ballad upon Sir Thomas Lucy, attributed to Shakspeare, is given up by all the critics; it was plainly written at a much later period—grew out of, and was written to suit, the story. The armorial bearings assigned to Shallow are *not* those of the Lucy family. Malone has the credit, we believe, of pointing this out: the mere similarity of sound between "lucy" and "Lucy" having led to the mistake. There is really no evidence whatever that Justice Shallow is a caricature of Sir Thomas. And it is really very ludicrous to urge, that, "of all Falstaff's follies, the only one for which he is not punished," &c. &c.—as if Shakspeare was in the habit of dispensing strict retributive justice upon the knight of Gadshill!

The case, therefore, stands thus: There is a traditionary anecdote of Shakspeare having been engaged in the exploit, more or less criminal, of chasing Sir Thomas Lucy's deer. But this anecdote is left entirely without any confirmation.*

M. Guizot gives us another anecdote of the early life of Shakspeare, for which he does not attempt to assign any authority or confirmation; unless a certain theory he has formed, of the "sociable nature of Shakspeare" leading him "to engage in anything that was done in common," should be considered as some corroboration. It is really of so uninteresting a character that we cannot afford space for the extract. It may be found at p. 27. To us the very names of these two convivial fraternities, the *Topers* and the *Sippers*, speak of a later period than Shakspeare's.

It is a little more necessary to set our biographer right upon another subject. He has represented Shakspeare as either a very bad husband, or very unfortunately espoused. There is no evidence for either proposition. That he very rarely resorted to Stratford, where his wife continued to reside, or that he passed very long

* The first written record of the tradition is to be found in a manuscript note of a Rev. R. Davies, appended to the manuscript papers of the Rev. W. Fulman. Mr Davies assigns no authority, and writes one hundred years after the supposed event. But he tells a story he had heard. Well, this story, without any of those confirmations subsequently introduced, is just what we have at this moment.

intervals without seeing her, are statements for which there is no proof: there is some proof, on the contrary, that he continued to regard Stratford as his home. But that on which M. Guizot, in common with other biographers, relies, is a passage in the will of Shakspeare.

"His will contains nothing very remarkable, with the exception of the new proof of the little estimation in which he held the wife he had so hastily married. After having appointed his daughter, Susanna, who had married Mr Hall, a physician at Stratford, his chief legatee, he bequeaths tokens of friendship to various persons, among whom he does not include his wife; but mentions her afterwards, as an interlineation, merely to leave to her his 'second best bed.' . . .

"This singular omission of the name of Shakspeare's wife, repaired in so slight a manner, probably indicates something more than forgetfulness; and we are tempted to regard it as the sign of an aversion and dislike, the manifestation of which the poet was induced to modify, in a slight degree, by the approach of death alone."

"Modify!" If the will is to be read as evidence of Shakspeare's aversion and dislike, there would be an additional slight in this interlined bequest of the "second best bed." But we call in here the assistance of Mr Charles Knight. Shakspeare had purchased land and houses at Stratford; and he suggests, with every appearance of reason, that *the wife was provided for by dower*. It would not be necessary, therefore, to insert her name in the will. As to the "best bed," Mr Knight thinks that might have been an heir-loom. Perhaps it had been already given to one of the family; and what passes under the name of the "second best," was the only one remaining to be disposed of by will. But we are now perfectly indifferent as to the fate of the best bed. All the sting is taken out of what seemed to be a derision rather than a legacy.

At the time when Shakspeare made his will, he was living under the same roof with his wife; and Mr Knight gives an explicit account of the property out of which, *by operation of law*, she would be amply provided for. He very pertinently remarks: "All the records of Shakspeare's professional

life, and the results of his success, as exhibited in the accession of property, indicate a steady and regular advance. They show us that perseverance and industry were as much the characteristics of the man as the greatness of his genius; that he held with constancy to the course of life which he had early adopted; that, year by year, it afforded him increased competence and wealth." When we add to this, that he invests his wealth in land and houses in Stratford, and that death surprises him living there, in his native place, with his wife and family, we have nothing which gives testimony *against* his domestic character. We might like to know why *Mrs* Shakspeare never joined her husband in London, (presuming this fact to be established;) but we have no probability of learning the causes for this domestic arrangement. It might have been from coldness and uncongeniality; it might have been from many other causes; the health or disposition of the lady herself might have confined her to the country. We must rest contented in our perfect ignorance as to the amount of matrimonial happiness Shakspeare enjoyed.

We have said sufficient of these neglects or oversights in the biographical sketch of Shakspeare; when we proceed to that which he gives us of his own countryman, Corneille, we shall be disposed to listen in the more modest attitude of a pupil or learner. Meanwhile, before we proceed to this second work, and to that contrast between the two great national dramatists to which we are here invited, we would pause on some passages where M. Guizot speaks critically of the genius and writings of Shakspeare.

The first we would draw attention to contains some remarks on the *comedy* of Shakspeare, which appear to us to be dictated by a fine analytic spirit of criticism. After a description of the more genuine and complete comedy of Molière, which we would willingly transfer to our pages, but it would carry us into too wide a field of subject—and even the humble reviewer has his *rules of art*, must wind his way along a certain line of thought, and keep some harmony in his despised *opusculum*;—after this

eloquent description of what Molière effected for comedy, M. Guizot makes the following remarks upon this section of the Shaksperian drama :—

“ It would be difficult to find in Shakspeare’s tragedies a single conception, position, act, or passion, or degree of vice, or virtue, which may not also be met with in some one of his comedies; but that which in his tragedies is carefully thought out, fruitful in result, and intimately connected with the series of causes and effects, is, in his comedies, only just indicated, and offered to our sight for a moment to dazzle us with a passing gleam, and soon to disappear in a new combination. In ‘Measure for Measure,’ Angelo, the unworthy governor of Vienna, after having condemned Claudio to death for the crime of having seduced a young girl whom he intended to marry, himself attempts to seduce Isabella, the sister of Claudio, by promising her brother’s pardon as a recompense for her own dishonour; and when, by Isabella’s address in substituting another in her place, he thinks he has received the price of his infamous bargain, he gives orders to hasten Claudio’s execution. Is not this tragedy? Such a fact might well be placed in the life of Richard the Third; and no crime of Macbeth’s presents this excess of wickedness. But in ‘Macbeth’ and ‘Richard III.’, crime produces the tragic effect which belongs to it, because it bears the impress of probability, and because real forms and colours attest its presence;—we can discern the place it occupies in the heart of which it has taken possession; we know how it gained admission, what it has conquered, and what remains for it to subjugate; we behold it incorporating itself by degrees into the unhappy being whom it has subdued; we see it living, walking and breathing with a man who lives, walks, and breathes, and thus communicates to it his character, his own individuality. In Angelo, crime is only a vague abstraction, connected *en passant* with a proper name, with no other motive than the necessity of making that person commit a certain action which shall produce a certain position, from which the poet intends to derive certain effects. Angelo is not presented to us at the outset, either as a rascal or as a hypocrite; on the contrary, he is a man of exaggeratedly severe virtue. But the progress of the poem requires that he should become criminal, and criminal he becomes; when his crime is committed, he will repent of it as soon as the poet pleases, and will find himself able to resume without effort the natural course of his life, which had been interrupted only for a moment.

“ Thus in Shakspeare’s comedy, the whole of human life passes before the eye of the spectator reduced to a sort of phantasmagoria—a brilliant and uncertain reflection of the realities portrayed in the tragedy. Just when the truth seems on the point of allowing itself to be caught, the image grows pale and vanishes; its part is played, and it disappears. In the ‘Winter’s Tale,’ Laertes is as jealous, sanguinary, and unmerciful, as Othello; but his jealousy, born suddenly from a mere caprice at the moment when it is necessary that the plot should thicken, loses its fury and suspicion as suddenly, as soon as the action has reached the point at which it becomes requisite to change the situation. In ‘Cymbeline,’ which, notwithstanding its title, ought to be numbered amongst the comedies, as the piece is conceived in entire accordance with the same system, Iachimo’s conduct is just as knavish and perverse as that of Iago in ‘Othello;’ but his character does not explain his conduct, or, to speak more correctly, he has no character;—and, always ready to cast off the rascal’s cloak, in which the poet has enveloped him, as soon as the plot reaches its term—and the confession of the secret, which he alone can reveal, becomes necessary to terminate the misunderstanding between Posthumus and Imogen, which he alone has caused—he does not even wait to be asked, but, by a spontaneous avowal, desires to be included in that general amnesty which should form the conclusion of every comedy.”

We do not remember to have met with any more happy description of the manner in which Shakspeare deals with the tragic element mingled up in those stories which he takes for the foundation of his play or comedy. In the regular comedy, there are also frequently introduced events and characters which, if we seriously reflect upon them, are tragical enough; but the writer looks at them and presents them in one comic aspect, and extracts mirth from what in real life must have been misery or sheer vexation. It was not Shakspeare’s plan or intention to extract mirth out of the tragic portion of the story; yet, if it were fully developed, the whole play would lose its character. It is therefore dealt with in the slight arbitrary manner which M. Guizot describes. We are not allowed to look closely into the breast of the villains; and the tragic event is there,

but only half the crime and half the wickedness are seen.

We must now turn to a passage in which M. Guizot portrays the character of our national poet, as developed in the whole range of his drama. We select the following :—

“ No one has ever combined in an equal degree with Shakspeare *the double character of an impartial observer and a man of profound sensibility*. Superior to all by his reason, and accessible to all by sympathy, he sees nothing without judging it, and he judges it because he feels it. Could any one who did not detest Iago, have penetrated, as Shakspeare has done, into the recesses of his execrable character ! To the horror with which he regards the criminal, must be ascribed the terrible energy of the language which he puts into his mouth. Who could make us tremble so much as Lady Macbeth herself, at the action for which she prepares with so little fear ! But when it becomes needful to express pity and tenderness, the unrestraint of love, the extravagance of maternal apprehension, or the stern and deep grief of manly affection — then the observer may quit his post, and the judge his tribunal. Shakspeare himself develops all the abundance of his nature, and gives expression to those familiar feelings of his soul which are set in motion by the slightest contact with his imagination. Women, children, old men — who has described them with such truthfulness as he ! . . . Thus moved by all that moves us, Shakspeare obtains our confidence ; we yield ourselves in security to the open soul in which our feelings have already reverberated, and to that ready imagination which is as much illumined by the splendid sun of Italy, as darkened by the sombre fogs of Denmark.

“ Why, then, are we sometimes painfully compelled to pause whilst following him ! Why does a sort of impatience and fatigue frequently disturb the admiration which we feel for his works ! One misfortune happened to Shakspeare—though he was always lavish of his wealth, he was not always able to distribute it either opportunely or skilfully. This was frequently the misfortune of Corneille also. Ideas accumulated about Corneille, as about Shakspeare, confusedly and tumultuously, and neither of them had the courage to treat his own mind with prudent severity. They forgot the position of the character they were describing, in order to indulge in the thoughts which it awakened in the soul of the poet. In Shakspeare, especially, this excessive in-

dulgence in his own ideas and feelings sometimes arrests and interrupts the emotions awakened in the breast of the spectator, in a manner which is fatal to the dramatic effect. It is not merely, as in Corneille, the ingenious loquacity of a rather talkative mind ; but it is the restless and fantastic reverie of a mind astonished at its own discoveries, not knowing how to reproduce the whole impression which it has received from them, and heaping ideas, images, and expressions one upon another, in order to awaken in us feelings similar to those by which it is itself oppressed.”

Literary history hardly affords a more striking contrast than that which, in this passage, and throughout the two volumes before us, is suggested to the reader. Corneille and Shakspeare admit of a legitimate contrast : they occupied the same position in the dramatic literature of their several nations ; they both fixed the form of that dramatic literature ; they are both pre-eminently national poets. And with this similarity in position, in power, and influence, how wide the difference between the two *men* !—how great the diversity between the two dramas they each gave to his own country !

Our critics shall be at liberty to distribute whatever measure of applause they think fit amongst our other dramatists, the precursors or contemporaries of Shakspeare ; but which of their pieces has rested upon the stage ?—who amongst them can be said to have given a theatre to England ? It is Shakspeare who formed the tragedy of our English stage ; and had he followed the model which Ben Jonson, or other of the learned poets and critics of his time, would have counselled and preferred, we should doubtless have possessed a very different stage. In France, also, the form and genius of its drama were determined by the individual mind of Corneille. His predecessor Hardy had written a number of plays which enjoyed considerable popularity, and which M. Guizot describes as having all the variety of the Shakspearian drama—as wanting only its genius. If Hardy had been the Corneille, or Corneille had adopted the model of his predecessor Hardy, France would have had a drama assimilated to our own.

But the education and life of the two men, as well as the natural bent of their genius, led them to the adoption of very different models. Corneille was a scholar; he was educated by the Jesuits, he was trained for advocacy at the bar; he has all his generalities ready learnt—he has only to fit them to his characters, and to rekindle them into life. What Shakspeare's early education was, it may still be difficult precisely to determine; but we see him starting to London, what we call a literary adventurer, full, no doubt, of ideas and of aspirations, but both vague and undeveloped; we see him *growing at his work*;—drama follows drama, and his own mind expands over every new creation. Corneille belonged to the court as well as to the college; he was one of Richelieu's poets before he was the poet of the people. Shakspeare had for his sole support, patron, and critic, that *pit*, which he must please, filled with an audience more miscellaneous than has ever since been brought together; for, there being few places of amusement as yet opened, every one who sought amusement must needs congregate together, and the templar and the wit, the scholar, the gentleman, and the prentice boy, were all to be pleased. Finally, Corneille had a second tribunal to appeal to—one which might redress the injustice committed by the first;—he appealed to the reader, to the student, to the academician. Shakspeare's play was a *property* of the theatre; he had but one success to labour for, and that many-voiced *pit* was his only *academy*.

Pierre Corneille was born at Rouen, on the 6th of June 1606, of a family distinguished for magisterial services. He pursued his studies at the Jesuits' college of that city, and obtained a prize, a folio volume, with some gilded arms embossed on the cover, which has been preserved to this day. He was brought up for the Bar, and entered on the practice of the profession; but other studies and other aspirations crossed his path: they were not magisterial honours he was destined to obtain.

It is curious to find that the first step of Corneille, like that of Shakspeare, in his new career, is also attributed to an incident, plainly, we

think, of a fabulous nature. He has said himself, somewhere, that love first taught him to write verses. This is not improbable, though any very tender inspiration from that sentiment he can scarcely be supposed to have received.

"Love," says M. Guizot, "taught him to rhyme, and to string rhymes together was a very small matter for Corneille. But if we are to believe Fontenelle, love taught him something more than this: 'Hardy was beginning to grow old, and his death would have made a great breach in the drama, when a slight event which occurred in a respectable family, in a provincial town, gave him an illustrious successor. A young man took one of his friends to see a girl with whom he was in love; the new comer established himself upon the downfall of his introducer. The pleasure which this adventure occasioned him made him a poet: he wrote a comedy about it—and behold the great Corneille!'"

Something worse than poaching in Sir Thomas Lucy's manor. M. Guizot, however, in a note examines this story, and though it is told by the nephew of Corneille, (for Fontenelle stood in that relation to the poet) he has no difficulty in convincing us that it is an absurd, idle, tradition. Moreover, "the great Corneille" did not burst upon the world in this manner. His earliest works, chiefly comedies, had that species of success which led to his own personal advancement in the world, and introduced him to the patronage of Cardinal Richelieu; but he does not at once distance all his competitors; he is one of "the five poets who have the honour of working under the orders, supervision, and direction, of His Eminence."

The *Médée* was the first of his works which, in the language of Voltaire, "announced the advent of Corneille." But we need hardly say that it was in the *Cyd* that he really broke forth in all his splendour upon the world. We must here let M. Guizot speak:—

"The genius of Corneille had at length discovered its true vocation; but, timid and modest, almost to humility, although inwardly conscious of his powers, he did not yet venture to rely upon himself alone. Before bringing new beauties to

light, he had need not of a guide to direct him, but of an authority upon which he could fall back for support; and he resorted to imitation, not to reinforce his own strength, but to obtain a pledge for his success. The court had brought into fashion the study of the Spanish language and literature, and men of taste had discovered therein beauties which we were still far from having attained. M. de Chalon, who had been secretary to the Queen-mother, Marie de Medici, had retired, in his old age, to Rouen. Corneille, emboldened by the success of his first pieces, called upon him: 'Sir,' said the old courtier to him, after having praised him for his wit and talents, 'the pursuit of comedy, which you have embraced, can only bring you fleeting renown; you will find in the Spanish authors subjects which, if treated according to our taste by such hands as yours, will produce immense effect. Learn their language; it is easy. I will teach you all I know of it, and, until you are competent to read it yourself, I will translate for you some passages from Guillermo de Castro.' Whether Corneille was indebted to himself, or to his old friend, for the subject of the *Cid*, the *Cid* soon belonged to himself alone.

"The success of the *Cid* in 1636, constitutes an era in our dramatic history; it is not necessary now to explain the causes of the brilliant reception it obtained. 'Before the production of Corneille's *Cid*,' says Voltaire, 'men were unacquainted with the conflict of passions which rend the heart, and in the presence of which all other beauties of art are dull and inanimate.' Neither passion, nor duty, nor tenderness, nor magnanimity, had previously been introduced upon the stage; and now love and honour, as they may be conceived by the most exalted imagination, appeared suddenly, and for the first, in all their glory before a public by whom honour was considered the first of virtues, and love the chief business of life. 'Their enthusiasm was carried to the greatest transports; they could never grow tired of beholding the piece; nothing else was talked of in society; everybody knew some part of it by heart; children committed it to memory; and in some parts of France it passed into a proverb—*That is as fine as the Cid*.'"

But there was one party not to be thus suddenly carried away by the tide of public applause. Rivals who were threatened with being reduced to silence very naturally raised their voice against this new poetical dictator, and when the general acclamation had somewhat subsided, their mur-

murs of defence became very audible. We think it natural, though not commendable, that the others—for instance, of those five poets retained by the Cardinal—should object to the supremacy of this one of their number; but that the Cardinal himself should head this dissentient party, and put himself in opposition to the popular opinion, has been always looked upon as an extraordinary circumstance. Some have attributed to him that excess of ambition which rendered even the literary glory of another man utterly distasteful. M. Guizot makes the just remark that "the suffrages of public opinion lose much of their value in the eyes of men who are raised above censure; and a powerful minister feels great inclination to believe that obedience is approval." He may also reverse the sentiment; he may feel some distrust and dislike towards any public approbation which has no connection whatever with obedience to a minister: it puts on too independent a form to please him. For our part, we think it quite plain that the great minister was a very bad critic, and are not disposed to seek any further explanation. He had not felt, as the people had done, the immense superiority of the *Cid*; he himself was a poetaster and professed critic; and he entered into the controversy, all Cardinal as he was, from the same love of asserting his own opinion that other critics are apt to manifest.

A minister-critic, however, is a dangerous person to deal with; and it is said that, even before the production of the *Cid*, Corneille had been guilty of manifesting independent judgment on the subject of his own art. This may have already incensed his great patron. Of course, under these circumstances, there was no want of writers to prove to the public that its admiration was a mistake. Scudéry led the attack; Corneille replied; and the Cardinal, in order that the controversy might both be conducted in a more dignified manner, and before a tribunal in which he was willing to confide, referred the dispute to that *Academy* which he had lately brought into existence. The Academy was extremely reluctant to take upon itself

the office of judge; nor did it yield to the wishes of the Cardinal till they were expressed in the tone of command. "Tell those gentlemen," he said, in answer to their last excuses or protestations, "that I desire it, and that I shall love them as they love me."

After five months' labour, the "Sentiments of the Academy" appeared. "I know perfectly well," says Pellison, in his *Histoire de l'Académie*, "that the Cardinal would have wished them to treat the *Cid* more harshly, if they had not skillfully given him to understand that a judge ought not to speak as an interested party, and that, the more passion they displayed, the less weight would be attached to their authority." M. Guizot speaks with candour and indulgence of the criticism of the Academy. It was a new production they were called to pass judgment on; and they had to frame their judgment by the light of such maxims as were the result only of older productions. Sufficient time had not elapsed to allow the new poem (as is the case always with great original works) to modify in some measure the principles of criticism. The spectators, he observes, were quite content to be pleased with or without a rule; the Academicians, on the contrary, had to busy themselves solely about the rule.

Corneille appears to have bent to the storm; and whether the Cardinal was appeased by the judgment of the Academy, or by the submission of the poet, he continued to extend to him his patronage and protection. The *Cid* was formally dedicated to the niece of the Cardinal, the Duchess d'Aignillon; *Horace* to the Cardinal himself, to whom, it appears, he read his pieces before giving them to the public—a wise precaution, it is suggested, to secure his approbation. But there is an incident mentioned in his life which, if true, proves that the poet had been entirely restored to favour. "Corneille," says Fontenelle, "presented himself one day more melancholy and thoughtful than usual before Cardinal Richelieu, who asked him if he were working at anything. He replied that he was far from enjoying

the tranquillity necessary for composition, as his head was turned upside down by love. By and by, he came to more minute explanations, and told the Cardinal that he was passionately in love with a daughter of the Lieutenant-General of Andely in Normandy, and that he could not obtain her in marriage from her father. The Cardinal sent orders for this obstinate father to come to Paris. He quickly arrived, in great alarm at so unexpected a summons, and returned home well satisfied at suffering no worse punishment than giving his daughter to a man who was in such high favour." It is certain that Corneille married Marie de Lampérière, daughter of the Lieutenant-General of Andely; and M. Guizot is disposed, on the whole, to give credence to the anecdote, although it rests only on the somewhat doubtful authority of Fontenelle.

With the public the triumph of Corneille was complete. When *Horace* appeared, the attack was not renewed. "Armed at all points," says M. Guizot, "Corneille firmly awaited the enemy, but none appeared; the outburst of truth had imposed silence upon envy, and it dared not hope to renew, with equal advantage, a warfare, the ridicule attendant upon which had been more easily borne by Richelieu than by Scudéry. The universal cry of admiration is all that has reached us. From that time forth, for many years, masterpieces followed one another in quick succession, without obstacle, and almost without interruption.

"Until the advent of Racine the history of the stage is contained in the life of Corneille; and the biography of Corneille is wholly written in his works. Though forced for a time to stand forward in defence of the *Cid*, he withdrew immediately afterwards into that personal obscurity which was most congenial to the simplicity of his manners."

His life passed in literary labours, and he died at the advanced age of seventy-eight. It cannot be said of him, as of Shakspeare, that he manifested the plain substantial virtue of prudence in the management of his

pecuniary affairs. A "blamable carelessness" on this head is attributed to him even by his panegyrists, together with a great aversion to everything that bore the shape of business. To this, as well as the fraternal affection that subsisted between them, may be referred the circumstance that the two brothers, Pierre and Thomas Corneille, never divided the property that had descended to them or that they earned, but continued to live together, uniting their families into one. The great French dramatist was a dull conversationalist. We hear of no "encounters of wit." He is described as heavy and commonplace in his appearance, and tiresome in conversation, not even speaking his native language with correctness. He says of himself, in his letter to Pellison:—

"Eh ! l'on peut rarement m'écouter sans ennui,
Que quand je me produis par la bouche
d'autrui."

We have quoted a passage from *Shakspeare and his Times*, in which M. Guizot characterises the great English dramatist. We have seen him do justice to that fine sensibility and wide impartial observation which enabled him to represent *human life*. We will now endeavour to select from the companion work some parallel passage in which he characterises those *great ideals* which Corneille delighted to draw; which at times seem rather the representatives of a principle and of a sentiment than portraits of living men. We must be pardoned for very unmercifully abridging the following extract:—

"All the vigour of his noble genius was requisite to discover a sufficient source of interest in those singular characters which he alone could create and sustain. He alone has succeeded in awakening our uncertainty and curiosity by this very inflexibility, which, as it is announced at the outset, does not permit them to yield to the slightest weakness, and multiplies successively around them embarrassments which ceaselessly necessitate greater and more extraordinary efforts. . . . In order to attain to this invincible power, which will make all around it bend to its influence, a man must absolutely have separated himself from

all that otherwise enters into the composition of human nature. He must have completely ceased to think of all that, in real life, occurs to alter the forms of that ideal grandeur of which the imagination can conceive no possibility, except when, isolating it, so to speak, from all the other affections, it forgets that which renders its realisation so difficult and so unfrequent. The imagination of Corneille had no difficulty in lending itself to this isolation. The loftiness of his inventions was sustained by his inexperience in the common affairs of life. As he introduced into his own ordinary actions none of those ideas which he employed in the creation of his heroes, so, in the conception of his heroes, he introduced none of the ideas of which he made use in ordinary life. He did not place Corneille himself in their position: the observation of nature did not occupy his attention;—a happy inspiration frequently led him to dream it.

"Corneille has formed all his characters in conformity with the principle expressed in the following lines from 'Nicomède':—

Prusias.

"Je veux mettre d'accord l'amour et la nature,
Etro père et mari dans cette conjoncture.

Nicomède.

Seigneur, voulez-vous bien vous en fier à moi ?
Ne soyez l'un ni l'autre.

Prusias.

E, que dois-je être ?

Nicomède.

Roi.

Reprenez hautement ce noble caractère;
Un véritable roi n'est ni mari ni père :
Il regard son trône, et rien de plus. Régniez.

"Thus it is that Corneille could never describe a mixed feeling, composed of two opposite feelings, without leaning too much sometimes on one side, and sometimes on the other. In the early acts, Ciuna execrates Augustus, and in the latter he adores him. Though *Polyeucte* and the *Cid* are the pieces in which Corneille has most ably mingled the various affections of the heart, it is very clear that, in the division which he makes between love and duty, when he sets himself to delineate one of these feelings, he cannot help falling into too complete forgetfulness of the other.

"To the same cause must also be ascribed the variableness of Corneille's maxims, though they are always expressed with the most absolute confidence; and in this way we must explain how it is that his morality is sometimes so severe, and sometimes so lax—that he

sometimes enunciates principles of the sternest republicanism, and sometimes of the most servile obedience. The fact is, that, whether Corneille be contemplating the republican or the subject of a king—the hero or the politician—he abandons himself without reserve to the system, the position, and the character which he is describing. . . . Corneille's heroes most frequently give expression to ideas, and almost to doctrines; their speeches generally consist of reasonings animated by strong conviction and pressing logic."

We had intended, when we commenced this paper, to enter into some fuller comparison between Corneille and Shakspeare than we find we have space to accomplish. Perhaps, after what has been said, the subject might become fatiguing to the reader; and we shall be held to have exercised a wise discretion in leaving it here in the abler hands of M. Guizot.

In justice to the French poet, there is one topic which ought not to be forgotten, and M. Guizot has treated it very skilfully. Corneille lived in what is deemed a more civilised age and country than Shakspeare's; but, nevertheless, what we find unnatural in his writings derives a partial excuse from the modes of thought and feeling prevalent in his time. The terrible boasting that fills his drama was not *much greater* than what he might have heard from living lords and gentlemen about him; and the strange representation he has sometimes given of the passion of love, was thought by the ladies of that period to be a very faithful delineation.

"At the present day, in order to judge the loves of Cæsar and Cleopatra, of Antiochus, and Rodogune, as they were judged by the most talented and sensible men of the seventeenth century, we must transport ourselves into the system of love generally adopted at that period, with which Corneille's characters—as it becomes well-educated persons—act in strict conformity. We must resign ourselves to behold in love neither liberty of choice nor suitability of tastes, characters, and habits, nor any of those bonds which become all the more dear as we better appreciate them, and better understand their true motives. To the fashionable world of Corneille's time, love was nothing but an ordinance of Heaven, an influence of the stars, a fatality as inexplicable as it was inevitable.

"Perhaps these sudden effects, these sun-strokes of love, which are now the exclusive property of our worst romance-writers, were then able to obtain the belief of a philosopher." [Is not our philosopher of the nineteenth century verging somewhat to the other extreme, and becoming here a little too incredulous?] "Men and women whose worldly life was ceaselessly occupied with ideas and intrigues of love, were naturally always susceptible of its influence; and if, as La Rochefoucauld observes, 'there are some people who would never have fallen in love, if they had not heard love mentioned,' many persons, through hearing it talked of wherever they went, fancied they had found it where it did not exist.

"Surprised at these effects of the imagination, some men endeavoured to explain them by other causes than the influence of the stars; and these causes were generally of a most ridiculous character. In order to prove that the seat of love is in the blood, Ségrais relates a story of a German gentleman, whose faithless mistress, desiring to get rid of him, ran him twice through the body with a sword. He did not die of his wounds, but, strange to say, when he had recovered, says Ségrais, 'he felt as much indifference for the princess as if he had never loved her, and he attributed this to his loss of blood.'"

A considerable portion of this volume is occupied by biographical notices of three of the contemporaries of Corneille—Chapelain, Rotrou, and Scarron. The account of Scarron will be found very amusing, and all are good. The companion volume, *Shakspeare and his Times*, is filled out to the due proportion of a respectable octavo, by reprinting from the *Revue Française* an article on Shakspeare's "Othello," written by the Duke de Broglie, and published here under the title of *Shakspeare in France*. It is a sprightly paper, full of vivacity and good sense; but it would bear a better appearance in its original garb and place than it does here. There are also separate brief notices of the principal dramas of Shakspeare from the pen of M. Guizot. They contain many excellent remarks on the use Shakspeare made of the materials at his disposal, and on the substantial elements of the character he has introduced. We trace occasionally the *foreign* critic, where he

speaks of the style and the qualities of the dialogue. The character of Faulconbridge could not be better described; but, inasmuch as Faulconbridge happens to speak as distinctly and clearly as any one of Shakspeare's heroes, who has much to say, it was not fair to describe his language, in particular, as frequently "falling into a jumble of words." Several observations, indeed, in this portion of the book, appear to us to betray, that, at the time these notices were written, M. Guizot could not have read Shakspeare with that attention which he has probably since done. For instance, Shakspeare has assigned to his Richard II. much admirable poetry; but no *home critic* has failed to observe, that the dramatic power of our poet is not here put forth in its full force. A king is placed in certain positions, and utters certain sentiments; but you do not even feel that it is the same king that opens the play and that closes it. There is no unity of character. In general, some portion of the beauty of a speech or a scene is lost by extracting it from its place in the drama. We have observed that in this play the effect is reversed, and the beautiful passages of Richard II. read *better* in the form of quotation. Those pathetic speeches the king utters on his return from Ireland are admirable in themselves; but the king who *went* to Ireland was a hard, selfish profligate. Mere misfortune would not work the sort of change we feel has taken place. Whether we should have the assent of all English readers to these re-

marks, we cannot say; but we are sure they will all be surprised to hear that M. Guizot describes "the character of Richard II." as "one of the profoundest conceptions of Shakspeare."

But we must not close our notice with this murmur of dissent. The following passage from his critique upon the *Tempest*, which is throughout very happily written, expresses the peculiar charm that drama possesses; and we cannot better or more agreeably conclude than by presenting it to the reader, and leaving it, as it were, ringing upon his ear:—

" 'Whether this be, or be not, I'll not swear,' says old Gonzalo, at the conclusion of the '*Tempest*,' when utterly confounded by the marvels which have surrounded him ever since his arrival on the island. It seems as though, through the mouth of the honest man of the drama, Shakspeare desired to express the general effect of this charming and singular work. As brilliant, light, and transparent, as the aerial beings with which it is filled, it scarcely allows itself to be apprehended by reflection; and hardly, through its changeful and diaphanous features, can we feel certain we perceive a subject, a dramatic contexture, and real adventures, feelings, and personages. Nevertheless, it contains all these, and all these are revealed in it; and, in rapid succession each object in its turn moves the imagination, occupies the attention, and disappears, leaving no trace behind but a confused emotion of pleasure, and an impression of truth, to which we dare not either refuse or grant our belief.

" Our revels now are ended; these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air! "

KATIE STEWART.

A TRUE STORY.

PART IV.—CHAPTER XX.

THE mild spring night has darkened, but it is still early, and the moon is not yet up. The worship is over in John Stewart's decent house, and all is still within, though the miller and his wife still sit by the "gathered" fire, and talk in half-whispers about the events of the day, and the prospects of "the bairns." It is scarcely nine yet, but it is the reverent usage of the family to shut out the world earlier than usual on the Sabbath; and Katie, in consideration of her fatigue, has been dismissed to her little chamber in the roof. She has gone away not unwillingly, for, just before, the miller had closed the door on the slow, reluctant, departing steps of Willie Morison, and Katie is fain to be alone.

Very small is this chamber in the roof of the Milton, which Janet and Katie used to share. She has set down her candle on the little table before that small glass in the dark carved frame, and herself stands by the window, which she has opened, looking out. The rush of the burn fills the soft air with sound, into which sometimes penetrates a far-off voice, which proclaims the little town still awake and stirring; but save the light from Robert Moulter's uncurtained window—revealing a dark gleaming link of the burn, before the cot-house door—and the reddened sky yonder, reflecting that fierce torch on the May, there is nothing visible but the dark line of fields, and a few faint stars in the clouded sky.

But the houses in Anster are not yet closed or silent. In the street which leads past the town-house and church of West Anster to the shore, you can see a ruddy light streaming out from the window upon the causeway, the dark churchyard wall, and overhanging trees. At the fire stands a comely young woman, lifting "a kettle of potatoes" from the crook. The "kettle" is a capacious pot on three feet, formed not like the ordinary "kail-pat," but like a little tub

of iron; and now, as it is set down before the ruddy fire, you see it is full of laughing potatoes, disclosing themselves, snow-white and mealy, through the cracks in their clear dark coats. The mother of the household sits by the fireside, with a volume of sermons in her hand; but she is paying but little attention to the book, for the kitchen is full of young sailors, eagerly discussing the events of the day, and through the hospitable open door others are entering and departing, with friendly salutations. Another such animated company fills the house of the widow Morison, "aest the town," for still the afternoon's excitement has not subsided.

But up this dark leaf-shadowed street, in which we stand, there comes a muffled tramp, as of stealthy footsteps. They hear nothing of it in that bright warm kitchen—fear nothing, as they gather round the fire, and sometimes rise so loud in their conversation that the house-mother lifts her hand, and shakes her head, with an admonitory, "Whisht, bairns; mind, it's the Sabbath-day."

Behind backs, leaning against the sparkling panes of the window, young Robert Davidson speaks aside to Lizzie Tosh, the daughter of the house. They were "cried" to-day in West Anster kirk, and soon will have a blithe bridal—"If naething comes in the way," says Lizzie, with her downcast face; and the manly young sailor answers, "Nae fear."

"Nae fear!" But without, the stealthy steps come nearer; and if you draw far enough away from the open door to lose the merry voices, and have your eyes no longer dazzled with the light, you will see dim figures creeping through the darkness, and feel that the air is heavy with the breath of men. But few people care to use that dark road between the manse and the churchyard at night, so no one challenges the advancing party, or gives the alarm.

Lizzie Tosh has stolen to the door:

it is to see if the moon is up, and if Robert will have light on his homeward walk to Pittenweem; but immediately she rushes in again, with a face as pale as it had before been blooming, and alarms the assembly. "A band of the cutter's men;—an officer, with a sword at his side. Rin, lads, rin, afore they reach the door."

But there is a keen, eager face, with a cocked hat surmounting it, already looking in at the window. The assembled sailors make a wild plunge at the door; and while a few escape under cover of the darkness, the cutter's men have secured, after a desperate resistance, three or four of the foremost. Poor fellows! You see them stand without, young Robert Davidson in the front, his broad bronzed forehead bleeding from a cut he has received in the scuffle, and one of his captors, still more visibly wounded, looking on him with evil, revengeful eyes: his own eye, poor lad, is flaming with fierce indignation and rage, and his broad breast heaves almost convulsively. But now he catches a glimpse of the weeping Lizzie, and fiery tears, which scorch his eyelids, blind him for a moment, and his heart swells as if it would burst. But it does not burst, poor desperate heart! until the appointed bullet shall come, a year or two hence, to make its pulses quiet for ever.

A few of the gang entered the house. It is only "a but and a ben;" and Lizzie stands with her back against the door of the inner apartment, while her streaming eyes now and then cast a sick, yearning glance towards the prisoners at the door—for her brother stands there as well as her betrothed.

"What for would ye seek in there?" asked the mother, lifting up her trembling hands. "What would ye despoil my chaumer for, after ye've made my hearthstane desolate. If ye've a license to steal men, ye've nane to steal gear. Ye've dune your warst: gang out o' my house, ye thieves, ye locusts, ye—"

"We'll see about that, old lady," said the leader;—"put the girl away from that door. Tom, bring the lantern."

The little humble room within was neatly arranged. It was their best,

and they had not spared upon it what ornament they could attain. Shells far travelled, precious for the giver's sake, and many other heterogeneous trifles, such as sailors pick up in foreign parts, were arranged upon the little mantelpiece and grate. There was no nook or corner in it which could possibly be used for a hiding-place; but the experienced eye of the foremost man saw the homely counterpane disordered on the bed; and there indeed the mother had hid her youngest, dearest son. She had scarcely a minute's time to drag him in, to prevail upon him to let her conceal him under her feather bed, and all its comfortable coverings. But the mother's pains were unavailing; and now she stood by, and looked on with a suppressed scream, while that heavy blow struck down her boy as he struggled—her youngest, fair-haired, hopeful boy.

Calm thoughts are in your heart, Katie Stewart—dreams of sailing over silver seas, under that moon which begins to rise, slowly climbing through the clouds yonder, on the south side of the Firth. In fancy, already, you watch the soft Mediterranean waves, rippling past the side of the Flower of Fife, and see the strange beautiful countries, of which your bridegroom has told you, shining under the brilliant southern sun. And then the home-coming—the curious toys you will gather yonder for the sisters and the mother; the pride you will have in telling them how Willie has cared for your voyage—how wisely he rules the one Flower of Fife, how tenderly he guards the other.

Your heart is touched, Katie Stewart, touched with the calm and pathos of great joy; and tears lie under your eyelashes, like the dew on flowers. Clasp your white hands on the sill of the window—heed not that your knees are unbended—and say your child's prayers with lips which move but utter nothing audible, and with your head bowed under the moonbeam, which steals into your window like a bird. True, you have said these child's prayers many a night, as in some sort a charm, to guard you as you slept; but now there comes upon your spirit an awe of the great Father

yonder, a dim and wonderful apprehension of the mysterious Son in whose name you make those prayers. Is it true, then, that He thinks of all our loves and sorrows, this One, whose visible form realises to us the dim, grand, glorious heaven—knows us by name—remembers us with the God's love in his wonderful human heart;—*us* scattered by myriads over his earth, like the motes in the sun-beam? And the tears steal over your cheeks, as you end the child's prayer with the name that is above all names.

Now, will you rest? But the moon has mastered all her hilly way of clouds, and from the full sky looks down on you, Katie, with eyes of pensive blessedness like your own. Tarry a little—linger to watch that one bright spot on the Firth, where you could almost count the silvered waves as they lie beneath the light.

But a rude sound breaks upon the stillness—a sound of flying feet echoing over the quiet road; and now they become visible—one figure in advance, and a band of pursuers behind—the same brave heart which spent its strength to-day to warn the unconscious ship—the same strong form which Katie has seen in her dreams on the quarterdeck of the *Flower of Fife*;—but he will never reach that quarterdeck, Katie Stewart, for his strength flags, and they gain upon him.

Gain upon him, step by step, unpitying bloodhounds!—see him lift up his hands to you, at your window, and have no ruth for his young hope, or yours;—and now their hands are on his shoulder, and he is in their power.

“Katie!” cries the hoarse voice of Willie Morison, breaking the strange fascination in which she stood, “come down and speak to me ae word, if ye wouldna break my heart. Man—if ye are a man—let me bide a minute;

let me say a word to her. I'll maybe never see her in this world again.”

The miller stood at the open door—the mother within was wiping the tears from her cheeks. “Oh Katie, bairn, that ye had been sleeping!” But Katie rushed past them, and crossed the burn.

What can they say?—only convulsively grasp each other's hands—woefully look into each other's faces, ghastly in the moonlight; till Willie—Willie, who could have carried her like a child, in his strength of manhood—bowed down his head into those little hands of hers which are lost in his own vehement grasp, and hides with them his passionate tears.

“Willie, I'll never forget ye,” says aloud the instinctive impulse of little Katie's heart, forgetting for the moment that there is any grief in the world but to see his. “Night and day I'll mind ye, think of ye. If ye were twenty years away, I would be blither to wait for ye, than to be a queen. Willie, if ye must go, go with a stont heart—for I'll never forget ye if it should be twenty years!”

Twenty years! Only eighteen have you been in the world yet, brave little Katie Stewart; and you know not the years, how they drag their drooping skirts over the hills, when hearts long for their ending, or how it is only day by day, hour by hour, that they wear out at length, and fade into the past.

“Now, my man, let's have no more of this,” said the leader of the gang. “I'm not here to wait your leisure; come on.”

And now they are away—truly away—and the darkness settles down where this moment Katie saw her bridegroom's head bowing over the hands which still are wet with his tears. Twenty years! Her own words ring into her heart like a knell, a prophecy of evil—if he should be twenty years away!

CHAPTER XXI.

The cutter is no longer visible in the Firth. Ensconced beyond the shadow of Inchkeith, she lies guarding the port of Leith, and boarding ship after ship; but the bereaved families in Anster, awaking on this

sad morrow to remember their desolation, have not even the poor comfort of seeing the vessel into which their sons have been taken.

By six o'clock poor Katie Stewart sadly crosses the dewy fields to the

Billy Ness, straining her eyes to see the cutter; before her is another anxious gazer, a woman equipped for a journey, with shoes and stockings in her checked apron, and the tartan plaid which covers her shoulders loosely laid up, like a hood, round her clean cap. It is Peggie Rodger.

"I canna rest, Miss Katie," said the sailor's wife—"I maun ken the warst. My auldest's a guid length; she can take care o' the little anes till, guid news or ill news, I win back. I've never closed an e'e this night; and afore anither comes, if it binna otherwise ordained, I'll ken if Davie's in the brig or no. Eh! Miss Katie! where were my een when I didna see that mair folk than me have sleepit nane this weary night?—and the Lord have pity on ye, lassie, for ye're a young thing to mell wi' trouble."

"If ye'll come with me to the Milton, Peggie," said Katie, "and break your fast,—I'm gaun to Kellie, and it's the same road, for twa or three miles."

"I've three-and-twenty mile afore me this day," said Peggie Rodger, "and when I stand still for a moment I feel mysel shake and trem'le, like that grass on the tap o' the rock; but I'll wait for ye if ye're gaun on the road, Miss Katie—only ye maunna tarry, and ye wadna be for starting sae early. You're young yet, and so's he—and there's nane but your twa sels. Keep up a guid heart, and dinna look sae white and wae, like a guid bairn."

But Katie made no reply to the intended consolation; and after another wistful look up the Firth, the two anxious hearts turned back together towards the Milton. The end of Peggie's apron was tucked over her arm, and in the other hand she carried her bundle, while her bare feet brushed the dew from the grass; but along flinty highways, as well as over the soft turf and glistening sea-sand, must these weary feet travel before their journey's end.

A hurried morsel both of them swallowed, in obedience to Mrs Stewart's entreaties, though Katie turned from the spread table with sickness of the body as well as of the heart. Strangely changed, too, was

Mrs Stewart's manner; and as she adjusts the graceful little mantle which now may hang as it will for any care of Katie's, and stoops down to wipe some imaginary dust from the silver buckles in those handsome shoes, and lingers with kind hand about her sorrowful child, touching her gently, and with wistful eyes looking into her face, no one could recognise the despot of the Milton in this tender, gentle mother. Poor little Katie! these cares and silent sympathies overwhelm her, and after she has reached the door, she turns back to hide her head on her mother's shoulder, and find relief in tears.

"Ye'll tell Bauby, Miss Katie?" said Peggie Rodger, stealthily lifting her hand to her eyes to brush off a tear which in the silence, as they walk along together towards Pittenweem, has stolen down her cheek. "I sent her word that Davie was expected in, and she was to ask away a day and come down to see us. Weel, weel, it was to be otherwise. Ye'll tell her, Miss Katie?"

"But ye dinna ken certain, Peggie. Maybe he's no among the pressed men, after a'."

Peggie shook her head, and stooped to bring the corner of her apron over her wet cheek. "If he had been an auld man, or a weakly man, or onything but the weel-faured honest-like lad he is, Gude help me! I would have maist been glad; but afore he was married, Miss Katie, they ca'ed him, for a by-name, bonnie Davie Steele; and weel do I ken that an officer that kent what a purpose-like seaman was, would never pass owre my man. Na, na! they're owre weel skilled in their trade."

Poor Peggie Rodger! Her eyes glistened under her tears with sad affectionate pride; and Katie turned away her head too, to weep unseen for her handsome, manly Willie. In his vigorous youth, and with his superior capabilities of service, what chance or hope that they would ever let him go?

They parted near the fishing village of St Monance, where the inland road, ascending towards Kellie, parted from the highway along the coast. The sailor's wife lingered behind as Katie left her—for they parted just beside a

little wayside inn, into which Peggie for a moment disappeared. All the money she could muster was tightly tied up in a leathern purse, and hidden in her breast—for the use of Davie, if he needed it—leaving but a few pence in her hand. But there was still some twenty miles to go, and Peggie felt that even her anxiety, strong as it was, could not suffice alone to support her frame.

In her lap, wrapt in her handkerchief, she carries a round wheaten bannock, which Mrs Stewart forced upon her as she left the Milton; and Peggie's errand now is to get a very small measure of whisky—the universal strengthener—and pour it into the bannock, “to keep her heart,” as she says, on the way; for Peggie's health is not robust, and great is the fatigue before her.

From the Milton it is full five miles to Kellie, and, under the warm sun, Katie in her grief grows weary and jaded; for the girlish immature frame cannot bear so much as the elder one,—and grief is new to her: not even the sober, serious grief of ordinary life has ever clouded Katie—much less such a fever as this.

“Eh, Katie Stewart, my bonnie bairn, wha's meddled wi' ye?” exclaimed Bauby Rodger, as, coming down the long avenue from the castle, she met her half way. “What's happened to ye, lassie?—ye have a face as white as snaw. Pity me, what's wrang?”

But the light was reeling in little Katie's eyes, and the sick heart within brought over her a “dwaum” of faintness. She staggered forward into Bauby's arms.

“My bairn!—my darling!—what ails ye, Katie Stewart?”

For in her grief she had lost the womanly self-command which was still new to her, and like a child was weeping aloud, with sobs and tears which could no longer be restrained.

“Oh, Bauby!—its Willie—Willie Morison! He's pressed, and away in the cutter's boat, and I'll never see him mair!”

The good Bauby pillowed the little pretty head on her breast, and covered it with her gentle caressing hand; for gentle were those great hands, in one of which she could have carried

the little mourner. “Whisht, my bairn! Whisht, my darling!” With kindly tact, she tried no more decided consolation.

“But he's pressed, Bauby—he's pressed—puir Willie!—and I'll never see him again.”

“Whisht, whisht,” said the comforter; “ye'll see him yet mony a merry day. Ye're but a bairn, and it's the first dinnee; but a pressed man's no a dead man. I was born in a sailor's house mysel, and I ken—”

Katie lifted up her head, and partly dried her tears.

“Did ye ever ken ony of them come back, Bauby?”

“Come back? Bless the bairn!—ay, without doubt, as sure as they gaed away. Wasna there Tammas Hugh came back wi' a pension, and Archie Davidson made a gunner, and might get, if he wanted? And just last New Year—nae farther gaen—young John Plenderleath out of the Kirkton of Largo. The bairn's in a creel!—what should ail them to come back?”

“But they werena pressed, Bauby,” said Katie, as she put back the hair from her cheeks, and brushed off the tear which hung upon her eyelash.

“And what's about that? There's been few pressed hereaway yet—but they were a' in men-o'-war, and that's just the same. Nae doubt they come back. And now, keep up your heart like a guid bairn, and tell me a' hoo it was.”

And Bauby led her back to the castle like a child, soothing and cheering her with the true instinct and wonderful skill of love; for her little nursling—her wayward, capricious, wilful charge—was the light of Bauby Rodger's eyes.

“And bonnie Davie Steele—canty Davie Steele!” exclaimed Bauby. “Wae's me! have they taen him too? And what's puir Peggie to do wi' a' thae little anes? Little kent I what wark was on the Firth when I was wishing ye here yestreen, Miss Katie, to see what a bonnie night; but we dinna ken a step afore us, puir, frall mortals as we are! Weel, dinna greet. I wonder Peggie Rodger hadna the sense to cheer ye, when she saw sic trouble on a bit bairn like you; but now ye're putting in your hand to a woman's weird, Katie

Stewart; and, for a' folk say, a woman body has nae time, when trouble comes upon her, to ware in greeting, if it binna when the day's dune, and the dark bars wark, and makes mourning lawful. You maun keep up your heart for the sake of them that that wae look o' yours would take comfort frae; and nae fear o' him—he'll be back afore you're auld enough to make a douce wife to him, Katie Stewart."

Poor little Katie! it was all she could do to keep that wan smile of hers from ending with another burst of tears; but she swallowed the rising sob with a desperate effort, and was calm.

Lady Anne was full of sympathy—grieved, and concerned for the sorrow of her favourite, though perhaps not so much interested in Willie as was her maid. This deficiency had a very weakening effect on her consolatory speeches; so that while Bauby succeeded in chasing away the tears altogether, they came back in floods under the treatment of Lady Anne.

"Katie, nobody in the world cares more for you than I do. You must not give way so—you must bear up and be calm. Many a one has had a greater trial, Katie, and there are plenty left to like you dearly. Katie, do you hear me?"

Yes, Katie hears you, Lady Anne; but she is covering her face with her hand—those little slender fingers which last night were pressed on the eyes of Willie Morison, and felt his burning tears—and in her heart, with passion and pride which she cannot subdue, refuses to take comfort from this cold consolation, and, rocking back and forward in her chair, weeps without restraint, while you bid her be calm; for you must say it no more, gentle Lady Anne. Dear are you to Katie Stewart as Katie Stewart is to you; but there are in the world who care for her more than you could do, were your heart void of all tenderness but for her; and it is poor comfort to tell her that she has no love that is greater than yours.

"My bairn! my darlin'! ye'll watch his ship into the Firth on a bonnier night than yestreen," whispered Bauby in her ear; "and a wae fu' man would he be this day to see the bit bonnie face weet wi' greeting, that should

keep a clear e'e for his sake; for he would misdoubt your patience to tarry for him, Katie Stewart, if he kent how you tholed your grief."

"He wouldna doubt me: he kens me better," said Katie, dashing aside her tears, and looking up with a flash of defiance in her eye; "for if naebody believes me, Willie believes me, and he kens I would wait on him if it were twenty years."

And indignantly Katie wiped her cheek, and raised herself upright upon her chair, while the good Lady Anne looked doubtfully on, half inclined to resent Bauby's interference, and considerably more than half inclined to be shocked and horrified, and to think there was something very wrong and indelicate in the grief and tenderness which she did not understand.

"Lady Anne, Lord Colville's captain of a ship," said Katie. "I came to ask you if he couldna get Willie free; because ~~he~~ ^I gang to Lady Betty mysel, and ~~to~~ ^{to} will my mother, if my lord will help Willie."

"Katie, you forget me," said Lady Anne, sadly. "If Lord Colville could do anything, it's me that should take you to Edinburgh. But Lord Colville's away to the sea again, and Betty has no power. I'll write to her to-day, to see if she has any friends that could help. I don't think it, Katie; but we can try."

"But writing's no like speaking, Lady Anne."

"Katie, my sister Betty forgets you no more than she forgets me; and though she's vexed, as well as me, that you have chosen so much below you, yet still, if your happiness is concerned—if it really is concerned, Katie—there is no doubt she will try; and if Betty can do anything, you need not fear."

"I came up for that," said Katie, under her breath.

"I thought you were coming to stay. I thought you were coming home," said Lady Anne, in a reproachful tone; "but you forget me and everybody, Katie, for *him*."

"No I dinna, Lady Anne," said Katie, gasping to keep down the sobs, "but you're in nae trouble—in nae need; and I saw him—I saw him ta'en away from everything he cares for in this world. Oh, Lady Anne!"

For it was very hard the beginning of this woman's weird.

"For my own part, Bauby," said Lady Anne that night, as her giant maid assisted her to undress, "I think it is a providence; for to marry a sailor, even though he is a captain, is a poor fate for Katie Stewart; and if Lord Colville's interest could do him any good, it would be better to get him advanced in the service, as far as a common person can, than to bring him home; for Katie's young, and she'll forget him, Bauby."

"If she does, my lady, I'll never believe what the heart says mair," said Bauby, with an incredulous shake of her head.

"But you don't think how young she is," said Lady Anne, slightly impatient; "and it's not as if she were alone, and nobody to care for her but him. There's her mother, her own family; and there's my sisters and me. If he ~~goes~~ away she'll be content to live ~~the~~ life at Kellie. She'll forget him, Bauby."

But Bauby only shook her head.

Lady Anne engrossed a greater than usual portion of Bauby's time that night, very much to the discontent of the maid; and when at last, dismissed from her mistress's room,

Bauby softly opened Katie's door, and stole in, she found the light extinguished, and everything dark and silent; for even the moon was veiled in the skies, and the windows of Katie's little bed-chamber did not look toward the distant Firth.

Was she sleeping, worn out with her first sorrow? Bauby softly drew her hand over the pillow, to feel in the darkness for Katie's face—the great rough hand which love and kindness made so gentle; and now it touches the wet cheek, over which quiet tears are stealing from under the closed eyelids. Bend down, Bauby,—whisper in her ear—

"They hae a freit in some pairts, Miss Katie, that if ane yearns sair to see a far-away face, ane's maist sure to see it in a dream, and the way it is at the moment, if it were thousands of miles away. Will ye let him see ye with the tears wet on your white cheeks, Katie Stewart, and him needingsair, puir man, to hae ye smile? Fa' asleep wi' a smile on your face, my ain bairn, and he'll see it in his dreams."

Now take away your kind hand, Bauby Rodger, and go to your own wakeful rest, to think of her, and pray for help to her young clouded life—for you are the better comforter.

CHAPTER XXII.

A few weeks of suspense and anxiety followed. Lady Betty was written to, and Lady Betty professed her entire inability to do anything; but Katie was jealous of Lady Anne's letter, which she did not see, and laboriously indited one herself, to the astonishment and admiration of everybody about the Milton, and the profound awe of Bauby Rodger. Katie's letter was not long, but it took a whole day's retirement in her little chamber in the roof of the Milton to produce it; for Katie had not much experience in the use of her pen.

And, a week after, there was brought to the Milton a note, not quite so small as a modern lady's epistle, and sealed with a great seal, bearing the arms of Colville and Kellie. With trembling fingers Katie cut open the enclosure, reverently sparing the family emblem.

"MY DEAR LITTLE KATIE,—Your letter gave me a clearer idea of what has befallen you than Anne's did; though you must not think, as I fancy you do, that Anne was not honest in desiring to serve you. I believe she thinks, and so do I, that you might have done better; but still, for all that, would be glad now to do anything which would make you the happy little Katie you used to be. For you have entered the troubled life of a woman far too soon, my dear, and I that am older than you, and that have known you and liked you since you were a very young thing, would be very glad if I could banish all this from your mind, and make you a free, light-hearted girl again, as you should be at your years.

"But as this is not possible, Katie, I would gladly have helped the young man, and perhaps might, if Lord Col-

ville had been at home—though my lord's heart is in the service, and it would have taken much pleading to make him part with a likely seaman, even if it had been in his power. But now, you see, my lord is away, and I can do nothing; not for want of will, my dear Katie, but entirely from want of power.

"However, you must keep up your heart. To serve his king and his country is an honourable employment for a young man. I am sure I think it so for *my* husband; and Providence will guard him in the battle as well as in the storm. If Lord Colville should happen to be in any port where the young man's ship is, we may get him transferred to my lord's own vessel, where, if his conduct was good, he would be sure to rise, for your sake; and I am very sorry this is all I can say to comfort you.

"But, my dear, you must not despond; you must just keep up your heart, and be patient, for you know we have all our share of troubles, more or less; and this cannot be helped. You are very young yet, and have plenty of time to wait. Go back to Kellie like a good girl, for Anne is very dull without you; and you must keep up your spirits, and hope the best for the young man.

"Your sincere friend,

"ELIZABETH COLVILLE."

"To serve his king and his country!" repeated little Katie, her eyes flashing through her tears—"as if the king's men chasing him like a thief was like to give him heart in the king's cause!—and would the Chevalier, think ye, have done that, mother?"

For already the woeful ending of poor "Prince Charlie's" wild invasion had softened to him all young hearts—had softened even the hearts of those who would have borne arms against his house to the death.

"The Chevalier?—whisht, Katie, ye maunna speak treason," said Mrs Stewart, with her softened tone. "He's maybe no a' that folk could desire, this king, but he's a decent man, sae far as I can hear; and ony-way, he's better than a Papish. Ony-thing's better than a Papish. And you think the Chevalier wouldna have

sanctioned a pressgang? It's a' you ken: he would have sanctioned muckle waur, be you sure. Popery wi' its coloured vestments, no to speak of profane music in the kirk on Sabbath days, and prayers read out of a book, and the thumbikins and the rack in the Castle of Edinburgh, and martyrs in the Grassmarket. Eh, lassie, ye dinna ken ye're born!"

Katie put up her hand sadly to her brow, and shook her head.

"What ails ye, my bairn?"

"It's just my head's sair, mother," said Katie.

"Puir bairn—puir thing," said the mother, putting her hand caressingly on the soft pale cheek, and drawing in the pretty head to her breast.

"Wha ever heard *you* mint at a sair head before! But Katie, my lamb, ye maun e'en do as the lady says—ye maun keep up your heart, for mine's near the breaking to look at ye, sae white as ye are. Sae would Willie's be, if he were here. When ye gang owre the green in the morning, Katie, mony's the gowan ye set your bit foot upon; but the minute the footstep's past, up comes the gowan's head as blithe as ever, and naeboddy's the waur. My puir bairn, ye're young—ye dinna ken yet, Katie, how young ye are; and ye maun spring up like the gowans, my lamb."

Katie said nothing in reply; but when at last she withdrew her head from her mother's breast, it was to steal into her old corner, and draw to her the little wheel and spin. The wheel hummed a pensive, plaintive song, and Mrs Stewart went softly about the room with stealthy steps, as if some one lay sick in the house; and Merran in the background handled the plates she was washing with elaborate care, and, when one rang upon another, pressed her teeth upon her nether lip, and glanced reverentially at Katie, as if there was something profane in the sound. But Katie heard it not—she was wandering with vague steps about the country of dreams—now hither, now thither, like a traveller in a mist; and at last, as the hushed silence continued, and through it her wheel hummed on, some sudden association struck her, and she began to sing.

Not a sad song—for such is not

the caprice of grief—a gay summer song, like a bird's. She sang it to the end, only half conscious of what she was doing; while Mrs Stewart turned away to the open door to wipe her eyes unseen; and Merran looked on with awe from the background, believing her senses had failed her. But her senses had not failed her.

"Mother," said little Katie, as she snapt the thread on the wheel, and finished her hank of yarn—"mother, I'll spin nae mair the day—it's no time yet—I would like to do something else; but I'm gaun to keep up my heart."

And Katie put up her hand to dry the last tear.

CHAPTER XXIII.

These long days wear away, one cannot tell how—so long, so pitilessly long!—from the sweet fresh hour when the sun begins to steal in through the pointed window, and Katie, lying awake, hears Merran begin to stir below, and catches the whispering sound of fragments of song and old tunes, which she sings under her breath; until the sunsetting, when the dewy shadows fall lengthened and drawn out upon the grass, and the skies have to them that perfect rest which is only to the evening. But the days do go by noiselessly, a silent procession, and Katie is keeping up her heart.

For she has a letter—two letters—saying these same often-repeated words to her; and Willie's encouragement is the more likely to have effect for the words that follow it. "Dinna let your heart down, Katie," writes the pressed sailor, "for if I can but aye believe ye mind me, I fear no trouble in this world. I'm stout, and young, and able for work, and I have it in me to be patient when I mind what ye said that weary night we parted. Only tell me you're no grieving about me;—that's no what I mean either; but say again what ye said yon night, and I'll be as near content as I can be till I'm home again."

So she is keeping up her heart, poor Katie! with no very great success at first; but these days wear away, the longest of them, and now she gratefully hails the darkness when it comes a half-hour earlier, and thinks it a relief. Time and the hour;—but sometimes she sits listlessly in the kitchen of the Milton, and looks at the clock—the slow, punctual, unhastening dial, with every second gliding from it, rounded and perfect like a mimic globe. Time is short, say the people; but you do not think so if you watch

those slow methodical seconds, and note how that little steel finger, which you can scarcely see, has to accomplish its gradual round before one minute is gone. Katie has no watch to observe this process on, but she looks at the unwearied clock, and her heart sinks; for if all the hearts in the world broke, with yearning to hasten it, still, beat by beat, would move that steady pulse of time.

It was August now, and the harvest had begun. John Stewart, without any pretence of being a farmer, had "a pickle aits" in one corner, and "a pickle whait" in another; and Merran's services were required out of doors, so that the mother and daughter were left much alone.

Near the door, within sight of the sunshine, and within reach of those far-off merry sounds which tell of a band of shearers in the neighbourhood, Katie is sitting at the wheel. She has put off the dress she usually wears, and this is a plainer one—more fit, her mother thinks, for everyday use at home—made of linen woven of two different shades of blue, a dark and a light, in equal stripes. The black laced apron is laid aside, too, and there are little narrow frills round this one, which is the same as the gown; and a plain white linen cuff terminates the sleeve, instead of the cambric ruffles. But the wheel goes round busily, and Katie is singing—keeping up her heart.

In the corner, between the fire and the window—the usual place for the wheel—lounges Janet, fulfilling with devotion her purpose in paying this visit, which was "to have a crack" with her mother. Alick has sailed some time ago; and his young wife, with no children yet, nor any domestic cares to trouble her, further than putting into some degree of order her

two small rooms, has acquired a great habit of lounging and having "cracks." The key of her house is in her pocket, and Janet has not the least affection for the unemployed wheel at home.

"It's awfu' dreary living in the town folks' lane," said Janet, lounging and yawning.

"What do ye gie thae great gaunts for, ye idle cuttie?" asked Mrs Stewart.

"Weel, but what am I to do? and I'm whiles no weel, mother," said Janet with importance. "I wish Alick had bidden still, and no gane to the sea."

"And what would have come o' you and your house then?" said her mother. "Woman, I would rather spin for siller than sit wi' my hands before me, gaunting like that!"

"Eh, losh! wha's you?" exclaimed Janet.

There was no great difficulty in ascertaining, for immediately Lady Anne Erskine stood on the threshold of the Milton.

"Oh, Katie, why do you stay so long away?" said Lady Anne, taking both her favourite's hands into her own. "Mrs Stewart, I've come to ask you for Katie. Will you let her come home with me?"

"I'm sure you're very kind, my lady," said the evasive mother.

"I am not kind—but I am alone, Mrs Stewart, and I care for nobody half so much as for Katie: we have been together all our lives. Let her come with me to Kellie. Katie, will you come?"

"And I'll put my key in my pouch, and come hame and help ye, mother," said Janet in an aside.

Katie looked doubtfully from Lady Anne to her mother—from her mother back to Lady Anne; and putting her wheel softly away with one hand, waited for a decision.

"If it would do ye good, Katie—would you like to gang to Kellie, my woman?"

"And it's aye taupie and cuttie to me—ne'er a better word," said Janet, under her breath.

"If she wearies we'll send her back," said Lady Anne eagerly. "The carriage is waiting on the road, and there's Bauby sick with wishing for

you, Katie. Mrs Stewart, you'll let her come?"

The carriage indeed stood on the high-road, grandly glittering under the sun, and with already some admiring children from West Anster school standing round the impatient horses. Mrs Stewart could not resist the splendour.

"Weel, bairn, weel! away and get on your things—dinna keep Lady Anne waiting."

And Katie, looking out to nod and smile to Bauby Rodger, who stood on the bridge over the burn waiting to see her, ran up stairs with something like a glow of pleasure on her face, to put on once again her cambric ruffles and her silken mantle.

"Will ye no come in and take a bite of something, Bauby?" said Janet, stealing out to speak to the maid, while her mother engaged the lady within.

"Was't her singing? the dear bairn!" said Bauby, with glistening eyes. "It put me in heart to hear her; for, puir thing, she's had a hard beginning."

"Mony a man's been pressed as guid as Willie Morison," said Janet, tossing her head; "but ye spoil Katie amang ye. Are ye no gaun to see your ain sister, Bauby, and her man away?"

"Ay, I'm gaun," said Bauby shortly, not thinking it necessary to mention what Peggie did next day to all the town, that her whole hoarded year's wages came with her to help the "sair warstle" with which the wife of the pressed sailor was maintaining her children; "but Peggie's come to years, and has her bairns. Aweel I wat they're an unco handfu', puir things; but it's a grand divert to grief to have them to fecht for. Noo, the bit lassie!"

Janet put her hand in her pocket to feel that she had not lost her key, and shrugged her shoulders; for though very sympathetic at first, her patience had worn out long ago.

And, to Bauby's infinite satisfaction, "the bit lassie" appeared immediately, leaning on Lady Anne's arm, and with a healthful, pleasant glow upon her face.

"For, Bauby," whispered Katie, as she shook hands with her, and

passed on through the field to the waiting carriage, "I'm keeping up my heart."

"And blessings on you, my bairn," said Bauby, wiping her eyes; for she had seen the tears in Katie's which did not fall.

The two friends—for, in spite of all differences of rank and manners, such they were—drove on for some time in silence, along that sea-side highway, running level with the sunny Firth. On such a day last year, and in the same harvest season, they had travelled together to Edinburgh; but both, since then, had learned and suffered much.

Quiet, silent Anne Erskine! No one knew how your heart beat—with what strange, chivalrous enthusiasm your whole frame thrilled—when the Prince passed through the grand old Edinburgh street, and, with the grace of his race, bowed under your window to the crowds that cheered him; for utterance was not given to the Ode which burned in your heart, and no one knew that hour had been, and was gone—the climax of your youth. No one dreamed that upon you, who were not born a poet, the singing mantle and the garland had come down in an agony, and only the harp been withheld. But it was withheld—though you still cannot forget the stormy cadence of the music, which rushed through your brain like the wind, carrying with it a wild grand mist of disordered words. They never became audible in song or speech to other ears than yours—could not, had you laboured for it night and day; but still you remember them in your heart.

And since then the hero of this dream has been a fugitive, with only the wildest of mountain fastnesses, the truest of poor friends, to guard him; and eyes of Whigs, which would have fiercely flashed upon his soldiers in the battle, have wept tears for Prince Charlie in the flight. But no one knows what tears you have wept,

gentle Lady Anne! nor how the grand tumult of yonder climax hour still echoes and sighs about your heart in a wail of lamentation;—sighs gradually dying away—echoes long drawn out, merging into the calm of the natural life; but you can never forget the inspiration which no one knows but you.

And little Katie there, silently leaning back in her corner. Katie has had her heart awakened into consciousness in another and more usual way; and Katie has the larger experience of the two—not of Love and Grief alone, these common twin-children of humanity, but of the graver discipline which puts into our hands the helm and rein of our own hearts. A wilful girl but a little while ago—now a woman with a conscious will, subduing under it the emotions which are as strong as her life;—learning to smile over her tears for the sake of others—learning not only to counterfeit calmness, but to *have* it, for the sake of those who break their hearts to see her suffer;—practised to restrain the power of sorrow—to keep up, with many a struggle, the sinking heart. All these results, and the efforts which have led to them, are unknown to Lady Anne, who has no rebellious feelings to restrain; so that Katie has made the furthest progress in the training of actual life.

"You're better now, Katie," said Lady Anne tenderly.

"Yes, Lady Anne," was the answer; and Katie for an instant drooped her head. "Yes, I'm better; Lady Anne," she repeated, looking up with a smile; "and I'll be glad, very glad, to see Kellie again."

"My poor little Katie!" said good Anne Erskine, taking the little soft hand into her own—and a tear fell on hers—a tear of confidence, telling what Katie would not tell in words.

"But, Lady Anne, dinna be vexed for me—for I'm keeping up my heart."

CHAPTER XXIV.

"I'll never forget you, Willie, if it should be twenty years!"

Is it fear of yourself—forebodings of an inconstant heart which bring

these words again, Katie Stewart, to your lips and to your mind? Time and the hour have run their deliberate course through five long twelve-

months;—a blank eventless plain, which looks brief, as you turn back upon it, for all so weary it was, as step by step you paced its dreary ways. And some one walks beside you, through this long avenue towards Kellie. Is it that you fear yourself, Katie Stewart?—is it that already your word is broken—your heart a conscious traitor?

It is an autumn night, with such a pale sky loaded with such black clouds as those which overspread the world nearly six years ago when Katie was betrothed—and the wind in fitful gusts whirls and sighs about the great trees overhead, and, snatching again from the boughs these yellow leaves, drops them, like love-tokens, at her feet. A melancholy wind—yet it brightens the eyes and flushes the cheek against which it spends its strength: and though autumn wails and flies before it, with the chill breath of winter pursuing her track, yet the windows glow in castle and cottage, and hearths grow bright with a radiance kinder than the very sun. So that the song within rises on the wailing without, and drowns it; and, as it is a life we wot not of, which makes us tremble in presence of the dead, so the winter garments which the earth and we put on are but so many blithe assurances that summer comes again.

And Katie Stewart is no longer a girl: but her three-and-twenty years have sobered her little, though the mother in the Milton at home reflects, not without shame, that at three-and-twenty "a bairn of mine!" still bears her father's name. The little pretty figure moves about with as little constraint, as little heaviness, as when only seventeen years had fallen upon it in sunshine; and peace is shining in the blue eyes, and health on the soft cheek. More than that: for still the favourite in Kellie Castle will have her own way—and has it—and still the eerie gallery rings with her blithe step and blither voice: and as well pleased as ever does Katie contemplate the delicate ruffles at her sleeve, and the warm mantle of scarlet cloth, with its rich tassels and silken lining, which has replaced for winter comfort the pretty cloak of silk and lace. For these five years

have made it no longer hard to keep up her heart;—and has she forgotten?

Some one walks by her side through the avenue, stooping down just now to make out if he can what that murmur was, which he could faintly hear as she turned her head aside. And this is no merchant-sailor—no yeoman laird; for even in the dimness of the twilight, you can see the diamond glitter on his finger through the rich lace which droops over his hand. His right arm is in a sling, and his face pale—for not long ago he was wounded;—a fortunate wound for him, since it removed the attainer under which he lay, and suffered him to return to his own land.

For the rebel of the '45, languishing in a far country, could not see his own race in battle with a foreign enemy without instinctively rushing to join his native ranks. Very true, they fought for King George—in name, at least, of King George; but, truer, they were Scotchmen, Englishmen, his own blood and kin, and he could not fold his hands and look on. Desperately wounded he had been in the first battle, and in pity and admiration they sent Sir Alexander home.

Sir Alexander! The young knight who sent you the white roses, Katie Stewart—who woke many a startling thought and fancy in the girlish free heart which questioned with itself if this were the hero. Now, tried by some troubles—the fiery young spirit mellowed and deepened—the spells of patriotism and loyalty—desperate courage and present suffering, to charm to him the enthusiast mind;—how is it now?

But you scarcely can tell by this that Katie says, under her breath, as she looks up toward the sky, "If it were twenty years!"

The firelight shines brightly through the uncurtained window of the west room, but no Lady Anne is there when Katie enters: for already there are lights in the great drawing-room, and servants go about busily, preparing for the party which is to meet within its haunted bounds to-night. Lady Anne is still in her own room, but her toilette is already completed; so that Bauby Rodger, who stands here before the fire, has come in quest of Katie, to ascertain that she is "fit

to be seen ;”—for again Katie must take her embroidery frame, and her seat in a corner of the great drawing-room, for her own pleasure and Lady Anne's.

Glowing from the cold wind is Katie's face, and her eyes sparkle in the light like stars. But this brilliant look brings a cold misgiving to Bauby Rodger's heart ; and as she looses the scarlet hood which comes closely round the face of the little beauty, and puts back the curl which in this light actually gleams and casts a reflection like gold, she thinks of the young sailor fighting upon the sea, and sighs.

“What way do you sigh, Bauby?”

“What way do I sigh?” Bauby shook from the pretty cloak one or two raindrops which it had caught of the shower which now began to patter against the windows. “Weel, ane canna aye tell ; but it's no sae lang since ye sighed whiles yoursel, when there lookit to be little enough reason.”

“But ane can aye tell what it's about when ane's angry, Bauby,” said Katie Stewart.

“And what should I be angry for? It's no my place, Miss Katie. Ilka ane kens best for themself when it's the time to sigh and when it's the time to smile, and young folk havena auld memories : it's no to be expected of them. I'm no that auld either mysel—though I might be the mother of twa or three like you ; but there's folk dwells in my remembrance, Katie Stewart—dwells—like them that bide at hame. I'm blithe o' ye getting up your heart—ne'er heed me ;—but whiles—I canna help it—I think upon them that's awa.”

And Katie Stewart spoke not, answered not, but, drawing the lace on her apron slowly through her fingers, looked down into the glowing fire and smiled.

What did it mean? Bauby looked at her wistfully to decipher it, but could not meet her eye. Was it the smile of gratified vanity—was it the modest self-confidence of truth? But though Bauby began straightway to arrange this shining golden hair, on which still other rain-drops glimmer like diamonds, the smile eludes her comprehension still.

“I'll go and get my gown,” said

Katie, as she contemplated her hair in the glass, and proclaimed herself satisfied ; “and ye'll help me, Bauby, to put it on.”

“Ay, gang like a guid bairn ; and ye'll get some rose-water for your hands on the little table in the window ; but there's nae fire in your ain room, and it's wearing cauld—dinna bide lang there. Weel, weel,” said Bauby Rodger, leaning her arms on the mantelpiece, and looking down with perplexed eyes to the fire, as Katie went away—“nae doubt, if she did better for hersel it would be my pairt to rejoice ; but when I mind that bonnie lad, and sae fond as he was about her—as wha could help being fond o' her?—I scarce can thole that she should take up wi' anither ; but it's the way of the world.”

And again Bauby sighed—so great a sigh that the flame of the lamp flickered before her breath, as before some fugitive gale.

In a few minutes the subject of her thoughts returned, carrying over her arm her grand gala dress. It was quite a superb dress for Katie Stewart—almost as fine, indeed, as the one Lady Anne is to wear to-night, and quite as splendid as that famous gown in which Leddy Kilbrachmont was married, though the fame of it travelled through half-a-dozen parishes. This white silk petticoat is Leddy Kilbrachmont's gift ; and Mrs Stewart herself presented to her daughter that rich ruby-coloured silken gown. It was to have been Katie's wedding gown had all things gone well, and has lain for several years unmade, in waiting, if perhaps it had been needed for that occasion. But Katie is three-and-twenty, and her marriage day seems as far off as ever, while still her bridegroom bears, far away, the dangers of the sea and of the war ; so the gown is made, that in the Lady Erskine's parties Katie may be presentable, and Lady Erskine herself has added the ruffles of lace to those graceful sleeves.

The gown is on, the lace carefully draped over the round white arms ; and Bauby stands before her, smoothing down the rich folds of the silk, and shedding back those little rings of short hair which will escape and curl upon Katie's temples.

"Now ye're gaun in—ye're gaun in," said Bauby, looking with troubled eyes into her favourite's face, "and ne'er a ane kens what mischief may be done before ye come out o' that room this night."

But Katie only laughed, and lifted the little embroidery frame which was to go with her into the great drawing-room.

Again a room full of those graceful noble people,—itself a noble room, with family portraits on its walls, some of them fine, all of them bearing a kindly historical interest to the guests who counted kin, through this lady and that, with the house of Kellie; and again a brilliant stream of conversation, which dazzles Katie less than it once did, though with natural delicacy she still takes little part, but remains an amused observer, a quiet listener, looking up from her work with bright intelligent glances which make the speakers grateful; and there, like her shadow, with a scarf binding his disabled arm, and his face as interesting as a handsome pale face can be,—there, again, stands Sir Alexander.

Look up into his face, Katie Stewart—look up, as you could not do on yonder beautiful autumn night, when Lady Colville's crimson curtains threw their ruddy shade upon your face, and made him think you blushed. It may be that you blushed—blushes of the imagination, harmless and without peril; but now the colour on your cheek is steady as the soft tints of a rose, and you look up with candid open eyes into his face. He speaks low; but, though your voice is never loud, you give him answers which others hear—frankly, without even the hesitation, without the downcast glances with which you answer the old, lofty, stately gentleman who speaks to you now and then with kindly smiles; for that is the head of the house of Lindsay, the father of that Lady Anne, whom all Scotland shall love hereafter for one of the sweetest ballads which makes our language musical. And you look down shily, Katie Stewart, when you speak to the Earl of Balcarras, because he is beyond question a grand gentleman, of the grandest antique type; but you neither hesitate nor look down

when you answer Sir Alexander, because he is living at Kellie, and you see him every day, and have almost forgotten that at one time you would have made him a hero. He is a hero to all intents and purposes now—a fit subject for romance or ballad—brave, loyal, unfortunate—an attainted rebel once, a free man now, for his valour's sake; but wilful Katie Stewart remembers nothing of the white roses—nothing of the moonlight night on the oriel window—but, leaning her little impatient hands upon her embroidery frame, looks up into his face, and smiles and talks to him as if he were her brother.

The good, brave, simple, knightly heart! this voice has haunted him in painful flight and bivouac—has spoken audible words to him in the fair moonlight of southern lands—has been his ideal of comfort and gladness many a day when he needed both; and this *not* only because himself was charmed with the young fresh spirit, but because those flushed cheeks and downcast eyes persuaded him that he *was* the hero, the magician to whose mystic touch the chords of this harp should thrill as they had never thrilled before. And it was not all the crimson curtain, Katie Stewart—not all; and there was a magician at work, breathing prelude whispers over these wondrous strings;—only the weird hand was a hand within yourself, unseen, impalpable, and not the hand of Alexander Erskine.

He begins to find this out to-night—and well it is only now; for before, he was alone, exiled, distressed, and carried about with him this fanciful remembrance and affection, like some fairy companion to cheer and gladden him. Now, it is very true his face grows blank, his head droops, and uneasily his restless hand moves on the back of the high chair he leans on; but many bright faces are round him—many hearts are eager to question, to sympathise, to admire. The wound will shoot and pain him, perhaps through all these winter days, and into the spring; but the wound is not mortal, and it will heal.

And Katie Stewart lifts her window that night and looks out to the west, which the pallid moon is nearing, and

smiles—smiles, but tears are there withal to obscure her shining eyes; for, as she observes this nightly loving superstition, there comes sometimes a vague terror upon her that he may be lying dreamless and silent upon some death-encumbered deck, for whom she sends this smile away to the far west to shine into his dreams; and as she closes her window, and sits down by the little table on which she has placed her light, the sickness of long deferred hope comes flooding over her heart, and she hides her face

in her hands. Day after day, year upon year, how they have glided past—so slow that every footfall came to have its separate sound, and it seems as though she had counted every one; and Katie bows her head upon the little Bible on her table, and speaks in her heart to One whom these years and hours have taught her to know, but whom she knew not before.

And then she lays her head on her pillow and falls asleep—falls asleep as Bauby Rudger bade her, long ago, smiling for his dream's sake.

CHAPTER XXV.

"Katie, Katie, your roses take long to bloom," said Lady Anne Erskine; "here is where you began last year, and they are not out of the bud yet."

"But Miss Katie has had other gear in hand, Lady Anne—your ladyship disna mind," said Bauby in a slight tone of reproof.

"If Bauby had only kept count how many yards of cambric I've hemmed for Lordie," said Katie Stewart; "and look, Lady Anne,—see."

For to the ends of a delicate cambric cravat Katie is sewing a deep border of lace,—old rich lace which the Lady Erskine, not unmindful for herself of such braveries, is expending on her son.

"Well, you know, Katie, I think Lordie is too young," said Lady Anne, drawing herself up slightly; "and so did Janet when I told her; but no doubt Lady Erskine is his mother: he's scarcely thirteen yet—and lace like that!"

"He's a bonnie boy, my lady; and then he's Earl of Kellie now," said the maid,—for Lady Anne in these years had lost her father.

"So he is. It makes a difference, no doubt; but Janet says if he was her son—Katie, what ails ye?"

"It's naething, Lady Anne; it's just a letter," answered Katie, who, sitting within reach of the open door, had seen the housekeeper appear in the gallery, beckoning and holding up the precious epistle: "I'll be back the now."

And Lordie's lace fell on the floor at the feet of Lady Anne.

The good Lady Anne took it up gravely, and shook her head.

"She'll never be any wiser, Bauby: we need not expect it now, you know; and she gets letters from only one person. But I think Katie is getting over that. She's forgetting the sailor, Bauby."

"I dinna ken, my lady," said Bauby mournfully, as, kneeling on the carpet with a round work-basket before her, she pursued her occupation, unravelling a mass of bright silks, which lay matted in seemingly hopeless entanglement within the grasp of her great hands.

"But I think so, Bauby; and I think Sir Alexander likes her. If he sought her—though it would be a poor, poor match for an Erskine—she surely would never think of the sailor more."

Bauby lifted her head indignantly; but Lady Anne's mild eyes were cast down upon her work, and the flaming glance did no execution.

"Ane disna ken, my lady; it's ill to judge," was the ambiguous, oracular reply.

"But one does know what one thinks. Do you not *think* her mind is as free as it used to be?—do you not think she has forgotten him, Bauby?"

Bauby was perplexed and unwilling to answer—unwilling to confess how she feared and doubted for poor Willie Morison, now sailing in Lord Colville's ship, and as well as a pressed sailor could be; so she bent her head, and exclaimed against an obstinate impracticable knot, to gain time.

It served her purpose; for before the knot yielded, Katie came stealing into the room with shining wet eyes, and some shy triumph and unusual pride upon her face. The face itself was flushed; it could not fail to be so, for Katie felt the quiet scrutiny of Lady Anne, and the eager, impatient glances of Bauby, searching her thoughts in her look; and bright shy looks she gave them—first to the maid, the most interested, who felt her faith strengthened by the glance; and then to the gentle, solicitous lady, who looked tenderly at the moisture on her cheek, but laid Lordie's lace cravat on the table notwithstanding, and said, with a slight, unconscious censure,

"You threw it down, Katie, when you went away."

"I didna ken, Lady Anne," said Katie, in so low an under tone that her friend had to stoop towards her to hear, "for I wanted to get my letter."

The eyes of Bauby brightened, and Lady Anne moved with a little impatience on her chair.

"Well; but there will be no news, Katie? I suppose he tells you no news?"

"Yes, Lady Anne."

"Then, Katie, why do you not tell me? Has anything happened to my brother? Is the young man still in Lord Colville's ship?"

"There's naething ails my lord, Lady Anne—only he's been kind to Willie; and now—now he's just among the common men nae mair, nor the small officers neither—but he's master in a ship himsel."

"Master in a ship!" Bauby Rodger sprang to her feet, overturning both silks and basket, and the placid Lady Anne was sufficiently moved to lose her needle. "Master in a ship!"

"He says it disna mean Captain," said Katie, the bright tears running over out of her full eyes; "but it's Master of the sailing—and a man that's master of the sailing canna be far from master of the ship. And it's a sloop of war; but a sloop of war's no like the little trading sloops in the Firth, Lady Anne. It's masted and rigged like a ship, Willie says, and bigger than that weary cutter; and now he's among the officers, where he should be, and no a common man."

And Katie put down her face into her hands, and cried for very joy.

"She needs nae comfort the noo, my lady," said Bauby in a whisper, as Lady Anne drew her hand caressingly over Katie's hair: "let her greet; for it's blithe to greet when ane's heart is grit, and rinnin owre wi' joy."

"Then you can look for my needle, Bauby," said Lady Anne.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Lady Erskine began to feel considerably encumbered with her sister-in-law. At present, with many schemes, she was labouring in her vocation, receiving and giving invitations in an energetic endeavour to get poor Anne "off." But Lady Anne herself had not the least idea of getting off: her romance was over—a short, wild, unusual one; and now the west room with its embroidery frame—the quiet daily walk—the frequent visit to Lady Janet and her children—and the not unfrequent letters of Lady Betty, sufficed to fill with peaceful contentment the quiet days of Lady Anne. The poor Lady Erskine! She had succeeded in awakening a dormant liking for

"her dear sister" in the comfortable breast of a middle-aged, eligible, landed gentleman, whose residence lay conveniently near the Castle. A long time it took to make this good man know his own mind, and many were the delicate hints and insinuations by which the match-maker did her utmost to throw light upon the subject. At length a perception began to dawn upon him: he thought he had found out, the honest man, that this mind of his, hitherto, in his own consciousness, solely occupied with crops and hunts, good wine and local politics, had been longing all its life for the "refined companionship" of which Lady Erskine preached to him; and as he found it

out, he sighed. Still, if it must be, it must, and the idea of Lady Anne was not unendurable; so the good man put on a new wig, like the Laird of Cockpen, and, mounting his mare, rode cannily to Kellie Castle.

But Lady Anne, like Mrs Jean, said No—said it as quietly, with a little surprise, but very little discomposure, and no signs of relenting. “As if men came to the Castle every day on such like errands!” said the wooer to himself, with some heat, and considerable bewilderment, as the turrets of Kellie disappeared behind him, when he went away.

Still more indignant and injured felt the Lady of Kellie; but the culprit said not a word in self-defence: so more parties were given, more invitations accepted, and Lady Erskine even vaguely intimated the expediency of visiting London for a month or two. Anne was full five-and-twenty; and her sister-in-law never looked upon the unmarried young lady but with self-reproach, and fear lest people might say that she had neglected her duty.

But the parties would not do. Quiet, unselfish, sincere, the young ladies and the young gentlemen made Anne Erskine their friend—confided troubles to her—told her of love distresses; young men, even, who might have spoken to her—Lady Erskine thought—of that subject as principal, and not as *confidante*; but Lady Anne felt no disappointment. It is true she remembered, with a certain quiet satisfaction, that it was her own fault she was still Anne Erskine, and thought kindly of the good man who had generously put it in her power to refuse him; but in this matter Lady Anne's ambition went no further, and Lady Erskine was foiled.

So, under the high window in the west room, Lady Anne sits happily at her embroidery frame, and works the quiet hours away. She is labouring at a whole suit of covers for those high-backed, upright chairs in Lady Colville's drawing-room—and many a pretty thing besides has Lady Col-

ville from the same unfailing loom; and rich are those little girls of Lady Janet's, who sometimes tumble about this pleasant apartment, and ravel the silks with which patient aunt Anne makes flowers bloom for them upon that perennial canvass. And Katie Stewart draws a low chair to Lady Anne's feet, and plays with her embroidery frame sometimes; sometimes, among fine linen and cambric, works at garments for Lordie; and sometimes, bending those undisciplined shoulders over a great volume on her knee, reads aloud to the placid, unwearying worker above her, whose shoulders own no stoop as her fingers no weariness. Or Katie sings at her work those songs about Strephon and Chloe which poor Sir Alexander thought so sweet; and Lady Erskine, pausing as she passes, comes in to hear, and to spend a stray half-hour in local gossip, which none of all the three are quite above; and Bauby Rodger expatiates about the room, and makes countless pilgrimages to Lady Anne's own apartment, and now and then crosses the gallery, visible through the half-open door, bearing a load of delicate lace and cambric, which she constantly has in reserve to be “ironed” when she's “no thrang;”—and so they spend their life.

An uneventful, quiet life, sweetened with many unrecorded charities—a life disturbed by no storms, distressed by no hardships—full of peace so great that they hardly knew it to be peace, and rich with love and kindness into which there entered neither passion nor coldness, indifference nor distrust. The sunshine came and went; the days, all of one quiet sisterhood, passed by with steps so soft they left no print. And as the days passed, so did the years;—slowly, but you scarce could call them tedious; with sober cheer and smiling faces, each one you looked on growing more mature than that which went before;—and so Time and the hour passed on unwearying, and five other long twelvemonths glided by into the past.

"ARE THERE NOT GREAT BOASTERS AMONG US?"

It is trite enough to say "How little do we know ourselves;" and because trite, the chances are, it is quite true. We are continually raising a laugh against the Americans, because they are given to swagger a little too much, whilst we industriously forget from what quarter their inheritance comes. If an individual may be allowed to make a national confession with as much indulgence as every individual is allowed to make his national boasting, let me be treated leniently if I venture—thus. There is not a more absurdly boastful people on the face of the earth than we, the "Great English Nation." We boast of everything belonging to us. If there be a difference between us and our Transatlantic brethren, it is in this, that as their boasting takes its character from democratic institutions, our boasting is characterised by a dash of aristocratic delicacy. Theirs is more vulgar, that is all; but, nevertheless, as we are daily progressing towards them in politics, so are we in this respect, that our national swaggering is decidedly improving in vulgarity. That regards the *manner* of our boasting. The *matter* of it is to be found everywhere, and in everything. We boast of everything belonging to us, and of some few that do not belong to us; for swaggering Pride is twin-brother to Falsehood. We boast of a prosperity from which millions are running away; of a Representative system, which represents not much of the sense, but a very large proportion of the nonsense of the people; of a public morality, at which every man individually laughs in his sleeve—to which so many elections are giving the lie, by a total disregard to the morals of their parliamentary candidates.

We make a very great fuss, and ever have done so, about our "Trial by Jury." A capital thing, indeed, in that theory which supposes the bulk of mankind quite honest, and quite competent. But as public honesty lessens, and political heats class men into parties, trial by jury may not be

the best security to life or property. "Trial by jury," by all means, says the culprit, knowing there is at least one pig-headed brute in the jury-box, and perhaps more than one great rogue—that villainy is so hedged with the chicanery of law, and the not only permitted, but honoured and fostered malignant subtlety of lawyers, that there is a very fair chance of Honesty being put out of countenance, and Crime walking off unblushingly, even with a triumphant effrontery. O, Ireland—Ireland! What is "trial by jury" there. A pretty boast indeed, that might, as it swells in the throat, choke the bragging mightiness of England. Bad is it, indeed, for a people, when the solemnity of law becomes a mockery—when the parade of courts, the ermine of judges, and all the paraphernalia of justice, are only brought before a people to represent a farce. Law, as it is in its results in Ireland, exhibits the mighty doings for little ends which will make the present age ridiculous to posterity. Even in more sober England, is not the virtue of trial by jury deteriorating, simply because morals are deteriorating, knavery more taken under protection, and our great Parliamentary character, which should be the mirror whereby all institutions should dress themselves, a sullied example? We are always averring that "Truth will prevail"—*magna est veritas et prævalebunt*; and we never say this so impressively as when we desire some falsehood to prevail. And Truth does not prevail. On the contrary, all our great public acts of this our new era, of which we boast so much, have been obtained confessedly by "enormous lying;" and so much is lying in favour that it is an additional boast—it is the ornamental fringe to the national habit, to the cloak of national iniquity. The Reform Bill was fathered by enormous lying; so were the successful plottings of the Anti-Corn-Law League. The latter, having succeeded, think it not worth while to deny an iniquity of which, indeed, they think it better

policy to brag. They laugh in your face, and say, How could you be such fools as to believe us, and still to think there are prophets on the earth? Our bragging daily and weekly press teems with swaggerings about our "Honest Traders," free or shackled; while the universal adulteration of coffee with chicory was almost justified, or more than justified, by being treated by the late Government, in parliamentary debate, as a very admissible practical joke;—and not only so, but the privilege of cheating was with similar lightness extended to every other trade, by the argument of the notoriety that everything is adulterated. "Hæ nugæ seria ducunt in mala." A specimen of the truth of this has lately been exhibited. In a great city, so ill taken was the recent order of the Government, prohibiting the adulteration, that grocers felt themselves aggrieved, and withheld their votes from a candidate professedly in favour of Lord Derby's Government.

Very bad principles walk about our streets and all public ways in masks, wearing on their brazen fronts large phylacteries of truth and honesty. To proceed is to give rise to a very serious thought, more fit for the sermon of a divine than my pen—that the "Prince of this world," who is the "father of lies," has a very large and truly governing influence in our affairs. It might be continued in this strain—as lying was the first instrument of temptation—"thou shalt not surely die,"—and became the very principle in our corruption, so it bears still its fruit, it begets its many children—and whatever be the iniquity, multitudes go about in our highways and byways to proclaim, "thou shalt not surely die" for it. If we had not too strongly active this principle within us, we should not have our diversity of opinions, which are, and which are furthered by, the moral confusion of our Babel tongues. The heathen mythology gave their Cerberus his three mouths, representing, it may be presumed, the three great temptations which devour mankind—"the world, the flesh, and the Devil." Every man still makes up his sop of one virtue, though he does not always throw it into the right mouth, nor know how

surely and quickly the other two may turn upon him.

Now, with regard to all this our national boasting, we see pride walking before, and know who cometh after. Pride goes before a fall. We were never so proud; and perhaps this marks our progressing, and is the finger-post to our steps. "Facilis descensus." There are who think all will be well, either from a habit of indolent thought, or vacuity of thought; and they thus admit deception into their own minds, and send it forth into others. This false hope stays honest doing. It is well characterised by the great historian Thucydides, wherein he treats of the argument of Hope which encouraged the Melians. "You trust in Hope, and know not her character; Hope is never discovered until she hath irreparably deceived." This is the idea, perhaps not the words. When the day comes that people lift up their hands and say, "Who would have thought it!" they then, too late, discover the world's false hope to be the elder daughter of the Father of lies.

"Quorsum hæc?" Why set up as universal censor? Simply because the matter touches to the quick of the individual man; because I feel myself somewhat progressing towards the condition of the nervous gentleman who finds too many annoyances come home to himself. If a man had but a single string of sensitiveness upon which only a Paganini might play, and he might be at liberty to reserve all the rest for himself, things might be endured; but when all his strings are stretched upon himself, the unfortunate instrument, and many cheats are playing upon all, it must be expected that he will be a little out of tune, and take the relief of complaining. The sensitive man was never in a worse predicament. He knows not what to wear, nor what to eat. So that these grave reflections—and grave they are—properly considered, have arisen from reading the last exposure of cheater, in extracts taken from the *Lancet*.

"ADULTERATED CAYENNE PEPPER.—The *Lancet* gives the following results of an analysis of twenty-eight samples of Cayenne pepper obtained at different shops:—'That out of the twenty-eight

samples of Cayenne pepper subjected to analysis, twenty-four were adulterated; that out of the above number four only were genuine; that out of the twenty-four adulterated samples, twenty-two contained mineral colouring matter; that red lead, often in large and poisonous quantities, was present in thirteen samples; that Venetian red, red ochre, brick dust, or some other analogous ferruginous earths, were contained in seven samples; that cinabar, vermilion, or sulphuret of mercury, was detected in one sample; that six of the samples consisted of a mixture of ground rice, turmeric, and Cayenne, coloured with either red lead, or a red ferruginous earth; that six samples contained large quantities of salt, sometimes alone, but more frequently combined with rice and a red ferruginous earth, or with red lead; that one of the samples was adulterated with a large quantity of the husk of white mustard seed; that two contained rice only, coloured with red lead or a ferruginous earth. As is well known, red lead and vermilion, or sulphuret of mercury, are highly deleterious substances, both being characterised by the very peculiar circumstance that they are not, like the majority of other compounds, when received into the system, at once eliminated therefrom, but remain in the body for a considerable time, gradually accumulating, until at length they occasion the peculiar symptoms which distinguish their presence in large amount. Thus, however small the dose taken from day to day, the constitution is yet liable, by the repetition of the dose, to be at length brought under the influence of the poison, and to become seriously affected. But the quantity of red lead and mercury introduced into the system in adulterated Cayenne pepper is by no means inconsiderable, since it commonly forms a large portion of the article. Some idea of the amount of these substances frequently present may be formed from the fact that, in a pinch of cayenne moistened and diffused over a white plate, or a piece of glass, they may be distinctly seen by the eye alone. What punishment, we would now inquire, ought to be inflicted on the parties guilty of the crime of mixing these deleterious substances with articles of diet? The case made out, we submit, is one which, for the sake of the public health, strongly demands the interposition of the Legislature. The man who steals one's purse commits a less crime than he who, by tricking our food, robs us of health. In a recent leading article we pointed out the fact that the law, in its present state,

actually offers a remedy, which, if carried into effect, would to some extent meet the present case. Parties guilty of vending adulterated articles of food may be proceeded against for the recovery of the amount paid for them. We trust that some spirited individuals, having the welfare of the public at heart, will ere long proceed to enforce that remedy."

Now, this is frightful enough, and likely to make nervous gentlemen of us all; but when we remember that this is but one exposure out of many, coming from the same quarter, we all may well say, there is no knowing what to eat or to drink. They say, and say sometimes falsely, that knowledge is power. It would be well if it were a power to help ourselves. If such be its discoveries, either the world's common traders were once more honest, or "ignorance" was really "bliss," and "'tis folly to be wise." Being, however, made wise, do let us try to be a little wiser, and put a stop to universal and outrageous cheater.

It is impossible to avoid a general suspicion of everybody and everything. I do verily believe that Prince Humbug reigns—that there is no good thing advocated but for the value of the evil it brings with it, and for the selfish ends it promotes. Thus, the universal demand for education on the part of the public press—what is it for? but that, the more readers, the more buyers of newspapers. The cry is taken up for the facility of making dupes in every direction. Educate, educate, say the diurnal, the hebdomadal press, that every man, woman, and child may read (their Bible is the pretence—the meaning is) our newspapers. It is they who send knowledge-mongers a-mountebanking about the country, and setting up their lecture-rooms, where the pupils are taught the fantastic tricks of tumblers; for the head is where the heels should be, and the heels uppermost, kicking at the heavens, in which position the heart is out of its place, too near the ground, and loses its upward aspiration. Useful knowledge, says the modern schoolmaster, is earth-knowledge. Instinct gave the heathen a better notion of this matter—

"Os homini sublime dedit, cœlumque
tueri

Jussit, et erectos ad sidera tollere vultus."

I have heard the new-wisdom folk say, that all books should be re-written—that children should be emancipated from the ferule of King Solomon, for that he was a bigot and a fool, who knew nothing.

Verily, the "prince of this world" has agents everywhere—consequently the press teems with advertisements of "Genuine Articles." Did you, honest reader, ever read one advertisement that told you of any deterioration whatever? With whom, now-a-days, would you like to play odd and even in the dark? Would you take any man's brick out of his hand as a sample of his house, and take his title-deeds without a scrutiny? When next we taunt our Transatlantic friends with their "smart men," they may fairly retort upon us, that we pay "smart-money" at home for every article we buy. Often as I have been tempted to take up this subject—our boast of superior honesty—I have abstained, hardly knowing where to begin, and doubting how it would be borne by a people of traders in all ways, or of willing dupes, who admit the maxim, and, for its advantages, bear the disadvantages—"Qui vult decipi, decipiatur;" but at length this stinging gnat of Cayenne pepper has made up the intolerable burthen, and broken the back of my irresolution. And though I would fain wait for a cooler moment for this peppery argument, I do not know when to expect it. For, writing now in the midst of elections, though the weather is hot, the political heats are hotter, and give very little promise of abatement—threatening greater heats. But as people do now, some time of the day, seek the shade, and love to be cool, I venture upon this sedative of our heats. The few truths in these observations may at least tend to keep down the thermometer of our own overweening pride. They who are in the habit of taking large quantities of Cayenne are likely, contrary to their expectation, to be quiet enough; for the accumulation of the poison may slowly, but surely, give them their *quietus*, however hot and ardent their human passions now, while they are

heaping lead upon lead in their own stomachs, enough for every man to supply his own coffin withal. A little pepper-dust, duly administered, may settle all other heats and animosities.

"Hi motus animorum atque hæc certamina
tanta
Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescant."

Which, truly translated, may stand for the following advertisement:—

"Adulterate pepper, warranted to settle
The proudest stomachs and most fiery mettle."

I perceive that, in many large places, certain Milk Companies are set up, professing to sell the real genuine unadulterated milk. It might appear strange that one milk company in a town or city should issue such an advertisement, and that none of the old milk people venture either to take offence at the implied charge of adulteration, or venture upon counter-advertisements. Not very long ago, there was a quarrel between two milk-sellers, and one confessed at one of the police-offices what he said it was no use to deny, that they drew largely upon the "*black cow*"—in their trade language, the pump. Two gentlemen in their walk suddenly came upon a milk-boy with his cans. As he looked young, they thought they might catch him. One of them, therefore, said hastily to him, "I know you put hot water in the milk, it is so different." The boy vindicated himself at once: "No, indeed, sir; we always puts it cold." Let me recommend to milkmen, that they should go voluntarily before the magistrate of the township, and make affidavit that they have not, do not, and will not, by themselves, or persons employed by them, in any way dilute or adulterate the article; and there is very little doubt they will get the best custom, most profitable patronage, besides that which used to be reckoned money's worth—the preserving a milk-white conscience.

If a man forges a bill, he is transported: is he that forges an article of consumption less guilty? If a poor rogue—I only pity him by comparison—obtains a little money under false pretences, he is sent to the treadmill for cheating an individual. What

ought to be done to the general cheaters, the large, the wholesale impostors, who obtain the greatest sums under false pretences, by cheating everybody? 'There is a legal punishment for short weights: have the authorities yet considered what short weight really is? If a grocer sells a pound of coffee as coffee, and it is only half a pound of coffee and the other half chicory, ought not the law against short weight to be extended to such a case? It is time the Legislature should look a little into this matter of dishonesty. It would be far better that every tradesman should be obliged to take out a license, and make his affidavit that he will not adulterate any goods, than that people should so largely and so widely be defrauded; and there are none who suffer so severely by this free trade in cheateries as the poor, buying, as they do, upon little credit, both false weight and deteriorated and adulterated goods. If it be said, this would be an infringement upon the liberty of the subject, I answer, so much the better; I would have every liberty to cheat suppressed, and, for the general protection, as well as for the sake of amelioration in honesty, I would make the conviction of these frauds a misdemeanour. Perhaps, even by Maga, I may be thought outrageously out of the humanities of the present era; but I will out with it. I do think it a great pity that we have abolished the stocks, and other personal punishments; nor do I believe these abolitions to be at all good for the very persons who, in former days, would have been subject to them. I really am inclined to think that a fat grocer, who, as the farce says, sands the sugar, waters the tobacco, or sells chicory for coffee, and then bids his prentices, who do his work, come to prayers, would be very justly punished by a bastinado on the soles of his feet. I do not see what right common cheaters have with liberty at all, till they know how to use it. The moment it is made to answer the purpose of knavery, it ought to be put down; and, until put down, we live under the tyranny of the worst kind of protection. Is it not now a-days oftentimes rewarded? So tender is our law in its administration to culprits, it is ever upon the

stretch of invention to find for them loopholes of escape. A man, the other day, was sued by the Excise for selling cigars upon which no duty had been paid. He escaped by his sheer dishonesty. He proved that, though he sold them as real Havannah, they had not an atom of tobacco in them!

Good Mr Bull, that you are cheated in many ways, you too well know; but you do not know at all the extent of the frauds practised upon you. I will say nothing just now about how you have been gulled by your own peculiar servants, nor of the canisters (supposed to be meat) which you have been compelled to sink in the salt sea, without hope of making them salt provisions; but I will remind you that the coat you wear is devil's-dust—your silk handkerchief is more than half cotton—your cotton shirt is thickened with flour, to make it appear (that is, before you have bought it, and had it washed) substantial and strong. The Cayenne pepper you doze yourself with, for the good of your health, is red lead and mercury. The milk you fancy you take—it is to be hoped in no large quantities—though Homer says of milk-consumers that they are the longest lived, and most just of men, and your getting so little of the genuine may have something to do with a few things not quite on the side of honesty in your doings—well, I assert this imaginary milk is a manufacture altogether which slanders the cow, made up of horses' brains, collected from knackers, or at best chalk and lime-water. You have been labouring under bronchitis: your physician has ordered you a mustard plaster—it was a *caput mortuum* on your chest—it would not rise. Shop after shop did you send to: they had all of them, they insisted upon it, the genuine article; yet it did not rise. The Durham mustard, like a certain Durham letter, was a mere sham; you found it all turmeric, with something more deleterious. You were obliged to give up your tea, it was so scarce to be had; you took to coffee, as you thought, but you consumed chicory. If you do not look a little into these things, it will be the worse for you. You know you begin to feel your constitution giving way—to be in quite a ticklish condition. You may fall sick

—your medicine will be poison. Ten to one but you may die for lack of the remedy, or for taking it; and should it so happen that you die, it is very true you will not have to make a wry face at your undertaker's bill. You will lie quietly under the items, but you will not lie so long; for the copper nails in your coffin will be nothing but tin lacquered with a copper solution, to facilitate your dissolution. And here, good Mr Bull, I cannot forbear to tell you an anecdote which I heard myself from a conscientious undertaker, and which I verily believe to be true in every particular. A very few years ago there was a kind of hand-in-hand affair of trade between two undertakers of two towns not very distant from each other. All the previous preparations had been made—the final closing moment was come—when a principal entered the room, turned all out excepting his confidentials, and had all the costlier accoutrements of the dead stripped off; and then putting a shilling into the hand of one accidentally present, discovered that it was not his own man; and thus the story became known. Adieu, Mr Bull! I scarcely wish to survive you for the honour of writing your epitaph. Let others inscribe on your gravestone—

"Semivirumque bovem, semivirumque bovem."

It is very much to be doubted if they will give you quite so good a character as I from my heart would wish to do at this present time.

I have, in truth, very little hope for you. You are deluded. You know not your own condition. You have made up your mind to be deluded—to delude yourself. You will live in crystal palaces, and believe them solid as marble. You will swell yourself up with windy ideas, and imagine you are growing strong and lusty, because the veriest quacks tell you so. Go on; prosper, if you can; at any rate, make a world of business about your prosperity, and you will find your hands full of nothing, and I fear no little of your honesty will have slipped through your fingers. You are full of business and glorification; and while I see you thus engaged, in the general perturbation I must,

like Diogenes, be allowed to roll about my tub, and make the noise of discontent, that I may at least seem to be doing something; for there is danger in being a drone. "The People" anathematise them, and many think they ought all to be put to death. My friend Bull, you are in the fever of business, in the ecstasy of your imagined superiority. You live as in a fair, and shift places as actor and spectator as the humour takes you. You throw about your sugar plums as if they cost you nothing, and think a general hurrahing ample payment. I would only just remind you of one thing, that there is Madness in the Revels, but Reason comes a day after the Fair.

The English merchant and English tradesman were once great names. They write them so now, when there is anything to be obtained by the reputation. Every wall is posted with advertisements, solely that the sham should draw off attention from facts. We are so accustomed to hear a mere boast given out as truth, that, if we do not actually take the imposture for the reality, we dismiss Virtue with a laugh; we never give her a warm support, "*laudatur et alget*." We have caught the trick from our immediate neighbours, and shrug the shoulder—admit, if not pay duty to the supremacy of humbug. All this while, we think, or at least say of ourselves, that we are the very best Christians in the world, too many of us doing not "as we would" be, but as we are "done by." We compass heaven and earth to make proselytes, not only to our religion, but to our morals and opinions, although, strange inconsistency, we have not entirely settled any of them; nor are we able to give a very coherent account of ourselves in any one of these particulars. But let me not be foolhardy enough to take upon me to count the number of the sands. Yet I will say, that if our missionaries think it their business to inculcate the maxims of British morals—if they be worth exporting, they must be taken from some unknown depository. I will not subscribe my guinea till I am better informed. Hitherto, the fact has been forced upon thinking people, that both our moral and religious

exports have been of a very dubious character.

A gentleman, with whom I am very intimately acquainted, told me the other day, on his return from the Mediterranean, that being desirous to purchase a shawl and a carpet, he requested a lady to accompany him to the bazaars, who was well acquainted with the national characters of the traders in the place. First they went to the shawl merchant. He was a Persian. He asked his price: the lady offered one-third. Oh, it was impossible. The lady very coolly reiterated—one-third. A very small advance was made, and the shawl was purchased. They then went to purchase the carpet—the merchant a Turk. He also gave his price. Without a moment's hesitation the lady assented. The price asked was paid, and the carpet purchased. It was one of those which had been so much admired in our Great Exhibition. My friend questioned his companion upon her extraordinarily different treatment of the two traders. Her reply was to this effect—the Persians never tell truth, the Turks never tell lies. The Turk puts his price conscientiously, and never abates; the other never obtains the price he asks but from dupes. "Look on this picture and on this." I am sorry to publish in *Maga* that it is my belief, that it would be very advantageous to us, if, upon the principle of Free Trade, every nation should send to another what is most wanted, and what it can best spare; that it would be a very advantageous barter, if, while we are sending out to the Turks so many religious missionaries, they would be pleased to send us a few moral missionaries. We might, indeed, then somewhat differ from the Medes and Persians in this, that if our practices rather resemble theirs than those of the Turks, they will not be after the character of their laws, which alter not.

There were two faggot-sellers: they met over a pint. "I can't think," says one, "for the life of me, how it is you sells them at that figure, and gets anything by 'em, for I can't; and yet I steals the wood." "Ay," replied the other, "but I steals the faggots." It is really to be feared that, in some

low trades, honesty would be sure to go to the wall. I actually know of an industrious woman who set up a little shop, and was obliged to give it up, because it went against her conscience to cheat. A man in the employ of a friend of mine made this confession, that he began life with a fair honesty, but was always poor. At last he thought it would not do; so, said he, I took to stealing a bit. But that did not answer neither, for he got into prison. "Then what do you do now, John?" said his worthy employer. "Well, sir," was the ready reply, "I do now *mix* it." The other day I read some statistical accounts of the metropolis, wherein it appeared that there are in London two hundred and forty thousand professional rogues, thieves, and *id genus omne*, besides, of course, the unprofessional, whom common roguery does not admit of the fraternity. This statement is enough to frighten country folk, and deter them from setting foot within reach of such a nest of hornets. Many a one upon his first entrance in the great world, the *Wen*, is immediately tossed into a bed of fleas, or ten times worse, and finds his purse missing in the morning, or very soon after. And here, a little to digress, let it be observed, that there is a field open to the sanitary commission that they will do well to enter upon, much more important than sewers. They say there are vermin enough in some London lodging-houses, where, if one farthing should be given for every individual of the disgusting species, the amount would exceed the National Debt. It will be said this is no iniquity—only a misfortune. Perhaps so—it is only given as a digression; and yet the proprietors make very solemn assertions that there is no such thing within their dwellings; and some protest, as a grievance, that the gentleman must have brought them all himself, though his portmanteau and carpet-bags would not hold them. He might show the impossibility by weight and measure, as the maid did, who, when charged by her mistress with letting the cat eat a pound of butter, put the cat in the scales, and proved she only weighed three-quarters of a pound. Brazen-

facéd impudence can put on any incredulity.

"For goodness' sake, make haste," cried out a gentleman on the stairs of a hotel, after having collected the house by calling out murder—"for goodness' sake, make haste, or the bugs will throw me over the banisters."

I said that we are at a loss what to eat, what to drink, and what to put on. And yet this is not all. Trades have accepted the motto, "Seem, and not be." Grieved am I to say it—literature and the arts do not escape. Both are given to purloining, to puffing, to self-reviewing, to cutting, to slashing, to living upon other men's thoughts; and, by pouring, as it were, out of one phial into another, with a little adulteration, pass off the compound as original. The arts may be called "Fine," because peculiarly liable to such fine dilutions. The secrets of picture making are only learnt by experience. It costs much to have a taste, and pursue it; yet, to be anything in this all-knowing world, taste you must have. Mr Somebody, the great dealer, has an undoubted original. He overshoots his mark—it does not sell. He puts it in a *case*, directs it "To His Majesty the King of —," perhaps it is forwarded and returned. Be that as it may, still it is in its case—the case in a conspicuous passage, the directions very large and plain, "To His Majesty," &c. The great connoisseur, and perhaps public caterer, is invited to see *other* pictures—sees the case. "What have you here?" "Oh—the so-and-so." "What! you are not going to send it out of the country? Well, keep it awhile—we will try to have it." He departs. It is more than probable the picture—perhaps, too, a very good one—may soon find its way into the National Gallery, or some great collection. The fraud is the thing.

The whole nation, with and without taste, fêted and applauded Marshal Soult as if he had possessed the genius to paint his Murillos, or at least had come by them honestly. I do not remember any stir being made about the unprincipled way in which they were obtained, though the facts were acknowledged. The truth is,

we are less sensitive than our forefathers as to the touch of honesty and dishonesty. I cannot but admire the ingenuity with which one connoisseur worked off disgust at the transaction, and turned it into a gratification. "I always," said he, "look at those pictures with extraordinary pleasure, because they saved some lives." "Saved some lives?" said a friend to this philanthropist. "Yes; it was known they were concealed—the monks had ropes about their necks—were on the point of being hanged—the pictures were discovered, and the lives saved." Now, are any ignorant how these pictures came into the Marshal's hands? and for what large sums they got out of his hands? I am sorry to say the public approbation, or lack of approbation, seems to justify and go the way that all the trade will go." The public was treated, a time ago, with a confession of a dealer of some note, who, finding himself down by his brethren, wrote a defence, by exposing a general practice, and told of the many works sold at small price by his hand, which were warranted to pass as the works of the hands commissioned.

But as I believe the body of our respectable artists are free from traffic of this or any other unworthy kind, though often tempted, I will lay no great stress on such confession. But I will tell you, honest Maga, what an artist told me the other day, and he gave me permission to tell it. He had a very near relative, a painter of great note and deserved fame, who died. His works became exceedingly valuable, as testified by public sales. Well—my friend, the narrator, was the executor; and soon after the increased value of the works was ascertained, six dealers from London, Birmingham, Nottingham, and Wilsbeach called upon him, each separately with his proposal—namely, to have the pictures by the deceased artist copied, and offering large remuneration if he would authenticate them as originals. Besides this, he told me two pictures had been referred to him for authentication, as sold by dealers, with the name of the deceased in the corner, which he, the narrator, had himself, and not long

before, painted. The Christian name had been altered. Thus it appears that fraud is practised upon all our senses—all our wants; not only on what we eat, drink, and wear, but on what we see, and as to what we hear. The "father of lies" has busy-tongued agents everywhere; and so indifferent are people about fraud and dishonesty, that they even boast of malpractices. A friend told me that he travelled in a railway carriage with two men, who told openly of their electioneering tricks, that they were agents in the Liberal interest, how they had manufactured votes, kept off adverse voters, got up mobs, and that they were then on their way to a large city; and without disguise entered into detail of the iniquities to be by them performed.

No one will be astonished that such trickeries are resorted to. It is the open acknowledgment of it which I consider an index of the moral barometer. There is a positive growing itch for roguery. What a to-do there is made about culprits! how often are they considered and patronised as heroes! This passion for vice was recently rendered demonstrable to a most extraordinary degree—every one remembering the disgusting tale of the black beggar and the abandoned young woman who lived with him. And yet, so attractive is vice over virtue, that very numerous applications were made to the Lord Mayor, as his lordship publicly asserted, with proposals to marry her; and these were made not by the lowest, but by tradesmen and others. The fact is truly astounding. There are diseased minds as diseased appetites, that have a craving after moral poison. For the credit of human nature, one would almost wish that the Lord Mayor had suppressed the fact.

But it will be said, these are not the things of which we boast. Perhaps not; but if these things become common, admissible to the public eye, and are treated of lightly, we surely have the less reason to boast of our general progress towards all that is good. Crimes increase upon us, and murder stalks in Ireland unblushingly amongst the whole population—does its particular work, and not a hand is

raised to arrest it. We, the greatest nation on the earth, as we delight to be called, have the sore of Ireland eating into our constitution—are compelled to favour rebellion, as we too often have done, by rewards, by preferments; and, forgetting all this our disgrace at home, talk very largely of our power and dominion many thousand miles off. What wondrous boasters, too, we are about our "glorious constitution," which is not the least like what it was when it was first set up as our boast. We go on with the cuckoo cry, without in the least knowing what it is we are lauding, nor at all sure that it will be to-morrow what it is to-day; and we are, as a nation, so conceited as to believe that we alone are able to set up constitutions for all nations on the earth;—and our manufacture in that kind, where we can inflict it, is upon a par with our devil's-dust which we export with it. How indignant was the larger portion of our daily and weekly press at the *coup de état* in France! and what sudden virtue did they affect, and abhorrence for the breaking a constitutional oath, as they loved to call it, after the thing sworn to had been annihilated totally, till there was no constitution left to which fidelity could exist as a tangible property! And did the press do this from their virtue? Not a bit of it; but because they are tainted with republican principles, which they deny in terms, and do their utmost to enforce in fact. Have they not been long lauding the man, and do they not now laud the man's memory, whose remarkable perfidy broke all ties? Who, when he put on the property-tax, did it with the solemn asseveration that he intended it only for a period, and subsequently, in the heat of debate, forgot himself, and let out that, simultaneously with his imposing it, he commenced a system of taking off certain taxes, with the intention of perpetuating it. They even applauded the truth of the statesman who, dating from his own mouth his conversion to Free Trade from a certain period, had subsequently to that period spoken most eloquently against the repeal, which in his heart he had purposed to effect. It is quite fit, and in character, that the Free-

Traders should erect statues to such men as I see they are doing. For my own part, whenever I shall see such a memorial, I shall feel inclined to give it the inscription from honest Homer—

"Ἐχθρὸς γὰρ μοι κῆνος ὁμῶς Ἀΐδαο πύλῃσιν,
Ὅς χ' ἴτερος μὲν κεύθῃ ἐνὶ φρεσὶν ἄλλο δὲ ὕμῃ."
—*Il.* l. 312.

"For as the gates of Hades I detest
The man whose heart and language disagree."—COWPER.

I quote Cowper, though he does not express the whole sense of the original. There is, in the line in Homer, not only disagreement between words and thoughts, but the *evil concealment*—"κεύθῃ ἐνὶ φρεσὶν." Did all the vituperation of the President of France, by the English press, arise from a virtuous indignation—from a sense, a nice moral sense, of keeping word, faith, or oath?—nor, in right minds, is there much difference between these words, if the object of all is truth. Not a bit of it. It was a mere pandering to the republican spirit, which they verily believed most palatable to their paymasters—the low public; many of them the rich, yet still the low vulgar.

After our Reform Bill had passed, what were the first parliamentary decisions with regard to contested seats? How did the press then treat the regard to truth and honour, or rather the disregard? Acknowledging, as they were compelled to do, that decisions depended, not in the slightest degree on the merits of the cases, but on the political characters of the several committees, there was among them all but little of the indignation which has been of late so conspicuous for culprits, real or supposed, on the other side of the water. Our own parliamentary decisions alluded to were treated rather as a laughable farce, than as they ought to have been, as the solemn scenes of a tragedy whose last act was and is yet to come. I do not here intend to be the champion of the French President, nor is it the business of any of us, as far as I can learn, to pronounce against him. He may have done well or ill—the best or the worst for France. I only doubt if we are in a condition to judge, and if any of our public indignation had any

virtuous origin whatever. Then, again, what political braggarts were we, that we were at peace at home when revolutions were abroad, while we had been, and were still, the instigators of more than half the revolutions. And what swaggerings were there of a loyalty amongst the very parties whose payments went to circulate pamphlets perverse of the monarchy, the aristocracy, and the Church, to the tearing to rags and tatters the remnant of our constitution. And see the detestable sham of the Democratic Manchester School. While circulating sedition, they pretend lovingly to follow the Sovereign with shouts of profession. Just as a kite spreads out its wide wings over what it is devouring, so would democracy throw its arms round the monarchy, to strangle it. There has been a wide bragging that the towns should overrule the country. Verily, England teems with braggadocios.

There is one thing very notable in the great Boasters of the press; they are always glorifying "this nineteenth century." They evidently mean to say this nineteenth century is the most enlightened age of the world—in fact, we enlighten it, therefore it is enlightened. We have dissipated every shadow of darkness to all who choose to read what we say—in fact, we are emphatically the nineteenth century. I observe they employ this phraseology whenever facts and arguments are too strong to combat fairly, and they wish to set evident truth aside, to dress up some fallacy. Thus they say, "Are we to be told such and such a thing in this nineteenth century?"—cunningly stating as the question what is not the question. This figure of impudence is in great favour with our swaggerers—it answers the double purpose of demanding credit for their own wisdom—that there is no wisdom, indeed, but what takes its source from their heads—and of condemning all who differ with them as fools. It is astonishing how they swell when they use this figure. The very rankness of their brains helps them; for plant there a fallacy or a truism, they grow to pumpkins in no time, and sprout out the wonder of the nineteenth century. The important gentleman

who does these things is a very great man. He dips his pen in thunder and lightning. Some such a one I find described in an old play—

"How he looks,
As he did scorn the quorum, and were hungry
To eat a statesman! 'las, an office in
The household is too little for a breakfast;
A baron but a morning's draught, he'll gulp it
Like a round egg in muscadine. Methinks
At every wiping of his mouth should drop
A golden saying of Pythagoras.
A piece of Machiavel I see already
Hang on his beard, which wants but stroak-
ing out:
The statutes and the Magna Charta have
Taken a lease at his tongue's end."

Now, as to this nineteenth century's superior wisdom I am more than sceptical; but I will say no more about it, lest I put my head in a hornet's nest. I will, however, say this, that a more modest age than our own was wont to use a far different phraseology—such as, "There were giants in those days." Even old truthful Homer, who wrote of heroes of days before him, acknowledged the inferiority of the men of his time. "As men are now, they could not do what heroes did then." But really this outrageous conceit is only tricking up the present age, like a stuffed figure of sticks and straw, to be thrown into the lumber-room of time; or, if ever brought out, only for contempt and ridicule.

I little thought, when I began this, to touch upon politics; but how could one treat of national swaggerings without coming, however unwillingly, direct upon the subject? Here is the enormous lie of the big and little loaf meeting one at every corner of every street. The contest between the Big-endians and Little-endians was a virtuous contest in comparison with that of the Big-loafians and the Little-loafians. All England is perambulated between the two monsters of the old puppet-show, "Big-mouth" and "Little-mouth" in coalition. For every bouncer Big-mouth swallows before the gaping multitude, he lets out a bigger; while Little-mouth is shown up in derision; and thus, as of old, the people are gulled. And this is the boasted representative constitution of England! In truth, the forty-shilling freehold, itself degenerated into an absurd falsehood by the

alteration of the value of money, democratised the nation. Hence the Reform Bill, which was the Grey rebellion; then the Anti-Corn-League rebellion;—both successful, and both deserving the fates of unsuccessful rebellions. Rebellions are nevertheless rebellions when there is no bloodshed, if the display of extraneous force be made, and if the governing power succumbs to it. A word or two more about our boasted prosperity;—for that is the present great sham boast—the big-mouth brag-gart that sits the Jupiter Scapin of the press. It is an odd prosperity that people run away from as from a plague. But this panic has extended to our colonies. Having none to help them now in our Parliaments, they are driven to desperation; and our colonists are emigrating, shipping themselves off from a ruinous prosperity. Now, when we boast of our honesty again, do let the West Indians put in a word, and show the swindle that has been practised upon them. We compelled them to sell their property infinitely below its value, under the pretence of humanity, and then encouraged slaves elsewhere, to complete the ruin of those whom we compelled, when they first held their estates, to cultivate them by a complement of slaves, the condition of the tenure. No one would quarrel with the getting rid of slavery; but who is not disgusted at the sham, the villanous pretence, and the dishonesty of the great swindle with which the abolition was completed? Thus, says the *Guardian*—"Among the cross-currents of emigration and immigration which are setting to and fro over the face of the earth, one has opened, we observe, from Jamaica to Australia. The hand of death is upon the old colony—the vigour of life and health in the young one; and it is not surprising that even the West Indian, of all human beings the most unfit to buffet his way in a new climate, and a bustling scene, is tempted to seek a refuge across the broad Pacific. These poor people are escaping, not from ruin, for ruin has already overtaken them, but from the intolerable annoyance—for to any European it is intolerable—of living in subjection to the childish caprice

and arrogance of a coloured population. Jamaica is fast becoming a negro island; its inhabitants are fast relapsing into the vices and the ignorance of the savage state. Whether any policy on our part could have wholly averted this result—which the policy adopted by us has certainly accelerated—it is now, we fear, too late to inquire." When the islands shall have passed into American hands, history may possibly furnish us with some answer to the question. It is commonly said that bodies do what individuals could not do—that iniquity divided among many is like a river that loses itself in the sands, and is kept out of sight—it vanishes. What honest man could do what Parliaments have done?—and what Parliaments, we fear, with our present or future representative system, will be sure to do.

I have shown that, with regard to trades, there is open admitted cheatery. If there be this taint in our population, how will it be so fitly represented as by those who will carry out such a people's convenient views? It is true in the moral as the natural world—great bodies draw the smaller after them. Our trade-leagues are frightful bodies. If they are to govern England, will trade morals, such as they have been shown to be, prevail?—or shall we have a hope of returning to Christian morals? But if it be true that there are but these two interests, it is worth a moment's consideration, which is in its own nature a temporary one, and which a permanent one. If the temporary prevails, all goes with it when it sinks; if the other, safety is perpetuated. Commercial countries are ever in a struggle for supremacy—for in a fair exchange of goods alone there is but a transfer from one pocket to the other, and a general equality. But this is not the condition any country is contented with. But the home prosperity, the home trade, is at once the most advantageous and the most safe, and the least subject

to temptations which affect a nation's morality. It is only to insure a mockery—but that I care little for—to assert that we can never be safe, nor ever a truly moral people, until we learn to rely more upon ourselves, and prepare for that which must come—a loss of foreign trade.* The tendency of all foreign countries is to look to their own resources to supply their own wants. The time will assuredly come when our monster-manufacture system must dwindle to more moderate dimensions. What then? Herodotus tell us of the wisdom of the Parians towards the Milesians. "When the Parians visited Miletus, to put an end to its disturbances, in their progress through the desolate country they noted down the names of those who had well cultivated their lands; and called together the people, and placed the direction of affairs in the hands of those safe owners' hands, and enjoined all the Milesians, who had before been factious, to obey them; and thus they restored tranquillity." There was a madman at Athens who thought all the ships that entered the Piræus were his own. He revelled in the idea of his imaginary wealth. I think of him when I see a Free-Trader, and would ask him what foreigners have the profit of all the ships that enter our ports. The country that takes duty upon our goods makes us pay its taxes, but pays itself nothing of ours. This is what the Irish economist called, "Reciprocity all on one side." Well, well; this is all to be laughed at. Let those laugh who win. They have been winning, and may win. We go on, they say with a bragging face, most swimmingly. Be it so. So do swine when they cut their own throats as they swim: the more speed the worse for them. But observe, gentlemen revolutionists of the League, or out of the League, no one with any brains will put faith in any of your promises. The great political saint whom you worship,

* There is a very able pamphlet on this subject, published I believe as long ago as 1800, by Mr Spence, showing that England could flourish and be happy independent of commerce. It was written at a time when Buonaparte threatened to annihilate our colonies and our commerce. The writer maintains the theory of the "French Economists," and shows that Adam Smith is of one opinion with them.

because he broke his promises, and for nothing more, *promised* that he would take care the farmer should not be meddled with till corn was over 56s. And as to your own promises and prophecies, you know very well who suggested them all—he who goes about to devour. But when promises are made, it would be wise to ask for securities, for people are apt to take promises as heir-looms to be handed down from one ministry to another. Philip, when he married Queen Mary, would fain have been king; and when it was supposed the queen was pregnant, was near obtaining the regency during infancy of prince or princess, promising to resign it on age of the same. The Lord Paget turned the tables against him by simply asking, "Pray, who shall sue the king's bond?"

Who in modern times will sue a politician for even a broken oath, to say nothing of his words, nature's gift to conceal thought withal? Talleyrand, Bishop of Autun, boasted that he had sworn to seventeen constitutions. There are such things as unblushing confessions to perjury. The gods, says the poet, laugh at lovers' perjuries; those demigods—the dupes, and demagogues their panderers—laugh at politicians' promises and perjuries; for a statesman's promise is his oath. The constitution sworn to to-day is gone to-morrow. It may happen, indeed, that the thing to which fidelity is vowed is a thing defunct, and none of the defender's killing either—then, when he looks about for the object, it is gone. But have a care, sworn defender, that you knock it not on the head yourself. The Puritans had a wonderful invention of breaking oaths by Providence, the very happiest ingenuity of knavery.

"Nil metunt jurare, nihil promittere parcunt,
Sed simul ac cupidie mentis satiata libido est
Dicta nihil metuere, nihil perjuria curant."

When it was first moved in the House of Commons to proceed against the king capitally, Cromwell stood up, and told them, that if any man moved this with design, he should think him the greatest traitor in the world; but, since Providence and necessity had cast them upon it, he

should pray God to bless their counsels. They murdered the king in the king's name.

There is a story told by Sir Kenelm Digby of Lipsius's dog, which may be applicable to what may one of these days take place. The truest defender may step in and take all to himself. Multitudes are making every day a snatch at the constitution. Some are for taking the aristocracy by the throat; some for smothering the bishops, and demolishing the Church; some, not too openly, but quite evidently, for strangling the monarchy. Where will be the constitution when all these hands have had their snatch at the basket, let the story of Lipsius's dog tell: "Other less dogs snatching, as he trotted along, part of what hung out of his basket, which he carried in his mouth, he set it down to worry one of them. In the mean time, the others fed at liberty and ease upon the meat that lay unguarded, till he, coming back to it, drove them away, and himself made an end of eating it up." Now, this faithful, this sworn defender, was carrying his master's basket. Did he make himself strong for his master's future benefit?

The case may easily be imagined, that a set of rascally dogs may make a snatch at a constitution basket, and each take out his part, and that they may all be driven away by the dog that eats up all that remains.

It is possible—I only say possible—in deference to the *many's* opinion, that we have had a Lipsius's dog the other side of our narrow strait. And it may be possible that we may have among ourselves many ravenous and unscrupulous dogs, whom, at length, it may be policy to drive away; the danger being, who will eat up the remainder of the basket.

Well; history tells us of constitutions as good as our own that are defunct, and some think not without reason, by suicide—of wealth and prosperity as great as ours, that have vanished—of a people as wise, and fully as great, and as energetic, that are now far other than they were; excepting in one respect, for they are boasters still, and were almost as great boasters as ourselves—the Spaniards. We are daily swaggering

as they swaggered, that the sun never set on their dominions; they were almost as ridiculously proud as ourselves. Now, I will give you a quotation from a Madrid journal. The first part is strikingly like the boast of our own daily papers. The dishonest way in which we have treated our colonies may bring in time our language to be of the same cast as the latter part of the quotation. Even gold made that country poor. Vast tracts in Spain are uncultivated. Australian gold may not make us rich. Industry is misdirected that is taken off the land. I think the quotation offers a warning:—

"The Spanish dominions once occupied an eighth of the known world. Our country has been the greatest of the globe; and, in the days of its splendour, neither the gigantic empire of Alexander, nor the vastness of that of the present Czar, could be compared to it. The sun never set upon our country, which contained 80,000 square leagues and 60,000,000 inhabitants. Of so much richness and power we have lost more than two-thirds in a couple of centuries. In 1565 we ceded Malta to the Order of St John; France afterwards took possession of it, and ultimately the English. In 1620, Louis XIII. incorporated Lower Navarre and Béarn with France. In 1649 our government recognised the conquest of Roussillon, made by the same monarch. In 1640, Portugal emancipated herself, with all her Transatlantic possessions. In 1581 we began losing the Netherlands; in 1648 they made themselves independent.

"The English took from us in 1626 the island of Barbadoes; in 1656, Jamaica; 1704, Gibraltar; 1718, the Lucayas; 1759, Dominica; 1797, Trinidad. In 1635, the French made themselves masters of Dominico; in 1650, of Granada; in 1665, of Guadaloupe. In 1697 we shared St Domingo with France; in 1821 we lost our half. In 1790 we abandoned Oran after the earthquake. In 1791 we ceded our rights over Oran and Mazalquivir to Morocco. In 1713 we ceded Sardinia to the Duke of Savoy; Padua, Placentia, Lucca, and other districts in the north of Italy, were ceded to princes of the reigning family. In 1759 we lost Naples and Sicily, in consequence of the Infante Don Carlos selling them

to occupy the Spanish throne. In 1800 we ceded Louisiana to France; and in 1819, Florida to the Americans; and lastly, the South American colonies emancipated themselves successively from 1816 to 1824."

The above extract may appear to some to present matter for thought too grave for an essay of discontent at the trifling cheatery of degenerated trade. Yet not so; for if these doings are indices of a great change in the morals of the nation—if it abandons fair dealing, and the abandonment is not stigmatised as it deserves, but passed off with a laugh and a shrug of the shoulders, I do think we have no right to expect a continuance of favour to ourselves, and that our universal boasting is an aggravation of all our offences.

Let Maga be indulgent to this rambling. Little cares the hand that pens it for others' thought about it.

If it be healthy sometimes to be a little cynical, and to rate soundly, that a sweeter temper may follow, it may be no unkindness to give matter for a little railing to one's friends, either in their apathy or their sufferings. I was first led to write this paper by a review of our "honesty," and our perpetual swaggering about it, and about everything else.

Let those who can go on still in peace, eat and drink contentedly their daily poisons, called the necessaries of life. For my own part, there are two things, either of which will give me the highest gratification—either that it can be proved, that all that is said to be proved to the contrary is a slander; that, in fact, no vender of any article ever adulterates it; that we may fearlessly eat, drink, and be happy;—or the alternative that, all being proved, and confession made, a remedy will be found out for the pressing evil. So that, whether with a view to our political stomachs or our natural, our aspirations may be gratified without detriment to life; or, better put in a wiser man's words—

"May good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both."

A JOURNEY TO MANDERA.

THE name of Ferdinand Werne will sufficiently recommend the present volume to the readers of *Maga*, who need no introduction to the most adventurous and eccentric of recent travellers in north-eastern Africa. They will not have forgotten his narrative of the Expedition up the White Nile, and of the Campaign in Taka, to both of which we first directed the attention of the English public, which has since had opportunities of becoming acquainted with them through the medium of translations. The journey to Mandera is to be received, we presume, as the complement of Mr Werne's African travels. The three works form a series—although not in the order of publication—and might well have been published as a whole, in two or three uniform volumes, instead of in the irregular unchronological manner in which they have made their appearance. Now that Mr Werne has abandoned, at least for the present, Nilotic discovery and Nubian campaigns, and reposes under the shadow of the linden trees of his native Germany, he could hardly better employ his leisure than in correcting and arranging a new and collective edition of his travels and adventures, remarkable as these are for originality both of subject and of treatment. From the day that he was joined at Cairo by his brother the physician, his existence was one of constant excitement, activity, and incident, chequered with much suffering. Invited by his brother Ferdinand, and urged by the late Professor Dieffenbach, Dr Joseph Werne repaired to Egypt to study the diseases of the country. An ardent desire for new scenes and adventures impelled the brothers towards the interior. At Chartum, in the country of Sennaar, at the confluence of the Blue and White Niles, they remained for some time, suffering from intermittent and other

fevers. They left that pestilent spot to accompany Achmet Pasha, the governor of Bellad-Sudán, in the campaign to Taka, before the termination of which, an expedition up the White Nile having been decided upon, Ferdinand Werne left the camp—in company with Soliman Kaschef, who was to command the flotilla—his brother remaining with the Pasha. When he returned from his voyage up the White Stream, he found the doctor on a bed of sickness in the fatal Chartum, where he died a few days afterwards, (3d May 1841.) doubtless of the prevailing fever, although some attributed his decease to poison, and pointed the finger of suspicion at an Italian renegade whom Dr Werne was to have replaced as chief of the entire medical department in the country of Sudán. Mr Werne does not insist on this suspicion, which he seems, however, from passages in the present book, to have shared to a certain extent; although, in his two previous works, he declared fever and not poison to have caused the doctor's death. Whatever the cause, the fondly attached brother was crushed to the very earth by the grievous and irreparable loss. In mind and body he was completely prostrated, and for many days he spoke not a word. Achmet Pasha, who, previously to the Taka campaign, had had his admiration excited by the Wernes' fraternal affection, and by the care with which they tended each other during the terrible fever fits, was absent in Kordofan when the doctor died, and the sad intelligence was conveyed to him by a dromedary express. On his return to Chartum he sent an orderly for Ferdinand Werne, who for three weeks had not left his divan, where he had slept upon the bed and between the very sheets in which his brother died, utterly dejected and courting death. With some difficulty

Reise durch Sennaar nach Mandera, Nasub, Cheli, im Lande zwischen dem Blauen Nil und dem Atbara. (Journey through Sennaar to Mandera, &c., in the country between the Blue Nile and the Atbara.) VON FERDINAND WERNE. Berlin : Duncker. London : Williams & Norgate. 1852.

he was prevailed upon to suffer himself to be dressed and to obey the Pasha's summons. Mounted upon the ass upon which the doctor had been wont to visit his patients, he reached the grand divan, was helped up the stairs by servants, and conducted into the presence of the Pasha, who himself looked sickly and much shaken. Achmet's eyes expanded, as at sight of some unearthly apparition, when he beheld the state to which grief, disease, and self-abandonment had reduced his former officer, the trusty German *bimbaschi* (major) who had done such good service during the long and severe campaign in Taka and amongst the Beni-Amer. "Keddi el donia," he at last said; "Such is the world!" and dashed the tears from his eyes. "I hear," he continued, "that you wish to die;—that is not right, and I will not have it. Remain with me; you know that I am alone in the world. I will make a great man of you—will recommend you at Cairo for the title of Bey. You must quit Chartum; I too am always sick here, and will go to Käreri." "Then he asked me," continues Mr Werne, "whether I no longer desired to visit the ruins of Mandera, remarking that Achmet Abu Sin, the great Sheik of the districts I should have to traverse, was my friend; and then, turning to Nouredin Effendi, he ordered him to take me round the works at Kamlin, where he proposed building a town, and to listen to my advice, for that I understood everything, (*huc àraf kulo*),—an assertion which I compelled my modesty to leave uncontradicted. To his surprise I declined his offer to give me, from his stable, the dromedaries necessary for the journey, for, by purchases and presents, our stock of those animals had been increased to eleven, which were in the pastures near Kamlin. The Pasha did not discredit the report that Joseph had been poisoned, and remarked that Italians were bad men, to whom he would no longer trust his life, and that he had therefore sent to Cairo for other physicians and apothecaries. These I afterwards met in Dongola."

The interview with the Pasha, and his friendly and encouraging words, revived Mr Werne's drooping spirits.

Returning home, he made a meal, for the first time since his brother's death—on all previous occasions, when he attempted to eat, grief had choked him and forbidden a morsel to pass. He and the deceased doctor had long planned a journey to the hill and ruins of Mandera, where some, who have not visited the spot, have been inclined to place the site of the ancient city of Meroë. This journey Mr Werne now proposed to accomplish alone. Before setting out, it was necessary to regain his strength; and with this view, and in order, if possible, to cheer himself and forget his sorrow, he now went abroad to the bazaar and coffee-houses. The warm-hearted sympathy he there met with gives a favourable impression both of himself and his brother, who had known how to win it, and of the people who testified it. "I had many opportunities," he says, "to observe how my brother and myself, each of whom had done good in his sphere, were beloved; for it was nothing uncommon to see tears of compassion roll down into the beards of Turks and Arabs, as they sympathisingly pressed my hand and pitied alike the living and the dead." Neither such friendly demonstrations nor the Pasha's favour and promises of advancement could reconcile Mr Werne to the idea of a prolonged abode in the land of Sudán, and especially in the odious fever-ridden Chartum. He had secretly made up his mind to return to Egypt, and thence by way of Greece to his native country, taking with him the rich collections which were the fruit of his long sojourn in Africa, and part or the whole of which now enrich the royal museum in Berlin. Before returning to Germany, however, he would go to Mandera, in hopes of making valuable discoveries in a land unknown to Europeans. Achmet Pasha also expected him to make discoveries, but of a different kind. Antiquarian treasures were coveted by Mr Werne; the Pasha's thoughts were set upon golden stores, said to be concealed at Mandera, and which, having been buried beneath monuments erected by unbelievers, were accessible only to a *hasr* or infidel, who would learn from his books where to dig. So the Pasha

exhorted his German friend to make careful search, and to inform him alone of its results. Finally, in his last conversation with Mr Werne, Achmet unexpectedly reverted to the project he had often discussed with him during the campaign in Taka, but which Mr Werne believed him to have definitively abandoned upon receipt of the discouraging intelligence of the defeat of the Egyptians at Acre. This project was—as those will remember who have read the campaign in Taka or its English version *—to shake off the Egyptian yoke, found an independent Ethiopian empire, and proclaim himself its Sultan. He had just received a second invitation, or rather summons, from the viceroy, to visit him at Cairo, a summons which he had no intention of obeying, busied as he was with his ambitious schemes, and not very confident as to the reception reserved for him by Mehemet Ali. His plan was to ally himself with Ras Ali, an Abyssinian chief of great importance, King of Amhara, who dwelt in Gondar, and who, he was informed, had become a convert to the Mahomedan religion. The campaign was to be a rapid one—to be over before the English had time to interfere in favour of their Abyssinian *protégés*, and the Pasha desired Mr Werne to speak openly of the plan to the great Sheik Abu Sin, who, as well as other chiefs in Sennaar, were personal friends of Achmet's. In his usual quaint, odd style, Mr Werne exhibits the result of all these ambitions schemes, in the following characteristic episode of modern Egyptian politics :—

“ When he (Achmet Pasha) subsequently disobeyed Mehemet Ali's third invitation, he died of tertian ague—so at least it is to be found recorded in print. On the same occasion I should, no doubt, have succumbed to the same malady, if, in the interval, my continued ill health and homesickness had not driven me northwards. Achmet Pasha had a certain degree of confidence in his father-in-law, and would not hear speak of the possibility of poison, when, upon my return from this journey, I started the idea. The suspicion was suggested

to me by the presence in Chartum of a confidential emissary of Mehemet Ali's, who affected a jocose and jovial demeanour, but was avowedly a government commissioner, and who watched every step the Pasha took, and showed particular interest in all my proceedings. His name was Nebi Effendi. He was fond of wine, but could not support a great deal of it, and held arrack to be a particularly pleasant and strengthening drink. For this reason, on an excursion to Tomaniat, I gave him, in presence of the Pasha, the name of *Nebit* and *Debib*-Effendi (Wine and Snake Effendi.) In his drunkenness he did not take offence at this. He had just before been endeavouring to pump me with respect to the Pasha, and had confessed to me that he had secretly delivered to the Princess—who was dissatisfied with her husband, and with the monotony of Chartum, and longed to get back to Cairo—a letter from her father. The Pasha, who did not usually set so much store by a man's life, would not agree to my proposal to hang up the fat spy, and so bring on an open rupture, because, he said, he was only a harmless Turkish ass. His *kawedshi*, too, a Greek renegade from Crete, was discontented with the Pasha, because he had to keep coffee ready day and night, and did not find himself sufficiently paid. In short, Achmet Pasha, originally a Circassian slave, subsequently son-in-law of Mehemet Ali, and ruler of Bellad-Sudán, died of tertian ague—and now I proceed with my journey.”

This commenced at the end of May 1841. Few travellers, probably, ever performed three expeditions in the same region in such totally different ways as Mr Werne. We have already seen him boating up the Nile and campaigning with an Egyptian army; we now find him travelling alone, his sole escort consisting of two servants—Fadlalla, a Darfour black, and Mohammed Nuhr from Dongola. Each servant mounted a dromedary; a third, a fine *bischari*, was led for Mr Werne, who commenced his journey humbly upon an ass, until such time as increasing

* *African Wanderings*. Longman & Co. 1852.

strength should enable him to ride the nobler animal. His route at first led him along the banks of the Blue Nile—which we may henceforward, for shortness' sake, designate as the Nile, his journey nowhere bringing him into the neighbourhood of the White stream. In his debilitated state it was desirable to keep near the river, for the sake of abundance of water, and of the accommodation afforded by the villages in its vicinity. These would be more numerous, but for an oppressive and odious usage which Achmet Pasha in vain endeavoured to repress. The crews of vessels belonging to the government, to military officers, and other official persons, are in the habit of compelling the villagers to tow their ships up stream. When the able-bodied men have fled to avoid the hardship, women, children, and infirm persons are often pressed into the service. Hence it was that Mr Werne found, at some distance from the river, villages whose inhabitants had abandoned its immediate neighbourhood, as the only way of avoiding the severe and gratuitous toil.

It certainly indicates a most indomitable spirit of enterprise, that a man in Mr Werne's condition, enfeebled by sickness, bowed down by affliction, and altogether in bad case, should have undertaken a long journey through such a country, amidst semi-savage tribes, and at the mercy of servants who, like most of their race, proved addicted to drink, and not to be depended upon. Had he, indeed, been as he was when campaigning in Taka, when his ready sabre and terrible iron stick made him respected by the boldest of his companions, there would be less to wonder at; but the man was ailing, quickly fatigued, scarcely able to bestride his donkey. His black attendants soon gave him trouble. On the third day's journey they neglected to water the camels, and the animals, in the violence of their thirst, augmented by their dry meal of *durra*, a coarse kind of millet, broke the fetters from their knees in the night, and betook themselves to the Nile to drink. Fadlalla and his companion were drinking also, but at a very different cup. They were carousing in the village, upon

merissa, a sort of beer made from the *durra*; and when Mr Werne, rendered irritable by sickness, angrily reproached them, they lied intrepidly, and Fadlalla cast a savage and dangerous look at his helpless master. Mr Werne consoled himself, however, with the hopes of soon meeting a German friend, and conversing in his beloved native tongue. This was a certain Herr Bauer, inspector of a soap factory recently established by the Pasha in the newly-founded and as yet infant town of Kamlin. Soap, in that country, is one of the first necessities of life, and rations of it are regularly served out to the soldiers. On reaching the works, in the forest of Kamlin, (a word which signifies thieves' corner,) Mr Werne saw the Austrian flag waving over Bauer's *tokul*, (a straw-thatched hut,) whose occupants hurried out, and burst into tears on beholding the piteous aspect of the man who came as bearer of mournful tidings. Two Italian apothecaries, fugitives from pestilential Chartum, crept forth, ghastly-looking skeletons, to welcome the European guest. One of these, and poor Bauer, subsequently fell victims to the terrible climate. At the time of Mr Werne's visit they were endeavouring to regain the strength of which fever had robbed them; resorting, amongst other means, to the moderate use of wine, which he considers highly essential to Europeans in that burning climate, whose debilitating influence is in some measure counteracted by the stimulant. Mr Werne had no wine in his travelling stores, for, when he left Chartum, not a bottle was to be had. He partook of that belonging to the Italians; and with such good effect, that, on resuming his journey, after three days' stay at Kamlin, he was able to ride his dromedary, an active and spirited animal—and to ride it, too, at top of its speed, when, at evening, the approach of a storm rendered it necessary to hasten to the village where they were to pass the night.

The following morning (5th June) the rain had made the road so slippery that the travellers were fain to quit it for the firmer footing afforded by the forest ground. With a cask of wine in his pocket, Mr Werne

fear losing his way, and he loved to explore new paths. Presently he stumbled upon some Arab huts, erected under the shadow of mighty trees. Captivated by the fresh woodland life, he halted and purchased a kid, which was quickly slaughtered and cooked, his canteen apparatus exciting the intense astonishment and admiration of the tall handsome Arab women, whilst a few trifles bestowed upon the boys and girls, who were running about stark naked, won him the hearts of the whole community. He would gladly have prolonged his stay amongst these friendly and hospitable people, but he could not be sure how long his servants would conduct themselves properly, so he quitted the pastoral scene and marched on to night quarters in a village. In one way or other the servants were a constant annoyance to him. The next day, after purchasing at the town or large village of Messalamie some sandals and other manufactures of the country—now forming part of his ethnographical collection in the royal cabinet of curiosities at Berlin—he was anxious to set out, although a storm was evidently approaching, and seek in a neighbouring hamlet the repose which the restless curiosity of the townspeople, and especially of the old women, would not suffer him to enjoy. But the servants were absent; the charms of the merissa pot had been too much for their virtue. Having at last found and brought them back, almost by force, he compelled them to saddle, notwithstanding their urgent representations that bad weather was at hand. But wilful Werne would have his way, and the three rode out. Presently a servant was missing: he had gone, he subsequently alleged, to fetch a flask of the precious merissa for his master's sleeping cup. Fadlalla was sent to seek Mohammed, whilst Mr Werne trotted on alone. Suddenly the lightning flashed from the inky clouds; the dromedary turned short round and retraced his steps at full gallop, a pace at which the very best camel-rider is troubled to keep his seat long. The bridle broke, the saddle got loose; Mr Werne threw his leg over and looked for a soft place to drop upon; when, at a second flash, the beast gave a bound which

sent its rider flying head over heels through the air. The involuntary summer-set was wound up by a tremendous shock. He fell upon his head and shoulder, the former of which was fortunately protected by two *fez* which he had put on, one over the other, to keep off the sun. One of the pistols in his girdle was discharged by the shock, and he narrowly escaped a bad wound from the bullet, which passed through his clothes; his sabre was broken in the sheath. He was, of course, stunned by the fall, but on recovering his senses he still, with characteristic pertinacity, refused to be carried back to Messalamie, and found shelter in a small village, under the roof of a benevolent fakir, where, in apprehension of a fatal hemorrhage, he wrote in pencil a hasty will, which he addressed to Bauer, with the strict injunction to bury him beside his brother at Chartum. But his adventurous career was not to be so early closed. He was able to proceed to Wollet-Medine, where dwelt Dumont the apothecary, one of his companions in the Taka campaign. At his house he alighted, and had himself examined by the Italian doctor, Bellotti, when it was found that no bones were broken, and that in a few days he might continue his journey.

"Five iron cannon, captured in Abyssinia by the former king of Senaar, Wedi or Bedi, lay upon the river-bank at Wollet-Medine; they were ship's guns, probably of Portuguese origin. I was also shown a little bronze Venus, which had been dug up near the *chubba*, (the lofty beehive-shaped tomb of a saint.) It was about a span long, and the attitude was nearly that of the Venus de Medicis. Further, I here saw a very big *harasch* tree (a lofty sort of mimosa) laden with the nests of innumerable herons and storks. Mussa Bey, a Circassian, whom my brother had cured of a dangerous malady at Chartum, offered me his ship to make excursions up and down the Nile; and the commandant at Wollet-Medine informed me that he had orders from the Pasha to place a company of soldiers at my disposal, for the journey to Mandera. These offers were

gratifying, although I did not avail of them; and, as regarded the last especially, I considered I should be much safer with an escort from the Great Sheik of the Schukurie, and such escort had been already promised me. I learned, however, from persons acquainted with the country, that it was still too soon to proceed to the places I contemplated visiting, for that there was too much water there, and the ground not yet dry enough. I therefore, after a week passed at Wollet-Medine, continued my journey in the direction of Sennaar, the ancient capital of the country."

On his way to Sennaar, Mr Werne—who is the most unreserved and plain-spoken of travellers, and who never scruples to call things by their proper (or improper) names—enters into some extraordinary details of the matrimonial practices of the Nubians. He introduces them by the following passage, which we give as a specimen of the strange manner in which he jumbles together his information. "Creeping plants," he says, "have here overgrown the trees to such a degree, that they form thick bowers, which serve as shelter to the cattle at night. I learned from an aged man that, down the Nile, half a day's journey distant, are the ruins of an ancient city, like Soba; and killed upon this occasion, with a whip, a little serpent, with a black back and a blue belly, not thicker than a finger, but said to be the most venomous in the country. Amongst the few huts were three quite new ones, and in each of these we were addressed with the warning cry of 'Charim,' (harem,) and found a bride behind a grating, as in a cage." Here we are compelled to pause. Behind the grating we cannot venture, although Mr Werne does. The translator of the *Campaign in Taka* had recourse, we perceive, to occasional judicious omissions; whoever undertakes an English version of the *Journey to Manderā*, must follow his example to a considerable extent. Passing over a few pages, we rejoin this rough diamond, Werne, in the city of Sennaar, where he found a num-

ber of officers and soldiers, his former comrades in Taka. In the *African Wanderings** there is an amusing account of a scene in Achmet Pasha's camp, when the two Wernes sheltered an unlucky slave from the jealous rage of a Bosniak friend of theirs, Hussein Aga by name, obtained his manumission, and afterwards saved the Bosniak—who was a brave fellow, but rather particular about his harem—from the bastinado with which the Pasha threatened him. This Hussein Aga was now Governor of Sennaar, and Mr Werne went to visit him.

"Opening the house-door, which was not locked, I ascended a little staircase, and entered an open divan. I clapped my hands, and then my arms involuntarily expanded when two young girls, lightly draped in gauze of many colours, darted out of a side-chamber, and clung round my neck. Their loud joy at seeing me, and my voice, roused from his slumbers their jealous master, from whom they had been keeping off the flies, and with a 'Ja marras! Pessowenk!' (words of abuse,) the wild Bosniak rushed from his chamber, his naked sabre in his hand. The girls fled from his fury; I in an instant had my sabre out—as once before in Taka against the same man, when he tried to force his way into our hut to murder a slave, who had fled to us for protection, on unfounded suspicion of his being on too good terms with these very women. But he recognised me immediately, and exclaiming, 'Nemzasi! Bimbacchi!' (German! Major!) he dashed his weapon on the ground, so that it rebounded high into the air, and warmly embraced me. He called the girls in, and told them that I was the great friend of whom he had told them. Certain it was that I had served him with the Pasha, saving him from blows and degradation; and moreover, recommending him for his present post. The slave-girls, who were from the mountains of Bassa, told him in return, how, upon their journey back from Taka, I had protected them from the ill-usage of their escort, and that they were much attached to me in consequence. The

particulars of the affair are recorded in my *Campaign in Taka*, &c.* Hussein Aga then asked me if the girls pleased me, and pressed me to select one as a gift from him, to be my *seriü*, (concubine, as distinguished from *gariü* and *gaddim*, slaves destined to work,)—an offer which, at an earlier period, I should perhaps have accepted, but not then, when I had firmly resolved to seek, on the completion of this journey, the much-desired shade of German oaks and beeches." Declining, therefore, to become the proprietor of one of the Basa beauties, the candid and desultory *bimbaschi* took leave of the old comrade who thus generously entreated him. After a few days' residence in Sennaar, concerning which city he supplies various historical and antiquarian details, he found his health greatly improved, notwithstanding the terrible heat. He lived in a straw hut, commanding a fine view of the Nile, of a portion of the city, and of its beautiful gardens, teeming with extraordinarily luxuriant vegetation, with date-trees, and other species of palms—with citron-trees and grape-vines. In the mornings and evenings he strolled with his gun along the elevated banks of the river, and occasionally took home some feathered game, although that is scarce near the city. Having accidentally found his thermometer, which he thought he had left behind him, he hung it up in the shade of his hut, and, observing it for three successive days, found that, at noon, it marked the prodigious heat of 48° Reaumur. A tame ape, which he had purchased on his road, put an end to meteorological observations by smashing the thermometer. The ape was a source of great amusement to him, through her intimacy with a young ostrich, scarcely two feet high, which he had bought in a neighbouring market. She was particularly fond of *billbill*, a superior sort of merissa, by means of which animals of that kind are often captured. She would get disgracefully drunk, torment the ostrich, ride about upon its back, and then perch herself upon some elevated projection of the hut to sleep off her drink, like

a sensible and experienced toper. Thence she often fell heavily to the ground, crept to the weary ostrich, rested her head on its body as on a pillow, and the pair went to sleep together. Or, if too much overcome by the combined effects of the drink and the tumble, the ape would look piteously at the ostrich, who, seeming to understand the mute appeal, stalked up to her, squatted down, and took her to sleep upon its bosom. When weary of watching the manoeuvres of his queer pets, Mr Werne had plenty of queer visitors to help him to pass his time.

"An old Arabian physician, who, like a great many other people, thought I was the Pasha's own physician, but that I held it beneath my dignity to attend to inferior patients, repeatedly visited me, to complain of the smallness of his salary, although he had been a *hakim* as far back as the conquest of the country. He had many things to tell that occurred at that time, as, for instance, how Sheikh Rajeb, at the head of the natives—who then were armed only with sword and lance, as is still the case with the majority of them—made desperate resistance to the Turks, totally defeated them upon two occasions, and assuredly would have annihilated them, had not the arrival of artillery and canister shot put a period to his victorious progress. King Bedi or Wedi, who was probably aware of the preponderance given by fire-arms, and who was feared by the Turks as a great warrior, remained quiet in his palace at Sennaar, the invaders having guaranteed him his throne and dominions, and given out that their march through his country was merely with a view to make war upon his hereditary foe in Abyssinia. An old Syrian officer, also an eye-witness, confirmed the doctor's account, and added, that the Turks had kept Bedi prisoner in his palace, because the people, who deemed themselves betrayed by him, would have murdered him. They told me also of a former king of Sennaar, Jachmàn by name, who ate nothing but raw liver, peppered and salted—still a favourite dish in that country, where they often

* *African Wanderings*, p. 264-5.

pour over it the gall of the slaughtered beast. A female slave, who was bringing liver for this king, and carried it upon her head in a *gadda*, or flat wooden dish, was so unlucky as to have it stolen by a bird. Dreading the wrath of the ferocious monarch, and unable at the moment to procure other liver, the slave, in the anguish of her terror, slew her own child, and served up its liver to the king, who ate it with great relish. From that day forward, Jachman would eat no liver but that of children; the people murmured, the sheiks sat in judgment on their king, and he was strangled. Sherif Mohammed, at Abu Harasch, did not deny the truth of this story, but said that the Fungh nation were at that time not Mussulmans, but *magiuss* (heathens)."

The old physician expected golden advantages from the acquaintance he had struck up with Mr Werne, who, not to foster his delusion, refused his repeated invitations; but, one evening, chancing to pass his door, he was compelled to yield to the hakim's earnest entreaty that he would honour his house with a visit. On entering the shady court-yard, he was surprised by the sight of a young woman, whose sole dress consisted, by reason of the heat, of a flowered silk shirt, variegated Turkish trousers, and red slippers on stockingless feet. On beholding a stranger she retreated; and, gracefully elevating her right arm, she took the loose shirt-sleeve in her left hand, and held it before her face. The cool *bimbaschi*, who is an ardent admirer of the fair sex, and who stood in no great awe of the old doctor, walked up to the lady, wished her a good morning, obtained a glimpse of her face, and, transgressing the established Turkish etiquette, complimented the hakim on her beauty, and deplored the slavish condition of women in that country.

"He told me that Churdshid Pasha, the former governor, whom he had cured of an old hurt in the foot, had made him a present of the woman, and ordered him to marry her. She was of Greek origin, and of a very imperious disposition, and as long as the Pasha lived her husband was not master in his own house. Since the Pasha's death he had divorced her

twice. He then again urged me to obtain him an augmentation of salary from Achmet Pasha. As Achmet would shortly pass through Sennaar on his way to Atish, I advised the doctor to present to him a written recommendation from me. This proposal so delighted him, that when I begged him to let his wife take coffee with us in the European fashion, he at once consented; first, however, ascertaining that the gate of the court-yard was well locked and bolted, to exclude all visitors. Soon afterwards his wife called to him from behind the door that the coffee was ready, and he should go and fetch it. In reply, he told her that I was a Frank, and wished to drink coffee with her. 'That is not true—you are mad,' was her laughing reply; and not until I quitted my seat under the tree, and, approaching the door, repeated my request, did she come out with the coffee, and asked me in a low voice—whilst she still, with seductive grace, strove to veil her face with her shirt-sleeve—whether I was a *Nasrani*, (Christian,) a question to which, to her secret joy, I replied with an affirmative *ἔγωγε*. Her voluptuous figure, and the unexpected European whiteness of her skin, had already fascinated me; and the sight of her face, with those beautiful Greek eyes, in which one could for ever gaze, completed my captivation. I asked in the Greek tongue if she had any children. 'No—he is old,' was the reply, accompanied by a glance of pity at her husband. Presently she went away to prepare a little supper; the hakim took a piece of paper on his lap, produced a *kalam*, (*καλαμος*, writing-reed.) I told him what to say, and sealed the letter of recommendation with my *chattem* or seal—on which my name was engraved in Arabic characters—after I had blacked it at a lamp, because sealing-wax melts with the heat of that country. I really believe that the hakim now thought to evince his gratitude in a singular manner. He said that he had to go out, but that I might remain where I was. I behaved with all discretion, for he might have found—perhaps he did—a pretext to divorce his wife a third time, which is always a

business. I took offence and departed at once, for I would not have married the woman though she had had, besides her beauty, a dowry of thirty thousand unclipped ducats."

One evening, during his stay at Sennaar, his friend, Hussein Aga, went to Mr Werne and asked him to accompany him to the divan, where they would find society. As it was very hot in the small apartment, seats were placed in the open space in front of it, and the inevitable pipes and coffee were brought out. Hussein Aga then whispered a few words to his orderly, who entered an adjacent barrack, and presently reappeared, bringing with him several prisoners, escorted by a guard. These prisoners, Mr Werne learned, were deserters, and they were brought out to be flogged. "At first," he says, "I felt anything but grateful to my friend for inviting me to this execution as to something that should give me pleasure, and I was about to take myself off, but he assured me the punishment should not be very severe, and bade me observe the demeanour of the culprits, some of whom, he told me beforehand, would bear the pain very well, whilst others would scream loudly. I knew this already, and begged him, as I could not get the unpleasant scene altogether dispensed with, to let the poor fellows off with few blows. At the word '*Naim!*' (literally, sleep!) they laid themselves, one after the other, at full length upon their bellies, and two non-commissioned officers advanced and inflicted the punishment with a *nabit*, (a stick about an inch in diameter.) Then was plainly demonstrated the great difference between the tribes or districts to which they belonged. Some cried out at the very first blow—although it was not given with much violence—and excited no pity even in me—who, moreover, could not dispute the necessity of such occasional chastisement amongst these people. Others, on the contrary, showed themselves *schatter*, (brave, and here signifying pain-despising,) and were let off with few blows. These latter were from the mountains of Tabi, and were called *Achuan el bennaht*—literally, brothers of the maidens, signifying a man who

protects his flock—a brave, stout-hearted fellow." The extraordinary indifference to pain of some of the African tribes is very strikingly illustrated in the eighth chapter of Mr Werne's preceding publication, *The Campaign in Taha*, where he gives details of several agonising operations performed by his brother on patients who neither required holding, nor in any way betrayed sensibility to the acute pain inflicted on them.

Although there is less of exciting adventure in this volume than in its predecessor, in its way it is not less interesting, abounding in sketches of African life and travel, to which Mr Werne's rough, off-hand style gives particular pungency. It is not, like his last book, an account of a warlike expedition, but a quiet tour in an outlandish country, performed by an adventurous German gentleman, attended by two negroes, three dromedaries, and a jackass. After a fortnight's stay at Sennaar, the traveller departed in a north-westerly direction. After some rambling and antiquarian research, and halting at various villages and Arab camps, where he seems invariably to have met with hospitality and kindness, he got back to Wollet-Medine, where he found Dr Bellotti, and another European named Olive, who brought discredit on the Franks in that country by trafficking in slaves. The day after, the Pasha arrived, and pitched his tent near the town, on the banks of the Nile. Mr Werne went to pay his respects, and found, with the Pasha, Achmet, the Great Sheik of the Schukurie, commonly called Abu Sin—a name referring to the unusual size of his upper teeth. At this point Mr Werne is halfway through his book, but has not yet made a step in the direction of Mandera. On the Pasha's inquiring the reason of this, Abu Sin confirmed the German's explanation, that as yet the journey had not been possible, the country not being sufficiently dry for travelling. The Great Sheik further invited Mr Werne to consider his house at Abu-Harasch (the town where he would quit the Nile, and strike off eastwards to Mandera) as his own, until such time as he could commence his journey, when he would provide him with camels and escort.

Accordingly, a few days afterwards, Mr Werne sent his animals out to grass at Kamlin, and walked, attended by a single servant, through a beautiful forest, down the Nile to Abu-Harasch. The Sheik had not yet arrived, and Mr Werne was not sorry for this, since it enabled him to indulge his independent fancy for a house of his own. He hired one, and passed some days in getting information concerning the country he was about to traverse, and in observing the natives.

"I pass the heat of the day in the summerhouse in front of my hut, where I cannot very well avoid visitors. As I occasionally write notes of the information I receive, I am elevated, in the eyes of the people, to the rank of a very learned man; and a fakir thinks to do me great honour, by asserting that I am a sheriffe. This same fakir tells me a great deal about his services to Churdshid Pasha, from whom he received the red mantle of honour. Observing that I looked at the Arab women as they passed by, he carried his friendship so far as to offer me his daughter for a wife, although I had repeatedly assured him that I was a Christian. After I had praised the beauty of the women, I plainly saw that, in passing, they threw back their *ferda* in a coquettish manner, so as to show the entire figure. This had the advantage of convincing me that they were not all pregnant, which I at first thought they were—the mistake arising from the enormous amulets which they suspend in front of their bodies, whose lower part, when the *ferda* hangs over it, thus exhibits a monstrous and most inelegant projection. Let no one think he has seen the pure Arab blood in Egypt. There is nothing noble about those fellahs. Here, in Nubia, and especially amongst the nomadic tribes, you find, both in women and in men, the slender well-grown form. Clumsy bony figures are rare. The countenance is delicate, and of a distinguished expression, its pure elliptical form harmonising well with the dark flashing eyes and pencilled eyebrows. . . . Sitting one morning with old Sheriffe Mohammed on my little *angarèb*, (bedstead formed of strips of hide,) and just as the servant was about to hand us coffee, Abu Sin, with a fol-

lowing of at least fifty men, suddenly stood before us. I rose, and begged the distinguished guest to take my place, which he did; but, as I turned round, to take my seat upon the ground, I found the good old sheriffe seated there already. I forthwith raised him up by the hand, and conducted him to a place upon the *angarèb*, by the side of the Great Sheik—remarking, that God had made us all equal, and that it was a German custom to honour age. The visitors took this very well. . . . Abu Sin did not remain long with me, told me the country was still too wet for me to travel, and seemed rather vexed that I had not taken up my quarters in his house. I replied to his request that I would now do so, with the excuse, that I was on the point of going to visit the Franks at Wollet-Medine, but at a subsequent time I would go to him. Then he walked slowly away, with his lance-bearers, and spoke here and there to the inhabitants of the straw huts, not haughtily or condescendingly, but as a brother speaks to a brother. As I could not well stop longer at Abu-Harasch, and there was an opportunity the next morning of going by water to Chartum, I departed for that place, to wait there until I could commence my journey to Mandera."

The reason of Mr Werne's inability to remain longer at Abu-Harasch is not apparent, unless we are to seek it in the fact that he is—or was at that time—the most restless of mortals, or in his unwillingness to accept the Sheik's hospitality, of which he, however, availed himself for the two days immediately preceding his departure for Mandera. He had not been long at Chartum when Sheik Hammet, Abu Sin's eldest son, an old acquaintance, and a pleasant, humorous fellow, came to tell him that the waters left by the *chariff*, or rainy season, were dried up, that the dromedaries and escort were ready, and that he himself and his relation, Achmet Degihm—whom Mr Werne had known at the camp of Kassela el Lus, in the Taka campaign—would accompany him. A long day's march brought them to a Shukurio camp.

"At a short distance before us, upwards of two thousand small fires

burned, with one great fire in front of them. Sheik Hammet sent one of his people forward to announce our arrival in this great camp of the Shukurie, into which we made our entrance, about seven o'clock, uninjured by the packs of fierce dogs that rushed to meet us, but which were appeased by a few words in the Shukurie language, a dialect of the Arabic. Riding up to the great fire, we found there a dervise busy catching and killing snakes, which he either threw alive into the fire or hung up as trophies on the adjacent trees. There seemed a prodigious number of snakes thereabouts; for, whilst we stood there, he brought a fresh supply, which he had heard whistle, as he said. Presently the Great Sheik, Abu Sin, who had just arrived at the camp, came up to me with an escort, and, with that peculiar mournful gravity of manner which gave to his lofty figure something very imposing, offered me his hand in token of welcome. The huge fire, which the half-crazy dervise continually stirred and fed, gave a strange wild fascination to the whole scene. The escort stood motionless around us, their hair flowing round their black faces and down upon their shoulders, whilst here and there the quick glance of their sparkling eyes denoted that they listened attentively to their Sheik. Noting, doubtless, from the infernal expression of some of their physiognomies, that they were but ill-pleased to see a white man or Turk amongst them, he addressed me at considerable length, telling me that I was the first Frank who had set foot in the interior of that country, and that, before his time, the people would allow no white man to travel there, but had killed all who came. He would, therefore, if I were afraid, give me a sure escort. When he said this I struck my breast and said, *Ana ma begiiff ibbeden*, (I am never afraid,) by which I evidently excited the approbation of the bystanders. I asked in what direction was the mountain of Mandera; he raised his hand and pointed E.S.E., and Abu-Harasch S.W. I had my compass at hand, and I found that as often as I asked the same question of one or other of these

people, they always indicated exactly the same direction, which shows an almost incredible instinct of locality.

"The camp was sunk in repose, when I still sat on an *angarèb* beside the fire, and conversed with the dervise. He told me the history of his life. He was native of an island near Massaua, and had always been very pious. In the course of a journey through the lands bordering on Abyssinia, he would have perished of hunger had not Abu Sin, who was out on a foray, fallen in with him, and, out of compassion, taken him with him. But what most attracted my attention was his account of a fabulous beast, found, as he affirmed, in the mountains he had travelled through, and called the *merèmmèri*. He maintained that he had been present on an occasion when such a beast had been caught in a pitfall and killed, and he described it as taller than a horse, but not so tall as an elephant, with a mane that hung down almost to the earth, and with a great horn upon its head. The next morning I questioned Abu Sin as to the existence of such a creature, and he said that it certainly was found in the high mountains in the neighbourhood of Kalabât, but especially in the country of the Shan-Gallas, although he himself had never seen an animal of the sort. He desired the dervise to fetch a horn of one of these beasts, and made me a present of it. This horn, before the extremity was cut off to make a war-horn for the Shan-Gallas, may have been about three feet long; it is straight, twisted, seems to belong to a large species of antelope, and is now to be seen in the royal cabinet of curiosities at Berlin. On further questioning the dervise, and asking him whether this animal had not horns also on the sides of his head, he replied that it had, but that those horns were bent backwards. So I had to give up the idea that it perhaps was the fabled unicorn. In any case, however, it seems an animal as yet unknown to zoologists."

A tent had been prepared for Mr Werne, made of mats, and which he describes as of the form of an oven. In the morning, when he got out of bed and would have slipped his feet

into his shoes, two of Abu Sin's people darted forward, seized the shoes, and beat them against the tent poles, to knock out the scorpions and little venomous snakes which frequently creep in. That day Abu Sin and Hammet were compelled to march away, with detachments of their people, on business of Achmet Pasha's, and Mr Werne was committed to the care of Degihn and of a nephew of Abu Sin, who were to accompany him to Mandera, for which place they set out early on the 11th August, and crossed the celebrated pastures of Butana, long the cause of contention and bloodshed amongst the tribes of that neighbourhood. At six P.M. on the second day the travellers were within a short league of the mountain of Mandera, and, as hares and antelopes seemed plentiful, Mr Werne had the tent pitched beside a *hafir* or water-pit (drinking-places for cattle) and commenced a battue. But, before a single head of game had fallen, a cold rain came on and drove the Africans to shelter. "These warm-skinned people—who do not lose their heat even at night, though sleeping on the ground with only a *ferda* thrown around them—greatly fear the rain, which makes an unpleasant impression on their skin, whereas we whites feel it pleasant, and often get fevers by wilful exposure to it." By reason of the rain, the whole party slept in the tent that night; and Mr Werne, awakened early by his companions' snoring, was on camel-back by five o'clock, and rode slowly to the mountain, looking out by the way for indications of those ancient remains of which he had heard so much. But he saw nothing of the kind. Nor was he more fortunate on reaching the hill. There were no signs of quarrying, no hewn stones, not so much as a brick; in short, there was nothing to show that human industry and art had ever been busy at the spot. There were some Arab graves, a single house built of loose fragments of stone, and four old wells, but no mortar or tiles. He made a large circuit round the hill, but found no trace of ancient constructions, nor any place whence stone had been cut. He ascended the hill with the like ill success: on the summit was a pool of fresh water, but

no archæologic remains. So he took out his pocket compass, and, with Degihn's assistance, sketched the map of the surrounding country, which is given in his book. As far as concerned his expectations of finding at Mandera the site and foundation of an ancient city, his expedition was a decided failure. The vast number of *hafirs* or water-pits—some of them of very large size, with great trees growing in them—around the mountain, makes it evident that the place has been much frequented by men and cattle, and it seems highly probable that the traditions and fabulous accounts of a city having once stood there, have had their origin in the circumstance of its having for centuries been a favourite camping place with nomadic tribes. The little house already mentioned, and beside which it is said that a *chubba*, or shrine of a saint, formerly stood, was the residence of a sheik of the Rukabins, who formerly abode there with his tribe, and was a great fakir, esteemed as a saint amongst the Shukurie. In this house Mr Werne found a variety of objects which had been deposited there as offerings to the holy man, or intrusted to his guardianship, although he is long since dead—wooden dishes and other domestic ware, even small chairs, and a pole thickly covered with foot-shackles for camels. These things were of little value; but towards the east, behind the Arab graves, which extended close up to the houses, were large subterranean corn magazines (probably what are called *silos* in Algeria) over which the Sheik's spirit keeps such good guard that no attempt at theft has ever been known, save in the instance of a Turk, whose arm, extended to take some of this grain for his horse, instantly became stiffened from shoulder to wrist. On each one of the earthen hillocks that cover the stores of *durra* are crosses or other signs, formed of stones and sticks, and serving to indicate the owner.

Riding north-west, through pleasant pastures and rich corn-lands, where grew the golden *durra* they had seen heaped up in the granaries at Mandera, Mr Werne and his A friends heard in the night the of a *negara*, or great kettle-dr

made sure that Abu Sin was not far off, since only a Great Sheik has the right to be preceded by that instrument. Accordingly, the next day they came in sight of the camp of Sheik Hammet. From some Arabs, who were watering their camels at a *hafir*, Degihn learned that Hammet was not then in camp, but was expected the same evening. So he devised all manner of pretexts to prevent Mr Werne going to the camp, his real motive being—as the German perceived—that he feared to trust his charge amongst the Arabs in the absence of their sheik. They considered him as a Turk, and his life was not safe amongst them. At evening a messenger came, and the travellers rode on to the camp, where they found Hammet, who received his Christian friend cordially, but was evidently a little uneasy on his account. And Mr Werne could not help observing that many a lowering and discontented glance was cast at him. No violence or insults, however, were offered to him. That night a heavy rain fell, and the black rich earth on which the camp was pitched was knee-deep of mud; so Mr Werne sat in his tent, and conversed and drank coffee with Sheik Hammet.

"We spoke of the Turkish rulers of the country, and he did not dissemble his hatred of them, but was nevertheless of opinion that for a time it was necessary to endure them with a good grace, for that his people's lances could not contend in that level country with the Turkish muskets. He had heard from his father, he said, that the Pasha did whatever I told him; the Pasha was a bad man, he added, who treated them all—even the sheiks—like slaves, and would therefore never have the people on his side. He was of opinion that if all the Arab sheiks on both sides the Nile combined, they might very well drive out the Turks, but there had long been a want of unity amongst them. There was, however, a prophecy that they should be freed from Turkish tyranny by a Frank. Then, laying his hand upon my shoulder, 'Pity,' he said, earnestly, 'that you have not a black face!' I laughed, and said that I would have it blacked to do him a pleasure. He then more

exactly explained his meaning, which was that one supreme chief was required, to whom all the sheiks—each of whom aspired to command and to act independently—might be subject, to make war against the Turks, and he repeatedly expressed his regret that, as a white man, I was not eligible to the post."

In the muddy camp, amongst unfriendly faces, Mr Werne did not feel himself at ease, and he soon set out again, without waiting, as his guides would have had him do, for fresh camels. Tardy progress was the consequence of his haste. Passing through low swampy ground, "I observed," he says, "on the nape of my dromedary's neck, where the animal gives out its perspiration—to diminish which the place is rubbed with *chatrûhm*, a sort of tar made from wild gourds—a sweat of a bloody tint issuing forth, which I attributed to the terror the beast felt of sinking into the ground. Degihn dismounted, and found firmer footing to the right, which was fortunate, for we had got so far in that we should have had difficulty in retracing our steps on our exhausted animals." They proceeded in the direction of Mount Cheli, another hill N.N.W. of Manderā, and made their next halt, in a heavy rain, amongst some Arab tents. The Arabs were of the Shukurie tribe, and their Sheik was a relative and subordinate of Abu Sin. The white man was an object of great interest to them, seated upon his *angarèh*, as upon an island in the midst of the waters. "The little naked children waded with difficulty through the mud to gaze at me; and the men, whom I regaled with coffee, shook their heads, and could not make out what I wanted in their country. My watch and compass were to them inexplicable marvels; they were particularly puzzled at seeing the needle always point to *riff*, (the north,) what way soever they turned it. When they found that I was a Frank, one of them spoke of the *Inglis* and their fire-ship, which he had seen at Sanakim on the salt water, (the Red Sea,) and they all conceived a great respect for me, who thenceforward was set down *nolens volens* as an Englishman." The Arabs cleared out a partition of a tent for the white

stranger. As he lay there awake upon his couch, he saw something move upon the floor, and a cold shudder passed over him, as he distinguished a huge snake, which, when he raised himself up, also reared its deadly head. He had been stung by a scorpion a few days before; and having, by his fortitude on that occasion, given his companions a high idea of his bravery, he now deemed it beneath him to call for aid; so he put on his jacket, drew his sabre, and sat up in the bed, ready to decapitate the reptile by a horizontal cut, the next time it should erect its head, as it once already had done, high enough, he says, to kiss him, although he was seated pretty high above the ground. He saw no more of it, however, but heard next morning that serpents abounded in that neighbourhood, and that his visitor had doubtless been an *assala*, (Python Sebæ Daud.) not an extremely venomous kind of snake.

At Mount Cheli, Mr Werne was again inclining towards the Nile, but at a different point to that at which he had quitted it—much farther north, that is to say, in the direction of Chartum. About half a league from Cheli he visited a hillock of reddish rock, with which are linked wild traditions of the Kafirs, or Pagan aborigines of the country.

“At some distance on our flank we saw two hyenas; and Degihn told me that these animals, which are dangerous to the shackled camels, had prowled round our tent the whole night, compelling him to keep watch. At the foot of the hillock I dismounted; it was impossible to ride over it on a camel, for it looked as if a battle of giants had been fought there. The whole of the elevation, which is of limestone, was so thickly strewed with fragments of that rock, as well as with pieces of marble and broken white flints, that it was scarcely possible even to walk over it. The devil, it is said, here took up the Kafirs in a sieve, and shook them so violently together that the unfortunate infidels—who, it appears, were turned to stone during the operation—fell in fragments through the interstices of the sieve, and still lie where they fell, testifying to the power and glory of God. The name of the hill is Gurbal,

which signifies a sieve. On asking Degihn whether here, too, the flints were said to contain precious stones, he replied in the affirmative, and considered it beyond a doubt that it was on that account people had broken them. Once before, in the desert of Tura, near Cairo, I had heard the same thing, and had seen Franks breaking the pebbles, in hopes of finding precious stones within them—thus rivalling the Arabs in credulity. Even on the rocks in the Arabian desert, and subsequently on the mountains of Hererem, near Gos Rajeh, and on other high ground, I had seen quantities of these broken flints, and could not suppose that the rain and sun had split them. The belief in their precious contents is, therefore, widely spread; and there again it must be the Kafirs that are supposed to have hidden their diamonds from the true believers.”

From the hillock of the Sieve, Mr Werne moved straight to the Nile, and a short way down its shores, to a place where there was a vessel to take him across. There he dismissed his guide. Degihn, the Great Sheikh's nephew, did not decline five Spanish dollars, which Mr Werne pressed into his hand, giving him at the same time many greetings to Abu Sin and Hammet. The next time he went to Abu-Harasch, Degihn said he would take him to a place only an hour and a half's ride north of that town, where there were beautiful ruins, (*biut gadim*, old houses,) which were as little known to the Franks as the country through which he had just travelled. It does not appear, from the present volume, that Mr Werne had an opportunity of visiting these ruins. Before crossing the Nile, he pauses to give some details of his former journey from Kassala el Lus to that river, accompanying them by a few pages extracted from the diary of his brother, who, it will be remembered, remained in the Taka country after he left it. These concise notes have chiefly reference to antiquarian researches, but also include some interesting particulars of the Shukurie and other tribes met with on the way, and will be found valuable by future travellers in those wild regions.

Passing at Kamlin to the left bank of the Blue Nile, and after rambling with Nourreddin Effendi over the Pasha's private domain, Mr Werne rose early one morning to perform the journey of three leagues to Chartum. "The nearer we got to the town," he says, "the more did melancholy take possession of me. Again did the desire to avenge my brother's death awaken in my heart. This desire was heightened by the vexation of finding that the hillock, which I had ordered to be raised over his grave, was not yet begun, although I had given Thibaut the funds necessary for carrying out the work. Neither were there any signs of the trees which I had desired to have planted around it. I came up with a fakir, who had established himself by the roadside, with a yellow flag, at a spot where he asserted that he had buried his brother. In order to obtain an alms, he told me that this brother had died in a village a day's journey distant, and that he went every night to Mecca in the Kiabé, (Kaba,) and had told him to fetch his body, and bury him here, because many true believers passed by the place, and would bring him gifts. When I asked him if he saw his brother during his performance of the little journey across the Red Sea and back again, my laughing countenance excited his wrath, and he angrily replied, 'Yes; I see and speak with him. You are no Mussulman!' With a '*Faki misaur*,' I gave him a cut across the back with the *kurbakh*; and when he then abused me, and called me '*kuffer*,' my people sprang from their animals, threw him on the ground, and I could not refrain from giving a few blows to the impostor. I threatened to report him to the Pasha for deceiving credulous people, and swindling them out of alms; and said I would have the place dug up the next morning, to see if his brother lay buried there or not.

Without my ordering him to do so, he forthwith pulled up his flag, put it over his shoulder, and took himself off in the direction of the Nile. Scarcely had this occurred, when a former servant of ours met me, and brought me news that the physician who had poisoned my brother had perished, only an hour previously, by the judgment of God—for his house had fallen in over his head, and had killed him on the spot. I must confess that this intelligence, the bearer of which announced it to me with real joy, made a strange impression upon me, particularly as I had been revolving in my mind, a short time previously, how I would make the Italian accompany me to my brother's grave. '*Kulo min Fok*,' said the servant, as he walked away; and I too thought that all comes from above, and was glad to be spared a business which might have entailed upon me injurious consequences and remorse of conscience. In this manner did I get safely back to Chartum. I did not return to the house in which my brother had died, but at once hired another, to escape the mournful memories that were linked with every nook and corner of the former dwelling."

It would seem from a portion of this curious passage, that Mr Werne had a lurking intention of immolating upon his brother's grave the man whom he suspected of his murder—a summary proceeding, which even Achmet Pasha's partiality for his German *bimbaschi* might have had difficulty in excusing. Perhaps, however, we should be wrong to put too literal a construction on hints and innuendoes, whose obscurity is often increased by the author's strange, wild style. Be that as it may, we can hardly conclude our notice of the *Journey to Mandera* by an extract more characteristic than the above of its impetuous, irritable, hot-headed, and warm-hearted author.

JEFFREY.

PART II.

IN a previous Number we passed, in brief review, the chief incidents in the life, and the principal traits in the political character, of Lord Jeffrey; we have now to regard him more especially in the light of an aspirant for literary distinction. We may still have occasion to refer to the *Memoirs and Letters*, published by Lord Cockburn; but the four volumes of the *Contributions to the Edinburgh Review* will form the basis of our remarks, and be the main subject for our examination. We dismiss the lawyer, and the Lord-Advocate, and the member of Parliament, and we have to contemplate only the writer and the critic.

We may as well at once touch upon a subject which will suggest itself to every reader, on the very mention of the name of Jeffrey in connection with poetical criticism. It was unfortunate for our critic that he should have had to pass judgment on such a poet as Wordsworth. Never were critic and poet less in harmony. The faults of the *Excursion* were exactly such as the keen, and sprightly, and intelligent editor of the *Edinburgh Review* would seize upon, and wittily and unsparingly expose; and its beauties were precisely of the quiet and deeply meditative order which were most likely to escape him. The imagination of the poet was under the control of subtle and solemn thought, nourished in solitude; the critic was a keen versatile man, thinking chiefly with the pen in his hand, and as it were under the very eye of society. None are so afraid of the opinion of the wits as the wits themselves. To be caught in the act of admiring what men of the world are smiling at, would to such persons be insufferable. Jeffrey, while he admired the poets, must still be leader of the wits. But, indeed, the genuine admiration of the

critic failed him just where the poet put forward his most peculiar powers. There could not have been a more unfortunate touchstone. The eulogist of Crabbe becomes the satirist of Wordsworth.

The criticism of the *Edinburgh Review* is not assailable so much for what it said, as for what it left unsaid. The faults it points out in the *Excursion* are there, and perhaps even greater faults; but where is the appreciation of that most exquisite vein of poetry which runs throughout? The censure is not substantially unjust, though it is bestowed in a caustic and mocking spirit, which would have been quite alien to one who had felt the real excellences of the poem;—the censure is not unjust, and ought not to have been altogether omitted; but where is the hearty welcome, the genuine admiration, for the great and undoubted genius of the poet of the *Excursion*?

The critic is himself, of all writers, generally treated with the least leniency; it is supposed that his hand has been against all others, and that therefore no mercy should be shown him;—yet, considerable indulgence ought to be extended towards one who has to deliver a printed judgment, immediately after the first impression which a new and original work has made upon him. Few of us have perused such a work a second time, and after some interval, without finding reason for modifying, in some material respect, the opinion formed on the first perusal. For our own part, we should be the last to criticise the critic with severity, or to fix him down irrevocably to what he had uttered—necessarily in haste—and as the best conclusion he could arrive at on the moment. But in the present instance Jeffrey has not only reprinted, after a long interval, his review of the *Excursion*, but subsequently, on other

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occasions, and even when reviewing other authors, he has expressed precisely the same opinions that he has delivered in that criticism. The test, therefore, is complete; and the impression which the poet Wordsworth made on the critic Jeffrey must be considered as having been faithfully recorded.

It may be suggested, as some excuse for the critic, that he never seems to have brought a full and undivided attention to the writings of Wordsworth, never appears to have read them studiously. But this excuse itself reveals a certain flippancy and rashness, which form a very part of the intellectual character of the man. What a recklessness does it display that, not once, but frequently, he should speak of "the Lakers" as a class of writers distinguished by peculiarity of style! In the criticism before us, he says, "We have imitations of Cowper, and even of Milton here, engrafted on the *natural drawl of the Lakers*—and all *diluted into harmony* by that profuse and irrepressible wordiness which deluges all the blank verse of *this school of poetry*, and lubricates and weakens the whole structure of their style." The "natural drawl of the Lakers," if applicable to him, can be applicable only to Wordsworth. Southey and Coleridge have a poetical style as distinct from Wordsworth's as from that of any other of their contemporaries. These writers resemble each other in a certain moral and religious cast of thinking, but even here there were the usual differences which distinguish men of independent habits of reflection. For instance, Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge, all loved the Church. What three different *churchmen*!

On more than one occasion where the critic censures the poet of the *Excursion*, for having "no meaning," or being hopelessly obscure, it is plain that if he had read over the passage twice, and with renewed attention, a meaning would, at all events, have appeared to him. "We need give ourselves," he says, "no trouble to select passages for this purpose, (to show the poet's obscurity.) Here is the first that presents itself to us on opening the volume; and if our readers can form

the slightest guess at its meaning, we must give them credit for a sagacity to which we have no pretensions." The darkest part of the extract which is given is in these lines:—

"Duty exists—immutably survive,
For our support, the measures and the forms
Which an abstract Intelligence supplies;
Whose kingdom is where Time and Space
are not."

Our metaphysical critic, if he had given himself time to reflect, would have perceived that Wordsworth has here borrowed the language of the philosophy of Kant;—we think very unwisely; but the obscurity of the passage is an obscurity he shares with all the disciples of the transcendental philosophy. According to this profound, fantastical scheme, the very soul itself—the *noumenon*, from which issues the law of duty—does not exist in Time or Space: these being, in fact, the illusions created by the mere perceptive faculty. If such doctrines were to be stated in verse, we do not know how they could be put in clearer or simpler verse than Wordsworth has given them. We think he had much better have avoided altogether such scholastic matter. But there is a great difference between writing obscurely and having a recondite subject to explain. If Darwin, or Akenside, or any other poet, adopt some peculiar scientific or philosophical theory, current in their time, they may be the most lucid of writers and yet indite many passages which shall require, some future day, the labours of the commentator.

The next passage which is quoted, as an instance of the *unintelligible*, has not only a meaning, but one of a very subtle and refined description, and such as would have pleased the intelligent critic himself, if he had given himself the trouble to seek for it. "A reader," he says, "of plain understanding could hardly recognise the familiar remark, that excessive grief for our departed friends is not very consistent with a firm belief in their immortal felicity, in the first twenty lines of the following passage. In the succeeding lines, we do not ourselves pretend to recognise anything."

The first twenty lines, therefore, of the extract that is given we need not

quote; it is understood that they express a fact which we must all have observed in real life. The same voice that proclaims a confident belief in the immortal happiness of a deceased friend is broken with grief. "He is in Heaven!" exclaims the bereaved mother—and tears the while are gushing from her eyes. But, in the ensuing lines, in which the Reviewer was determined to see no significance whatever, the poet carries out the idea one step further. Not only grief still exists in connection with the belief in our friend's immortality, but this belief in his immortality really increases our grief (whilst it also consoles it) by assisting to bring the image of the deceased constantly and vividly before the mind. That which is justly described as the great consolation of our sorrow, acts also in this apparently contradictory manner—it revives, it perpetuates our regret, makes it constant and vivid. Hope itself keeps alive our sorrow; we yearn to meet again the beloved friend we have lost; and the very desire of sharing with him an eternal immutable happiness overthrows the temperate balance of the mind, and becomes a trouble to the soul. We are too weak to sustain with calmness and fortitude a genuine, vivid hope of this description. And so the poet says:—

—"Full oft the innocent sufferer sees
Too clearly; feels too vividly; and longs
To realise the vision with intense
And over-constant yearning. There—there
lies

The excess, by which the balance is destroyed.

Too, too contracted are these walls of flesh,
This vital warmth too cold, these visual orbs,
Though inconceivably endowed, too dim
For any passion of the soul that leads
To ecstasy! and—all the crooked paths
Of time and change disdaining—takes its
course

Along the line of limitless desire."

The belief in immortality is, in some minds, a truth greater than they know how to deal with or sustain. There is, at least, no want of thought in the passage we have quoted; on the contrary, it leads to much reflection. That Wordsworth is occasionally obscure we do not deny. That he is prolix and prosaic are matters still less disputable. Here the objections of the critic are such

as we certainly should not undertake to answer; though the spirit in which those objections are urged appears to us altogether unwarrantable. There is much truth, though delivered in a tone and manner we cannot applaud, in the following remarks:—

"Moral and religious enthusiasm, though undoubtedly poetical emotions, are at the same time but dangerous inspirers of poetry; nothing being so apt to run into interminable dullness, or mellifluous extravagance, without giving the unfortunate author the slightest intimation of his danger. His laudable zeal for the efficacy of his preachments, he very naturally mistakes for the ardour of poetical inspiration; and while dealing out the high words and glowing phrases which are so readily supplied by themes of this description, can scarcely avoid believing that he is eminently original and impressive. All sorts of commonplace notions and expressions are sanctified in his eyes by the sublime ends for which they are employed; and the mystical verbiage of the Methodist pulpit is repeated, till the speaker entertains no doubt that he is the chosen organ of divine truth and persuasion. But if such be the common hazards of seeking inspiration from those potent fountains, it may easily be conceived what chance Mr Wordsworth had of escaping their enchantment—with his natural propensities to wordiness, and his unlucky habit of debasing pathos with vulgarity. The fact accordingly is, that in this production he is more obscure than a Pindaric poet of the seventeenth century; and more verbose 'than even himself of yore,' while the wilfulness with which he persists in choosing his examples of intellectual dignity and tenderness exclusively from the lowest ranks of society, will be sufficiently apparent, from the circumstance of his having thought fit to make his chief prolocutor in this poetical dialogue, and chief advocate of Providence and virtue, an *old Scotch Pedlar*—retired indeed from business—but still rambling about in his former haunts, and gossiping among his old customers, without his pack on his shoulders. The other persons of the drama are, a retired military chaplain, who has grown half an atheist and half a misanthrope—the wife of an *unprosperous weaver*—a servant girl with her natural child—a parish pauper, and one or two other personages of equal rank and dignity."

We have nothing to say in defence of the *Scotch Pedlar*. It was a sheer blunder, a very palpable mistake.

Wordsworth seems to have been singularly deficient in the inventive or constructive faculty of the artist: this, we think, rather than any perverse theory upon the subject, was the real cause of the blunder he has made, both here and on some other occasions. As some palliation for the absurdity of ascribing his own thoughts to this wandering Pedlar, we may remark that the poem is so essentially didactic that, throughout, we seldom think of any other speaker than the poet himself. When the Pedlar describes his own mode of life or former avocation, we must, of course, recognise him for what he proclaims himself to be. But the moment he launches upon his great and favourite topics, it is Wordsworth only that we hear. The incongruity between the imaginary speaker, and the discourse he delivers, is lost sight of, in a manner not very flattering perhaps to the art of the poet, for we forget the speaker entirely, and attend only to the discourse. The real plot of the *Excursion* is—Wordsworth musing amongst his mountains. But as these musings would take place at different times, and bear different shades of opinion and sentiment, some machinery was necessary to put them together, so that they might be read consecutively. If what there is of narrative in the piece will accomplish this, it is well—it is all that is asked of it.

We do not envy that spirit of ridicule which could have enumerated amongst the *dramatis personæ* thus sarcastically sketched, "the wife of an unprosperous weaver." Nor is it possible that Jeffrey could be altogether blind to the beauty and tenderness displayed in the story of the deserted wife. It is, however, a very cold and stinted praise that he afterwards awards to it. "We must say, that there is very considerable pathos in the telling of this simple story; and that they who can get over the repugnance excited by the triteness of its incidents, and by the lowness of its objects, will not fail to be struck with the knowledge of the human heart, and the power he possesses of stirring up its deepest and gentlest sympathies." Now, the most fastidious of readers cannot be annoyed here by

the "triteness of the incident or the lowness of the object;" the critic must have been speaking under the influence of annoyances of this kind received from other works of the same poet. It is quite plain that he does not read with an unbiassed mind, open to genuine impressions. The circumstances of the story here are such as perfectly harmonise with the sentiments expressed, and the sympathy we are called upon to feel; and that sympathy, and the whole pathos of the story, are such as appeal to every human heart. The same critic finds no repugnance in the triteness or lowness of the objects when he reviews the tales of *Crabbe*; and there is quite as little room for any such repugnance in this account of the unprosperous weaver and the deserted wife. Here lies the great offence, or the great oversight, which the Reviewer has committed. A poem came before him containing passages of higher excellence than any other on which he was called upon to exercise his critical function—higher, or at least as high, as any modern work can boast of; it is remarkable also (as most works of original genius are) for as glaring faults;—he is not altogether obtuse to the merits, but he fastens on the defects, and exercises all his wit and ingenuity upon *them*. "The Fourth Book (of the *Excursion*) is also filled," he says, "with dialogues ethical and theological; and, with the exception of some brilliant and forcible expressions here and there, consists of an exposition of truisms, more cloudly, wordy, and inconceivably prolix, than anything we ever met with."

"With the exception of some brilliant and forcible *expressions* here and there!" And this Fourth Book contains that description of the earlier religions of the world, which might be safely pointed out as the finest passage of purely reflective poetry in the volume! Indeed, the whole passage, consisting of many consecutive pages, might be quoted as the perfection of this species of poetry. Every reader of Wordsworth is now as familiar with it, as every reader of Shakspeare with the soliloquy of Hamlet, or the moralising of Jacques. Yet he can characterise the whole of this Fourth

Book in the terms we have cited! That this portion of it had, at least, passed under his eye, is evident, because at the close of the review, alluding again to the unhappy *Pedlar*, he says of Wordsworth—"His taste for simplicity is evinced by sprinkling up and down his interminable declamations a few descriptions of baby-houses, and of old hats with wet brims; and his amiable partiality for humble life, by assuring us that a wordy rhetorician, who talks about Thebes, and *allegorises all the heathen mythology*, was once a pedlar," &c.

No modern poet has exercised so permanent an influence on the literature of his country as Wordsworth; and it is a humanising and liberalising influence—one which a critic who had the interest of religion and morals so very much at heart, as Lord Jeffrey seems to have believed that he had, might have been expected to welcome. Philosophical without being irreligious, religious without being doctrinal or dogmatic, the *Excursion* is one of those poems where all hearts which have a natural piety may beat together in unison. The simple piety that has never yet questioned itself, the philosophical which has questioned itself too often, may both meet here as on common ground. Here are soft and twilight glades, sacred to meditation, but where neither the fierceness of polemics nor the gloom of doubt can prevail. Let no one, in his too doctrinal zeal, censure the bland and liberal piety of Wordsworth. If even the old Pagan mythologies are dear to him; if clouds and hills are oftentimes his sacred text-books—take it not ill, nor call it heresy. It is only a faith so confident that it forgets sometimes to lean against the pillars of the church.

In the *Ecclesiastical Sonnets* this catholic spirit is still more conspicuous, and it is carried perhaps as far as the reader could endure. Wordsworth is liberal to all creeds, because in all he detects some truth, or symbol of a truth. There was never temple built, about which he could not find some cornice where to hang his votive wreath; there was never church or mosque, in which he could not find some spot cleaner than the rest, where he could spread his

carpet, and kneel too. Amongst the Druids, cruel as they were,

"The primal truth
Glimmers through many a superstitious
form."

If indulgent to the Druids, it cannot be supposed that his Protestant convictions will compel him to be very severe upon Dominican monks, or the worship of the Virgin Mary. There, indeed, all poets are good catholics. Perhaps the hardest trial to his spirit of universal charity is where he is called upon to praise the Puritan; yet he does praise him, and finds many good qualities in the sturdy iconoclast. Bishop Laud, and those who executed Laud, have both their virtues, and their several share of truth.

We said that this spirit of universal toleration was perhaps carried as far as the reader could endure; for it begins to have a somewhat bewildering effect. If you leave us nothing to hate—nothing stoutly to deny—the attachment to our own faith grows weak and vacillating. If you call up our sympathies in too rapid succession from different points of the theological compass, it is like looking at a torch which a boy is whirling round his head; there is a luminous circle, light on all sides, but there is no one place more than another in which the torch can be said to be. It is open to any poet, who pleases to make the experiment, to write one sonnet in praise of the martyr, and the next in praise of the devout faith of the priest who burnt him. They might both have been genuine zealots; under different circumstances they might have interchanged parts; and (as one would rather die for a creed than murder for a creed) it may be fairly argued that the persecutor gives the strongest testimony of the two, of the strength of his conviction. The experiment, we say, might be made; but we apprehend that the effect would be extremely disagreeable; it would be a species of mental torture to have our sympathies thus put upon the rack, and drawn at the same time in two opposite directions.

But we are in danger of being led into a dissertation of our own upon this poet, who, indeed, of all our modern bards, seems to us most worthy of study. Our only task, at present,

is to observe the welcome which Jeffrey gave him :—

“ The case of Mr Wordsworth, we perceive, is now manifestly hopeless ; and we give him up as altogether incurable, and beyond the power of criticism. We cannot, indeed, altogether omit taking precautions now and then against the spreading of the malady ; but, for himself, though we shall watch the progress of his symptoms as a matter of professional curiosity and instruction, we really think it right not to harass him any longer with nauseous remedies ; but rather to throw in cordials and lenitives, and wait in patience for the natural termination of the disorder.”

If these are the critic’s “ cordials,” what would have been his “ nauseous remedies ? ” In the next paragraph, he says, “ We now see clearly how the case stands ; and, making up our minds, though with the most sincere pain and reluctance, to consider him *finally lost to the good cause of poetry* (!) shall endeavour to be thankful for the occasional gleams,” &c. And what is remarkable, the censure becomes less mitigated, grows more abusive, in proportion as the critic has had time for reflection and re-perusal. In the subsequent year, on the publication of the *White Doe of Rylstone*, the attack is renewed, with a species of virulence that borders on downright vulgarity. He speaks of the strange extravagances into which people may run, “ when under the influence of that intoxication which is produced by *unrestrained admiration of themselves* ; ” and then draws a parallel, by no means skillfully sustained, between this species of intoxication and that which is generally known by the name :—

“ This poetical intoxication, to pursue the figure a little further, seems capable of assuming as many forms as the vulgar one which arises from wine ; and it appears to require as delicate a management to make a man a good poet by the help of the one, as to make him a good companion by means of the other. In both cases, a little mistake as to the dose or the quality of the inspiring fluid, may make him absolutely outrageous, or lull him over into the most profound stupidity, instead of brightening up the hidden stores of his genius ; and truly, we are concerned to say that Mr Wordsworth seems hitherto to have been unlucky in

the choice of his liquor—or of his bottle-holder. In some of his odes and ethio exhortations, he was exposed to the public in a state of incoherent rapture and glorious delirium, to which we think we have seen a parallel among the humbler lovers of jollity. In the *Lyrical Ballads* he was exhibited, on the whole, in a vein of very pretty deliration ; but in the poem before us, he appears in a state of low and maudlin imbecility, which would not have misbecome Master Silence himself, on the close of a social day. Whether this unhappy result is to be ascribed to any adulteration of his Castalian cups, or to the unlucky choice of his company over them, we cannot presume to say. It may be that he has dashed his Hippocrene with too large an infusion of *lake water*,” &c.

Which last ingredient would at least restore, one should think, the *sobriety* of the patient.

After this, and the like attacks, it will never do to point to some pages of commended extracts, as a proof that justice was done to the poet, or as a vindication of the reputation of the critic. The reviewer employed the whole force of his pen, and exercised his critical ingenuity entirely upon the *faults* of the author of the *Excursion*. He even made elaborate attempts to bring into ridicule a writer whose contributions to English poetry are, at this moment, more prized by the refined and cultivated classes of the community than those of any other poet since the days of Milton. Nor can we pass from the subject without noticing the extraordinary manner in which critical censure is here expressed. To us, it is incomprehensible how any man could have fallen into such a style—importing, to say the least, so strange a conception of the relationship between critic and poet. “ The case of Mr Wordsworth is hopeless—we give him up as incurable.” Do critics profess to cure ? The critic, as we understand the matter, exercises a not unuseful function in the republic of letters : he assists to preserve, if he does not raise, the standard of taste. But, like all other writers, he makes his appeal to the public ; he acts on the public opinion ; and indirectly influences the future writer by preparing for him a watchful and enlightened audience. But he exercises no police

—medical or otherwise—over authors. He is not responsible for their individual conduct; he has no criminal jurisdiction over them; he is not the pedagogue of poets, who is to chastise them if they break bounds, or play truant. He and the poet both go before the public. Did the Reviewer imagine that it was in his power, or part of his duty, to cure or to reform every errant genius that was brought before him? If so, he must be about as mad, and about as incurable himself, as that sage in *Rasselas*, who fancied that he had the command of the wind and the clouds, and that on him had devolved the responsibility of preserving the due succession of rain and fine weather—of cloud and sunshine.

A book comes before the reviewer; it may possibly be the biography of a late contemporary: he pronounces it to be eminently ill-written; some sterling good qualities it may manifest, but as a piece of literary workmanship it is singularly bad. He states this. Does he imagine that the biographer will thank him, or will listen to him, or will study to improve? Not at all. The biographer retorts upon the critic; and, if he writes a second book, will assuredly repeat all the faults of the first in an exaggerated form. But the public, or such portion of it as have perused the criticism, will read the second biography with more attention than they read the first. Then and there come into operation whatever salutary truth the reviewer may have divulged upon the matter.

Let us now observe the critical sentences passed by Jeffrey upon some other poets. Perhaps, whilst doing this, we shall have also an opportunity of glancing back with advantage upon his reviews of Wordsworth.

It almost amounts to a peculiarity in the manner of our author—it is at least the frequent habit of his mind—that his ideas are kindled and suggested by contrast and opposition, not by similitude, or in harmony with the subject before him. Bring him in the presence of a Grecian temple, and he would discourse most fluently on the complicated beauties, and the greater solemnity, of the Gothic cathedral; if a Turkish mosque were

in view, with its glittering minarets, and its swelling dome, he would then become eloquent on the chaste simplicity of the Grecian portico. When he criticises Byron, he complains that all his works are in reality but one work, and that one work has but one character—his own. And therefore he launches into praise on the dramatic versatility of Shakspeare. The author of *Lalla Rookh* comes before him, the poet of the East, of splendour, of magnificence, of strong emotion, of romantic adventure, and he laments “the want of plainness, simplicity, and repose.” His eyes are dazzled by the brilliancy. It is very good poetry, but there is too much of it. “No work, consisting of many pages, should have detached and distinguishable beauties in every one of them. No great work, indeed, should have *many beauties*: if it were perfect, it would have but *one*; and that but faintly perceptible, except on a view of the *whole*. Look, for example, at what is perhaps the most finished and exquisite production of human art—the design and elevation of a Grecian temple,” &c. That *one* beauty of which he speaks here must mean, we presume, the harmony of *many* beauties, and is not incompatible even with an exuberant fancy. The same Shakspeare, whom he quotes as an instance of dramatic versatility, he might also have cited as quite as eminent an example of the richness and abundance of a poetical imagination. When he reviews the poet of our English lakes and mountains, and of solitary meditation, he enlarges on the intellectual advantages of a metropolitan society. When he criticises Burns, he takes the opportunity to read a lecture on gentility!—on the manner in which well-bred gentlemen express, or rather conceal, their passions, whether of love, or of independence.

The author of *Lalla Rookh*, though he might have been surprised to find his poem giving rise to exactly that train of reflection which the critic took occasion to express, had reason to congratulate himself on the leniency with which he was treated. Justice, and, as we think, not more than justice, was meted out to this brilliant production. We have great

pleasure in quoting the following eloquent tribute of admiration; it recalls gratefully to mind both the critic and the poet.

"There is not only a richness and brilliancy of diction and imagery spread over the whole work, that indicate the greatest activity and elegance of fancy in the author; but it is everywhere pervaded, still more strikingly, by a strain of tender and noble feeling, poured out with such warmth and abundance as to steal insensibly on the heart of the reader, and gradually to overflow it with a tide of sympathetic emotion. There are passages, indeed, and these neither few nor brief, over which the very Genius of Poetry seems to have breathed his richest enchantment—where the melody of the verse and the beauty of the images conspire so harmoniously with the force and tenderness of the emotion, that the whole is blended into one deep and bright stream of sweetness and of feeling, along which the spirit of the reader is borne passively away, through long reaches of delight. Mr Moore's poetry, indeed, where his happiest vein is opened, realises more exactly than that of any other writer, the splendid account which is given by Comus, of the song of—

"His mother Circe, and the Sirens three,
Amid the flowery-kirtled Naiades,
Who, as they sung, would take the prisoned
soul,
And lap it in Elysium!"

And, though it is certainly to be regretted that he should so often have broken the measure with more frivolous strains, or filled up its intervals with a sort of brilliant *falsetto*, it should never be forgotten that his excellences are at least as peculiar to himself as his faults, and, on the whole, perhaps, more characteristic of his genius."

That closing sentence can scarcely be disputed; the excellences of a writer must be more characteristic of his *genius* than his faults; there was little occasion here for the insertion of his too favourite "perhaps."

In his several reviews of Lord Byron's poetry, he makes many remarks which will be always recognised as just and pertinent; but he does not appear to have entered into any earnest investigation of that which constituted its real force and potency—that deep,

self-scrutinising discontent which is expressed, and boldly appealed to, as the concealed inmate of every bosom. In dealing with the mere merit of the verse, he seems to have been often borne along by the tide of public applause. At all events, there are here and there extracts quoted with great commendation, which some future Jeffrey may probably point out as illustrative of anything but poetic excellence, as illustrating mainly how the contemporary critic, like the simplest reader, may be carried away by the popular enthusiasm.

It is another peculiarity of our author's manner, *to take a circuit*—sometimes of two or three sentences, sometimes of two or three paragraphs—in which he contrives to express a variety of different or conflicting ideas, leaving the reader to reconcile them how he best may. This manner of writing gives his own mind a pleasant exercise; and, for a careless reader—and most readers are careless—fills the page very agreeably. It saves, too, the trouble of very accurate decision; if one observation is erroneous, or extravagantly expressed, it is neutralised by some other observation;—there is black and white thrown before you on the palette, mix them to your own pleasure; you cannot complain that there is withheld from you any one reasonable view of the case. We do not know whether our space will allow us to give any specimen of the *larger circuit*, composed of paragraphs, but the *smaller* will come unavoidably in our way.* There is no violent opposition, be it remembered, in the parts; you glide from one point to the other, and find at length you must choose a position for yourself, if you are anxious to maintain one. Of the sentiments of Byron, he says: "There are some which we must ever think it most unfortunate to entertain, and others which it appears improper to have published; and the greater part are admirable, and cannot but be perused with admiration, even by those to whom they may appear erroneous."

* As an instance of this style, when applied to the general estimate of an author, see the commencement of the review of Hardy's *Life of Lord Charlemont*—"Contributions," vol. iv.

This is said apropos of the *third canto of Childe Harold*, which he commences his notice of in the following circuitous manner :—

"The most considerable of these (Lord Byron's recent publications) is the third canto of *Childe Harold*—a work which has the disadvantage of all continuations, in admitting of little absolute novelty in the plan of the work, or the cast of its character, and must, besides, remind all Lord Byron's readers of the extraordinary effect produced by the sudden blazing forth of his genius, upon their first introduction to that title." (You think he is going to disparage, but read on.) "In spite of all this, however, we are persuaded that this third part of the poem will not be pronounced inferior to either of the former, and, *we think, will probably* be ranked *above* them by those who have been most delighted with the whole. The great success of this singular production, indeed, has always appeared to us an extraordinary proof of its merits; for, with all its genius, it does not belong to a sort of poetry that rises easily to popularity. It has no story, or action—very little variety of character—and a great deal of reasoning and reflection of no very attractive tenor."

Take what view you will of the third canto of *Childe Harold*, the critic has been before you : here is praise of all shades ; nevertheless, he has pledged himself as little as possible to any decided opinion. In the same paper he reviews *Parisina*, and here occurs one of those instances to which we have alluded, where the critic seems to have been carried along by the tide of popular applause. Any doubt or hesitation he might have had is fairly overborne by the enthusiasm *out of doors* ; and he extols to the utmost verses which, we may safely say, will never again be quoted for especial admiration. The extract we refer to he ushers in with the following note of quite triumphant applause :—

"The grand part of this poem, however, is that which describes the execution of the rival son ; and in which, though there is no pomp, either of language or of sentiment, and everything, on the contrary, *is conceived and expressed with studied simplicity and directness, there is a spirit of pathos and poetry to which it would not be easy to find many parallels.*"

This all but unparalleled passage we would very willingly quote entire ;

but we must content ourselves with a considerable and consecutive portion of it. Assuredly, if Lord Byron had not written better verses than these, the critic would not have found them so faultless :—

"It is a lovely hour as yet
Before the summer sun shall set,
Which rose upon that heavy day,
And mocked it with its steadiest ray ;
And his evening beams are shed
Full on Hugo's fated head !
As, his last confession pouring
To the monk, his doom deploring
In penitential holiness,
He bends to hear his accents bless
With absolution such as may
Wipe our mental sins away !
That high sun on his head did glisten,
As he there did bow and listen !
And the rings of chestnut hair
Curled half down his neck so bare ;
But brighter still the beam was thrown
Upon the axe which near him shone
With a clear and ghastly glitter !
Oh that parting hour was bitter !
Even the stern stood still with awe ;
Dark the crime and just the law,
Yet they shuddered as they saw.

"The parting prayers are said and over
Of that false son—and daring lover !
His beads and sins are all recounted ;
His hours to their last minute mounted—
His mantling cloak before was stripped,
His bright brown locks must now be clipped."

Well, the critic who, in reviewing Moore, calls for "homeliness," who complains that, "though his ornaments are, for the most part, truly and exquisitely beautiful," yet there is, in fact, "too much ornament," and laments the absence of unity of impression—has not a word to throw away—not one single word—in favour of the *White Doe of Rylstone*, which, whatever faults it possesses, has this charm of simplicity, and has produced on most of its readers a very pleasing and a cherished impression. Still more, the critic who, in reviewing Byron, can quote the lines we have just extracted as finished specimens of composition, of "studied simplicity and directness" of "pathos and of poetry," can also quote as tame, and flat, and ridiculous, these following lines from the *White Doe of Rylstone* ! Francis Norton also is going to certain death—he has nothing to sustain him but his Christian fortitude. He thus takes leave of his sister :—

"Hope nothing, if I thus may speak,
To thee a woman, and thence weak ;

Hope nothing, I repeat ; for we
 Are doomed to perish utterly ;
 'Tis meet that thou with me divide
 The thought while I am by thy side,
 Acknowledging a grace in this,
 A comfort in the dark abyss :
 But look not for me when I am gone,
 And be no further wrought upon.
 Farewell all wishes, all debate,
 All prayers for this cause or for that !
 Weep, if that aid thee ; but depend
 Upon no help of outward friend ;
 Espouse thy doom at once, and cleave
 To fortitude without reprieve."

Where lies "the simplicity and the pathos?"—in the lines ushered in with the loudest note of critical applause, or in those which are introduced with a mocking commentary? We prefer the condemned passage.

In his review of Mrs Hemans, Lord Jeffrey discourses thus:—

"It has been alway our opinion that the very essence of poetry—apart from the pathos, the wit, or the brilliant description which may be embodied in it, but may exist equally in prose—consists in the fine perception and vivid expression of that mysterious analogy which exists between the physical and the moral world—which makes outward things and qualities the natural types and emblems of inward gifts and emotions, or leads us to ascribe life and sentiment to everything that interests us in the aspects of external nature."

Some such train of thought would not have been inappropriate in his review of the *Excursion*—a poem which has done more than any other single work we can call to mind, to cement this connection between external nature and the finest of our moral sentiments. But this would not have been in the usual manner of our author. What has been suggested by the examination of one book serves for the notice of some other: perhaps it came too late, and was not suggested on the first occasion till enough had been written; perhaps it might compromise the independence of the critic to be seen in friendly harmony with his author, or his mind unconsciously threw itself into a habitual attitude of independent *semi-controversial* thought.

To Mrs Hemans some very elegant compliments are paid. To Campbell, to Rogers, to Crabbe, ample justice is done; if something more than justice, we have no disposition to strike off

the excess. Of Coleridge, of Shelley, of Landor, prose or verse, we meet with little or nothing. Keats is commended; but, singularly enough, that fragment of *Hyperion* which suddenly elevated him in the judgment of many who had been little disposed to admire his poetry, is the piece here which is most coldly received. Southey, it is well known, shared in the disparagement thrown upon the "Lakers," and political asperities may here have mingled with poetical criticism. The review of *Roderick the Last of the Goths* is the only one on him republished in the *Contributions*. We quote an extract from it, as an amusing instance of that *circutious* style we have been alluding to. It treats on the choice of the subject of this poem. Glowing patriotism and ascetic piety, and these in the person of a dethroned monarch, appear to point out a subject pre-eminently poetic. But the critic thus plays with his doubts upon that point:—

"We are not quite sure whether we should reckon his choice of a subject among Mr Southey's errors on the present occasion; but certainly no theme could well have been suggested more *utterly alien to all English prejudices*, traditions, and habits of poetical contemplation, than the domestic history of the last Gothic king of Spain—a history *extremely remote and obscure in itself*, and treating of persons, and places, and events, with which no visions or glories are associated in English imaginations. The subject, however, was selected, we suppose, during that period when a *zeal for Spanish liberty*, and a belief in Spanish virtue, spirit, and talent, *were extremely fashionable in this country*, and before "the universal Spanish people" had made themselves the objects of mixed contempt and compassion, by rushing prone into the basest and most in-culting servitude that was ever asserted over human beings. From this degradation we do not think they will be redeemed by all the heroic acts recorded in this poem, the interest of which, we suspect, will be considerably lowered by the late revolution in public opinion as to the merits of the nation to whose fortunes it relates. *After all, however*, we think it must be allowed that any author who interests us in his story has either the merit of choosing a good subject, or a still higher merit; and Mr Southey, in our opinion, *has made his story very interesting. Nor should it be forgotten*

that, by the choice which he has made, he has secured immense squadrons of Moors, with their Asiatic gorgeousness, and their cymbals, turbans, and Paynim chivalry, to give a picturesque effect to his battles—and beves of veiled virgins and ladies in armour—and hermits and bishops—and mountain villagers—and torrents and forests, and cork trees and sierras, to remind us of Don Quixote—and store of sonorous names—and *altogether*, he might have chosen worse among more familiar objects.”

To pass in review all the modern writers on whom Jeffrey has written would be impossible; much less can we revert to times past, and follow him in his criticism on Shakspeare, and the elder dramatists, or Cowper, or Burns, or Swift. On Swift the strictures are more powerful, decisive, and indignant, than usually fall from his pen. We have no desire to diminish from their pungency; and the general estimate formed of the wits of Queen Anne is such as we should readily acquiesce in. There is a casual notice, however, of one of our elder writers, whose cause we should not so willingly renounce. He speaks of “the paltry flippancy and disgusting affectation of Sterne!” This is all that is said of him, and it is said *en passant*, in one of his reviews of Madame de Stael. But it startled us, we confess. A spice of affectation, and of something worse than affectation, cannot be allowed to throw into oblivion the genius that delineated our uncle Toby, and corporal Trim, or even our father Shandy, who, amidst all his crotchets, is still a genuine specimen of human nature.

Disentangling ourselves from the poets, modern or more ancient, let us make a few more general remarks, bearing on the intellectual character, on the style of writing and of reasoning of the late Lord Jeffrey. His style was clear and copious, somewhat too copious, and abounding in illustrations which had the merit of really elucidating his meaning. His intellect was quick and vivacious, and many are the instances which might be given where he has seized and happily expressed some one truth, bearing upon the subject of his investigation. But when he had accomplished this he seems to have contented himself.

Whether from an impatience of long-continued thought, or from a distrustful dubious temper, leading him to conclude that truth itself was rarely to be discovered, he is never seen to enter earnestly into the prosecution of any inquiry. He quits his subject leaving a degree of uncertainty hanging over it; or if he states a decisive conclusion, the conclusion itself is one which favours despondency, or it purposely halts between two opinions. In his political speculations he is generally despondent; amongst his private letters, as well as his public writings, we find some of the gloomiest vaticinations of the future destiny of society that we remember anywhere to have read. On other subjects of philosophical inquiry he often expresses in a very lucid manner both this and that opinion, and fortifies himself on some narrow isthmus between the two. After we had become a little familiar with this habit of his mind, we were extremely amused to alight upon a paper in which he discusses the metaphysical question, whether there is, or there is not, an external world. Faithful to himself, he discovers that there is no *proof* of the existence of an external world; but then there is no *disproving* its existence. Upon the whole, we had better go on believing it.

There is a great deal of pleasing and elegant writing, of facile exposition and copious illustration, on the subject of beauty and sublimity. It was one to which he had given much attention, yet there is no completeness in the view he presents. Parts of the subject are more than sufficiently explained, whilst other parts are most unsatisfactorily treated. He was not, as the French are fond of calling it, a *conscientious* workman.

To make a lucid statement which, at all events, has its measure of truth—this is the exercise of mind with which he rests satisfied. And here we notice a peculiar artifice of composition in our author. He will string together several of such lucid statements, with such skill and dexterity that they shall seem to form one chain of reasoning. But if the page is re-perused with attention, it is found to be composed of independent thoughts or remarks, each of

which may be true, but which have no logical sequence. They had been connected merely by a certain dexterous manipulation of language, or perhaps by bold juxtaposition. This artifice it will be impossible to make intelligible without an illustration. In order to escape as much as possible from any tedious introduction, we shall take our example from that review of Madame de Stael to which, in the previous portion of our paper, we have already alluded. We should have some scruple in taxing the attention of our readers to follow us, even in this one illustration, if it were not that the ideas we shall encounter, though joined together somewhat in the same manner that the cunning Japanese fastened the head of a monkey to the body of a fish, are really in themselves valuable and well worth considering. In this respect his invention bears no resemblance to the ingenious syrens or mermaids of the Japanese, which, when taken to pieces, are found to consist of parts utterly worthless.

Madame de Stael has been speaking of the purity of taste which characterises the very earliest poetry of the Greeks, and has ascribed this to the influence of their religion, or mythology. Jeffrey with great acuteness remarks, that the mythology itself has to be accounted for. He continues :—

“ Now even if we could pass over the obvious objection, that this mythology was itself a creature of the same poetical imagination which it is here supposed to have modified, it is impossible not to observe, that though the circumstances now alluded to may account for the raised and lofty tone of the Grecian poetry, and for the exclusion of low or familiar life from their dramatic representations, it will not explain the far more substantial indications of pure taste afforded by the absence of all that gross exaggeration, violent incongruity, and tedious and childish extravagance, which are found to deform the primitive poetry of most other nations. The Hindoos, for example, have a mythology at least as copious, and still more closely interwoven with every action of their lives. But their legends are the very models of bad taste ; and unite all the detestable attributes of obscurity, puerility, insufferable tediousness, and the most revolting and abominable absurdity. The

poetry of the northern bards is not much more commendable. But the Greeks are wonderfully rational and moderate in all their works of imagination ; and speak for the most part with a degree of justness and brevity, which is only the more marvellous when it is considered how much religion had to do in the business. *A better explanation, perhaps, of the superiority may be derived from recollecting that the sins of affectation, and injudicious effort, really cannot be committed where there are no models to be at once copied and avoided. The first writers naturally took possession of what was most striking, and most capable of producing effect in nature and incident. Their successors consequently found these occupied, and were obliged, for the credit of their originality, to produce something which should be different, at least, if not better, than his originals.”*

Here the second remark, very good in itself, is put forward as an “ explanation ” of the difficulty suggested in the first part of the paragraph. It has plainly nothing to do with the difficulty. The author very properly puts the question—How came the Hindoo and the Greek to frame such different mythologies, as well as literatures ? What is the reason of this original diversity in the imagination of the two people ? But the answer or explanation states a fact common to every original literature. The first poets or writers in India were as little liable to the sin of affectation, from copying or avoiding previous models, as the first writers of Greece. The paragraph, it is evident, must be broken in half, in order that each part should be restored to its legitimate value. But then it was necessary, for the very purposes of authorship, that the ideas should be woven together in some consecutive arrangement, and our rapid dexterous author weaves on, with any straw that comes first to hand. It will hold if no one touches it.

There seems at first some incongruity between the habit of qualification, of balancing opposite opinions, of hesitation and apparent timidity, and the boldness, amounting to rashness, which at other times is conspicuous in our celebrated critic ; but this very hesitation of manner,—the “ we suspect,” the “ perhaps,” the “ probably,”—are in fact merely intro-

duced as parts of this skilful joinery. We should mistake the matter egregiously if we supposed there was any real timidity or modesty in this mode of speech ; which is, indeed, the mere disguise for haste and volatility. This bland suggestive manner enables him always *to say on*—(the great necessity of the rapid writer, as of the voluble speaker)—to proceed always with the least possible pause or interruption. Our author delighted to sit in his easy editorial chair, to turn this way and that, to assert, to doubt, invent, propose. What you finally made of the matter was really your affair, not his. He could be paradoxical, and balance one paradox by another; or he could take his place in the centre of the see-saw, and receive from it the slightest possible movement. “Her taste,” speaking of Madame de Stael, “is, *perhaps*, not *quite* perfect.” Of what mortal writer could not this be said with perfect safety? “From all we have been able to gather from history or recent observation, we should be inclined to say that there was no sound sense, firmness of purpose, or principled goodness, *except among the natives of Europe*, and their genuine descendants.” All Mahometan sages, and all Asiatic Christians, are cut off at once from any claims to firmness of purpose or principled goodness. Very intolerant; but no matter, we shall be tolerant enough another time, perhaps in the next page.

No subject came unwelcome to him, says Lord Cockburn, speaking of his conversational powers; “and if he had not knowledge, he had fancy at command.” In his writings, too, he could sometimes supply the place of knowledge with fancy or ingenious conjecture. He undertook to review Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*. There lay the novel before him, and in an English translation, which enabled him (if ever translation did) to judge of the merits of the book. The judgment he passed was strange enough. Here, too, he exercises all his wit and author-craft upon the defects and blemishes of a work of genius. Wilhelm himself is confessedly a tedious, insipid, insufferable personage. There was room for caustic censure; but what room was there also for a very

different display of the critical faculty! The critic, however, passes his own judgment—which he was perfectly entitled to do—upon the novel as it appeared to him in its English translation. But he is not content with this; he undertakes to explain, without any preparatory study of German literature, the peculiarities of the literary taste of Germany. We give the shortest possible extract, that will bring both this critical judgment, and this theoretical explanation, to the recollection of our readers.

“We must say, then, at once, that we cannot enter into the spirit of this German idolatry; nor at all comprehend upon what grounds the work before us could ever be considered as an admirable, or even a commendable, performance. To us it certainly appears, after the most deliberate consideration, to be eminently absurd, puerile, incongruous, vulgar, and affected;—and though redeemed by considerable powers of invention, *and some traits of vivacity*, to be so far from perfection, as to be almost from beginning to end one flagrant offence against every principle of taste, and every just rule of composition.

“It is not very easy, certainly, to account for these incongruities, or to suggest an intelligible theory for so strange a practice. But, in so far as we can guess, these peculiarities of German taste are to be referred, in part, to the comparative newness of original composition among this ingenious people, and to the state of European literature when they first ventured on the experiment; and, in part, to the state of society in that great country itself, and the comparatively humble condition of the greater part of those who write, or to whom writing is there addressed.”

This to explain the peculiarities of a literature which had already had its Lessing! This to explain the peculiarities of a work of Goethe's, and a work addressed peculiarly to the observant and reflective class of readers!

Let us turn once more to his politics, and his general speculations on the great affairs of human society. Here we shall not be at a loss to find specimens of those lucid statements of some one truth, or some one view, to which we have already directed attention; neither should we have long to seek before we stumbled upon some bold logical discrepancy equally characteristic of our author. We will

first, however, select an example or two of that clear, facile, and fluent exposition, often aided by felicitous illustration, which we hold to constitute the principal charm and value of Lord Jeffrey's writings. He is reviewing Bentham, and after some remarks on his principle of utility, and on his analytic table of pains and pleasures, he continues thus:—

"It is now, we believe, universally admitted that nothing can be generally the object of moral approbation which does not tend upon the whole to the good of mankind; and we are not even disposed to dispute with Mr Bentham, that the true source of this moral approbation is, in all cases, a perception or experience of what may be called utility in the action or object which excites it. The difference, however, between us is considerable; and it is precisely this: Mr Bentham maintains that in all cases we ought to disregard the presumptions arising from moral approbation, and, by a resolute and scrupulous analysis, to get at the actual and naked utility upon which it is founded; and then, by the application of his new moral arithmetic, to determine its quantity, its composition, and its value; and, according to the result of this investigation, to regulate our moral approbation for the future. We, on the other hand, are inclined to hold, that those feelings, when they are uniform and decided, *are by far the surest tests* of the quantity and value of the utility by which they are suggested; and that if we discredit their report, and attempt to ascertain their value by any formal process of calculation or analysis, we desert a safe and natural standard, in pursuit of one for the construction of which we neither have, nor can have, any rules or materials."

This puts the difference between Mr Bentham and one class of his opponents on a very clear footing. Jeffrey, however, would not have refused to *add* to this exposition, that the better test and safer standard of utility, supplied by our moral feelings, is itself to be *gradually* raised by examinations of that very kind which Bentham insists on placing before us at once as their substitute.

Our next example is of a more brilliant character; it is taken from the opening of a paper on *Baillie's Memoirs*.

"Among the many evils which the French Revolution has inflicted on mankind, the most deplorable, perhaps, both

in point of extent and of probable duration, consists in the injury which it has done to the cause of rational freedom, and the discredit in which it has involved the principles of political philosophy. The warnings which may be derived from the misfortunes of that country, and the lessons which may still be read in the tragical consequences of her temerity, are memorable, no doubt, and important; but they are such as are presented to us by the history of every period of the world; and the emotions by which they have been impressed are, in this case, too violent to let their import and application be properly distinguished. From the miscarriage of a scheme of frantic innovation, we have conceived an unreasonable and indiscriminating dread of all alteration or reform. The bad success of an attempt to make government perfect, has reconciled us to imperfections which might easily be removed; and the miserable consequences of treating everything as prejudice and injustice which could not be reconciled to a system of fantastic equality, has given strength to prejudices, and sanction to abuses, which were gradually wearing away before the progress of reason and philosophy. The French Revolution, in short, has thrown us back half a century in the course of political improvement, and driven many of us to cling once more, with superstitious terror, to those idols from which we had been nearly reclaimed by the lessons of a milder philosophy. When we look round on the wreck and ruin which the whirlwind has scattered over the prospect before us, we tremble at the rising gale, and shrink even from the wholesome air that stirs the fig-leaf on our porch. Terrified and disgusted with the brawls and midnight murders which proceed from intoxication, we are almost inclined to deny ourselves the pleasures of a generous hospitality, and scarcely venture to diffuse the comforts of light and of warmth in our dwellings, when we turn our eyes on the devastation which the flames have committed around us."

Many other passages, and superior to this, might be discovered, of political eloquence; and instances might be detected, with equal facility, of political reasoning very palpably weak and inconclusive. There is an inconvenience in selecting instances of this latter description; they are apt to lead to dry and inopportune controversy; and, after all, Whig and Tory may view the matter in a different light. But we think we can

point to an example which Whig and Tory will alike glance at with some amusement, as an unmistakable instance either of the oversight or of the audacity of the partisan—we know not by which term they will characterise it. It occurs in a paper upon Reform in Parliament.

“All political societies may be considered as divided into *three great classes or orders*. In the *first* place, the governors, or those who are employed, or hope to be employed, by the governors; and who therefore either have, or expect to have, profit or advantage of some sort from the government, or from subordinate patrons. In the *second* place, those who are in *opposition* to the government, who feel the burdens and restraints which it imposes, are jealous of the honours and emoluments it enjoys or distributes, and grudge the expense and submission which it requires, under the apprehension that the good it accomplishes is not worth so great a sacrifice. And *thirdly*, and *finally*, those *who may be counted for nothing* in all political arrangements, who are *ignorant, indifferent, and quiescent*, who submit to all things without grumbling or dissatisfaction, and are contented to consider all existing institutions as a part of the order of nature, to which it is their duty to accommodate themselves.”

Thus all political societies consist, 1st, Of the governors and their satellites; 2d, Of the opposition; and 3d, Of the fools! A class of men contented to be governed, contented on any other ground than sheer ignorance, does not exist. All the sagacity, intelligence, and education, not absorbed by the Government, belongs to the Opposition. There is really no such thing in the country as a class of men, not aspiring to office, and yet contented with the government under which they live;—unless indeed they belong to that order “which pass for nothing,” ignorant and indifferent, and therefore quiescent. On this very amusing classification the author absolutely proceeds to reason.

Of the *Letters* of Lord Jeffrey, which occupy the second volume of the *Memoirs*, we have already intimated our opinion—that the more skilful use to have made of them would have been to extract and incorporate in the Biography such parts as were valuable, either as expressing

the opinions or developing the character of the writer. To some extent this use has been made of them, and consequently the interest of the second volume is in some degree detracted from, by the circumstance that the more striking portions have already appeared in the first. It seems to us that this inconvenience of perusing the same thing twice might have been spared, and all that was worth preserving have been incorporated into the Biography. This, however, was a mere matter of editorial discretion, and Lord Cockburn at least consulted the prevailing taste. It seems the passion, or the habit of the day, to run to a man's private letters, and to find his life and opinions in his correspondence. Even where he has written elaborate books, they think he must have published himself more fully in the hasty scraps despatched by the penny post.

The prevailing notion is, that a more *genuine* expression is obtained of an author's sentiments from his private letters than from his published works. Under certain peculiar circumstances this may be the case, as where the author held opinions it was not safe or prudent to avow. But, in general, we believe that men are both more sincere, as well as more considerate, in what they confide to the public, than in what they pour out in private, whether in conversation or in letters. When a man reflects on any subject with the intention of delivering the results to the public, he is alone—he *thinks alone*; he and his subject are locked up together in his study; but when he writes to a friend, he is very much in the condition as if he were speaking to him; he is more or less under the influence of the peculiar temper and opinions of that friend; he writes as if in his presence, and, from an unpremeditated courtesy, if from no other motive, adapts himself, in some degree, to his humour, his disposition, or his views. Thus, the tone and tenor of the letter may a great deal depend on the person to whom it is sent. If a man carries on a lengthy correspondence, he not unfrequently falls into the habit of addressing some one friend in some prevailing strain—hopeful

or despondent, humorous or sad—which he perseveres in from mere custom, or for the sake of consistency, but which does not fairly express the usual tenor of his thoughts. Just as a man carries unconsciously a different manner and style of conversation into one company than he does into another—as he seems a very different person in one house than he does in another—so will he, not once, but habitually, write in a strain that has become modified by the temper and character of the correspondent he is addressing. Even in the inimitable letters of Cowper, which are genuine and unaffected, if any letters ever were, how different a person does the writer seem in those he despatches to his friend Hill, or his cousin Lady Hesketh, and in the sad epistles he indites to the Rev. Mr Newton.

So far from preferring the letter to the printed work, we are persuaded that, as evidence of opinion and sentiment, it is of less authority than unpremeditated conversation. For there are certain affectations of style and manner quite peculiar to *epistolary authorship*, which interfere not a little with everything like sincere and genuine expression of sentiment. Whenever the epistolary style is not employed for the direct purposes of business, or the communication of important fact, or is not imbued with some strong passion, it seems to have an incurable tendency to affectation of some kind; either it is an affectation of ease and carelessness, or it is an elaborate elegance, or a most painful gaiety, or there is a tone of overstrained compliment and most wearisome facetiousness. These artificial graces are not friendly to honest statements, whether of fact or of opinion. We read few letters with much faith, and fewer still with much pleasure.

In the correspondence of Lord Jeffrey, the attention will be chiefly arrested by the gloomy vaticinations as to the future destiny of England, repeated again and again by the late Editor of the *Edinburgh Review*. Notwithstanding the Reform Bill, and all that political economy and the education of the people can do for us, free trade, and emigration, and the schoolmaster, the crash must come!—the prosperity of England fall

with tremendous ruin to the ground! This strain does not occur merely in the terror and the turmoil that accompanied the passing of the Reform Bill; it was his fixed idea; it is repeated early and late, in calm weather and in storm. In grave letters to official friends, in lighter epistles even to his lady correspondents, the same strain appears. We quote an example taken from the close of the volume, and from amongst his latest letters. It is addressed to Miss Berry. The italics, we may observe, are not ours, they are in the original:—

“CRAIGCROOK, Sunday, 24th July 1842.

“My dear Miss Berry—I think you will like to hear that your old fellow-sufferer has got through his spell of summer work, and is at least as well as when he began it.

“You will understand that I want to know about your health and spirits generally, and how you have been employing yourself, and what you intend to do for the remainder of the season, and with what views you look before and after upon this shifting pageant of life! For my part, I think I grow more tranquil and contented, and I fancy, too, more indulgent to others, and certainly not less affectionate to those from whom I look for affection. But I want a few lessons still from you, and should be glad to be confirmed in what is right, and warned against what is wrong, in my estimate of the duties and enjoyments that may remain for declining age, &c.

“I hope you are not quite so much alarmed as I am at this wide-spread and lasting distress of the country, and wish you could give me comfort upon that, as well as other causes of anxiety. But my fears, I acknowledge, ‘stick deep,’ because I see in the gloomy aspect of affairs, not so much the fruit of any mistaken policy, or injudicious tenacity of mischievous restrictions, as the symptoms of that *inexorable* decay which I have long anticipated from the loss of that *monopoly of the market* of the world which we have enjoyed for the last eighty years, and of which the growing skill and industry of other nations must, sooner or later, have deprived us. The crisis may have been accelerated by bad management, and may be softened or warded off for a short time (long enough though, I hope, for you and me) by good. But I do not see that it can be prevented; and am persuaded that within twenty years, and probably much sooner, we are doomed to a greater *retrogression* than is yet recorded in our history.

Do satisfy me, if you can, that these are the dreams of a poor provincial invalid; and, at all events, persuade *yourself* that they are, if it would give you any serious uneasiness to think otherwise. God bless you! and ever faithfully yours."

Is it *badinage*, or the language of compliment, when the late member of Parliament and Lord-Advocate, on the strength of dating from Craigmuck, represents himself to the lady as a poor "provincial," seeking good counsel at her hands? In general, the letters of Lord Jeffrey are addressed to members of his own family, or they are of a semi-official character. We have happily, therefore, very few of these artificial graces of the style epistolary. But we cannot say that they quite escape them, or that the tendency is not shown to fall into some of the affectations we have been speaking of. We have already alluded to the sad complaints murmured forth on his promotion to be Lord-Advocate: it is not necessary to quote them. It seems to be one of the admitted privileges of office and dignity to complain of the burdens they impose. Perhaps this voice of complaint is but a graceful manner of disarming the envy of unsuccessful rivals.

There is one subject to which, throughout his letters, Lord Jeffrey never gracefully alludes. He speaks of his literary labours, not only as likely to interfere with his professional advancement, but as if they might be a personal disparagement, endanger his social rank—put in jeopardy, in short, his *respectability*. Did he really think that it could tarnish his name and honour amongst men that he should retire, from time to time, from his professional pleadings—from contests with John Clerk, who had sold to his client "his temper, his perspiration, his nights, and his reason"—to a more quiet arena, to speculate with the philosophers, and listen to the poets, and watch the revolutions of literature and politics? Or what, without his literature, would have been Lord Jeffrey now? He might perhaps have figured in the portrait gallery of Lord Cockburn, brought there side by side with the said John Clerk, to do honour to some other literary lawyer: this would have been his only chance of remembrance. It is because Lord

Jeffrey did perform great services in his day to the general cause of literature and enlightenment that we all hold him in honour and esteem. We, in this endeavour to analyse and discriminate the character and merit of his writings, may be thought by some to have spoken occasionally in a tone of disparagement; but, for all this, we know not how many ordinary Lords of Session we could not very stoically have resigned rather than have lost our Jeffrey.

Even in the republication of his *Contributions to the Review*, and in a note to the last paper he contributed, he is haunted by this strange feeling or affectation, that in his literary avocations there was something that disparaged the dignity of the lawyer and of the Judge. It is a notice of the *Life and Writings of Sir James Mackintosh* that he ushers in with apologetical prefaces: "It was my last—it was the *only thing* I wrote for it after my advancement. If there was any impropriety in my contributing at all, some palliation, &c. . . I wrote it solely out of affection. If it was an impropriety, it was one for which I cannot now submit to seek shelter," &c. Oh, brave defiance of public opinion! Is there a single soul in all Scotland or England that imputed it as an impropriety that he should write this tribute to the memory of his late friend? What if he had carried his criminality so far as even to have written the *Life of Sir James Mackintosh*? Would none of his judicial brethren have absolved him?

But we are encountered, and we are silenced here, by the recollection that the whole literary profession—so far as there can be said to exist such a profession, and so far as it stands identified with periodical literature—owes a debt of gratitude to Lord Jeffrey. He, more than any other single man, has raised the character of that literature, and, of consequence, the repute of those who conduct it. He may be said, in the language of the theatre, to have *created* the part of Editor. We must permit him, therefore, to speak of it in what terms he pleases. Moreover, it was another office when he laid it down than it was when he assumed it. Whether his own *Contributions* have body

and consistency enough to endure long as a separate independent work, we may doubt; but let us say (ending where we began this paper) that, as the first Editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, Jeffrey has earned for his name an enduring place in the history of English literature.

In fairness to the *Memoir* of Lord Cockburn, we ought to add, that the best portrait it contains is that which it was especially bound to give us—the portrait of Jeffrey himself. After the strictures we have passed, it will not be supposed that we acquiesce entirely in the estimate here formed of his intellectual eminence; but there is one subject on which we are quite willing to take Lord Cockburn's authority—namely, on the moral character of his friend, as developed in his public and private life—on his perfect amiability—on his high sense of honour and undeviating rectitude of conduct. As a testimony to his moral worth, we shall ourselves conclude by quoting the closing sentences of Lord Cockburn's biography; and if the praise accorded to his intellectual powers and performances be on a higher key than we should have pitched it, we are still pleased at an opportunity of echoing the voice of praise. Our readers will no longer need our help in a little *subduing* the tone of the following extract:—

“He was not so much distinguished by the predominance of any one great quality, as by the union of several of the finest. Rapidity of intellect, instead of misleading, as it often does, was combined in him with great soundness; and a high condition of the reasoning powers with an active and delightful fancy. Though not what is termed learned, his knowledge was various; and in literature, politics, and the philosophy of life, it was deep. A taste exquisitely delicate, and largely exercised, was one of the great sources of his enjoyment, and of his unmatched critical skill. But the peculiar charm of his character lay in the junction of intellectual power with moral worth. His honour was superior to every temptation

by which the world could assail it. The pleasures of the heart were necessary for his existence, and were preferred by him to every other gratification, except the pleasures of conscience. Passing much of his time in literary and political contention, he was never once chilled by an unkind feeling, even towards those he was trying to overcome. An habitual gaiety never allowed its thoughtlessness, nor an habitual prudence its caution, to interfere with any claim of charity or duty. Nor was this merely the passive amiableness of a gentle disposition. It was the positive humanity of a resolute man, glowing in the conflicts of the world.

“He prepared himself for what he did by judicious early industry. He then chose the most difficult spheres in which talent can be exerted, and excelled in them all—rising from obscurity and dependence to affluence and renown. His splendour as an advocate was exceeded by his eminence as a judge. He was the founder of a new system of criticism, and this a higher one than had ever existed. As an editor and as a writer, he did as much to improve his country and the world as can almost ever be done by discussion by a single man. He was the last of four pre-eminent Scotchmen, who, living in their own country, raised its character and extended its reputation during the period of his career. The other three were Dugald Stewart, Walter Scott, and Thomas Chalmers; each of whom, in literature, philosophy, or policy, caused great changes; and each left upon his age the impression of the mind that produced them. Jeffrey, though surpassed in genius certainly by Scott, and perhaps by Chalmers, was inferior to none of them in public usefulness, or in the beauty of the means by which he achieved it, or in its probable duration. The elevation of the public mind was his peculiar glory. In one respect alone he was unfortunate. The assaults which he led against error were efforts in which the value of his personal services can never be duly seen. His position required him to dissipate, in detached and nameless exertions, as much philosophy and beautiful composition as would have sustained avowed and important original works. He has raised a great monument, but it is one on which his own name is too faintly engraved.”

MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.

BY PISISTRATUS CAXTON.

BOOK XII. CONTINUED—CHAPTER IX.

WE are at Norwood in the sage's drawing-room. Violante has long since retired to rest. Harley, who had accompanied the father and daughter to their home, is still conversing with the former.

"Indeed, my dear Duke," said Harley—

"Hush, hush! *Diavolo*, don't call me Duke yet; I am at home here once more as Dr Riccabocca."

"My dear doctor, then, allow me to assure you that you overrate my claim to your thanks. Your old friends Leonard and Frank Hazelden must come in for their share. Nor is the faithful Giacomo to be forgotten."

"Continue your explanation."

"In the first place, I learned, through Frank, that one Baron Levy, a certain fashionable money-lender, and general ministrant to the affairs of fine gentlemen, was just about to purchase a yacht from Lord Spendquick on behalf of the Count. A short interview with Spendquick enabled me to outbid the usurer, and conclude a bargain, by which the yacht became mine;—a promise to assist Spendquick in extricating himself from the claws of the money-lender, (which I trust to do by reconciling him with his father, who is a man of liberality and sense,) made Spendquick readily connive at my scheme for outwitting the enemy. He allowed Levy to suppose that the Count might take possession of the vessel; but affecting an engagement, and standing out for terms, postponed the final settlement of the purchase-money till the next day. I was thus master of the vessel, which I felt sure was destined to serve Peschiera's infamous design. But it was my business not to alarm the

Count's suspicions: I therefore permitted the pirate crew he had got together to come on board. I knew I could get rid of them when necessary. Meanwhile, Frank undertook to keep close to the Count until he could see and cage within his lodgings the servant whom Peschiera had commissioned to attend his sister. If I could but apprehend this servant, I had a sanguine hope that I could discover and free your daughter before Peschiera could even profane her with his presence. But Frank, alas! was no pupil of Machiavel. Perhaps the Count detected his secret thoughts under his open countenance; perhaps merely wished to get rid of a companion very much in his way; but, at all events, he contrived to elude our young friend as cleverly as you or I could have done—told him that Beatrice herself was at Rochampton—had borrowed the Count's carriage to go there—volunteered to take Frank to the house—took him. Frank found himself in a drawing-room; and after waiting a few minutes, while the Count went out on pretence of seeing his sister, in pirouetted a certain distinguished opera-dancer. Meanwhile the Count was fast back on the road to London, and Frank had to return as he could. He then hunted for the Count everywhere, and saw him no more. It was late in the day when Frank found me out with this news. I became seriously alarmed. Peschiera might perhaps learn my counter scheme with the yacht—or he might postpone sailing until he had terrified or entangled Violante into some—in short, everything was to be dreaded from a man of the Count's temper. I had no clue to the place

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to which your daughter was taken—no excuse to arrest Peschiera—no means even of learning where he was. He had not returned to Mivart's. The police were at fault, and useless, except in one valuable piece of information. They told me where some of your countrymen, whom Peschiera's perfidy had sent into exile, were to be found. I commissioned Giacomo to seek these men out, and induce them to man the vessel. It might be necessary, should Peschiera or his confidential servants come aboard, after we had expelled or drawn off the pirate crew, that they should find Italians whom they might well mistake for their own hirelings. To these foreigners I added some English sailors who had before served in the same vessel, and on whom Spendquick assured me I could rely. Still these precautions only availed in case Peschiera should resolve to sail, and defer till then all machinations against his captives. While, amidst my fears and uncertainties, I was struggling still to preserve presence of mind, and rapidly discussing with the Austrian Prince if any other steps could be taken, or if our sole resource was to repair to the vessel and take the chance of what might ensue, Leonard suddenly and quietly entered my room. You know his countenance, in which joy or sadness is not betrayed so much by the evidence of the passions as by variations in the intellectual expression. It was but by the clearer brow and the steadier eye that I saw he had good tidings to impart."

"Ah," said Riccabocca—for so, obeying his own request, we will yet call the sage—"ah, I early taught that young man the great lesson inculcated by Helvetius. All our errors arise from our ignorance or our passions. Without ignorance, and without passions, we should be serene, all-penetrating intelligences."

"Mopsticks," quoth Harley, "have neither ignorance nor passions; but as for their intelligence"—

"Pshaw!" interrupted Riccabocca—"Proceed."

"Leonard had parted from us some hours before. I had commissioned him to call at Madame di Negra's, and, as he was familiarly known to her servants, seek to obtain quietly all the

information he could collect, and, at all events, procure (what in my haste I had failed to do) the name and description of the man who had driven her out in the morning, and make what use he judged best of every hint he could gather or glean that might aid our researches. Leonard only succeeded in learning the name and description of the coachman, whom he recognised as one Beppo, to whom she had often given orders in his presence. None could say where she then could be found, if not at the Count's hotel. Leonard went next to that hotel. The man had not been there all the day. While revolving what next he should do, his eye caught sight of your intended son-in-law, gliding across the opposite side of the street. One of those luminous, inspiring conjectures, which never occur to you philosophers, had from the first guided Leonard to believe that Randal Leslie was mixed up in this villanous affair."

"Ha! He!" cried Riccabocca. "Impossible! For what interest?—what object?"

"I cannot tell; neither could Leonard; but we had both formed the same conjecture. Brief:—Leonard resolved to follow Randal Leslie, and track all his movements. He did then follow him, unobserved, and at a distance—first to Audley Egerton's house—then to Eaton Square—thence to a house in Bruton Street, which Leonard ascertained to be Baron Levy's. Suspicious that, my dear sage?"

"*Diavolo*—yes!" said Riccabocca thoughtfully.

"At Levy's, Randal staid till dusk. He then came out, with his cat-like stealthy step, and walked quickly into the neighbourhood of Leicester Square. Leonard saw him enter one of those small hotels which are appropriated to foreigners. Wild outlandish fellows were loitering about the door and in the street. Leonard divined that the Count, or the Count's confidants, were there."

"If that can be proved," cried Riccabocca—"if Randal could have been thus in communication with Peschiera—could have connived at such perfidy—I am released from my promise. Oh, to prove it!"

"Proof will come later, if we are

on the right track. Let me go on. While waiting near the door of this hotel, Beppo himself, the very man Leonard was in search of, came forth, and, after speaking a few words to some of the loitering foreigners, walked briskly towards Piccadilly. Leonard here resigned all further heed of Leslie, and gave chase to Beppo, whom he recognised at a glance. Coming up to him, he said quietly, 'I have a letter for the Marchesa di Negra. She told me I was to send it to her by you. I have been searching for you the whole day.' The man fell into the trap, and the more easily, because—as he since owned in excuse for a simplicity which, I dare say, weighed on his conscience more than any of the thousand-and-one crimes he may have committed in the course of his illustrious life—he had been employed by the Marchesa as a spy upon Leonard, and, with an Italian's acumen in affairs of the heart, detected her secret."

"What secret?" asked the innocent sage.

"Her love for the handsome young poet. I betray that secret, in order to give her some slight excuse for becoming Peschiera's tool. She believed Leonard to be in love with your daughter, and jealousy urged her to treason. Violante, no doubt, will explain this to you. Well, the man fell into the trap. 'Give me the letter, Signior, and quick.'

"'It is at a hotel close by; come there, and you will have a guinea for your trouble.'

"So Leonard walked our gentleman into my hotel: and having taken him into my dressing-room, turned the key, and there left him. On hearing this capture, the Prince and myself hastened to see our prisoner. He was at first sullen and silent; but when the Prince disclosed his rank and name, (you know the mysterious terror the meaner Italians feel for an Austrian magnate,) his countenance changed, and his courage fell. What with threats, and what with promises, we soon obtained all that we sought to know; and an offered bribe, which I calculated at ten times the amount the rogue could ever expect to receive from his spendthrift master, finally bound him cheerfully to our service,

soul and body. Thus we learned the dismal place to which your noble daughter had been so perfidiously ensnared. We learned also that the Count had not yet visited her, hoping much from the effect that prolonged incarceration might have in weakening her spirit and inducing her submission. Peschiera was to go to the house at midnight, thence to transport her to the vessel. Beppo had received orders to bring the carriage to Leicester Square, where Peschiera would join him. The Count (as Leonard surmised) had taken skulking refuge at the hotel in which Randal Leslie had disappeared. The Prince, Leonard, Frank, (who was then in the hotel,) and myself, held a short council. Should we go at once to the house, and, by the help of the police, force an entrance, and rescue your daughter? This was a very hazardous resource. The abode, which, at various times, had served for the hiding-place of men hunted by the law, abounded, according to our informant, in subterranean vaults and secret passages, and had more than one outlet on the river. At our first summons at the door, therefore, the ruffians within might not only escape themselves, but carry off their prisoner. The door was strong, and before our entrance could be forced, all trace of her we sought might be lost. Again, too, the Prince was desirous of bringing Peschiera's guilty design home to him—anxious to be able to state to the Emperor, and to the great minister, his kinsman, that he himself had witnessed the Count's vile abuse of the Emperor's permission to wed your daughter. In short, while I only thought of Violante, the Prince thought also of her father's recall to his dukedom. Yet still to leave Violante in that terrible house, even for an hour, a few minutes, subjected to the actual presence of Peschiera, unguarded save by the feeble and false woman who had betrayed, and might still desert her—how contemplate that fearful risk? What might not happen in the interval between Peschiera's visit to the house, and his appearance with his victim on the vessel? An idea flashed on me—Beppo was to conduct the Count to the house; if I could

accompany Beppo in disguise—enter the house—myself be present—I rushed back to our informant, now become our agent; I found the plan still more feasible than I had at first supposed. Beppo had asked the Count's permission to bring with him a brother accustomed to the sea, and who wished to quit England. I might personate that brother. You know that the Italian language, in most of its dialects and varieties of patois—Genoese, Piedmontese, Venetian—is as familiar to me as Addison's English. Alas! rather more so. Presto! the thing was settled. I felt my heart, from that moment, as light as a feather, and my sense as keen as the dart which a feather wings. My plans now were formed in a breath, and explained in a sentence. It was right that you should be present on the vessel, not only to witness your foe's downfall, but to receive your child in a father's arms. Leonard set out to Norwood for you, cautioned not to define too precisely for what object you were wanted, till on board the vessel.

"Frank, accompanied by Beppo, (for there was yet time for these preparations before midnight,) repaired to the yacht, taking Giacomo by the way. There our new ally, familiar to most of that piratical crew, and sanctioned by the presence of Frank, as the Count's friend, and prospective brother-in-law, told Peschiera's hirelings that they were to quit the vessel, and wait on shore under Giacomo's auspices till further orders; and as soon as the decks were cleared of these ruffians, (save a few left to avoid suspicion, and who were afterwards safely stowed down in the hold,) and as soon as Giacomo had lodged his convoy in a public-house, where he quitted them, drinking his health over unlimited rations of grog, your inestimable servant quietly shipped on board the Italians pressed into the service, and Frank took charge of the English sailors.

"The Prince, promising to be on board in due time, then left me to make arrangements for his journey to Vienna with the dawn. I hastened to a masquerade warehouse, where, with the help of an ingenious stage-wright artificer, I disguised myself into a

most thorough-paced-looking cut-throat, and then waited the return of my friend Beppo with the most perfect confidence."

"Yet, if that rascal had played false, all these precautions were lost. *Cospetto!* you were not wise," said the prudent philosopher.

"Very likely not. You would have been so wise, that by this time your daughter would have been lost to you for ever."

"But why not employ the police?"

"First—Because I had employed them to little purpose. Secondly—Because I no longer wanted them. Thirdly—Because to use them for my final catastrophe, would be to drag your name, and your daughter's, perhaps, before a police court; at all events, before the tribunal of public gossip. And lastly—Because, having decided upon the proper punishment, it had too much of equity to be quite consistent with law; and in forcibly seizing a man's person, and shipping him off to Norway, my police would have been sadly in the way. Certainly my plan rather savours of Lope de Vega than of Judge Blackstone. However, you see success atones for all irregularities. I resume:—Beppo came back in time to narrate all the arrangements that had been made, and to inform me that a servant from the Count had come on board just as our new crew were assembled there, to order the boat to be at the place where we found it. The servant it was deemed prudent to detain and secure. Giacomo undertook to manage the boat. I am nearly at the close of mystery. Sure of my disguise, I got on the coach-box with Beppo. The Count arrived at the spot appointed, and did not even honour myself with a question or glance. 'Your brother?' he said to Beppo; 'one might guess that; he has the family likeness. Not a handsome race yours! Drive on.'

"We arrived at the house. I dismounted to open the carriage-door. The Count gave me one look.

"'Beppo says you have known the sea.'

"'Excellency, yes. I am a Genoese.'

"'Ha! how is that? Beppo is a

Lombard.'—Admire the readiness with which I redeemed my blunder.

"'Excellency, it pleased Heaven that Beppo should be born in Lombardy, and then to remove my respected parents to Genoa, at which city they were so kindly treated that my mother, in common gratitude, was bound to increase its population. It was all she could do, poor woman. You see she did her best.'

"The Count smiled, and said no more. The door opened—I followed him; your daughter can tell you the rest."

"And you risked your life in that den of miscreants! Noble friend!"

"Risked my life—no; but I risked the Count's. There was one moment when my hand was on my trigger, and my soul very near the sin of justifiable homicide. But my tale is done. The Count is now on the river, and will soon be on the salt seas,—though not bound to Norway as I had first intended. I could not inflict that frigid voyage on his sister. So the men have orders to cruise about for six days, keeping aloof from shore, and they will then land the Count and the Marchesa, by boat, on the French coast. That delay will give time for the Prince to arrive at Vienna before the Count could follow him."

"Would he have that audacity?"

"Do him more justice! Audacity, faith! he does not want for that. But I dreaded not his appearance at Vienna, with such evidence against him. I dreaded his encountering the Prince on the road, and forcing a duel, before his character was so blasted that the Prince could refuse it;—and the Count is a dead shot, of course: all such men are!"

"He will return, and you—"

"I!—Oh, never fear; he has had enough of me. And now, my dear friend—now that Violante is safe once more under your own roof—now that my honoured mother must long ere this have been satisfied by Leonard, who left us to go to her, that our success has been achieved without danger, and, what she will value almost as much, without scandal—now that your foe is powerless as a reed floating on the water towards its own rot, and the Prince is perhaps about to enter his carriage on the road to

Dover, charged with the mission of restoring to Italy her worthiest son—let me dismiss you to your own happy slumbers, and allow me to wrap myself in my cloak, and snatch a short sleep on the sofa, till yonder grey dawn has mellowed into riper day. My eyes are heavy, and if you stay here three minutes longer, I shall be out of reach of hearing—in the land of dreams. *Buona notte!*"

"But there is a bed prepared for you."

Harley shook his head in dissent, and composed himself at length on the sofa.

Riccabocca bending, wrapped the cloak round his guest, kissed him on the forehead, and crept out of the room to rejoin Jemima, who still sate up for him, nervously anxious to learn from him those explanations which her considerate affection would not allow her to ask from the agitated and exhausted Violante. "Not in bed!" cried the sage, on seeing her. "Have you no feelings of compassion for my son that is to be? Just, too, when there is a reasonable probability that we can afford a son!"

Riccabocca here laughed merrily, and his wife threw herself on his shoulder, and cried for joy.

But no sleep fell on the lids of Harley L'Estrange. He started up when his host had left him, and paced the apartment, with noiseless but rapid stride. All whim and levity had vanished from his face, which, by the light of the dawn, seemed death-like pale. On that pale face there was all the struggle, and all the anguish of passion.

"These arms have clasped her," he murmured; "these lips have inhaled her breath. I am under the same roof, and she is saved—saved evermore from danger and from penury, and for ever divided from me. Courage, courage! Oh, honour, duty; and thou, dark memory of the past—thou that didst pledge love at least to a grave—support—defend me! Can I be so weak!"

The sun was in the wintry skies, when Harley stole from the door. No one was stirring except Glauco, who stood by the fire, idly feeding the house-dog. "Good

said the servant, smiling. "The dog has not been of much use, but I don't think the Padrone will henceforth grudge him a breakfast. I shall take him to Italy, and marry him there, in the hope of improving the breed of our native Lombard dogs."

"Ah!" said Harley, "you will soon leave our cold shores. May sunshine settle on you all." He paused, and looked up at the closed windows wistfully.

"The Signorina sleeps there," said

Giacomo, in a husky voice, "just over the room in which you slept."

"I knew it," muttered Harley.

"An instinct told me of it. Open the gate; I must go home. My excuses to your lord, and to all."

He turned a deaf ear to Giacomo's entreaties to stay till at least the Signorina was up—the Signorina whom he had saved. Without trusting himself to speak farther, he quitted the demesne, and walked with swift strides towards London.

CHAPTER X.

Harley had not long reached his hotel, and was still seated before his untasted breakfast, when Mr Randal Leslie was announced. Randal, who was in the firm belief that Violante was now on the wide seas with Peschiera, entered, looking the very personation of anxiety and fatigue. For, like the great Cardinal Richelieu, Randal had learned the art how to make good use of his own delicate and somewhat sickly aspect. The Cardinal, when intent on some sanguinary scheme requiring unusual vitality and vigour, contrived to make himself look a harmless sufferer at death's door. And Randal, whose nervous energies could at that moment have whirled him from one end of this huge metropolis to the other, with a speed that would have outstripped a prize pedestrian, now sank into a chair with a jaded weariness that no mother could have seen without compassion. He seemed since the last night to have galloped towards the last stage of consumption.

"Have you discovered no trace, my lord? Speak, speak!"

"Speak—certainly. I am too happy to relieve your mind, my dear Mr Leslie. What fools we were! Ha! ha!"

"Fools—how?" faltered Randal.

"Of course; the young lady was at her father's house all the time."

"Eh? what?"

"And is there now?"

"It is not possible!" said Randal, in the hollow dreamy tone of a somnambulist. "At her father's house—at Norwood! Are you sure?"

"Sure."

Randal made a desperate and successful effort at self-control. "Heaven be praised!" he cried. "And just as I had begun to suspect the Count—the Marchesa; for I find that neither of them slept at home last night; and Levy told me that the Count had written to him, requesting the Baron to discharge his bills, as he should be for some time absent from England."

"Indeed! Well, that is nothing to us—very much to Baron Levy, if he executes his commission, and discharges the bills. What! are you going already?"

"Do you ask such a question? How can I stay? I must go to Norwood—must see Violante with my own eyes! Forgive my emotion—I—I—"

Randal snatched at his hat and hurried away. The low scornful laugh of Harley followed him as he went.

"I have no more doubt of his guilt than Leonard has. Violante at least shall not be the prize of that thin-lipped knave. What strange fascination can he possess, that he should thus bind to him the two men I value most—Audley Egerton, and Alphonso di Serrano? Both so wise too!—One in books, one in action. And both suspicious men! While I, so imprudently trustful and frank—Ah! that is the reason; our natures are antipathetic—cunning, simulation, falsehood. I have no mercy, no pardon for these. Woe to all hypocrites if I were a Grand Inquisitor!"

"Mr Richard Avenel," said the waiter, throwing open the door.

Harley caught at the arm of the chair on which he sat, and grasped

it nervously; while his eyes became fixed intently on the form of the gentleman who now advanced into the room. He rose with an effort.

"Mr Avenel!" he said falteringly. "Did I hear your name aright? Avenel!"

"Richard Avenel, at your service, my lord," answered Dick. "My family is not unknown to you; and I am not ashamed of my family, though my parents were small Lanskere trades-folks. And I am—a—hem!—a citizen of the world, and well to do!" added Dick, dropping his kid gloves into his hat, and then placing the hat on the table, with the air of an old acquaintance who wishes to make himself at home.

Lord L'Estrange bowed, and said, as he reseated himself—(Dick being firmly seated already)—"You are most welcome, sir; and if there be anything I can do for one of your name—"

"Thank you, my lord," interrupted Dick. "I want nothing of any man. A bold word to say; but I say it. Nevertheless, I should not have presumed to call on your lordship, unless, indeed, you had done me the honour to call first at my house, Eaton Square, No. * * *.—I should not have presumed to call, if it had not been on business;—public business I may say—NATIONAL business!"

Harley bowed again. A faint smile flitted for a moment to his lip, but, vanishing, gave way to a mournful, absent expression of countenance, as he scanned the handsome features before him, and, perhaps, masculine and bold though they were, still discovered something of a family likeness to one whose beauty had once been his ideal of female loveliness; for suddenly he stretched forth his hand, and said, with more than his usual cordial sweetness, "Business, or not business, let us speak to each other as friends—for the sake of a name that takes me back to Lanskere—to my youth. I listen to you with interest."

Richard Avenel, much surprised by this unexpected kindness, and touched, he knew not why, by the soft and melancholy tone of Harley's voice, warmly pressed the hand held out to him; and, seized with a rare fit

of shyness, coloured, and coughed, and hemmed, and looked first down, then aside, before he could find the words which were generally ready enough at his command.

"You are very good, Lord L'Estrange; nothing can be handsomer. I feel it here, my lord," striking his buff waistcoat—"I do, 'pon my honour. But not to waste your time, (time's money,) I come to the point. It is about the borough of Lanskere. Your family interest is very strong in that borough. But excuse me if I say that I don't think you are aware that I too have cooked up a pretty considerable interest on the other side. No offence—opinions are free. And the popular tide runs strong with us—I mean with *me*, at the impending crisis—that is, at the next election. Now, I have a great respect for the Earl, your father; and so have those who brought me into the world;—my father John was always a regular good Blue;—and my respect for yourself since I came into this room has gone up in the market—a very great rise indeed. So I should just like to see if we could set our heads together, and settle the borough between us two, in a snug private way, as public men ought to do when they get together—nobody else by, and no necessity for that sort of humbug—which is so common in this humbugging old country. Eh, my lord?"

"Mr Avenel," said Harley slowly, recovering himself from the abstraction with which he had listened to Dick's earlier sentences, "I fear I do not quite understand you; but I have no other interest in the next election for the borough of Lanskere, than as may serve one whom, whatever be your politics, you must acknowledge to be—"

"A Humbug!"

"Mr Avenel, you cannot mean the person I mean. I speak of one of the first statesmen of our time—of Mr Audley Egerton—of—"

"A stiff-necked, pompous—"

"My earliest and dearest friend."

The rebuke, though gently said, sufficed to silence Dick for a moment; and when he spoke again, it was in an altered tone.

"I beg your pardon, my lord, I am sure. Of course, I can say

nothing disrespectful of your friend;—very sorry that he is your friend. In that case, I am almost afraid that nothing is to be done. But Mr Audley Egerton has not a chance. Let me convince you of this.” And Dick pulled out a little book, bound neatly in red.

“Canvass book, my lord. I am no aristocrat. I don’t pretend to carry a free and independent constituency in my breeches’ pocket. Heaven forbid! But as a practical man of business—what I do, is done properly. Just look at this book. Well kept, eh? Names, promises, inclinations, public opinions, and private interests of every individual Lansmere elector! Now, as one man of honour to another, I show you this book, and I think you will see that we have a clear majority of at least eighty votes as against Mr Egerton.”

“That is your view of the question,” said Harley, taking the book and glancing over the names catalogued and ticketed therein. But his countenance became serious, as he recognised many names, familiar to his boyhood, as those of important electors on the Lansmere side, and which he now found transferred to the hostile. “But surely there are persons here in whom you deceive yourself—old friends of my family—staunch supporters of our party.”

“Exactly so. But this new question has turned all old things topsyturvy. No relying on any friend of yours. No reliance except in this book!” said Dick, slapping the red cover with calm but ominous emphasis.

“Now what I want to propose is this: Don’t let the Lansmere interest be beaten; it would vex the old Earl—go to his heart, I am sure.”

Harley nodded.

“And the Lansmere interest need not be beaten, if you’ll put up another man instead of this red-tapist. (Beg pardon.) You see I only want to get in one man—you want to get in another. Why not? Now there’s a smart youth—connection of Mr Egerton’s—Randal Leslie. I have no objection to him, though he is of your colours. Withdraw Mr Egerton, and I’ll withdraw my second man before it comes to the poll; and so we shall halve the borough slick be-

tween us. That’s the way to do business—eh, my lord?”

“Randal Leslie! Oh, you wish to bring in Mr Leslie? But he stands with Egerton, not against him.”

“Ah!” said Dick, smiling, as if to himself, “so I hear; and we could bring him in over Egerton without saying a word to you. But all our family respect yours, and so I have wished to do the thing handsome and open. Let the Earl and your party be content with young Leslie.”

“Young Leslie has spoken to you?”

“Of course; but not as to my coming here. Oh no—that’s a secret—private and confidential, my lord. And now, to make matters still more smooth, I propose that my man shall be one to your lordship’s own heart. I find you have been very kind to my nephew;—does you credit, my lord;—a wonderful young man, though I say it. I never guessed there was so much in him. Yet all the time he was in my house, he had in his desk the very sketch of an invention that is now saving me from ruin—from positive ruin—Baron Levy, the King’s Bench—and almighty smash! Now, such a young man ought to be in Parliament. I like to bring forward a relation; that is, when he does one credit;—’tis human nature, and sacred ties—one’s own flesh and blood; and besides, one hand rubs the other, and one leg helps on the other, and relations get on best in the world when they pull together; that is, supposing that they are the proper sort of relations, and pull one on, not down. I had once thought of standing for Lansmere myself—thought of it very lately. The country wants men like me—I know that; but I have an idea that I had better see to my own business. The country may, or may not, do without me, stupid old thing that she is! But my mill and my new engines, there is no doubt that they cannot do without me. In short, as we are quite alone, and, as I said before, there’s no kind of necessity for that sort of humbug which exists when other people are present, provide elsewhere for Mr Egerton, whom I hate like poison—I have a right to do that, I suppose, without offence to your lordship—and the two

youngsters, Leonard Avenel and Randal Leslie shall be members for the free and independent borough of Lansmere!"

"But, does Leonard wish to come into Parliament?"

"No: he says not; but that's nonsense. If your lordship will just signify your wish that he should not lose this noble opportunity to raise himself in life, and get something handsome out of the nation, I'm sure he owes you too much to hesitate—'specially when 'tis to his own advantage. And, besides, one of us Avenels ought to be in Parliament. And if I have not the time and learning, and so forth, and he has, why, it stands to reason that he should be the man. And if he can do something for me one day—not that I want anything—but still a Baronetcy or so would be a compliment to British Industry, and be appreciated as such by myself and the Public at large;—I say, if he could do something of that sort, it would keep up the whole family; and if he can't, why, I'll forgive him."

"Avenel," said Harley, with that familiar and gracious charm of manner which few ever could resist—"Avenel, if, as a great personal favour to myself—to me your fellow townsman—(I was born at Lansmere)—if I asked you to forego your grudge against Audley Egerton, whatever that grudge be, and not oppose his election, while our party would not oppose your nephew's—could you not oblige me? Come, for the sake of dear Lansmere, and all the old kindly feelings between your family and mine, say 'yes—so shall it be.'"

Richard Avenel was almost melted. He turned away his face; but there suddenly rose to his recollection the scornful brow of Audley Egerton, the lofty contempt with which *he*, then the worshipful Mayor of Screwstown, had been shown out of the member's office-room; and, the blood rushing over his cheeks, he stamped his foot on the floor, and exclaimed angrily, "No; I swore that Audley Egerton should smart for his insolence to me, as sure as my name be Richard Avenel; and all the soft soap in the world will not wash out that oath. So there is nothing for it but for you to withdraw

that man, or for me to defeat him. And I would do so, ay—and in the way that could most gall him, if it cost me half my fortune. But it will not cost that," said Dick, cooling, "nor anything like it; for when the popular tide runs in one's favour, 'tis astonishing how cheap an election may be. It will cost *him* enough though, and all for nothing—worse than nothing. Think of it, my lord."

"I will, Mr Avenel. And I say, in my turn, that my friendship is as strong as your hate; and that if it cost me, not half, but my whole fortune, Audley Egerton shall come in without a shilling of expense to himself, should we once decide that he stand the contest."

"Very well, my lord—very well," said Dick, stiffly, and drawing on his kid gloves; "we'll see if the aristocracy is always to ride over the free choice of the people in this way. But the People are roused, my lord. The March of Enlightenment is commenced—the Schoolmaster is abroad, and the British Lion—"

"Nobody here but ourselves, my dear Avenel. Is not this rather what you call—*humbug*?"

Dick started, stared, coloured, and then burst out laughing—"Give us your hand again, my lord. You are a good fellow, *that* you are. And for your sake—"

"You'll not oppose Egerton?"

"Tooth and nail—tooth and nail!" cried Dick, clapping his hands to his ears, and fairly running out of the room.

There passed over Harley's countenance that change so frequent to it—more frequent, indeed, to the gay children of the world than those of consistent tempers and uniform habits might suppose. There is many a man whom we call friend, and whose face seems familiar to us as our own; yet, could we but take a glimpse of him when we leave his presence, and he sinks back into his chair alone, we should sigh to see how often the smile on the frankest lip is but a bravery of the drill, only worn when on parade.

What thoughts did the visit of Richard Avenel bequeath to Harley? It were hard to define them.

In his place, an Audley Egerton

would have taken some comfort from the visit — would have murmured, "Thank heaven! I have not to present to the world that terrible man as my brother-in-law." But probably Harley had escaped, in his reverie, from Richard Avenel altogether. Even as the slightest incident in the daytime causes our dreams at night, but is itself clean forgotten—so the name, so the look of the visitor, might have sufficed but to influence a vision—as remote from its casual suggester, as what we call real life is from that life, much more real, that we imagine, or remember, in the haunted chambers of the brain. For what *is* real life? How little the things actually doing around us affect the springs of our sorrow or joy; but the life which our dullness calls romance—the sentiment, the remembrance, the hope, or the fear, that are never seen in the toil of our hands—never heard in the jargon on our lips;—from that life all spin, as the spider from its

entrails, the web by which we hang in the sunbeam, or glide out of sight into the shelter of home.

"I must not think," said Harley, rousing himself with a sigh, "either of past or present. Let me hurry on to some fancied future. 'Happiest are the marriages,' said the French philosopher, and still says many a sage, 'in which man asks only the mild companion, and woman but the calm protector.' I will go to Helen."

He rose; and as he was about to lock up his *escritoire*, he remembered the papers which Leonard had requested him to read. He took them from their deposit, with a careless hand, intending to carry them with him to his father's house. But as his eye fell upon the characters, the hand suddenly trembled, and he recoiled some paces, as if struck by a violent blow. Then, gazing more intently on the writing, a low cry broke from his lips. He reseated himself, and began to read.

CHAPTER XI.

Randal—with many misgivings at Lord L'Estrange's tone, in which he was at no loss to detect a latent irony—proceeded to Norwood. He found Riccabocca exceedingly cold and distant. But he soon brought that sage to communicate the suspicions which Lord L'Estrange had instilled into his mind, and these Randal was as speedily enabled to dispel. He accounted at once for his visits to Levy and Peschiera. Naturally he had sought Levy, an acquaintance of his own—nay, of Audley Egerton's; but whom he knew to be professionally employed by the Count. He had succeeded in extracting from the Baron, Peschiera's suspicious change of lodgment from Mivart's Hotel to the purlieus of Leicester Square;—had called there on the Count—forced an entrance—openly accused him of abstracting *Violante*; high words had passed between them—even a challenge. Randal produced a note from a military friend of his, whom he had sent to the Count an hour after quitting the hotel. This note stated that arrangements were made for a meeting near Lord's Cricket Ground, at

seven o'clock the next morning. Randal then submitted to Riccabocca another formal memorandum from the same warlike friend—to the purport that Randal and himself had repaired to the ground, and no Count been forthcoming. It must be owned that Randal had taken all suitable precautions to clear himself. Such a man is not to blame for want of invention, if he be sometimes doomed to fail.

"I then, much alarmed," continued Randal, "hastened to Baron Levy, who informed me that the Count had written him word that he should be for some time absent from England. Rushing thence, in despair, to your friend Lord L'Estrange, I heard that your daughter was safe with you. And though, as I have just proved, I would have risked my life against so notorious a duellist as the Count, on the mere chance of preserving *Violante* from his supposed designs, I am rejoiced to think that she had no need of my unskilful arm. But how and why can the Count have left England, after accepting a challenge? A man so sure of his weapon, too—

reputed to be as fearless of danger as he is blunt in conscience. Explain;—you who know mankind so well—explain. I cannot.”

The philosopher could not resist the pleasure of narrating the detection and humiliation of his foe—the wit, ingenuity, and readiness of his friend. So Randal learned, by little and little, the whole drama of the preceding night. He saw, then, that the exile had all reasonable hope of speedy restoration to rank and wealth. Violante, indeed, would be a brilliant prize—too brilliant, perhaps, for Randal—but not to be sacrificed without an effort. Therefore, wringing convulsively the hand of his meditated father-in-law, and turning away his head, as if to conceal his emotions, this ingenuous young suitor faltered forth,—“That now Dr Riccabocca was so soon to vanish into the Duke di Serrano, he—Randal Leslie of Rood, born a gentleman, indeed, but of fallen fortunes—had no right to claim the promise which had been given to him while a father had cause to fear for a daughter’s future; with the fear ceased the promise. Might heaven bless father and daughter both!”

This address touched both the heart and honour of the exile. Randal Leslie knew his man. And though, before Randal’s visit, Riccabocca was not quite so much a philosopher, but what he would have been well pleased to have found himself released, by proof of the young man’s treachery, from an alliance below the rank to which he had all chance of early restoration; yet no Spaniard was ever more tenacious of plighted word than this inconsistent pupil of the profound Florentine. And Randal’s probity being now clear to him, he repeated, with stately formalities, his previous offer of Violante’s hand.

“But,” still falteringly sighed the provident and far-calculating Randal—“but your only child, your sole heiress! Oh, might not your consent to such a marriage, (if known before your recall,) jeopardise your cause? Your lands, your principalities, to devolve on the child of an humble Englishman! I dare not believe it. Ah, would Violante were not your heiress!”

“A noble wish,” said Riccabocca, smiling blandly, “and one that the Fates will realise. Cheer up; Violante will not be my heiress.”

“Ah,” cried Randal, drawing a long breath—“ah, what do I hear!”

“Hist! I shall soon a second time be a father. And, to judge by the unerring researches of writers upon that most interesting of all subjects—parturitive science—I shall be the father of a son. He will, of course, succeed to the titles of Serrano and Monteleone. And Violante—”

“Will have nothing, I suppose!” exclaimed Randal, trying his best to look overjoyed, till he had got his paws out of the trap into which he had so incautiously thrust them.

“Nay, her portion by our laws—to say nothing of my affection—would far exceed the ordinary dower which the daughters of London merchants bring to the sons of British peers. Whoever marries Violante, provided I regain my estates, must submit to the cares which the poets assure us ever attend on wealth.”

“Oh!” groaned Randal, as if already bowed beneath the cares, and sympathising with the poets.

“Nor need the marriage take place till my son is born; and there is no excuse for dictating to me how to dispose of a daughter. And now, let me present you to your betrothed.”

Although poor Randal had been remorselessly hurried along what Schiller calls the “gamut of feeling,” during the last three minutes, down to the deep chord of despair at the abrupt intelligence that his betrothed was no heiress after all; thence ascending to vibrations of pleasant doubt as to the unborn usurper of her rights, according to the prophecies of parturitive science; and lastly, swelling into a concord of all sweet thoughts at the assurance that, come what might, she would be a wealthier bride than a peer’s son could discover in the matrimonial Potosi of Lombard Street; still the tormented lover was not there allowed to repose his exhausted though ravished soul. For, at the idea of personally confronting the destined bride—whose very existence had almost vanished from his mind’s eye, amidst the golden showers

that it saw falling divinely round her—Randal was suddenly reminded of the exceeding bluntness with which, at their last interview, it had been his policy to announce his suit, and of the necessity of an impromptu *falsetto* suited to the new variations that tossed him again to and fro on the merciless gamut. However, he could not recoil from the father's proposition, though, in order to prepare Riccabocca for Violante's representation, he confessed pathetically that his impatience to obtain her consent and baffle Peschiera, had made him appear a rude and presumptuous wooer. The philosopher—who was disposed to believe one kind of courtship to be much the same as another, in cases where the result of all courtships was once predetermined—smiled benignly, patted Randal's thin cheek, with a "Pooh, pooh, *pazzie!*" and left the room to summon Violante.

"If knowledge be power," soliloquised Randal, "ability is certainly good luck, as Miss Edgeworth shows in that story of Murad the Unlucky, which I read at Eton;—very clever story it is too. So nothing comes amiss to me. Violante's escape, which has cost me the Count's ten thousand pounds, proves to be worth to me, I daresay, ten times as much. No doubt she'll have £100,000 at the least. And then, if her father have no other child after all, or the child he expects die in infancy, why, once reconciled to his government and restored to his estates, the law must take its usual course, and Violante will be the greatest heiress in Europe. As to the young lady herself, I confess she rather awes me; I know I shall be henpecked. Well; all respectable husbands are. There is something scampiish and ruffianly in not being henpecked." Here Randal's smile might have harmonised well with Pluto's "iron tears;" but, iron as the smile was, the serious young man was ashamed of it. "What am I about," said he, half aloud, "chuckling to myself and wasting time, when I ought to be thinking gravely how to explain away my former cavalier courtship? Such a masterpiece as I thought it then! But who could foresee the turn things would take? Let me think;

let me think. Plague on it, here she comes."

But Randal had not the fine ear of your more romantic lover; and, to his great relief, the exile entered the room unaccompanied by Violante. Riccabocca looked somewhat embarrassed. "My dear Leslie, you must excuse my daughter to-day; she is still suffering from the agitation she has gone through, and cannot see you."

The lover tried not to look too delighted.

"Cruel," said he; "yet I would not for worlds force myself on her presence. I hope, Duke, that she will not find it too difficult to obey the commands which dispose of her hand, and intrust her happiness to my grateful charge."

"To be plain with you, Randal, she does at present seem to find it more difficult than I foresaw. She even talks of—"

"Another attachment—O heavens!"

"Attachment, *pazzie!* Whom has she seen? No—a convent! But leave it to me. In a calmer hour she will comprehend that a child must know no lot more enviable and holy than that of redeeming a father's honour. And now, if you are returning to London, may I ask you to convey to young Mr Hazeldean my assurances of undying gratitude for his share in my daughter's delivery from that poor baffled swindler."

It is noticeable that, now Peschiera was no longer an object of dread to the nervous father, he became but an object of pity to the philosopher, and of contempt to the grandee.

"True," said Randal, "you told me Frank had a share in Lord L'Estrange's very clever and dramatic device. My lord must be by nature a fine actor—comic, with a touch of melodrame. Poor Frank! apparently he has lost the woman he adored—Beatrice di Negra. You say she has accompanied the Count. Is the marriage that was to be between her and Frank broken off?"

"I did not know such a marriage was contemplated. I understood her to be attached to another. Not that that is any reason why she should not have married Mr Hazeldean.

Express to him my congratulations on his escape."

"Nay, he must not know that I have inadvertently betrayed his confidence; but you now guess, what perhaps puzzled you before—viz., how I came to be so well acquainted with the Count and his movements. I was so intimate with my relation Frank, and Frank was affianced to the Marchesa."

"I am glad you give me that explanation; it suffices. After all, the Marchesa is not by nature a bad woman—that is, not worse than women generally are: so Harley says, and Violante forgives and excuses her."

"Generous Violante! But it is true.

So much did the Marchesa appear to me possessed of fine though ill-regulated qualities, that I always considered her disposed to aid in frustrating her brother's criminal designs. So I even said, if I remember right, to Violante."

Dropping this prudent and precautionary sentence, in order to guard against anything Violante might say as to that subtle mention of Beatrice which had predisposed her to confide in the Marchesa, Randal then hurried on, — "But you want repose. I leave you, the happiest, the most grateful of men. I will give your courteous message to Frank."

CHAPTER XII.

Curious to learn what had passed between Beatrice and Frank, and deeply interested in all that could oust Frank out of the Squire's goodwill, or aught that could injure his own prospects, by tending to unite son and father, Randal was not slow in reaching his young kinsman's lodgings. It might be supposed that having, in all probability, just secured so great a fortune as would accompany Violante's hand, Randal might be indifferent to the success of his scheme on the Hazeldean exchequer. Such a supposition would grievously wrong this profound young man. For in the first place, Violante was not yet won, nor her father yet restored to the estates which would defray her dower; and in the next place, Randal, like Iago, loved villany for the genius it called forth in him. The sole luxury the abstemious aspirer allowed to himself was that which is found in intellectual restlessness. Loathing wine, dead to love, unamused by pleasure, indifferent to the arts, despising literature, save as means to some end of power, Randal Leslie was the incarnation of thought, hatched out of the corruption of will. At twilight we see thin airy spectral insects, all wing and nippers, hovering, as if they could never pause, over some sullen, mephitic pool. Just so, methinks, hover over Acheron such gnat-like, noiseless soarers into gloomy air out of Stygian deeps, as are the

thoughts of spirits like Randal Leslie's. Wings have they, but only the better to pounce down—draw their nutriment from unguarded material cuticles; and just when, maddened, you strike, and exulting exclaim, "Caught, by Jove!" wh—irr flies the diaphanous, ghastly larva, and your blow falls on your own twice-offended cheek.

The young men who were acquainted with Randal said he had not a vice! The fact being that his whole composition was one epic vice, so elaborately constructed that it had not an episode which a critic could call irrelevant. Grand young man!

"But, my dear fellow," said Randal, as soon as he had learned from Frank all that had passed on board the vessel between him and Beatrice, "I cannot believe this. 'Never loved you?' What was her object, then, in deceiving, not only you, but myself? I suspect her declaration was but some heroic refinement of generosity. After her brother's dejection and probable ruin, she might feel that she was no match for you. Then, too, the Squire's displeasure. I see it all—just like her—noble, unhappy woman!"

Frank shook his head. "There are moments," said he, with a wisdom that comes out of those instincts which awake from the depths of youth's first great sorrow—"moments when a woman cannot feign, and

there are tones in the voice of a woman which men cannot misinterpret. She does not love me—she never did love me; I can see that her heart has been elsewhere. No matter—all is over. I don't deny that I am suffering an intense grief; it gnaws like a kind of sullen hunger; and I feel so broken, too, as if I had grown old, and there was nothing left worth living for. I don't deny all that."

"My poor, dear friend, if you would but believe"—

"I don't want to believe anything, except that I have been a great fool. I don't think I can ever commit such follies again. But I'm a man. I shall get the better of this; I should despise myself if I could not. And now let us talk of my dear father. Has he left town?"

"Left last night by the mail. You can write, and tell him you have given up the Marchesa, and all will be well again between you."

"Give her up! Fie, Randal! Do you think I should tell such a lie? She gave me up; I can claim no merit out of that."

"Oh, yes! I can make the Squire see all to your advantage. Oh, if it were only the Marchesa!—but, alas! that cursed *post-obit*! How could Levy betray you? Never trust to a usurer again; they cannot resist the temptation of a speedy profit. They first buy the son, and then sell him to the father. And the Squire has such strange notions on matters of this kind."

"He is right to have them. There, just read this letter from my mother. It came to me this morning. I could hang myself, if I were a dog; but I'm a man, and so I must bear it."

Randal took Mrs Hazeldean's letter from Frank's trembling hand. The poor mother had learned, though but imperfectly, Frank's misdeeds from some hurried lines which the Squire had despatched to her; and she wrote, as good, indulgent, but sensible, right-minded mothers alone can write. More lenient to an imprudent love than the Squire, she touched with discreet tenderness on Frank's rash engagements with a foreigner, but severely on his open defiance of his father's wishes. Her anger was,

however, reserved for that unholy *post-obit*. Here the hearty, genial wife's love overcame the mother's affection. To count, in cold blood, on that husband's death, and to wound his heart so keenly, just where its jealous, fatherly fondness made it most susceptible!

"Oh, Frank, Frank!" wrote Mrs Hazeldean, "were it not for this, were it only for your unfortunate attachment to the Italian lady, only for your debts, only for the errors of hasty, extravagant youth, I should be with you now—my arms round your neck, kissing you, chiding you back to your father's heart. But—but the thought that between you and his heart has been the sordid calculation of his death—that is a wall between us. I cannot come near you; I should not like to look on your face, and think how my William's tears fell over it, when I placed you, new born, in his arms, and bade him welcome his heir. What! you a mere boy still, your father yet in the prime of life, and the heir cannot wait till nature leaves him fatherless! Frank, Frank! this is so unlike you. Can London have ruined already a disposition so honest and affectionate? No; I cannot believe it. There must be some mistake. Clear it up, I implore you; or, though as a mother I pity you, as a wife I cannot forgive."

"HARRIET HAZELDEAN."

Even Randal was affected by the letter; for, as we know, even Randal felt in his own person the strength of family ties. The poor Squire's choler and bluntness had disguised the parental heart from an eye that, however acute, had not been willing to search for it; and Randal, ever affected through his intellect, had despised the very weakness on which he had preyed. But the mother's letter, so just and sensible, (allowing that the Squire's opinions had naturally influenced the wife to take, what men of the world would call a very exaggerated view of the every-day occurrence of loans raised by a son, payable only at a father's death,)—this letter, I say, if exaggerated according to fashionable notions, so sensible, if judged by natural affections, touched the dull

heart of the schemer, because approved by the quick tact of his intelligence.

"Frank," said he, with a sincerity that afterwards amazed himself, "go down at once to Hazeldean—see your mother, and explain to her how this transaction really happened. The woman you loved, and wooed as wife, in danger of an arrest—your distraction of mind—Levy's counsels—your hope to pay off the debt, so incurred to the usurer, from the fortune you would shortly receive with the Marchesa. Speak to your mother—she is a woman; women have a common interest in forgiving all faults that arise from the source of their power over us men;—I mean love. Go!"

"No—I cannot go;—you see she would not like to look on my face. And I cannot repeat what you say so glibly. Besides, somehow or other, as I am so dependent upon my father—and he has said as much—I feel as if it would be mean in me to make any excuses. I did the thing, and must suffer for it. But I'm a man—no—I'm not a man here." Frank burst into tears.

At the sight of those tears, Randal gradually recovered from his strange aberration into vulgar and low humanity. His habitual contempt for his kinsman returned; and with contempt came the natural indifference to the sufferings of the thing to be put to use. It is contempt for the worm that makes the angler fix it on the hook, and observe with complacency that the vivacity of its wriggles will attract the bite. If the worm could but make the angler respect, or even fear it, the barb would find some other bait. Few anglers would impale an estimable silkworm, and still fewer the anglers who would finger into service a formidable hornet.

"Pooh, my dear Frank," said Randal; "I have given you my advice; you reject it. Well, what then will you do?"

"I shall ask for leave of absence, and run away somewhere," said Frank, drying his tears. "I can't face London; I can't mix with others. I want to be by myself, and wrestle with all that I feel *here*—in my heart. Then I shall write to my mother, say the plain truth, and leave her to judge as kindly of me as she can."

"You are quite right. Yes, leave town! Why not go abroad? You have never been abroad. New scenes will distract your mind. Run over to Paris."

"Not to Paris—I don't want gaieties; but I did intend to go abroad somewhere—any dull dismal hole of a place. Good-bye! Don't think of me any more for the present."

"But let me know where you go; and meanwhile I will see the Squire."

"Say as little of me as you can to him. I know you mean most kindly—but oh, how I wish there never had been any third person between me and my father! There; you may well snatch away your hand. What an ungrateful wretch to you I am. I do believe I am the wickedest fellow. What! you shake hands with me still. My dear Randal, you have the best heart—God bless you." Frank turned away, and disappeared within his dressing-room.

"They must be reconciled now, sooner or later—Squire and son"—said Randal to himself, as he left the lodgings. "I don't see how I can prevent that—the Marchesa being withdrawn—unless Frank does it for me. But it is well he should be abroad—something may be made out of that; meanwhile I may yet do all that I could reasonably hope to do—even if Frank had married Beatrice—since he was not to be disinherited. Get the Squire to advance the money for the Thornhill purchase—complete the affair;—this marriage with Violante will help;—Levy must know that;—secure the borough;—well thought of. I will go to Avenel's. By-the-by—by-the-by—the Squire might as well keep me still in the entail after Frank—supposing Frank die childless. This love affair may keep him long from marrying. His hand was very hot—a hectic colour;—those strong-looking fellows often go off in a rapid decline, especially if anything preys on their minds—their minds are so very small. Ah—the Hazeldean Parson—and with Avenel! That young man, too—who is he? I have seen him before somewhere. My dear Mr Dale, this is a pleasant surprise. I thought you had returned to Hazeldean with our friend the Squire?"

MR DALE.—“The Squire. Has he left town, and without telling me?”

RANDAL, (taking aside the Parson.)—“He was anxious to get back to Mrs Hazeldean, who was naturally very uneasy about her son and this foolish marriage; but I am happy to tell you that that marriage is effectually and permanently broken off.”

MR DALE.—“How, how? My poor friend told me he had wholly failed to make any impression on Frank— forbade me to mention the subject. I was just going to see Frank myself. I always had some influence with him. But, Randal, explain this very sudden and happy event—the marriage broken off!”

RANDAL.—“It is a long story, and I dare not tell you my humble share in it. Nay, I must keep that secret. Frank might not forgive me. Suffice it that you have my word that the fair Italian has left England, and decidedly refused Frank’s addresses. But stay—take my advice—don’t go to him;—you see it was not only the marriage that has offended the Squire, but some pecuniary transactions—an unfortunate *post-obit* bond on the Casino property. Frank ought to be left to his own repentant reflections. They will be most salutary—you know his temper—he don’t bear reproof; and yet it is better, on the other hand, not to let him treat too lightly what has passed. Let us leave him to himself for a few days. He is in an excellent frame of mind.”

MR DALE, (shaking Randal’s hand warmly.)—“You speak admirably—a *post-obit*!—so often as he has heard his father’s opinion on such transactions. No—I will not see him—I should be so angry—”

RANDAL, (leading the Parson back, resumes, after an exchange of salutations with Avenel, who, meanwhile, had been conferring with his nephew.)—“You should not be so long away from your rectory, Mr Dale. What will your parish do without you?”

MR DALE.—“The old fable of the wheel and the fly. I am afraid the wheel rolls on the same. But if I am absent from my parish, I am still in the company of one who does me honour as an old parishioner. You remember Leonard Fairfield, your antagonist in the Battle of the Stocks?”

MR AVENEL.—“My nephew, I am proud to say, sir.”

Randal bowed with marked civility—Leonard with a reserve no less marked.

MR AVENEL, (ascribing his nephew’s reserve to shyness.)—“You should be friends, you two youngsters. Who knows but you run together in the same harness? Ah, that reminds me, Leslie—I have a word or two to say to you. Your servant, Mr Dale. Shall be happy to present you to Mrs Avenel. My card—Eaton Square—Number * * * You will call on me to-morrow, Leonard. And mind I shall be very angry if you persist in your refusal. Such an opening!” Avenel took Randal’s arm, while the Parson and Leonard walked on.

“Any fresh hints as to Lansmere?” asked Randal.

“Yes; I have now decided on the plan of contest. We must fight two and two—you and Egerton against me and (if I can get him to stand, as I hope) my nephew, Leonard.”

“What!” said Randal, alarmed; “then, after all, I can hope for no support from you?”

“I don’t say that; but I have reason to think Lord L’Estrange will bestir himself actively in favour of Egerton. If so, it will be a very sharp contest; and I must manage the whole election on our side, and unite all our shaky votes, which I can best do by standing myself in the first instance, reserving it to after consideration whether I shall throw up at the last; for I don’t particularly want to come in, as I did a little time ago, before I had found out my nephew. Wonderful young man!—with such a head—will do me credit in the rotten old House; and I think I had best leave London, go to Screwtown, and look to my business. No; if Leonard stand, I must first see to get him in; and next, to keep Egerton out. It will probably, therefore, end in the return of one and one on either side, as we thought of before. Leonard on our side; and, Egerton shan’t be the man on the other. You understand?”

“I do, my dear Avenel. Of course, as I before said, I can’t dictate to your party whom they should prefer—Egerton or myself. And it will be

obvious to the public that your party would rather defeat so eminent an adversary as Mr Egerton, than a tyro in politics like myself. Of course I cannot scheme for such a result; it would be misconstrued, and damage my character. But I rely equally on your friendly promise."

"Promise! No—I don't promise. I must first see how the cat jumps; and I don't know yet how our friends may like you, nor how they can be managed. All I can say is, that Audley Egerton shan't be M.P. for Lausmere. Meanwhile you will take care not to commit yourself in speaking, so that our party can't vote for you consistently: they must count on having you—when you get into the House."

"I am not a violent party man at present," answered Randal prudently. "And if public opinion prove on your side, it is the duty of a statesman to go with the times."

"Very sensibly said; and I have a private bill or two, and some other little jobs, I want to get through the House, which we can discuss later, should it come to a frank understanding between us. We must arrange how to meet privately at Lansmere, if necessary. I'll see to that. I shall go down this week. I think of taking a hint from the free and glorious land of America, and establishing secret caucuses. Nothing like 'em."

"Caucuses?"

"Small sub-committees that spy on their men night and day, and don't suffer them to be intimidated to vote the other way."

"You have an extraordinary head for public affairs, Avenel. You *should* come into Parliament yourself; your nephew is so very young."

"So are you."

"Yes; but I know the world. Does he?"

"The world knows him, though not by name, and he has been the making of me."

"How? You surprise me."

Avenel first explained about the patent which Leonard had secured to him; and next confided, upon honour, Leonard's identity with the anonymous author whom the Parson had supposed to be Professor Moss.

Randal Leslie felt a jealous pang.

What! then—had this village boy—this associate of John Burley—(literary vagabond, whom he supposed had long since gone to the dogs, and been buried at the expense of the parish)—had this boy so triumphed over birth, rearing, circumstance, that, if Randal and Leonard had met together in any public place, and Leonard's identity with the rising author been revealed, every eye would have turned from Randal to gaze on Leonard? The common consent of mankind would have acknowledged the supreme royalty of genius when it once leaves its solitude, and strides into the world. What! was this rude villager the child of Fame who, without an effort, and unconsciously, had inspired in the wearied heart of Beatrice di Negra a love that Randal knew, by an instinct, no arts, no craft, could ever create for him in the heart of woman? And, now, did this same youth stand on the same level in the ascent to power as he the well-born Randal Leslie, the accomplished *protégé* of the superb Audley Egerton? Were they to be rivals in the same arena of practical busy life? Randal gnawed his quivering lip.

All the while, however, the young man whom he so envied was a prey to sorrows deeper far than could ever find room or footing in the narrow and stony heart of the unloving schemer. As Leonard walked through the crowded streets with the friend and monitor of his childhood, confiding the simple tale of his earlier trials—when, amidst the wreck of fortune, and in despair of fame, the Child-Angel smiled by his side, like Hope—all renown seemed to him so barren, all the future so dark. His voice trembled, and his countenance became so sad, that his benignant listener, divining that around the image of Helen there clung some passionate grief that overshadowed all worldly success, drew Leonard gently and gently on, till the young man, long yearning for some confidant, told him all;—how, faithful through long years to one pure and ardent memory, Helen had been seen once more—the child ripened to woman, and the memory revealing itself as love.

The Parson listened with a mild and thoughtful brow, which expanded

into a more cheerful expression as Leonard closed his story.

"I see no reason to despond," said Mr Dale. "You fear that Miss Digby does not return your attachment; you dwell upon her reserve—her distant, though kindly manner. Cheer up! All young ladies are under the influence of what phrenologists call the organ of Secretiveness, when they are in the society of the object of their preference. Just as you describe Miss Digby's manner to you, was my Carry's manner to myself."

The Parson here indulged in a very appropriate digression upon female modesty, which he wound up by asserting, that that estimable virtue became more and more influenced by the secretive organ, in proportion as the favoured suitor approached near and nearer to a definite proposal. It was the duty of a gallant and honourable lover to make that proposal in distinct and orthodox form, before it could be expected that a young lady should commit herself and the dignity of her sex by the slightest hint as to her own inclinations.

"Next," continued the Parson, "you choose to torment yourself by contrasting your own origin and fortunes with the altered circumstances of Miss Digby—the ward of Lord L'Estrange, the guest of Lady Lansmere. You say that if Lord L'Estrange could have countenanced such a union, he would have adopted a different tone with you—sounded your heart, encouraged your hopes, and so forth. I view things differently. I have reason to do so; and, from all you have told me of this nobleman's interest in your fate, I venture to make you this promise, that if Miss Digby would accept your hand, Lord L'Estrange shall ratify her choice."

"My dear Mr Dale," cried Leonard, transported, "you make me that promise?"

"I do—from what I have said, and from what I myself know of Lord L'Estrange. Go then, at once, to Knightsbridge—see Miss Digby—show her your heart—explain to her, if you will, your prospects—ask her permission to apply to Lord L'Estrange, (since he has constituted himself her guardian;) and if Lord

L'Estrange hesitate—which, if your happiness be set on this union, I think he will not—let me know, and leave the rest to me."

Leonard yielded himself to the Parson's persuasive eloquence. Indeed, when he recalled to mind those passages in the MS. of the ill-fated Nora, which referred to the love that Harley had once borne to her—(for he felt convinced that Harley and the boy-suitors of Nora's narrative were one and the same;) and when all the interest that Harley had taken in his own fortunes was explained by his relationship to her, (even when Lord L'Estrange had supposed it less close than he would now discover it to be,) the young man, reasoning by his own heart, could not but suppose that the noble Harley would rejoice to confer happiness upon the son of her, so beloved by his boyhood.

"And to thee, perhaps, O my mother!" thought Leonard, with swimming eyes—"to thee, perhaps, even in thy grave, I shall owe the partner of my life, as to the mystic breath of thy genius I owed the first purer aspirations of my soul."

It will be seen that Leonard had not confided to the Parson his discovery of Nora's MS., nor even his knowledge of his real birth; for, though the reader is aware of what Mr Dale knew, and what he suspected, the MS. had not once alluded to the Parson; and the proud son naturally shrank from any confidence that might call in question Nora's fair name, until at least Harley, who, it was clear from those papers, must have intimately known his father, should perhaps decide the question which the papers themselves left so terribly vague—viz., whether he were the offspring of a legal marriage, or Nora had been the victim of some unholy fraud.

While the Parson still talked, and while Leonard still mused and listened, their steps almost mechanically took the direction towards Knightsbridge, and paused at the gates of Lord Lansmere's house.

"Go in, my young friend; I will wait without to know the issue," said the Parson cheerfully. "Go; and, with gratitude to Heaven, learn how to bear the most precious joy that can

befall mortal man; or how to submit to youth's sharpest sorrow, with the humble belief that even sorrow is but some mercy concealed."

CHAPTER XIII.

Leonard was shown into the drawing-room, and it so chanced that Helen was there alone. The girl's soft face was sadly changed, even since Leonard had seen it last; for the grief of natures, mild and undemonstrative as hers, gnaws with quick ravages; but, at Leonard's unexpected entrance, the colour rushed so vividly to the pale cheeks that its hectic might be taken for the lustre of bloom and health. She rose hurriedly, and in great confusion faltered out, "that she believed Lady Lansmere was in her room—she would go for her," and moved towards the door, without seeming to notice the hand tremulously held forth to her; when Leonard exclaimed, in uncontrollable emotions which pierced to her very heart, in the keen accent of reproach—

"Oh, Miss Digby—oh, Helen—is it thus that you greet me—rather thus that you shun me? Could I have foreseen this when we two orphans stood by the mournful bridge;—so friendless—so desolate—and so clinging each to each? Happy time!" He seized her hand suddenly as he spoke the last words, and bowed his face over it.

"I must not hear you. Do not talk so, Leonard—you break my heart. Let me go—let me go."

"Is it that I am grown hateful to you; is it merely that you see my love and would discourage it. Helen, speak to me—speak!"

He drew her with tender force towards him; and, holding her firmly by both hands, sought to gaze upon the face that she turned from him—turned in such despair.

"You do not know," she said at last, struggling for composure—"you do not know the new claims on me—my altered position—how I am bound—or you would be the last to speak thus to me, the first to give me courage—and bid me—bid me"—

"Bid you what?"

"Feel nothing here but duty!" cried Helen, drawing from his clasp

both her hands, and placing them firmly on her breast.

"Miss Digby," said Leonard, after a short pause of bitter reflection, in which he wronged, while he thought to divine, her meaning, "you speak of new claims on you, your altered position—I comprehend. You may retain some tender remembrance of the past; but your duty now, is to rebuke my presumption. It is as I thought and feared. This vain reputation which I have made is but a hollow sound—it gives me no rank, assures me no fortune. I have no right to look for the Helen of old in the Helen of to-day. Be it so—forget what I have said, and forgive me."

This reproach stung to the quick the heart to which it appealed. A flash brightened the meek, tearful eyes, almost like the flash of resentment—her lips writhed in torture, and she felt as if all other pain were light compared with the anguish that Leonard could impute to her motives which to her simple nature seemed so unworthy of her, and so galling to himself.

A word rushed as by inspiration to her lip, and that word calmed and soothed her.

"Brother!" she said, touchingly, "brother!"

The word had a contrary effect on Leonard. Sweet as it was, tender as the voice that spoke it, it imposed a boundary to affection—it came as a knell to hope. He recoiled, shook his head mournfully—"Too late to accept that tie—too late even for friendship. Henceforth—for long years to come—henceforth, till this heart has ceased to beat at your name—to thrill at your presence, we two—are strangers."

"Strangers! Well—yes, it is right—it must be so; we must not meet. O, Leonard Fairfield, who was it that in those days that you recall to me—who was it that found you destitute, and obscure—who, not degrading you by charity, placed you in your right career—opened to you, amidst the

labyrinth in which you were well-nigh lost, the broad road to knowledge, independence, fame. Answer me—answer! Was it not the same who reared, sheltered your sister orphan? If I could forget what I have owed to him, should I not remember what he has done for you? Can I hear of your distinction, and not remember it? Can I think how proud she may be who will one day lean on your arm, and bear the name you have already raised beyond all the titles of an hour? Can I think of this, and not remember our common friend, benefactor, guardian? Would you forgive me, if I failed to do so?"

"But," faltered Leonard, fear mingling with the conjectures these words called forth—"but is it that Lord L'Estrange would not consent to our union?—or of what do you speak? You bewilder me."

Helen felt for some moments as if it were impossible to reply; and the words at length were dragged forth as if from the depth of her very soul.

"He came to me—our noble friend. I never dreamed of it. He did not tell me that he loved me. He told me that he was unhappy alone; that in me, and only in me, he could find a comforter, a soother—He, he!—And I had just arrived in England—

was under his mother's roof—had not then once more seen you; and—and—what could I answer? Strengthen me—strengthen me, you whom I look up to and revere. Yes, yes—you are right. We must see each other no more. I am betrothed to another—to him! Strengthen me!"

All the inherent nobleness of the poet's nature rose at once at this appeal.

"Oh, Helen—sister—Miss Digby, forgive me. You need no strength from me; I borrow it from you. I comprehend you—I respect. Banish all thought of me. Repay our common benefactor. Be what he asks of you—his comforter, his soother;—be more—his pride and his joy. Happiness will come to you, as it comes to those who confer happiness and forget self. God comfort you in the passing struggle; God bless you, in the long years to come. Sister—I accept the holy name now, and will claim it hereafter, when I too can think more of others than myself."

Helen had covered her face with her hands, sobbing; but with that soft womanly constraint which presses woe back into the heart. A strange sense of utter solitude suddenly pervaded her whole being, and by that sense of solitude she knew that he was gone.

CHAPTER XIV.

In another room in that same house sat, solitary as Helen, a stern, gloomy, brooding man, in whom they who had best known him from his childhood could scarcely have recognised a trace of the humane, benignant, trustful, but wayward and varying Harley Lord L'Estrange.

He had read that fragment of a memoir, in which, out of all the chasms of his barren and melancholy past, there rose two malignant truths which seemed literally to glare upon him with mocking and demon eyes. The woman whose remembrance had darkened all the sunshine of his life, had loved another. The friend in whom he had confided his whole affectionate loyal soul, had been his perfidious rival. He had read from the first word to the last, as if under

a spell that held him breathless; and when he closed the manuscript, it was without groan or sigh; but over his pale lips there passed that withering smile, which is as sure an index of a heart overcharged with dire and fearful passions, as the arrowy flash of the lightning is of the tempests that are gathered within the cloud.

He then thrust the papers into his bosom, and keeping his hand over them, firmly clenched, he left the room, and walked slowly on towards his father's house. With every step by the way, his nature, in the war of its elements, seemed to change and harden into forms of granite. Love, humanity, trust, vanished away. Hate, revenge, misanthropy, suspicion, and scorn of all that could wear the eyes of affection, or speak with the

voice of honour, came fast through the gloom of his thoughts, settling down in the wilderness, grim and menacing as the harpies of ancient song—

“— *Unæque manus, et pallida semper Ora*”—

Thus the gloomy man had crossed the threshold of his father's house, and silently entered the apartments still set apart for him. He had arrived about an hour before Leonard; and as he stood by the hearth with his arms folded on his breast, and his eyes fixed lead-like on the ground, his mother came in to welcome and embrace him. He checked her eager inquiries after Violante—he recoiled from the touch of her hand.

“Hold, madam,” said he, starting her ear with the cold ansterity of his tone. “I cannot heed your questions—I am filled with the question I must put to yourself. You opposed my boyish love for Leonora Avenel. I do not blame you—all mothers of equal rank would have done the same. Yet, had you not frustrated all frank intercourse with her, I might have taken refusal from her own lips—survived that grief, and now been a happy man. Years since then have rolled away—rolled over her quiet slumbers, and my restless waking life. All this time were you aware that Audley Egerton had been the lover of Leonora Avenel?”

“Harley, Harley! do not speak to me in that cruel voice—do not look at me with those hard eyes!”

“You knew it, then—you, my mother!” continued Harley, unmoved by her rebuke; “and why did you never say, ‘Son, you are wasting the bloom and uses of your life in sorrowful fidelity to a lie! You are lavishing trust and friendship on a perfidious hypocrite?’”

“How could I speak to you thus—how could I dare to do so—seeing you still so cherished the memory of that unhappy girl—still believed that she had returned your affection? Had I said to you what I knew, (but not till after her death,) as to her relations with Audley Egerton?”

“Well, you falter—go on—had you done so?”

“Would you have felt no desire for revenge? Might there not have

been strife between you—danger—bloodshed? Harley, Harley! Is not such silence pardonable in a mother? And why deprive you too of the only friend you seemed to prize—who alone had some influence over you—who concurred with me in the prayer and hope, that some day you would find a living partner worthy to replace this lost delusion; arouse your faculties—be the ornament your youth promised to your country? For you wrong Audley—indeed you do!”

“Wrong him! Ah! let me not do that. Proceed.”

“I do not excuse him his rivalry, nor his first concealment of it. But believe me, since then, his genuine remorse, his anxious tenderness for your welfare, his dread of losing your friendship”—

“Stop—it was doubtless Audley Egerton who induced you yourself to conceal what you call his ‘relations’ with her whom I can now so calmly name—Leonora Avenel?”

“It was so in truth—and from motives that”—

“Enough—let me hear no more.”

“But you will not think too sternly of what is past; you are about to form new ties. You cannot be wild, and wicked enough to meditate what your brow seems to threaten. You cannot dream of revenge—risk Audley's life or your own?”

“Tut—tut—tut! What cause here for duels? Single combats are out of date—civilised men do not alay each other with sword and pistol. Tut! Revenge! Does it look like revenge, that one object which brings me hither is to request my father's permission to charge myself with the care of Audley Egerton's election? What he values most in the world is his political position; and here his political existence is at stake. You know that I have had through life the character of a weak, easy, somewhat over-generous man. Such men are not revengeful. Hold! you lay your hand on my arm—I know the magic of that light touch, mother; but its power over me is gone. Countess of Lansmere, hear me. Ever from infancy, (save in that frantic passion for which I now despise myself,) I have obeyed you, I trust, as a dutious son. Now, our relative positions are some-

what altered. I have the right to exact—I will not say to command—the right that wrong and injury bestow upon all men. Madam, the injured man has prerogatives which rival those of kings. I now call upon you to question me no more—not again to breathe the name of Leonora Avenel, unless I invite the subject; and not to inform Audley Egerton by a hint—by a breath—that I have discovered—what shall I call it?—his ‘pardonable deceit.’ Promise me this, by your affection as mother, and on your faith as gentlewoman—or I declare solemnly, that never in life will you look upon my face again.” Haughty and imperious though the Countess was, her spirit quailed before Harley’s brow and voice.

“Is this my son—this my gentle Harley?” she said, falteringly. “Oh! put your arms round my neck—let me feel that I have not lost my child!”

Harley looked softened, but he did not obey the pathetic prayer; nevertheless, he held out his hand, and, turning away his face, said in a milder voice, “Have I your promise?”

“You have—you have; but on condition that there pass no words between you and Audley that can end but in the strife which—”

“Strife!” interrupted Harley. “I repeat that the idea of challenge and duel between me and my friend from our school days, and on a quarrel that we could explain to no seconds, would be a burlesque upon all that is grave in the realities of life and feeling. I accept your promise, and seal it thus—”

He pressed his lips to his mother’s forehead, and passively received her embrace.

“Hush,” he said, withdrawing from her arms, “I hear my father’s voice.”

Lord Lansmere threw open the door widely, and with a certain consciousness that a door by which an Earl of Lansmere entered ought to be thrown open widely. It could not have been opened with more majesty if a *huissier* or officer of the Household had stood on either side. The Countess passed by her lord with a light step, and escaped.

“I was occupied with my architect

in designs for the new infirmary, of which I shall make a present to our county. I have only just heard that you were here, Harley. What is all this about our fair Italian guest? Is she not coming back to us? Your mother refers me to you for explanations.”

“You shall have them later, my dear father; at present I can think only of public affairs.”

“Public affairs!—they are indeed alarming. I am rejoiced to hear you express yourself so worthily. An awful crisis, Harley! And, gracious heaven! I have heard that a low man, who was born in Lansmere, but made a fortune in America, is about to contest the borough. They tell me he is one of the Avenels—a born Blue—is it possible?”

“I have come here on that business. As a peer you cannot, of course, interfere. But I propose, with your leave, to go down myself to Lansmere, and undertake the superintendence of the election. It would be better, perhaps, if you were not present; it would give us more liberty of action.”

“My dear Harley, shake hands; anything you please. You know how I have wished to see you come forward, and take that part in life which becomes your birth.”

“Ah, you think I have sadly wasted my existence hitherto.”

“To be frank with you, yes, Harley,” said the Earl, with a pride that was noble in its nature, and not without dignity in its expression. “The more we take from our country, the more we owe to her. From the moment you came into the world, as the inheritor of lands and honours, you were charged with a trust for the benefit of others, that it degrades one of our order of gentlemen not to discharge.”

Harley listened with a sombre brow, and made no direct reply.

“Indeed,” resumed the Earl, “I would rather you were about to canvass for yourself than for your friend Egerton. But I grant he is an example that it is never too late to follow. Why, who that had seen you both as youths, notwithstanding Audley had the advantage of being some years your senior—who could have

thought that he was the one to become distinguished and eminent—and you to degenerate into the luxurious idler, averse to all trouble, and careless of all fame? You, with such advantages, not only of higher fortune, but, as every one said, of superior talents—you, who had then so much ambition—so keen a desire for glory, sleeping with Plutarch's Lives under your pillow, and only, my wild son, only too much energy. But you are a young man still—it is not too late to redeem the years you have thrown away."

"The years—are nothing—mere dates in an almanac; but the feelings, what can give me back those?—the hope, the enthusiasm, the—no matter! feelings do not help men to rise in the world. Egerton's feelings are not too lively. What I might have been—leave it to me to remember—let us talk of the example you set before me—of Audley Egerton."

"We must get him in," said the Earl, sinking his voice into a whisper. "It is of more importance to him than I even thought for. But you know his secrets. Why did you not confide to me frankly the state of his affairs?"

"His affairs! Do you mean that they are seriously embarrassed? This interests me much. Pray speak; what do you know?"

"He has discharged the greater part of his establishment. That in itself is natural on quitting office; but still it set people talking; and it has got wind that his estates are not only mortgaged for more than they are worth, but that he has been living upon the discount of bills; in short, he has been too intimate with a man whom we all know by sight—a man who drives the finest horses in London, and they tell me (but *that* I cannot believe,) lives in the familiar society of the young puppies he snares to perdition. What's the man's name? Levy, is it not?—yes, Levy."

"I have seen Levy with him," said Harley; and a sinister joy lighted up his falcon eyes. "Levy—Levy—it is well."

"I hear but the gossip of the clubs," resumed the Earl. "But they do say that Levy makes little disguise of his power over our very distinguished friend, and rather parades it as a

merit with our party, (and, indeed, with all men—for Egerton has personal friends in every party,) that he keeps sundry bills locked up in his desk until Egerton is once more safe in Parliament. Nevertheless if, after all, our friend were to lose his election, and Levy were then to seize on his effects, and proclaim his ruin—it would seriously damage, perhaps altogether destroy, Audley's political career."

"So I conclude," said Harley. "A Charles Fox might be a gamester, and a William Pitt be a pauper. But Audley Egerton is not of their giant stature;—he stands so high because he stands upon heaps of respectable gold. Audley Egerton, needy and impoverished—out of Parliament, and, as the vulgar slang has it, out at elbows, skulking from duns—perhaps in the Bench—"

"No, no—our party would never allow that; we would subscribe—"

"Or, worse than all, living as the pensioner of the party he aspired to lead! You say truly. His political prospects would be blasted. A man whose reputation lay in his outward respectability! Why, people would say that Audley Egerton has been a—solemn lie; eh, my father?"

"How can you talk with such coolness of your friend? You need say nothing to interest me in his election—if you mean that. Once in Parliament, he must soon again be in office—and learn to live on his salary. You must get him to submit to me the schedule of his liabilities. I have a head for business, as you know. I will arrange his affairs for him. And I will yet bet five to one, though I hate wagers, that he will be prime-minister in three years. He is not brilliant, it is true; but just at this crisis we want a safe, moderate, judicious, conciliatory man; and Audley has so much tact, such experience of the House, such knowledge of the world, and," added the Earl, emphatically summing up his eulogies, "he is so thorough a gentleman."

"A thorough gentleman, as you say—the soul of honour! But, my dear father, it is your hour for riding; let me not detain you. It is settled, then; you do not come yourself to Lansmere. You put the house at my

disposal, and allow me to invite Egerton, of course, and what other guests I may please; in short, you leave all to me?"

"Certainly; and if you cannot get in your friend, who can? That borough, it is an awkward, ungrateful place, and has been the plague of my life. So much as I've spent there, too—so much good as I have done to its trade." And the Earl, with an indignant sigh, left the room.

Harley seated himself deliberately at his writing-table, leaning his face on his hand, and looking abstractedly into space from under knit and lowering brows.

Harley L'Estrange was, as we have seen, a man singularly tenacious of affections and impressions. He was a man, too, whose nature was eminently bold, loyal, and candid; even the apparent whim and levity which misled the world, both as to his dispositions and his powers, might be half ascribed to that open temper which, in its over contempt for all that seemed to savour of hypocrisy, sported with forms and ceremonials, and extracted humour—sometimes extravagant, sometimes profound—from "the solemn plausibilities of the world." The shock he had now received smote the very foundations of his mind, and, overthrowing all the airier structures which fancy and wit had built upon its surface, left it clear as a new world for the operations of the darker and more fearful passions. When a man of a heart so loving, and a nature so irregularly powerful as Harley's, suddenly and abruptly discovers deceit where he had most confided, it is not (as with the calmer pupils of that harsh teacher, Experience) the mere withdrawal of esteem and affection from the one offender—it is, that trust in everything seems gone—it is, that the injured spirit looks back to the Past, and condemns all its kindlier virtues as follies that conducted to its own woe; and looks on to the Future as to a journey beset with smiling traitors, whom it must meet with an equal simulation, or crush with a superior force. The guilt of treason to men like these is incalculable—it robs the world of all the benefits they would otherwise have lavished as they passed—it is responsible for all the

ill that springs from the corruption of natures, whose very luxuriance, when the atmosphere is once tainted, does but diffuse disease;—even as the malaria settles not over thin and barren soils, nor over wastes that have been from all time desolate, but over the places in which southern suns had once ripened delightful gardens, or the sites of cities, in which the pomp of palaces has passed away.

It was not enough that the friend of his youth, the confidant of his love, had betrayed his trust—been the secret and successful rival—not enough that the woman his boyhood had madly idolised, and all the while he had sought her traces with pining remorseful heart—believing she but eluded his suit from the emulation of a kindred generosity—desiring rather to sacrifice her own love than to cost to his the sacrifice of all which youth rashly scorns and the world so highly estimates;—not enough that all this while her refuge had been the bosom of another. This was not enough of injury. His whole life had been wasted on a delusion—his faculties and aims—the wholesome ambition of lofty minds had been arrested at the very onset of fair existence—his heart corroded by a regret for which there was no cause—his conscience charged with the terror that his wild chase had urged a too tender victim to the grave, over which he had mourned. What years that might otherwise have been to himself so serene, to the world so useful, had been consumed in objectless, barren, melancholy dreams! And all this while to whom had his complaints been uttered?—to the man who knew that his remorse was an idle spectre, and his faithful sorrow a mocking self-deceit. Every thought that could gall man's natural pride—every remembrance that could sting into revenge a heart that had loved too deeply not to be accessible to hate—contributed to goad those maddening Furies who come into every temple which is once desecrated by the presence of the evil passions. Vengeance took, in that sullen twilight of the soul, the form of Justice. Changed though his feelings towards Leonora Avenel were, the story of her grief and her wrongs embittered still more his wrath against his rival. The

fragments of her memoir left naturally on Harley's mind the conviction that she had been the victim of an infamous fraud—the dupe of a false marriage. His idol had not only been stolen from the altar, it had been sullied by the sacrifice—broken with remorseless hand, and thrust into dishonoured clay—mutilated, defamed—its very memory a thing of contempt to him who had ravished it from worship. The living Harley and the dead Nora—both called aloud to their joint despoiler, “Restore what

thou hast taken from us, or pay the forfeit!”

Thus, then, during the interview between Helen and Leonard, thus Harley L'Estrange sat alone; and as a rude irregular lump of steel, when wheeled round into rapid motion, assumes the form of the circle it describes, so his iron purpose, hurried on by his relentless passion, filled the space into which he gazed with optical delusions—scheme after scheme revolving and consummating the circles that clasped a foe.

CHAPTER XV.

The entrance of a servant, announcing a name which Harley, in the absorption of his gloomy reverie, did not hear, was followed by that of a person on whom he lifted his eyes in the cold and haughty surprise with which a man, much occupied, greets and rebukes the intrusion of an unwelcome stranger.

“It is so long since your lordship has seen me,” said the visitor with mild dignity, “that I cannot wonder you do not recognise my person, and have forgotten my name.”

“Sir,” answered Harley, with an impatient rudeness ill in harmony with the urbanity for which he was usually distinguished—“sir, your person is strange to me, and your name I did not hear; but, at all events, I am not now at leisure to attend to you. Excuse my plainness.”

“Yet, pardon me if I still linger. My name is Dale. I was formerly curate at Lansmere; and I would speak to your lordship in the name and the memory of one once dear to you—Leonora Avenel.”

HARLEY, (after a short pause.)—“Sir, I cannot conjecture your business. But be seated. I remember you now, though years have altered both, and I have since heard much in your favour from Leonard Fairfield. Still let me pray that you will be brief.”

MR DALE.—“May I assume at once that you have divined the parentage of the young man you call Fairfield? When I listened to his grateful praises of your beneficence, and marked with melancholy pleasure the reverence in which he holds you, my

heart swelled within me. I acknowledged the mysterious force of nature.”

HARLEY.—“Force of nature! You talk in riddles.”

MR DALE, (indignantly.)—“Oh, my lord, how can you so disguise your better self? Surely in Leonard Fairfield you have long since recognised the son of Nora Avenel?”

Harley passed his hand over his face. “Ah!” thought he, “she lived to bear a son, then—a son to Egerton. Leonard is that son. I should have known it by the likeness—by the fond foolish impulse that moved me to him. This is why he confided to me these fearful memoirs. He seeks his father—he shall find him.”

MR DALE, (mistaking the cause of Harley's silence.)—“I honour your compunction, my lord. Oh! let your heart and your conscience continue to speak to your worldly pride.”

HARLEY.—“My compunction, heart, conscience! Mr Dale, you insult me!”

MR DALE, (sternly.)—“Not so; I am fulfilling my mission, which bids me rebuke the sinner. Leonora Avenel speaks in me, and commands the guilty father to acknowledge the innocent child!”

Harley half rose, and his eyes literally flashed fire; but he calmed his anger into irony. “Ha!” said he, with a sarcastic smile, “so you suppose that I was the perfidious seducer of Nora Avenel—that I am the callous father of the child who came into the world without a name. Very well, sir, taking these assumptions for granted, what is it you demand

from me on behalf of this young man?"

"I ask from you his happiness," replied Mr Dale, imploringly; and yielding to the compassion with which Leonard inspired him, and persuaded that Lord L'Estrange felt a father's love for the boy whom he had saved from the whirlpool of London and guided to safety and honourable independence, he here, with simple eloquence, narrated all Leonard's feelings for Helen—his silent fidelity to her image, though a child's—his love when he again beheld her as a woman—the modest fears which the Parson himself had combated—the recommendation that Mr Dale had forced upon him, to confess his affection to Helen, and plead his cause. "Anxious, as you may believe, for his success," continued the Parson, "I waited without your gates till he came from Miss Digby's presence. And oh, my lord, had you but seen his face!—such emotion and such despair! I could not learn from him what had passed. He escaped from me, and rushed away. All that I could gather was from a few broken words, and from those words I formed the conjecture (it may be erroneous) that the obstacle to his happiness was not in Helen's heart, my lord, but seemed to me as if it were in yourself. Therefore, when he had vanished from my sight, I took courage, and came at once to you. If he be your son, and Helen Digby be your ward—she herself an orphan, dependent on your bounty—why should they be severed? Equals in years—united by early circumstance—congenial, it seems, in simple habits and refined tastes—what should hinder their union, unless it be the want of fortune?—and all men know your wealth—none ever questioned your generosity. My lord, my lord, your look freezes me. If I have offended, do not visit my offence on him—on Leonard!"

"And so," said Harley, still controlling his rage, "so this boy—whom, as you say, I saved from that pitiless world which has engulfed many a nobler genius—so, in return for all, he has sought to rob me of the last affection, poor and lukewarm though it was, that remained to me in life.

He presume to lift his eyes to my affianced bride! He! And for aught I know, steal from me her living heart, and leave to me her icy hand!"

"Oh, my lord, your affianced bride! I never dreamed of this. I implore your pardon. The very thought is so terrible—so unnatural—the son to woo the father's—! Oh, what sin have I fallen into! The sin was mine—I urged and persuaded him to it. He was ignorant as myself. Forgive him, forgive him!"

"Mr Dale," said Harley, rising, and extending his hand, which the poor Parson felt himself unworthy to take—"Mr Dale, you are a good man—if, indeed, this universe of liars contains some man who does not cheat our judgment when we deem him honest. Allow me only to ask why you consider Leonard Fairfield to be my son?"

"Was not your youthful admiration for poor Nora evident to me? Remember I was a frequent guest at Lansmere Park; and it was so natural that you, with all your brilliant gifts, should captivate her refined fancy—her affectionate heart."

"Natural, you think so—go on."

"Your mother, as became her, separated you. It was not unknown to me that you still cherished a passion which your rank forbade to be lawful. Poor girl; she left the roof of her protectress, Lady Jane. Nothing was known of her till she came to her father's house to give birth to a child, and die. And the same day that dawned on her corpse, you hurried from the place. Ah! no doubt your conscience smote you—you have never returned since."

Harley's breast heaved—he waved his hand—the Parson resumed—

"Whom could I suspect but you? I made inquiries: they confirmed my suspicions."

"Perhaps you inquired of my friend, Mr Egerton? He was with me when—when—as you say, I hurried from the place."

"I did, my lord."

"And he?"

"Denied your guilt; but still, a man of honour so nice, of heart so feeling, could not feign readily. His denial did not deceive me."

"Honest man!" said Harley; and his hand griped at the breast over which still rustled, as if with a ghostly sigh, the records of the dead.

"He knew she had left a son, too?"

"He did, my lord; of course I told him that."

"The son whom I found starving in the streets of London! Mr Dale, as you see, your words move me very much. I cannot deny that he who wronged, it may be with no common treachery, that young mother—for Nora Avenel was not one to be lightly seduced into error—"

"Indeed, no!"

"And who then thought no more of the offspring of her anguish and his own crime—I cannot deny that that man deserves some chastisement—should render some atonement. Am I not right here? Answer with the plain speech which becomes your sacred calling."

"I cannot say otherwise, my lord," replied the Parson, pitying what appeared to him such remorse. "But if he repent—"

"Enough," interrupted Harley.

"I now invite you to visit me at Lansmere; give me your address, and I will apprise you of the day on which I will request your presence. Leonard Fairfield shall find a father—I was about to say, worthy of himself. For the rest—stay; reseate yourself. For the rest"—and again the sinister smile broke from Harley's eye and lip—"I cannot yet say whether I can, or ought, to resign to a younger and fairer suitor the lady who has accepted my own hand. I have no reason yet to believe that she prefers him. But what think you, meanwhile, of this proposal? Mr Avenel wishes his nephew to contest the borough of Lansmere—has urged me to obtain the young man's consent. True, that he may thus endanger the seat of Mr Audley Egerton. What then? Mr Audley Egerton is a great man, and may find another seat; that should not stand in the way. Let Leonard obey his uncle. If he win the election, why, he'll be a more equal match, in the world's eye, for Miss Digby—that is, should she prefer him to myself; and if she do not, still, in public life, there is a cure for all private sorrow. That is a maxim of

Mr Audley Egerton's; and he, you know, is a man not only of the nicest honour, but the most worldly wisdom. Do you like my proposition?"

"It seems to me most considerate—most generous."

"Then you shall take to Leonard the lines I am about to write."

Lord L'Estrange to Leonard Fairfield.

"I have read the memoir you intrusted to me. I will follow up all the clews that it gives me. Meanwhile I request you to suspend all questions—forbear all reference to a subject which, as you may well conjecture, is fraught with painful recollections to myself. At this moment, too, I am compelled to concentrate my thoughts upon affairs of a public nature, and yet which may sensibly affect yourself. There are reasons why I urge you to comply with your uncle's wish, and stand for the borough of Lansmere at the approaching election. If the exquisite gratitude of your nature so overrates what I may have done for you, that you think you owe me some obligations, you will richly repay them on the day in which I hear you hailed as member for Lansmere. Relying on that generous principle of self-sacrifice, which actuates all your conduct, I shall count upon your surrendering your preference to private life, and entering the arena of that noble ambition, which has conferred such dignity on the name of my friend Audley Egerton. He, it is true, will be your opponent; but he is too generous not to pardon my zeal for the interests of a youth whose career I am vain enough to think that I have aided. And as Mr Randal Leslie stands in coalition with Egerton, and Mr Avenel believes that two candidates of the same party cannot both succeed, the result may be to the satisfaction of all the feelings which I entertain for Audley Egerton, and for you, who, I have reason to think, will emulate his titles to my esteem.

"Yours,

"L'ESTRANGE."

"There, Mr Dale," said Harley, sealing his letter, and giving it into

the Parson's hands. "There, you shall deliver this note to him. But no—upon second thoughts, since he does not yet know of your visit to me, it is best that he should be still in ignorance of it. For should Miss Digby resolve to abide by her present engagements, it were surely kind to save Leonard the pain of learning that you had communicated to me that rivalry he himself had concealed. Let all that has passed between us be kept in strict confidence."

"I will obey you, my lord," answered the Parson meekly, startled to find that he who had come to arrogate authority, was now submitting to commands; and all at fault what judgment he could venture to pass upon the man whom he had regarded as a criminal, who had not even denied the crime imputed to him, yet who now impressed the accusing priest with something of that respect which Mr Dale had never before conceded but to Virtue. Could he have then but looked into the dark and stormy heart, which he *twice* misread!

"It is well—very well," muttered Harley, when the door had closed upon the Parson. "The viper and the viper's brood! So it was this man's son that I led from the dire 'Slough of Despond;' and the son unconsciously imitates the father's gratitude and

honour—Ha—ha!" Suddenly the bitter laugh was arrested; a flash of almost celestial joy darted through the warring elements of storm and darkness. If Helen returned Leonard's affection, Harley L'Estrange was free! And through that flash the face of Violante shone upon him as an angel's. But the heavenly light and the angel face vanished abruptly, swallowed up in the black abyss of the rent and tortured soul.

"Fool!" said the unhappy man, aloud, in his anguish—"fool! what then? Were I free, would it be to trust my fate again to falsehood? If, in all the bloom and glory of my youth, I failed to win the heart of a village girl—if, once more deluding myself, it is in vain that I have tended, reared, cherished, some germ of woman's human affection in the orphan I saved from penury—how look for love in the brilliant Princess, whom all the sleek Lotharios of our gaudy world will surround with their homage when once she alights in their sphere! If perfidy be my fate—what hell of hells in the thought!—that a wife might lay her head in my bosom—and—oh, horror! horror!—No!—I would not accept her hand were it offered, nor believe in her love were it pledged to me. Stern soul of mine—wise at last, love never more—never more believe in truth!"

CHAPTER XVI.

As Harley quitted the room, Helen's pale sweet face looked forth from a door in the same corridor. She advanced towards him timidly.

"May I speak with you?" she said, in almost inaudible accents. "I have been listening for your footstep."

Harley looked at her steadfastly. Then, without a word, he followed her into the room she had left, and closed the door.

"I too," said he, "meant to seek an interview with yourself—but later. You would speak to me, Helen?—say on.—Ah! child, what mean you? Why this?"—for Helen was kneeling at his feet.

"Let me kneel," she said, resisting the hand that sought to raise her. "Let me kneel till I have explained

all, and perhaps won your pardon. You said something the other evening. It has weighed on my heart and my conscience ever since. You said 'that I should have no secret from you; for *that*, in our relation to each other, would be deceit.' I have had a secret; but, oh believe me! it was long ere it was clearly visible to myself. You honoured me with a suit so far beyond my birth, my merits. You said that I might console and comfort you. At those words, what answer could I give?—I who owe you so much more than a daughter's duty? And I thought that my affections were free—that they would obey that duty. But—but—but—" continued Helen, bowing her head still lowlier, and in a voice far fainter—

"I deceived myself. I again saw *him* who had been all in the world to me, when the world was so terrible—and then—and then—I trembled. I was terrified at my own memories—my own thoughts. Still I struggled to banish the past—resolutely—firmly. Oh, you believe me, do you not? And I hoped to conquer. Yet ever since those words of yours, I felt that I ought to tell you even of the struggle. This is the first time we have met since you spoke them. And now—now—I have seen him again, and—and—though not by a word could she you had deigned to woo as your bride, encourage hope in another—though there—there where you now stand—he bade me farewell, and we parted as if for ever;—yet—yet—O Lord L'Estrange! in return for your rank, wealth, your still nobler gifts of nature—what could I bring—something more than gratitude, esteem, reverence—at least an undivided heart, filled with your image, and yours alone. And this I cannot give. Pardon me—not for what I say now, but for not saying it before. Pardon me, O my benefactor, pardon me!"

"Rise, Helen," said Harley, with relaxing brow, though still unwilling to yield to one softer and holier emotion. "Rise!" And he lifted her up, and drew her towards the light. "Let me look at your face. There seems no guile here. These tears are surely honest. If I cannot be loved, it is my fate, and not your crime. Now, listen to me. If you grant me nothing else, will you give me the obedience which the ward owes to the guardian—the child to the parent?"

"Yes, oh yes!" murmured Helen.

"Then, while I release you from all troth to me, I claim the right to refuse, if I so please it, my assent to the suit of—of the person you prefer. I acquit you of deceit, but I reserve

to myself the judgment I shall pass on him. Until I myself sanction that suit, will you promise not to recall in any way the rejection which, if I understand you rightly, you have given to it?"

"I promise."

"And if I say to you, 'Helen, this man is not worthy of you—'"

"No, no! do not say that—I could not believe you."

Harley frowned, but resumed calmly—"If, then, I say—'Ask me not wherefore, but I forbid you to be the wife of Leonard Fairfield,' what would be your answer?"

"Ah, my lord, if you can but comfort him, do with me as you will; but do not command me to break his heart."

"Oh, silly child," cried Harley, laughing scornfully, "hearts are not found in the race from which that man sprang. But I take your promise, with its credulous condition. Helen, I pity you. I have been as weak as you, bearded man though I be. Some day or other, you and I may live to laugh at the follies at which you weep now. I can give you no other comfort, for I know of none."

He moved to the door, and paused at the threshold. "I shall not see you again for some days, Helen. Perhaps I may request my mother to join me at Lansmere; if so, I shall pray you to accompany her. For the present, let all believe that our position is unchanged. The time will soon come when I may—"

Helen looked up wistfully through her tears,—

"I may release you from all duties to me," continued Harley with grave and severe coldness; "or I may claim your promise in spite of the condition; for your lover's heart will not be broken. Adieu!"

CHAPTER XVII.

As Harley entered London, he came suddenly upon Randal Leslie, who was hurrying from Eaton Square, having not only accompanied Mr Avenel in his walk, but gone home with him and spent half the day in that gentleman's society. He was now on his

way to the House of Commons, at which some disclosure as to the day for the dissolution of Parliament was expected.

"Lord L'Estrange," said Randal, "I must stop you. I have been to Norwood and seen our noble fr

He has confided to me, of course, all that passed. How can I express my gratitude to you! By what rare talent—with what signal courage—you have saved the happiness—perhaps even the honour—of my plighted bride!"

"Your bride! The Duke, then, still holds to the promise you were fortunate enough to obtain from Riccabocca?"

"He confirms that promise more solemnly than ever. You may well be surprised at his magnanimity."

"No; he is a philosopher—nothing in him can surprise me. But he seemed to think, when I saw him, that there were circumstances you might find it hard to explain."

"Hard! Nothing so easy. Allow me to tender to you the same explanations which satisfied one whom philosophy itself has made as open to truth as he is clear-sighted to imposture."

"Another time, my dear Mr Leslie. If your bride's father be satisfied, what right have I to doubt? By the way, you stand for Lansmere. Do me the favour to fix your quarters at the Park during the election. You will, of course, accompany Mr Egerton."

"You are most kind," answered Randal, greatly surprised.

"You accept? That is well. We shall then have ample opportunity for those explanations which you honour me by offering; and, to make your visit still more agreeable, I may perhaps induce our friends at Norwood to meet you. Good day."

Harley walked on, leaving Randal motionless in amaze, but tormented with suspicion. What could such courtesies in Lord L'Estrange portend? Surely no good.

"I am about to hold the balance of justice," said Harley to himself. "I will cast the light-weight of that knave into the scale. Violante never can be mine; but I did not save her from a Peschiera, to leave her to a Randal Leslie. Ha, ha! Audley Egerton has some human feeling—tenderness for that youth whom he has selected from the world, in which he left Nora's child to the jaws of famine. Through that side I can reach at his heart, and prove him a fool like my-

self, where he esteemed and confided in Good."

Thus soliloquising, Lord L'Estrange gained the corner of Bruton Street, when he was again somewhat abruptly accosted.

"My dear Lord L'Estrange, let me shake you by the hand; for Heaven knows when I may see you again; and you have suffered me to assist in one good action."

"Frank Hazeldean, I am pleased indeed to meet you. Why do you indulge in that melancholy doubt as to the time when I may see you again?"

"I have just got leave of absence. I am not well, and I am rather hipped, so I shall go abroad for a few weeks."

In spite of himself, the sombre brooding man felt interest and sympathy in the dejection that was evident in Frank's voice and countenance. "Another dupe to affection," thought he, as if in apology to himself; "naturally, of course, a dupe: he is honest and artless—at present." He pressed kindly on the arm which he had involuntarily twined within his own. "I conceive how you now grieve, my young friend," said he; "but you will congratulate yourself hereafter on what this day seems to you an affliction."

"My dear lord—"

"I am much older than you, but not old enough for such formal ceremony. Pray, call me L'Estrange."

"Thank you; and I should indeed like to speak to you as a friend. There is a thought on my mind which haunts me. I daresay it is foolish enough, but I am sure you will not laugh at me. You heard what Madame di Negra said to me last night. I have been trifled with and misled, but I cannot forget so soon how dear to me that woman was. I am not going to bore you with such nonsense; but, from what I can understand, her brother is likely to lose all his fortune; and even if not, he is a sad scoundrel. I cannot bear the thought that she should be so dependent on him—that she may come to want. After all, there must be good in her—good in her to refuse my hand if she did not love me. A mercenary woman so circumstanced would not have done that."

"You are quite right. But do not torment yourself with such generous fears. Madame di Negra shall not come to want—shall not be dependent on her infamous brother. The first act of the Duke of Serrano, on regaining his estates, will be a suitable provision for his kinswoman. I will answer for this."

"You take a load off my mind. I did mean to ask you to intercede with Riccabocca—that is, the Duke; (it is so hard to think he can be a duke!) I, alas! have nothing in my power to bestow upon Madame di Negra. I may, indeed, sell my commission; but then I have a debt which I long to pay off, and the sale of the commission would not suffice even for that; and perhaps my father might be still more angry if I do sell it. Well, good-by. I shall now go away happy—that is, comparatively. One must bear things like—a man!"

"I should like, however, to see you again before you go abroad. I will call on you. Meanwhile, can you tell me the Number of one Baron Levy? He lives in this street, I know."

"Levy! Oh, have no dealings with him, I advise—I entreat you! He is the most plausible, dangerous rascal; and, for heaven's sake! pray be warned by me, and let nothing entangle you into—a *post-obit*!"

"Be reassured, I am more accustomed to lend money than borrow it; and, as to a *post-obit*, I have a foolish prejudice against such transactions."

"Don't call it foolish, L'Estrange; I honour you for it. How I wish I had known you earlier—so few men of the world are like you. Even Randal Leslie, who is so faultless in most things, and never gets into a scrape himself, called my own scruples foolish. However—"

"Stay—Randal Leslie! What! He advised you to borrow on a *post-obit*, and probably shared the loan with you?"

"O, no; not a shilling."

"Tell me all about it, Frank. Perhaps, as I see that Levy is mixed up in the affair, your information may be useful to myself, and put me on my guard in dealing with that popular gentleman."

Frank, who somehow or other felt himself quite at home with Harley, and who, with all his respect for Randal Leslie's talents, had a vague notion that Lord L'Estrange was quite as clever, and, from his years and experience, likely to be a safer and more judicious counsellor, was noways loath to impart the confidence thus pressed for.

He told Harley of his debts—his first dealings with Levy—the unhappy *post-obit* into which he had been hurried by the distress of Madame di Negra—his father's anger—his mother's letter—his own feelings of mingled shame and pride, which made him fear that repentance would but seem self-interest—his desire to sell his commission, and let its sale redeem in part the *post-obit*; in short, he made what is called a clean breast of it. Randal Leslie was necessarily mixed up with this recital; and the subtle cross-questions of Harley extracted far more as to that young diplomat's agency in all these melancholy concerns, than the ingenuous narrator himself was aware of.

"So then," said Harley, "Mr Leslie assured you of Madame di Negra's affection, when you yourself doubted of it?"

"Yes; she took him in, even more than she did me."

"Simple Mr Leslie! And the same kind friend—who is related to you—did you say?"

"His grandmother was a Hazeldean."

"Humph. The same kind relation led you to believe that you could pay off this bond with the Marchesa's portion, and that he could obtain the consent of your parents to your marriage with that lady?"

"I ought to have known better; my father's prejudices against foreigners and papists are so strong."

"And now Mr Leslie concurs with you, that it is best for you to go abroad, and trust to his intercession with your father. He has evidently, then, gained a great influence over Mr Hazeldean."

"My father naturally compares me with him—he so clever, so promising, so regular in his habits, and I such a reckless scapegrace."

"And the bulk of your father's

property is unentailed—Mr Hazeldean might disinherit you?"

"I deserve it. I hope he will."

"You have no brothers nor sisters—no relation, perhaps, nearer to you than your excellent friend Mr Randal Leslie?"

"No; that is the reason he is so kind to me, otherwise I am the last person to suit him. You have no idea how well-informed and clever he is," added Frank, in a tone between admiration and awe.

"My dear Hazeldean, you will take my advice, will you not?"

"Certainly. You are too good."

"Let all your family, Mr Leslie included, suppose you to be gone abroad; but stay quietly in England, and within a day's journey of Lausmere Park. I am obliged to go thither for the approaching election. I may

ask you to come over. I think I see a way to serve you; and if so, you will soon hear from me. Now, Baron Levy's Number."

"That is the house with the cabriolet at the door. How such a fellow can have such a horse!—'tis out of all keeping!"

"Not at all; horses are high-spirited, generous, unsuspicious animals—they never know that it is a rogue who drives them! I have your promise then, and you will send me your address?"

"I will. Strange that I feel more confidence in you than I do even in Randal! Do take care of Levy."

Lord L'Estrange and Frank here shook hands, and Frank, with an anxious groan, saw L'Estrange disappear within the portals of the sleek destroyer.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Lord L'Estrange followed the spruce servant into Baron Levy's luxurious study.

The Baron looked greatly amazed at his unexpected visitor; but he got up—handed a chair to my lord with a low bow. "This is an honour," said he.

"You have a charming abode here," said Lord L'Estrange, looking round. "Very fine bronzes—excellent taste. Your reception-rooms above are, doubtless, a model to all decorators!"

"Would your lordship condescend to see them," said Levy—wondering—but flattered.

"With the greatest pleasure."

"Lights!" cried Levy to the servant who answered his bell. "Lights in the drawing-rooms. It is growing dark."

Lord L'Estrange followed the usurer up stairs; admired everything—pictures, draperies, *Sèvres* china, to the very shape of the downy *fauteuils*, to the very pattern of the Tournay carpet. Reclining then on one of the voluptuous sofas, Lord L'Estrange said, smilingly, "You are a wise man; there is no advantage in being rich, unless one enjoys one's riches."

"My own maxim, Lord L'Estrange."

"And it is something, too, to have a taste for good society. Small pride would you have, my dear Baron, in these rooms, luxurious though they are, if filled with guests of vulgar exterior and plebeian manners. It is only in the world in which we move that we find persons who harmonise, as it were, with the porcelain of *Sèvres*, and these sofas that might have come from Versailles."

"I own," said Levy, "that I have what some may call a weakness in a *parvenu* like myself. I have a love for the *beau monde*. It is indeed a pleasure to me when I receive men like your lordship."

"But why call yourself a *parvenu*? Though you are contented to honour the name of Levy, we, in society, all know that you are the son of a long-descended English peer. Child of love, it is true; but the Graces smile on those over whose birth Venus presided. Pardon my old-fashioned mythological similes—they go so well—with these rooms—*Louis Quinze*."

"Since you touch on my birth," said Levy, his colour rather heightening, not with shame, but with pride, "I don't deny that it has had some effect on my habits and tastes in life. In fact—"

"In fact, own that you would be a

miserable man, in spite of all your wealth, if the young dandies, who throng to your banquets, were to cut you dead in the streets;—if, when your high-stepping horse stopped at your club, the porter shut the door in your face;—if, when you lounged into the opera pit, handsome dog that you are, each spendthrift rake in 'Fop's Alley,' who now waits but the scratch of your pen to endorse *billet-doux* with the charm that can chain to himself for a month some nymph of the *Ballet*, spinning round in a whirlwind of *tulle*, would shrink from the touch of your condescending fore-finger with more dread of its contact than a bailiff's arrest in the thick of Pall-Mall could inspire;—if, reduced to the company of city clerks, parasite led-cap-tains—

"Oh, don't go on, my dear lord," cried Levy, laughing affectedly. "Impossible though the picture be, it is really appalling. Cut me off from May Fair and St James's, and I should go into my strong closet and hang myself."

"And yet, my dear Baron, all this may happen if I have the whim just to try;—all this *will* happen, unless, ere I leave your house, you concede the conditions I come here to impose."

"My lord!" exclaimed Levy, starting up, and pulling down his waistcoat with nervous passionate fingers, "if you were not under my own roof, I would—"

"Truce with mock heroics. Sit down, sir—sit down. I will briefly state my threat—more briefly my conditions. You will be scarcely more prolix in your reply. Your fortune I cannot touch—your enjoyment of it I can destroy. Refuse my conditions—make me your enemy—and war to the knife! I will interrogate all the young dupes you have ruined. I will learn the history of all the transactions by which you have gained the wealth that it pleases you to spend in courting the society and sharing the vices of men who—go with these rooms, *Louis Quinze*. Not a roguery of yours shall escape me, down even to your last notable connivance with an Italian reprobate for the criminal abstraction of an heiress. All these particulars I will proclaim in the clubs to which you have gained admittance

—in every club in London which you yet hope to creep into. All these I will impart to some such authority in the Press as Mr Henry Norreys;—all these I will, upon the voucher of my own name, have so published in some journals of repute, that you must either tacitly submit to the revelations that blast you, or bring before a court of law, actions that will convert accusations into evidence. It is but by sufferance that you are now in society—you are excluded when one man like me comes forth to denounce you. You try in vain to sneer at my menace—your white lips show your terror. I have rarely in life drawn any advantage from my rank and position; but I am thankful that they give me the power to make my voice respected and my exposure triumphant. Now, Baron Levy, will you go into your strong closet and hang yourself, or will you grant me my very moderate conditions? You are silent. I will relieve you, and state those conditions. Until the general election, about to take place, is concluded, you will obey me to the letter in all that I enjoin—no demur, and no scruple. And the first proof of obedience I demand, is your candid disclosure of all Mr Audley Egerton's pecuniary affairs."

"Has my client, Mr Egerton, authorised you to request of me that disclosure?"

"On the contrary, all that passes between us you will conceal from your client."

"You would save him from ruin? Your trusty friend, Mr Egerton!" said the Baron with a livid sneer.

"Wrong again, Baron Levy. If I would save him from ruin, you are scarcely the man I should ask to assist me."

"Ah, I guess. You have learned how he—"

"Guess nothing, but obey in all things. Let us descend to your business room."

Levy said not a word until he had reconducted his visitor into his den of destruction—all gleaming with *spoliaria*—in rosewood. Then he said this: "If, Lord L'Estrange, you seek but revenge on Audley Egerton, you need not have uttered those threats. I too—hate the man."

Harley looked at him steadfastly, and the nobleman felt a pang that he had debased himself into a single feeling which the usurer could share. Nevertheless, the interview appeared to close with satisfactory arrangements, and produce amicable understanding. For as the Baron ceremoniously followed Lord L'Estrange through the hall, his noble visitor said with marked affability—

"Then I shall see you at Lansmere with Mr Egerton, to assist in conducting his election. It is a sacrifice of your time worthy of your friendship ; not a step farther, I beg. Baron, I have the honour to wish you good evening."

As the street door opened on Lord L'Estrange, he again found himself face to face with Randal Leslie, whose hand was already lifted to the knocker.

"Ha, Mr Leslie !—you too a client of Baron Levy's ;—a very useful accommodating man."

Randal stared and stammered. "I come in haste from the House of Commons on Mr Egerton's business. Don't you hear the newspaper venders crying out, "Great news—Dissolution of Parliament?"

"We are prepared. Levy himself consents to give us the aid of his talents. Kindly, obliging—clever person !"

Randal hurried into Levy's study, to which the usurer had shrunk back, and was now wiping his brow with his scented handkerchief, looking heated and haggard, and very indifferent to Randal Leslie.

"How is this !" cried Randal. "I come to tell you first of Peschiera's utter failure, the ridiculous coxcomb, and I meet at your door the last man I thought to find there—the man who foiled us all, Lord L'Estrange. What brought him to you ? Ah, perhaps, his interest in Egerton's election."

"Yes," said Levy sulkily. "I know all about Peschiera. I cannot talk to you now ; I must make arrangements for going to Lansmere."

"But don't forget my purchase from Thornhill. I shall have the money shortly from a surer source than Peschiera."

"The Squire ?"

"Or a rich father-in-law."

In the meanwhile, as Lord L'Estrange entered Bond Street, his ears

were stunned by vociferous cries from the Stentors employed by *Standard*, *Sun*, and *Globe*,—"Great news. Dissolution of Parliament—great news !" The gas-lamps were lighted—a brown fog was gathering over the streets, blending itself with the falling shades of night. The forms of men loomed large through the mist. The lights from the shops looked red and lurid. Loungers usually careless as to politics, were talking eagerly and anxiously of King, Lords, Commons, "Constitution at stake"—"Triumph of liberal opinions,"—according to their several biases. Hearing, and scorning—unsocial, isolated—walked on Harley L'Estrange. With his direr passions had been roused up all the native powers, that made them doubly dangerous. He became proudly conscious of his own great faculties, but exulted in them only so far as they could minister to the purpose which had invoked them.

"I have constituted myself a Fate," he said inly ; "let the gods be but neutral—while I weave the meshes. Then, as Fate itself when it has fulfilled its mission, let me pass away into shadow, with the still and lonely stride that none may follow."

• Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness. •

How weary I am of this world of men !" And again the cry "Great news—National crisis—Dissolution of Parliament—Great news !" rang through the jostling throng. Three men, arm-in-arm, brushed by Harley, and were stopped at the crossing by a file of carriages. The man in the centre was Audley Egerton. His companions were, an ex-minister like himself, and one of those great proprietors who are proud of being above office, and vain of the power to make and unmake Governments.

"You are the only man to lead us, Egerton," said this last personage. "Do but secure your seat, and as soon as this popular fever has passed away, you must be something more than the leader of Opposition—you must be the first man in England."

"Not a doubt of that," chimed in the fellow ex-minister—a worthy man—perfect red-tapist, but inaudible in the reporters' gallery. "And your election is quite safe, eh ? All depends on

that. You must not be thrown out at such a time, even for a month or two. I hear that you will have a contest—some townsman of the borough, I think. But the Lansmere interest must be all-powerful; and, I suppose, L'Estrange will come out and canvass for you. You are not the man to have lukewarm friends!"

"Don't be alarmed about my election. I am as sure of that as of L'Estrange's friendship."

Harley heard, with a grim smile, and passing his hand within his vest, laid it upon Nora's memoir.

"What could we do in Parliament without you!" said the great proprietor almost piteously.

"Rather what could I do without Parliament? Public life is the only existence I own. Parliament is all in all to me. But we may cross now."

Harley's eye glittered cold as it followed the tall form of the statesman, towering high above all other passers-by.

"Ay," he muttered—"ay, rest as sure of my friendship as I was of thine! And be Lansmere our field of Philippi! There, where thy first step was made in the only life that thou

own'st as existence, shall the ladder itself rot from under thy footing. There, where thy softer victim slunk to death from the deceit of thy love, shall deceit like thine own dig a grave for thy frigid ambition. I borrow thy quiver of fraud; its still arrows shall strike thee; and thou too shalt say, when the barb pierces home, 'This comes from the hand of a friend.' Ay, at Lansmere, at Lansmere, shall the end crown the whole! Go, and dot on the canvass the lines for a lengthened perspective, where my eyes note already the vanishing point of the picture."

Then through the dull fog, and under the pale gas-lights, Harley L'Estrange pursued his noiseless way, soon distinguished no more amongst the various, motley, quick-succeeding groups, with their infinite subdivisions of thought, care, and passion; while, loud over all their low murmurs, or silent hearts, were heard the tramp of horses and din of wheels, and the vociferous discordant cry that had ceased to attract an interest in the ears it vexed—"Great News, Great News—Dissolution of Parliament—Great News!"

DAY DREAMS. BY H. G. K.

"VOX CLAMANTIS IN EREMO."

WHERE are fled the breezy Summers,
With their sounds of bird and bee,
With their sounds of mowers whetting
Tinkling scythes about the lea?
With the labours of their mornings,
With the alumbers of their noons,
With the whispers of their twilights,
And the languor of their moons?

Where are now the pleasant autumns,
With their waving meres of corn,
With their many-coloured foliage,
Wreathed with gossamers at morn?
With their sounds of pheasants calling
'Mid the red and rustling leaves,
With their sounds of rustic revel
For the plenty of the sheaves?

Where, O where the merry winters,
With the rime upon the grass,
On the rocklike road the horse-hoofs
Making music as they pass?

Wauton boys on windy hill-tops,
 Calling to their mates beneath,
 As they chased the timid fieldfare,
 Or the hare across the heath ?

Here, where Nature, wan and phrenzied,
 Flashes round us all the day,
 And the very springs of motion
 Help to cause their own decay ;
 When the frame is slack and nerveless,
 From the poison of the air,
 And the Soul can scarce remember
 That the works of God are fair ;

Soon the mental vision, wearied,
 Learns to see His wrath at hand,
 And a red destroyer Angel
 Dealing death about the land :
 Every plague a dispensation,
 Every thunder-clap a knell ;
 Miserable life but fostered
 For procrastinating Hell.

When Death strikes our bosom's dearest,
 When he takes our ancient foes,
 Soul and body, worn and wildered,
 Sink into a grim repose.
 Happier far an English Peasant,
 With a true young-hearted Wife ;
 With a master, not despotic,
 And the needful props of life ;

And the knowledge of a Maker,
 Merciful as well as just,
 Who would not have given burthens
 Greater than its strength to Dust ;
 Who would not have sent his Dearest
 For the sins of men to die,
 If he had not many mansions,
 Differing exceedingly.

Knowledge waxes, and the matter
 May be shortly understood,
 In His sight how little differ
 Very bad and very good :
 In the good is much of evil,
 In the bad are germs of good,
 Man may not prepare the furnace,
 Nor condemn the sapless wood.

I have seen the old, proud-hearted,
 Withering in a web of Creeds,
 Self-appointed Saints, condemning
 Other men's unfathomed deeds ;
 I have seen the young and gallant
 Die before the frosts begin,
 Full of true and tender yearnings,
 'Mid the common curse of sin.

Yet if so they went to Judgment,
 Any one could see full well,
 One would much embitter Heaven,
 And the other sweeten Hell.
 Them no bigot's *ipse dixit*
 Now molests; they slumber well:
 Oh let each, though sorely straitened,
 Strive to hope and do the best;
 Hope to enter, weary wanderer,
 Into everlasting rest.

TO MY DAUGHTER.

AIR.—“Wrap thy auld cloak,” &c.
Virtute te involvas.

SWEET Rose, thy bloom, when I am gone,
 Will surely tempt the beam of day,
 And haply in an hour when none
 Can be thy shelter or thy stay,
 In such an hour, oh! think of me,
 And think of him who bade thee be,
 “In maiden musing, fancy-free,”
 And take thy virtue about thee.

For life is mixed of good and ill,
 Is sometimes labour, sometimes rest;
 If sorrow come from want of will,
 Yet strength of will may make us blest.
 And if that will indeed be free,
 Be these my latest words to thee,
 That, various as thy fate may be,
 Thou take thy virtue about thee.

Soon may we cease to wish, to weep,
 To take the ill, let slip the good,
 And, ere we lay us down to sleep,
 Look on Creation as we should—
 And thus may'st thou at length be free,
 And meet the Fate thou canst not see,
 In hope, but not presumingly,
 Taking thy virtue about thee.

A FAREWELL.

SLEEP, sleep, my early hopes and fears;
 For you, by you I watch alway;
 Sleep, hidden in the night of years,
 Till death shall bring your dawning day.

Sleep, though when Memory stirs your rest
 With feverish uneasy motion,
 I fain would fling you from my breast
 To deep oblivion's dream-lulled ocean.

Sleep, innocent of shame or guile;
 By you I needs must watch alway;
 So softly rest you here awhile,
 Till Death shall bring your endless day.

THE BRIDEGROOM.

THE moon yet strives with dawn
Which shall throw a shadow
Through mists that lie all lightly on the lawn,
Heavily on the wide and watery meadow.

Not long : the golden morning
Gains every moment ground ;
The dying night-star scorning—
Hark how the birds sing out for joy around.

Creation casts its burthen
On such a holy day ;
Shall I not to her then
My full heart's adoration meetly pay ?—

She who has consented
To be, to-day, my bride,
And has not repented
For any ills that might meantime betide.

Dearer than all creatures
Of sight, or thought, or dream,
Gilds me to-day her features
With the mild lustre of love's languid beam.

While, upon the Evangels,
I pledge to her my faith,
Give ear, all good Angels
To the true words my passionate spirit saith.

May I ever shield her
From all shade of ill,
Comfort her, and yield her
Love to her love, indulgence to her Will.

May no remembered sorrow
Her pure soul annoy,
But to-morrow, and to-morrow
Still give her warmer hope, contentment, peace, and joy !

SUMMER.

FROM THE GERMAN.

SUMMER is unveiling
The forest's hidden hue,
Rosy cloud-boats sailing
O'er Heaven's tranquil blue.

The linnet's song is sounding
Among the highest boughs,
The snowy lambs are bounding
Around the wondering cows.

Listless, I watch the flashing
Of the river and the beam ;
I hear the far scythes clashing—
I know not what—I dream.

India.

H. G. K.

THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

THE death of the Duke of Wellington is an event so solemn and impressive, that it has produced a great and most striking effect upon the whole nation. It has spread one universal feeling of regret and lamentation throughout the land. From the Sovereign on the throne to the peasant in the cottage—all have shared in the same sentiments. It has obliterated for a time the deep lines of party distinction. Like a great public catastrophe, affecting the fortunes of the whole nation, it has brought all to think the same, and to think aright; and the representatives of the very parties who were long most vehement in condemning his political career, are now the first to come forward and do justice to his memory, by swelling the universal chorus in his praise.

The destiny of Wellington was in this respect very remarkable, and unlike that of any other great patriot or hero recorded in history. He was not, like Cæsar and Henry IV., cut short in the middle of his career by the ruthless hand of an assassin. He did not live, like Scipio Africanus or Themistocles, to mourn in exile over an ungrateful country and a dreary exile. He did not survive his intellect, like Marlborough; nor pine away, a captive and exile on a distant rock in the Atlantic, like Napoleon. He died in the fullness of years and of glory, having not only concluded his part in the camp and the Senate, but survived alike opposition and enmity, and lived to see a grateful nation and an admiring world unite in the homage due to his talents and his virtues. If ever a man heard, during Time, the voice of Futurity, that man was the Duke of Wellington.

"If aught can lessen," it has been not less justly than eloquently said, "the grief of England upon the death of her greatest son, it is the recollection that the life which has just closed leaves no duty incomplete, and no honour unbestowed. The Duke of Wellington had exhausted nature and exhausted glory. His career was one unclouded longest day, filled from dawn to nightfall with renowned actions, animated by unflinching energy in the public service, guided by unswerving principles of conduct and of statesmanship. He rose by a rapid series of achievements, which none had surpassed, to a position which no other man in this nation ever enjoyed. The place occupied by the Duke of Wellington in the councils of the country, and in the life of England, can no more be filled. There is none left in the army or the Senate to act and speak with like authority. There is none with whom the valour and the worth of this nation were so incorporate. Yet, when we consider the fullness of his years, and the abundance of his incessant services, we may learn to say with the Roman orator, "*Satis diu vixisse dicito*," since, being mortal, nothing could be added either to our veneration or to his fame. Nature herself had seemed for a time to expand her inexorable limits, and the infirmities of age to lay a lighter burden on that honoured head. Generations of men had passed away between the first exploits of his arms and the last counsels of his age, until, by a lot unexampled in history, the man who had played the most conspicuous part in the annals of more than half a century became the last survivor of his contemporaries, and carries with him to the grave all living memory of his own achievements."—*Times*.

It has been truly observed, that "no man ever rose to great and lasting reputation among men who had not, on several occasions, resolutely *opposed* the current of general opinion." Never was the truth of this observation more signally illustrated than in the case of the Duke of Wellington. His whole life was one of contest, not merely with the enemies of his country, but with a numerous party in that country itself. His early career in India was stigmatised at the time by the Opposition journals as one of rashness and precipitance, only saved from inducing public ruin by good fortune and the surpassing valour of his troops. The same charges were repeated incessantly during the Peninsular war; and down to the battle of Vittoria, the Opposition, headed by Earl Grey and Mr Whitbread, annually impeached his conduct, in both Houses, as rash and inconsiderate, and condemned the war as costly, unnecessary, and hopeless. It is fresh in the recollection of many of our readers how violently he was assailed during the

contest on the Reform Bill, both by the popular journals and the Reform orators; and the barricaded windows of Apsley House long remained a monument of the time when he was obliged to defend himself in his own dwelling against the assaults of his countrymen, and of the narrow escape which he made from death at their ungrateful hands in the streets of London, on the 18th June 1832.

It is not enough to say he has survived these strange and disgraceful ebullitions of party rancour and public delusion. He has become great—he has won universal respect and admiration—just because he braved and disregarded them. Public opinion has changed regarding him, because the event in every one instance has proved that he was right, and that it was wrong. Indian history has recorded that his daring conduct in delivering battle at Assaye was the salvation of our empire in the East; the unanimous voice of men has pronounced his Peninsular campaigns and stand at Waterloo the main cause of the deliverance of Europe; and of the multitudes who condemned his resistance to the Reform Bill there are not many, and probably few among the very opponents whom it elevated for the time to power, who have not in secret since regretted the part they took in supporting it, and admitted that his predictions, as to its ultimate effects, have been too truly verified by the event.

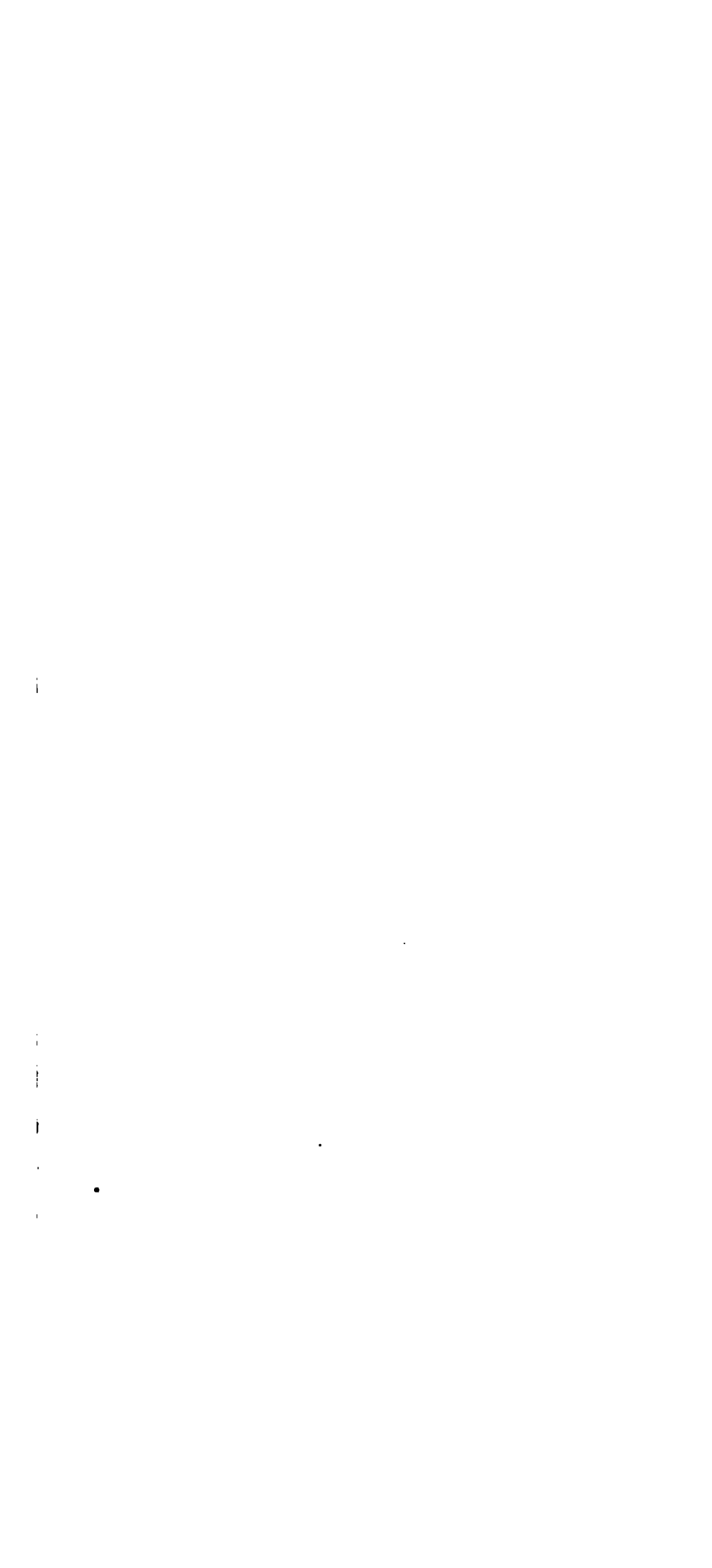
Daring and decision were the original and leading characteristics of the Duke of Wellington's mind. He possessed the intuitive glance, the eagle eye, which at once discerns what should be done on every occasion; and the moral courage, the intrepid spirit, which never hesitates to act on the determination. This appears in the delivering battle, with half his army, against fearful odds, at Assaye—the crossing of the Douro in face of Soult's army—the perilous advance and dreadful passages of arms at Talavera—the sudden seizure of the moment of victory, from Marmont's error, at Salamanca—the daring assault of Badajoz—the desperate stand at Waterloo. But this native bent, which his whole career, both civil and military, so clearly reveals, was corrected as he advanced in his career by higher considerations, and a clear view of his delicate and responsible situation as leader of the armies of a discordant coalition, and of a Government in which the intermixture of the popular element was too strong to admit of the original bent of his disposition being carried, without the utmost caution, into execution.

With an army seldom superior in number to a single corps of the French marshals—with troops dispirited by long-continued disasters, and wholly unaided by practical experience—without any compulsory law to recruit his ranks, or any strong national passion for war to supply its want, he was called on to combat successively vast armies, composed in great part of veteran soldiers, perpetually filled by the terrible powers of the conscription; headed by chiefs who, risen from the ranks, and practically acquainted with the duties of war in all its grades, had fought their way from the grenadier's musket to the marshal's baton; and followed by men who, trained in the same school, were animated by the same glittering objects. Still more, he was the general of a nation in which the chivalrous and mercantile qualities are strongly blended together; which, justly proud of its historic glory, is unreasonably jealous of present expenditure; which, covetous in war of military renown, is impatient in peace of previous preparation; which starves its establishments when the dangers are over, and yet frets at defeat when its dangers are present; which fires in strife on Cressy and Azincourt, and ruminates in peace on economic reduction. He commanded at the head of an alliance formed of heterogeneous states, and composed of discordant materials; in which ancient animosities were hardly forgotten and yet present danger, or religious divisions in public favour; in which corruption often paralysed the arm of patriotism, and jealousy withheld the resources of power. He acted under the direction of a Ministry, which, albeit zealous and able, was inexperienced in combination, and unskilled in war; in presence of an Opposition which, powerful in eloquence, supported by faction, was prejudiced against the war, and indefatigable in its endeavours to

arrest it ; and for the interests of a people who, although ardent in the cause, and enthusiastic in its support, were impatient of disaster, and prone to exaggerated views of disaster ; and whose military resources, how great soever, were dissipated in the protection of a Colonial empire which encircled the earth.

Nothing but the most consummate prudence, as well as ability in conduct, could, with such means, have achieved victory over such an enemy. But the character of Wellington was adequate to the task. Capable, when the occasion required, or an opportunity was afforded, of the most daring enterprises, he was yet cautious and wary in his general conduct. Prodigious of his own labour, regardless of his own person, he was avaricious only of the blood of his soldiers. Endowed by nature with an indomitable soul and a constitution of iron, he possessed, at the same time, that tenacity of purpose and indefatigable activity, which are ever necessary to great achievements. Prudent in council, sagacious in design, he was yet prompt and decided in action. His activity in war was unwearied—his frame capable of bearing any fatigue. At any hour of the day he could lie down, wrapped in his military cloak, among his soldiers, and snatch an hour's sleep ;—at any hour of the night he was ready to receive despatches, and coolly give orders for any emergency. No general ever revolved more accurately, before undertaking it, the possible dangers of any enterprise ;—none possessed in a higher degree the eagle eye, the arm of steel, necessary to carry it into execution. By the steady application of this rare combination of qualities, he succeeded in raising the British military force from an unworthy state of depression to an unexampled pitch of glory ;—in educating, in presence of the enemy, not only his soldiers in the field, but his rulers in the Cabinet ;—in silencing, by avoiding disaster, the clamour of his enemies ;—in strengthening, by progressive success, the ascendancy of his friends ;—in augmenting, by the exhibition of its results, the energy of the Government ;—in rousing, by deeds of glory, the enthusiasm of the people. Skillfully seizing the opportunity of victory, he astudiously avoided the chances of defeat. Aware that a single disaster would at once endanger his prospects, discourage his countrymen, and strengthen his opponents, he was content to forego many opportunities of possibly earning fame, and to stifle many desires to grasp at glory. Magnanimously checking the aspirations of genius, he trusted for ultimate success rather to perseverance in a wise, than audacity in a daring course. He thus succeeded, during six successive campaigns, with a comparatively inconsiderable army, in maintaining his ground against the vast and veteran legions of Napoleon ; in defeating successively all his marshals, and baffling all his enterprises ; and, finally, in rousing such an enthusiastic spirit in the British Empire, as enabled the Government to put forth its immense resources on a scale worthy of its present greatness and former renown, and terminate a contest of twenty years' duration, by planting the British standard on the walls of Paris.

In this marvellous progress there is more than the reward of mere military talent, how great—or warlike courage, how indomitable soever. The whole man stands forth in the career of victory : Vittoria and Waterloo were the reward not less of moral determination than of military prowess. A heroic sense of duty was Wellington's great characteristic ; and this regulated his whole life. It appeared equally throughout his whole political and pacific, as his warlike career : it explains what otherwise might appear at times inconsistent in his political life. He was ever consistent in one thing—Duty to his Sovereign and Country. He had strong and decided opinions on all the great questions which divided men's minds during his day, and never failed to express those opinions with the vigour which marks a powerful, and the fearlessness which is the characteristic of a noble, mind. But strong as these opinions were, they yielded to a still stronger—the constant desire to serve his Sovereign and Country, under all circumstances, and to the very last, to the utmost of his power. He had a strong sense of the Inevitable ; and when he once thought that it had arrived, he at once took his line. Thus he vehemently opposed Reform ; and never, to the very last, changed his opinion regarding it. But no sooner did it become the law of the land, than he yielded it a willing obe-



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SOLD BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

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Who, with one blow, compels the rock to yield
 More gold than rested in the Lydian field.
 Who asks in this, our more prolific day,
 Where Ophir's mines, once wrought by Israel, lay?
 Consult the *Times*—it points a ready road,
 To the true temples of the Golden God.
 For San Francisco, ho'!—or, should you quail,
 Why, for Port Philip there are fifty sail.
 A clipper leaves next week—she's tight and sound,
 The cabin fare is only twenty pound.
 Sell all you have, and seek that blessed shore,
 Which, 'stead of pebble-stones, yields precious ore;
 Where the wild bushman eats his loathly fare,
 Upon a rock, more rich than David's chair.
 One of you Nine, awake! I need a Muse
 To sing the land of kites and kangaroos,
 Where nature, passing from the primal curse,
 Has furnished e'en dumb creatures with a purse,
 And given the rank opossum of the vale
 A more convenient sporran than the Gael.

Once on a time—'tis thus that empires rise,
 For Rome, whose eagles mounted to the skies,
 Owed her foundation to a robber clan,
 The very refuse and reproach of man—
 Once on a time we sent whate'er was vile,
 From the pure precincts of our northern isle,
 To till untaxed, and free from aught save toil,
 The countless acres of a virgin soil.
 Was any branded with the mark of shame?
 Another land received him all the same.
 The hardy labourer, for his weekly wage,
 Toiled on, unnoticed here, from youth to age,
 Cheered by the hope that, strength and manhood past,
 The poorhouse gates might yawn for him at last.
 But he, the young Colossus of the road,
 Whose lust for plunder summoned him abroad,
 Whose ardent soul aspired the path to tread
 Pursued by Turpin and the glorious dead—
 Or he, the low-browed wretch, obscene and sly,
 Whose only thought was how to fake a cly;
 Who never yet could earn an honest meal,
 Or use his nimble fingers save to steal—
 Their lot was better far. Across the sea
 Their generous country sent them passage-free,
 To hold sweet eclogues 'neath Australian skies,
 And waken Sydney's groves with Fleet Street's cries.
 A pastoral region, with a thriving flock,
 Where sheep and convicts formed the staple stock;
 Where tallow, wool, and Tyburn-talk combined
 To raise the soul, and purify the mind.

Behold it now. Not he, the potent sprite,
 Who reared Aladdin's palace in a night—
 Not the Czar Peter, who, in mist and fog,
 Called up his glorious city from a bog,
 Wrought greater change than that surveyor old,
 Who raised a yellow stone and found it gold!
 Small, in the future years, must be thy fame,
 My poor Columbus! Chiefs of former name—
 Pizarro, Cortez—nought remains of you,
 Save the deep curse of those you foully slew.
 Hawkins and Raleigh—men of bygone years—
 What were ye both but brilliant buccaneers?
 Long since exhausted is the hoard you brought,
 Scarce worth a banker's—not a nation's—thought.
 Your broad moldores have dwindled into groats;
 Your spoils have suffered change to paper notes.
 One Jew alone, for one election day
 Would your whole precious El Dorado pay.

Phantoms, avaunt! Let Plutus take his stand,
 With one foot steady on Australian land;
 Let him his veins of native wealth display,
 And call the human vultures to their prey.
 No need of pressing. See! from north and west,
 Adullam's inmates hurry to the quest.
 On every side, in Babel's speech is heard—
 "Where are the diggings? What's the rate per yard?"
 Ten thousand souls delve, fight, blaspheme, perspire,
 In nature's Lombard Street of mud and mire;
 Swarming, like tadpoles in an April ditch,
 To rake the drainage, and at once be rich.
 The ships lie rotting on the idle strand—
 Jack hath levanted to the golden land.
 Unwatched the sheep may stray, the cattle roam;—
 None but a bondslave, sure, would bide at home.
 To Capel Court the strong infection spreads;
 Once more the jobbers raise their eager heads.
 Back come the ravens who, in forty-seven,
 Were to Bologne or kindly Calais driven;
 All undismayed by crashes on the rail,
 They scent the future carrion in the gale.
 In fungus-growth new companies arise—
 "Invest your coin, ye widows, and be wise!
 Make haste—delay not—shares are rising fast;
 No empty bubble this, as was the last.
 Behold this lump of quartz with glittering veins—
 Nay, come and handle—it is worth the pains.
 Gold by the ton! Who'll profit by the hint?
 A whole Ben Nevis ready for the mint!
 The ground is purchased up, the rock surveyed—
 Two pounds deposit, and your fortune's made!"

The bait is cast, the gudgeons swarm in sight.
 Dear cousin Jonas, art thou prone to bite?
 Bethink thee, coz, what sad mishaps befell
 The lines you loved not wisely but too well,
 When you and many more embarked in shares
 In that fell masquerade of bulls and bears.
 Gods! how ye vaunted then. With what disdain
 Ye looked on labour and its patient gain!
 The thrifty wretch who sought to work by rule,
 Was, in your sage opinion, but a fool.
 The easy road to wealth was found at last;—
 What need of toil when stocks were rising fast?
 Or if, at times, some faint suspicion came,
 That they who won, at length might lose the game,
 An oracle was near. From out his den
 The Delphic broker cheered the souls of men.
He knew the traffic tables—*he* could tell
 When royal Hudson meant to buy or sell;
 And—this was secret—if you wished to win,
 Now was the time to venture boldly in.
 A line there was—he durst not mention which—
 But, if you'd trust him, he would make you rich.
 Down below par its value had been driven—
 Next week the shares would rise to thirty-seven!

Too ready ink! O far too easy pen!
 Where was your guardian angel, Jonas, then?
 Did no misgivings haunt you when you signed
 For more than twice your father left behind?
 Had you no wholesome doubts—no lurking fear
 Of that sly serpent whispering in your ear?
 Heard you no warning voices in your sleep
 Repeat the adage—Look before you leap?
 Alas! against the chance of instant gain,
 E'en conscience makes her stern protest in vain!
 For one short month you saw your stakes augment,
 And reckoned up your gain at cent per cent.
 Brisk was the betting, as when gamblers set
 Their shifting gold at hazard or roulette.
 Then came the crash! And such a howl arose,
 As when a city's plundered by its foes!
 "Sell out at once!" was now the general cry—
 Vain the advice, for not a soul would buy.
 Behold in fits a valiant son of Mars—
 "Who'll purchase scrip?" For what? To light cigars?
 With shaking limbs the pale directors stood,
 Protesting faintly that their shares were good.
 "The dividend is sure, despite of falls;"
 Yea, but, my masters—*who's to pay the calls?*
 Yet wherefore dwell on those portentous years,
 Unblessed by any save the engineers,

Who pierced the mountains, framed the iron way,
 Brought in their bills, and forced the rest to pay?
 Not ours in spite or malice to recall
 The frenzy-fit that ruined hearth and hall,
 Divorced broad acres from their luckless lord,
 And smote the merchant sharper than the sword.
 Nations, they say, go mad as well as men—
 Good, if a nation find its wits again!
 Yet still, though now diverted from the rails,
 'Twould seem that England's lunar mood prevails—
 Still in her brain the wild excitement burns
 Of grand investments and of quick returns.
 The preacher reads the holy text aloud,
 Denouncing Mammon to the assembled crowd—
 The fervent congregation cries "Amen!"
 And straightway turns to Mammon's works again.
 I need not here the thrice-told tale repeat,
 Of nobles grovelling at a gambler's feet—
 Of hero-worship in Egyptian shape—
 Of idiots offering incense to an ape.
 Such things have been, and are; for wealth has power,
 And will retain it till earth's latest hour;
 Sages may mourn, and satirists may laugh,
 But aye there's homage for the Golden Calf.
 That common weakness, which but few despise,
 'Twere vain for me to brand or stigmatise.
 Still does the motley crowd on Dives wait,
 And none consort with Lazarus at the gate.

It may be true that, in the days of old,
 Our fathers, like ourselves, were bent on gold,
 And that the reverence which they also paid
 Regarded more the scabbard than the blade.
 Yet not till now—so I at least maintain—
 Was England's glory ranked beneath her gain;
 Her matchless empire, instanced as a curse
 By the mean guardians of the public purse;
 Her power curtailed on every vile pretence;
 Her safety styled a question of expense!

O men! O brothers! hearken—ere the grave
 For ever shuts upon the wise and brave—
 Why speak I thus?—on him, the greatest man
 That England knew since first her fame began.
 In youth, the keen Pelides of the war;
 In manhood, sager than Ulysses far;
 In age, like Nestor, honoured and revered
 By the proud chiefs his high example reared.
 Not yet for him has rung the funeral knell,
 They have not laid him in his narrow cell;

Uncovered yet remains the stately head
 Of the gray warrior, grandest now, when dead.
 O, in that coming day of grief and gloom,
 When England's best shall bear him to the tomb—
 When every eye will glisten with a tear
 As true as ever wet a father's bier—
 O while ye gaze upon that honoured grave,
 Slight not the warning that his wisdom gave—
 Forget not that his latest prayer was given
 For our dear country at the gate of heaven—
 For us and ours! O well for us to weep!
 He lies for ever in his glorious sleep;
 Nor drum, nor trumpet, nor hostile legions' tread
 Can now disturb the quiet of the dead.
 O well for us to weep! Let tears of shame
 Show that our mourning is not but in name.
 Have we not heard, and heard without rebuke,
 A base Thersites railing at the Duke?
 Have we not heard a cottonmonger's sneers
 At his hoar head and honourable years?
 Let that mean demagogue, with brazen brow,
 Dare to repeat his witless insult now!
 The very knaves that took his words on trust
 Would scowl upon him with supreme disgust,
 And spurn the wretch who durst at such a time
 Connect the name of Wellington with crime!

For ever quenched is that heroic light
 That beamed before us in the darkest night,
 Even as the fiery pillar sent to guide
 The hosts of Israel o'er the deserts wide.
 New times—new thoughts! We need some novel sage
 To rise, the fresh apostle of the age;
 Through human wit some wiser rule to teach
 Than that which severed nations by their speech.
 Lo, he is here! To sympathising friends
 Her brawny blacksmith young Columbia sends;
 His voice yet raucous with the forge's fume,
 He mounts the platform graced by Joseph Hume—
 Swings his huge fists as with a hammer's bang,
 And shouts for peace in pestilent harangue.
 No common Vulcan our audacious smith!
 With frantic gesture and with furious pith
 He rails at kings, denounces nations' wars,
 And hurls his anvil at the crest of Mars!
 Big burly Quakers follow in his wake,
 And cotton lords—for exportation's sake.
 Loud be your wail, you diplomatic crew!
 Henceforth the world hath little need of you;
 Away for ever with your paper boats—
 Your quires of protocols and reams of notes,

Your treaties framed by famous heads of yore,
Your old absurd traditionary lore ;
Let Palmerston and Bunsen disappear,
We need no statesmen of their kidney here !
Our Congress rests upon a wider base ;
Its doors are open to the human race.
Walk in, my friends ! Nay—never stand in awe—
You'll gain a hearing if you rail at law.
No prudish audience this—propound your views ;
Be pungent, not with humour, but abuse.
Take Satan's method, which is simply this—
To carp and snarl at everything that is.
No better model can be kept in view ;
That shrewd reformer knows a thing or two.
Some special texts are rather in his way,
But they're not binding—so his prophets say.
Honour the King—or Queen?—the thing's absurd !
What's honour?—nothing but an empty word.
And what's allegiance, but a quibbling phrase,
Despised by freemen in those liberal days ?
Submit to powers that be ? Ye gods ! is't fit
That any, save a bondsman, should submit ?
That doctrine surely none would dare to press—
Old man, 'tis hardly safe to answer—Yes !
Your faith was fashioned in an ancient school ;
Your life was spent beneath a different rule ;
The free compatriots of your early day
Knew how to love, to honour, and obey.
They duly worshipped at their fathers' fane,
For them the democrat declaimed in vain.
No weekly sheets of filth and lies combined
Brought rank infection to the honest mind.
They heard no canting doctrine from abroad ;
No miscreant stepped betwixt them and their God.
They loved their country ; proud were they to claim
The old distinction of an English name ;
The Saxon blood ran warm within their veins—
They hated treason, and they scoffed at chains.
Not such the creed these noisy boasters bawl
From platform, hustings, council-room, and hall.
Wild with delight, they saw in neighbouring France
The torches glaring and the sabres glance ;
When great King Mob arose in frantic raid
Against the puppet monarch it had made.
In haste, to hail the brotherhood of man,
To Paris straight our rank reformers ran.
“ Are we not brothers ? ” “ Yea ! ” the blouses cried,
“ We all are brothers, and we'll all divide ! ”
Death to the rich ! all property is theft ! ”
Aghast our patriots listened—and they left.

Freedom we love, but freedom was not there.
 That foul Megæra, with the tangled hair,
 All blood besprent, and drunk with fiery wine,
 Bore little token of a birth divine.
 Yet hymns were fashioned in that beldame's praise,
 And London's minstrels shrined her in their lays;
 With gibbering glee the ghost of Thomas Paine
 Heard the old watchwords thrill the streets again,
 And eager Chartists murmured as they ran—
 "The Age of Reason and the Rights of Man!"

Turn we from this unto our former theme;
 Be Gold again our topic and our dream.
 O thou mysterious witch, yclept the League—
 Thou youngest born of Falsehood and Intrigue—
 Thou fairly-seeming, yet deceitful maid—
 Thou gay Calypso of the cotton trade,—
 Where is the promise now, the pledge secure,
 Once made by him, your lusty paramour?
 Why do the foreign nations still refuse
 To cancel customs, and relax their dues?
 Why do obnoxious tariffs still appear,
 Waxing in growth with each successive year?
 How comes it that America and France
 Bound not responsive to the proffered dance,
 But evermore, with sulky looks, decline
 To interchange their kindred hand with thine?
 Did you e'er hope—'tis time to ask it yet—
 To catch shrewd Jonathan within your net—
 Or coax our bearded neighbour, Despardieux,
 Quite to forget the fate of Waterloo?
 Unhappy female! if you did, 'twere vain—
 Nay, try your arts on Germany and Spain.
 The Don wont take your calicoes for wine,
 And black as thunder glooms the Zollverein.
 No bigots they to meet with surly scorn
 Your free proposals for their surplus corn.
 Your bosom bare, they'll fill it in a trice—
 Ah but, Calypso! why not fix a price?
 Like other jades, when warning is in vain,
 You risked the danger, and you lost the gain,
 And fain would meet the vexing question now
 With broad defiance brazened on your brow.

What has been done, is patent to us all;
 It may be, partly, done beyond recall.
 For frequent changes in those perilous times,
 Appear to statesmen little short of crimes;
 And the great art of whirling round the wheel,
 Has perished with its prime Professor, Peel.

Yet not for that shall we, who recognise
 No special gift in League-anointed eyes,
 Renounce the right of judgment on the past,
 Or, scourging former follies, spare the last.

Production—Genesis—'tis all the same—
 That hath been argued in the works of Graham.
 If any still take interest in the text,
 Or on the question feel at all perplexed,
 Let them consult the homogeneous views
 Conceived and uttered by the Border muse.
 One year it seemeth to the good Sir James,
 Such and so stringent are the farmers' claims,
 That—wheat reduced—the tenant, with a curse,
 Must quit the country while he owns a purse.
 Not so his notions in another year;
 Then, weak and flimsy all their claims appear.
 What formerly was right, is monstrous now,
 All change depending on the landlord's vow.
 A new idea comes without expense—
 "Where's your guano, fellows?—have you sense?
 'Tis mere delusion that you can't compete
 With Polish peasants in the growth of wheat.
 Don't talk of taxes and inclement skies—
 Reduce the rents? Why, Sirs, they ought to rise!
 And, hark ye—there's a lion in the path—
 The army—hem! Best not provoke its wrath!"

O many-sided councillor, farewell!
 On thee and thine we have not space to dwell.
 One passing tribute only it is fit
 To lay before the altar of thy wit.
 Not the chameleon with its hundred dyes,
 And instant gleams that mock the gazer's eyes—
 Not Proteus' self, when deftly bound of yore
 By Aristæus on Emathia's shore,
 In rapid change of form could vie with thee,
 Consummate master of inconstancy!

Well, then, the novel law exerts its force;
 What follows next? Why, Exodus of course!
 No other issue could be seen or shown
 When foreign labour supersedes our own.
 Why till the soil, if profitless we reap?
 Who cares for that?—the people's bread is cheap!
 O strangest symptom of a thriving state,
 When countless thousands swarm to emigrate!
 When half a people gird their loins to fly,
 Not from oppression, but prosperity!

What wild delusion tempts them thus to roam,
 Just at the time when trade is freed at home?
 Hope they, perchance, within their new abode,
 To live beneath some yet more liberal code?
 What seek our children in the Western soil?
 Mark the reply—"Protection for their toil!"

Whigs! if you ever pondered for an hour
 On aught save means to scramble into power—
 If, for a time, your thoughts could turn astray
 From prurient gloatings after future pay—
 This Exodus, methinks, might well abate
 Your self-sufficient confidence of late,
 And force even reckless Russell to confess
 That Melbourne's notion was the wiser guess.
 Round Richard's object there was no disguise—
 It loomed distinct through multitudes of lies.
 All knew to what it tended—right or wrong,
 He had his purpose, and he kept it strong.
 And therefore I, who still detest his views,
 Dare not to him, in honour, to refuse
 Some glory in the deed, which furtive John
 Would fain appropriate to himself alone.
 Had Pharaoh kindly dealt with Jacob's race,
 Perchance they might have tarried in their place—
 Enriched the land that lay by sullen Nile,
 And borne Egyptian burdens for a while.
 But Pharaoh, acting on the liberal law,
 Demanded bricks, and yet refused his straw.
 Ramses and Russell both have pregnant claims
 In emigration's page to live as names;
 And, in the point of worth, 'tis hard to choose
 'Twixt those who scourged the Irish or the Jews.
 I'd like to ask—and answer it who list,
 Save that dull dotard, the Economist—
 One question which may well attention fix—
 When Israel left, who was't supplied the bricks?
 In science ages only count as hours;
 For "bricks" read "taxes," and the question's ours.
 Yet Industry, they say, is wholly free—
 It may be so with some, but not with me.
 Though poor the raiment that defends our backs,
 Not even scribblers 'scape the Income-tax.
 Why comes that hateful wretch, at stated times,
 To gauge my couplets and excise my rhymes?
 Why does he ravish from my mean abode,
 The hard-earned fruits of elegy and ode?
 No land have I, no mansion or domain,
 My only mine—a poor one—is my brain;
 And yet for brains there's no exemption made.
 Why am I taxed?—to bolster up Free Trade!

No marvel all of us in wrath withstood
 The vile proposal of that bungler Wood—
 Phœbus be praised, he's out!—to tithe our stock,
 And shear more closely the Parnassian flock!
 To mulct the silent author, sure, is hard—
 Why not a tax on speeches by the yard?
 Why not amerce, on each successive night,
 The restless tongues of Gibson and of Bright?
 Apply the rule of "profits drawn from trade,"
 To Ireland's patriots and their stout brigade!
 Pluck Murphy's flowers of rhetoric in their bloom,
 And e'en extract a tax from Joseph Hume?
 What princely dividends would brilliant Grey,
 In right of long colonial speeches, pay!
 And Chisholm Anstey, if he's vocal yet,
 Might in one year redeem the nation's debt.

Dear lady Muses, of experience hoar,
 Say, were your votaries handled thus of yore?
 Were Homer's *Iliads* reckoned line by line?
 Took Solon tithings of the art divine?
 Why pay for Pegasus, that steed forlorn,
 Who rarely ever tastes a feed of corn?
 Lo! in the name of all the tuneful trade,
 I, from my garret, supplicate your aid.
 From that bad eminence my earnest cries
 Can surely penetrate the neighbouring skies.
 O give assistance to your sons, I pray—
 Melt the responsive heart of Vivian Grey;
 Lead him to deal with men of wealth and gain,
 Not with us poor distractors of our brain!
 Else I, descending from my tall abode,
 Like other bards, perforce must roam abroad—
 Assume the rocking-cradle once again,
 Take up the shovel, and renounce the pen.
 Even now I listen, in my nightly dreams,
 To the hoarse purling of Australian streams;
 Mistake the amorous call of cats that woo,
 For the wild shriek of startled kangaroo;
 And deem the earliest Covent-garden cry,
 To be the digger's morning rhapsody!

Gold—gold! On every side I hear the sound!
 Somewhere, no doubt, the metal must abound.
 I pause and look, like Whittington of yore,
 Lest at my feet should lie the precious ore.
 But—woe the while—I have not found it yet;
 No more have many, gracing the Gazette.
 'Tis coming in, they say, both fast and free—
 Alas! I know it never comes to me

I meet no golden symptoms when I stop
 To eat, *sans* wine, my melancholy chop ;
 Nor can I trace in any friend I join,
 Much augmentation of his stores of coin.

Who draweth near with such a piteous face ?
 I know him now—a Whig that lost his place.
 A staunch adherent he, in every shape,
 Of the grand mysteries of wax and tape ;
 A firm believer in the juggling plan ;
 A steadfast, thorough-going partisan.
 Why prowls he now so late through Scotland-yard ?
 Why to yon window turns his fond regard ?
 Why near that portal lounges he so slow ?
 Alas ! methinks I comprehend his woe !
 Even as the Peri of the eastern song,
 At Eden's glorious gateway lingered long,
 Though conscious in her soul that never more
 For her might open that celestial door—
 So now, his manly heart with sorrow big,
 Before the Treasury stalks the banished Whig !
 For him no more official tapers burn—
 No pitying angel hints at his return ;
 No more shall he pursue at quarter-day,
 The bounding steps of Russell and of Grey ;
 Or, deeply caring for his country's good,
 Exchange responsive pleasantries with Wood.

Unhappy youth ! why longer tarry here ?
 This place for thee is desolate and drear !
 Nay, weep not so ! that sob my bosom rends—
 Follow your leader—seek your northern friends.
 Behold, where undismayed by late defeat,
 Your glorious chief forsakes his close retreat—
 Achieves new victories on Albyn's shore,
 And gathers burgess tickets by the score !
 Hark ! how his treble pipe, on Tay and Forth,
 Thrills through the ardent patriots of the north—
 Enlists fresh hordes of Bailies in his cause,
 And from lethargic Provosts wrings applause.
 No trumpeter needs he ! That injured saint,
 With soul superior to absurd restraint,
 Sounds his own praise, and ever more proclaims
 His as the foremost of existing names !
 See, while he utters no uncertain sound,
 How keenly gaze his satellites around ;
 With Spartan valour how they cheer their guide—
 A horrid hunger gnawing at their side—
 Expectant of the day when, once again
 That great commander shall resume his reign,

And, with a smile of triumph on his face,
Invite them back to Goshen and to place !

But now the evening shades are settling down—
A creeping fog invades the shivering town ;
Clammy and cold the stones beneath my feet,
And hoarse the cry of minstrels in the street.
I'll hie me home, and lay my aching head
On the hard pillow of my truckle bed,
To dream, perhaps, of Danae in her tower—
Of Jove descending in a generous shower—
Of Shylock's tortures, and Gehazi's craft—
Of Crassus writhing at the molten draught ;
And wake to own, with many a wiser sage,
That gold alone can make no Golden Age.

KATIE STEWART.

A TRUE STORY.

PART V.—CHAPTER XXVII.

"LORDIE, you're only a laddie. I wonder how you can daur to speak that way to me !"

"But it's true for all that, Katie," said the young Earl of Kellie.

Katie Stewart is leaning against a great ash-tree, which just begins, in this bright April weather, to throw abroad its tardy leaves to the soft wind and the sun. A tear of anger is in Katie's blue eye, a blush of indignation on her cheek ; for Lordie—Lordie, whom she remembers "a little tiny boy," who used to sit on her knee—has just been saying to her what the modest Sir Alexander never ventured to say, and has said it in extravagant language and very doubtful taste, as the most obstreperous Strephon might have said it ; while Katie, desperately resentful, could almost cry for shame.

Before her stands the young lord, in the graceful dress of the time, with one of the beautiful cambric cravats which Katie made, about his neck, and the rich lace ends falling over "the open-stitch hem" of his shirt,—Katie's workmanship too. A tall youth, scarcely yet resolved into a man, Lordie is, to tell the truth, slightly awkward, and swings about his length of limb by no means grace-

fully. Neither is his face in the least degree like Sir Alexander's face, but sallow and transitionist, like his form ; and Lordie's voice is broken, and, remaining no longer a boy's voice, croaks with a strange discordance, which does not belong to manhood. The youth is in earnest, however—there can be no question of that.

"I'll be of age in three years, Katie."

"I'm eight-and-twenty, my Lord Kellie," said Katie, drawing herself up ; "I'm John Stewart of the Milton's daughter, and troth-plighted to one William Morison, master of the Poole. Maybe you didna hear, or may have forgotten ; and I'm Lady Anne's guest in Kellie, and have a right that no man should say uncivil words to me as far as its shadow falls."

"But, Katie, nobody's uncivil to you. Have you not known me all my life ?"

"I've carried ye down this very road, Lordie," said Katie with emphasis.

"Well, well ; what of that ?" said the young man impatiently. "Katie, why can't you listen to me ? I tell you—"

"If you tell me another word mair,

I'll never enter Kellie Castle again, as lang as ye're within twenty mile," exclaimed the angry Katie.

"You'll be in a better humour next time," said the young lord, as, a little subdued, he turned away.

Katie stood by the ash-tree a long time watching him; and after he was gone, remained still, silently looking down the avenue. Ten years—ten weary years have passed since Willie Morison was taken away: for little Katie Stewart, whom he left at the close of her eighteenth spring, has now seen eight-and-twenty summers—and to-morrow will complete the tenth twelvemonth since the cutter's boat stole into Anster harbour, and robbed the little town of her stoutest sons.

And Katie looks away to the west, and prays in her heart for the ending of the war—though sometimes, sickened with this weary flood of successive days, she believes what the village prophets say, that these are the last times, and that the war will never end—or that the war will end without bringing safety to Willie; and the tears rise into her grave woman's eyes, and she puts up her hand to wipe them; for now they seldom come in floods, as the girl's tears did, but are bitterer, sadder drops than even those.

Ten years! But her eyes are undimmed, her cheek unaged, and you could not guess by Katie Stewart's face that she had seen the light so long; only in her heart Katie feels an unnatural calmness which troubles her—a long stretch of patience, which seems to have benumbed her spirit—and she thinks she is growing old.

Poor, vain, boyish Lordie! He thinks she is ruminating on his words, as he sees her go slowly home; but his words have passed from her mind, with the momentary anger they occasioned; and Katie only sighs out the weariness which oppresses her heart. It does not overcome her often, but now and then it silently runs over; weary, very weary—wondering if these days and years will ever end; looking back to see them, gone like a dream; looking forward to the interminable array of them, which crowd upon her, all dim and inarticulate like the last, and thinking if

she could only see an end—only an end!

Bauby Rodger stands under the window in the west room, with a letter in her hand. You could almost fancy Bauby a common prying-waiting-woman, she examines the superscription so curiously; but Bauby would scorn to glance within, were it in her power.

"Miss Katie, here's ane been wi' a letter to you," said Bauby, not without suspicion, as she delivered it into Katie's hand.

A ship letter—but not addressed by Willie Morison—and Katie's fingers tremble as she breaks the seal. But it is Willie Morison's hand within.

"MY DEAR KATIE,—I am able to write very little—only a word to tell you not to be feared if you hear that I'm killed; for I'm not killed just yet. There's a leg the doctor thinks he will need to have, and some more things ail me—fashious things to cure; but I never can think that I've been so guarded this whole time, no to be brought home at last;—for God is aye kind, and so (now that I'm lamed and useless) is man. If I must die, blessings on you, Katie, for minding me; and we'll meet yet in a place that will be *home*, though not the home we thought of. But if I live, I'll get back—back to give you the refusing of a disabled man, and a lamiter. Katie, fare-ye-well! I think upon ye night and day, whether I live or die. W. MORISON."

"Katie Stewart! my bairn! my lamb!" exclaimed Bauby, hastening to offer the support of her shoulder to the tottering figure, which sadly needed it—for the colour had fled from Katie's very lips, and her eyes were blind with sickness—"what ails ye, my darlin'? What's happened, Miss Katie? Oh, the Lord send he binna killed!"

"He's no killed, Bauby," said Katie hoarsely—"he's no killed—he says he's no killed; but no ane near him that cares for him, no ane within a thousand miles but what would make as muckle of anither man; and the hands of thae hard doctors on my puir Willie—my puir Willie! Oh, Bauby, Bauby! do ye think he's gane?"

"No, my lamb! he's no gane," cried Bauby gravely. "Do ye think the spirit that likit ye sae weel could have passed without a sign? and I've heard nae death-warning in this house since the Earl departed. Ye may plead for him yet with the Ane that can save; and, oh! be thankful, my bairn, that ye needna to gang lang

pilgrimages to a kirk or a temple, but can lift up your heart wherever ye be!"

And Bauby drew her favourite close to her breast, and covered the wan, tearful face with her great sheltering hand, while she too lifted up her heart—the kind, God-fearing, tender heart, which dwelt so strangely in this herculean frame.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

It is a June day, but not a bright one, and Katie has left the coroneted gate of Kellie Castle, and takes the road downward to the Firth; for she is going to the Milton to see her mother.

Why she chooses to strike down at once to the sea, instead of keeping by the more peaceful way along the fields, we cannot tell, for the day is as boisterous as if it had been March instead of June; and as she gradually nears the coast, the wind, growing wilder and wilder, swells into a perfect hurricane; but it pleases Katie—for, restless with anxiety and fear, her mind cannot bear the summer quietness, and it calms her in some degree to see the storm.

For it is two months now since she received the letter which told her of Willie's wounds; and since, she has heard nothing of him—if he lives, or if he has died. It is strange how short the ten years look, to turn back upon them now—shorter than these sunny weeks of May just past, which her fever of anxious thought has lengthened into ages. Poor Willie! she thinks of him as if they had parted yesterday—alone in the dark cabin or dreary hospital, tended by strange hands—by men's hands—with doctors (and they have a horror of surgery in these rural places, and think all operators barbarous) guiding him at their will; and Katie hurries along with a burning hectic on her cheek, as for the hundredth time she imagines the horrors of an operation—though it is very true that even her excited imagination falls far short of what was then, in too many cases, the truth.

And now the graceful antique spire of St Monance shoots up across the troubled sky, and beyond it the Firth

is plunging madly, dashing up wreaths of spray into the air, and roaring in upon the rocks with a long angry swell, which in a calmer hour would have made Katie fear. But now it only excites her as she struggles in the face of the wind to the highway which runs along the coast, and having gained it, pauses very near the village of St Monance, to look out on the stormy sea.

At her right hand—its green enclosure, dotted with gravestones, projecting upon the jagged bristling rocks, which now and then are visible, stretching far into the Firth, as the water sweeps back with the great force of its recoil—stands the old church of St Monance. Few people hereabout know that this graceful old building—then falling into gradual decay—is at all finer than its neighbours in Pittenweem and Anstruther;—but that it is old, "awfu' auld," any fisher lad will tell you; and the little community firmly and devoutly believes that it was built by the Picts, and has withstood these fierce seabreezes for more than a thousand years, though the minister says it was founded by the holy King David, that "sair saunct for the crown;"—a doctrine at which the elders shake their reverend heads, apprehending the King David to be of Judea, and not of Scotland. But though its graceful spire still rests upon the solid mason-work of the old times, at this period, while Katie stands beside it, the rain drops in through the grey mouldering slates, and the little church is falling into decay.

Further on, over that great field of green corn, which the wind sweeps up and down in long rustling waves, you see ruined Newark projecting

too upon the Firth; while down here, falling between two braces, like the proverbial sitter between two stools, lies the village.

A burn runs down between the braces, and somewhere, though you scarcely can see how, finds its way through those strangely scattered houses, and through the *chevaux-de-frise* of black rocks, into the sea. But at this present time, over these black rocks, the foaming waves dash high and wild, throwing the spray into the faces of lounging fishers at the cottage doors, and anon recede with a low growling rush, like some enraged lion stepping backward for the better spring. Out on the broad Firth the waves plunge and leap, each like a separate force;—but it is not the mad waves these fishers gaze at, as they bend over the encircling rocks, and eagerly, with evident excitement, look forth upon the sea; neither is it the storm alone which tempts Katie Stewart down from the high-road to the village street, to join one of the groups gathered there, and while she shades her eyes with her hand—for now a strange yellow sunbeam flickers over the raging water—fixes her anxious gaze on one spot in the middle of the Firth, and makes her forget for the moment that she has either hope or fear which does not concern yonder speck upon the waves.

What is it? A far-off pinnace, its gaily painted side heeling over into the water which yawns about it, till you feel that it is gulped at last, and its struggle over. But not so; yonder it rises again, shooting up into the air, as you can think, through the spray and foam which surround it like a mist, till again the great wave turns, and the little mast which they have not yet been able to displace, as it seems, falls lower and lower, till it strikes over the water like a floating spar, and you can almost see the upturned keel. There are fishing-boats out at the mouth of the Firth, and many hearts among these watching-women quail and sink as they look upon the storm; but along the whole course of the water there is not one visible sail, and it is nothing less than madness to brave the wrestle of the elements in such a vessel as this. It engrosses all thoughts—all eyes.

"She canna win in—she's by the Elie now, and reach this she never will, if it binna by a miracle. Lord save us!—yonder she's gane!"

"Na, she's righted again," said a cool young fisherman, "and they've gotten down that unchancy mast. They maun have stout hearts and skeely hands that work her; but it's for life, and that learns folk baith pith and lear. There!—but its owre now."

"There's a providence on that boat," cried a woman: "twenty times I've seen the pented side turn owre like the fish out of the net. If they've won through frae Largo Bay to yonder, they'll win in yet; and the Lord send I kent our boats were safe in St Andrews Bay."

"Oh, cummers! thinkna o' your-sels!" said an old woman in a widow's dress; "wha kens whose son or whose man may be in that boat; and they have daylight to strive for themselves, and to see their peril in;—but my Jamie sank in the nicht wi' naue to take pity on him, or say a word o' supplication. Oh! thinkna o' your-sels! think o' them yonder that's fechting for their life, and help them wi' your heart afore Him that has the sea and the billows thereof in the hollow of His hand. The Lord have pity on them! and he hears the desolate suner than the blessed."

"Wha will they be—where will the pinnace come from—and do ye think there's hope?" asked Katie Stewart.

"It was naething less than madness to venture into the Firth in such a wind—if they werena out afore the gale came on," said a fisherman; "and as for hope, I would say there was naue, if I was out yonder mysel, and I've thought hope was owre fifty times this half-hour—but yonder's the sun glinting on a wet oar, though she's lying still on the side of yon muckle wave. I wadna undertake to say what a bauld heart and guld luck, and the help of Providence, wiinna come through."

And a bold heart and the help of Providence surely are there; for still—sometimes buried under the overlying mass of water which leaps and foams above her, and sometimes bounding on the buoyant mountain-head of

some great wave, which seems to fling its encumbrance from it like the spray—the resolute boat makes visible progress; and at last the exclamations sink as there grows a yearning tenderness in the hearts of the lookers-on, to those who, in that long protracted struggle, are fighting hand to hand with death;—and now, as the little vessel rises and steadies for a moment, some one utters an involuntary thanksgiving; and as again it falls, and the yellow sunbeam throws a sinister glimmer on its wet side, a low cry comes unconsciously from some heart—for the desperate danger brings out here, as always, the universal human kindred and brotherhood.

It is a strange scene. That cool young fisherman there has not long returned from the fishing-ground, and at his open door lie the lines, heavy with sea-weed and tangle, which he has just been clearing, and making ready for to-morrow's use. With his wide petticoat trousers, and great sea-boots still on, he leans against a high rock, over which sometimes there comes a wreath of spray, dashing about his handsome weather-beaten face; while, with that great clasp-knife which he opens and closes perpetually, you see he has cut his hard hand in his excitement and agitation, and does not feel it, though the blood flows. His young wife sitting within the cottage door, as he did on the stone without, has been baiting, while her husband "redd" the lines; but she, too, stands there with not a thought but of the brave pinnace struggling among yonder unchained lions. And there stands the widow with clasped hands, covering her eyes so long as she can resist the fascination which attracts all observation to that boat; while other fishermen edge the group, and a circle of anxious wives, unable to forget, even in the fate of this one, that "our boats" are at the mouth of the Firth, and that it is only a peradventure that they are sheltered in the Bay, cluster together with unconscious cries of sympathy.

And Katie Stewart stands among them, fascinated—unable to go on her way, and think that this concerns her not—with her eyes fixed on the labouring boat, her heart rising and

falling as it sinks and rises, yet more with excitement than fear; for a strange confidence comes upon her as she marks how every strain, though it brings the strugglers within a hair's-breadth of destruction, brings them yet nearer the shore. For they do visibly near it; and now the widow prays aloud and turns away, and the young fisherman clenches his hands, and has all his brown fingers marked with blood from the cut which he can neither feel nor see; but near they come, and nearer—through a hundred deaths.

"They'll be on the rocks—they'll perish within reach of our very hands!" cried Jamie Hugh, throwing down the knife and snatching up a coil of rope from a boat which lay near. The group of anxious watchers opened—the young wife laid a faint detaining grasp upon his arm—

"Jamie, mind yourself—for pity's sake dinna flee into danger this way!"

"Let me be—it is for pity's sake, Mary," said the young man; and in a moment he had threaded the narrow street, and, not alone, had hurried to the rescue.

An anxious half-hour passed, and then a shout from the black rocks yonder, under the churchyard, told that at last the imperilled men were saved—saved desperately, at the risk of more lives than their own; for there, impaled on the jagged edge of the rocks, lay the pretty pinnace which had passed through such a storm.

And, with some reluctance, Katie Stewart turned and went upon her way. Strong natural curiosity, and the interest with which their peril had invested them, prompted her to linger and see who these desperate men were; but remembering that they could be nothing to her, and that the day was passing, and her mother expecting her, she turned her paled face to the wind, and went on.

She had gone far, and, still sometimes looking out mournfully upon the troubled Firth, had nearly reached the first straggling houses of Pittenweem, when steps behind her awakened some languid attention in her mind. She looked back—not with any positive interest, but with that sick apprehension of possibilities which anxious

people have. Two men were following her on the road—one a blue-jacketed sailor, whose wooden leg resounded on the beaten path, lagging far behind the other; but she did not observe the other—for this man's lost limb reminded her of Willie's letter. If Willie should be thus!

"Katie!—Katie Stewart!"

Was it he, then?—was this maimed man he? Katie grasped her side with both hands instinctively to restrain the sick throbs of her heart.

"Katie, it's me!"—

Not the disabled man—the other, with his whole manly strength as perfect as when he left home—with a bronzed face which she scarcely could recognise at first, a strong matured frame, an air of authority. Katie stood still, trembling, wondering; for Willie, the merchant captain, had no such presence as this naval officer. Could it be he?

"It's me, Katie—God be thanked—I've gotten ye again!"

But Katie could not speak;—she could only gasp, under her breath—"Was't you—was't you?"

"It was me that was in the boat. What think ye I cared for the storm—me that had so much to hasten home for?—and there was little wind when we started. Well, diuna blame me the first minute; but do ye think I could have stayed away another hour?"

Poor Katie! she looked up into his face, and in a moment a host of appre-

hensions overpowered her. He had left her fresh and young—he found her, now out of her first youth, a sobered woman. The tears came into Katie's eyes—she shrank from him shily, and trembled; for Willie Morrison now, in the excitement of his joy, and in his fine naval dress and gold-banded cap, looked a grander gentleman than even Sir Alexander.

"Katie!—do ye no mind me, then? It's me—I tell ye, me—and will ye give me no welcome?"

"I scarcely ken ye, Willie," faltered Katie, looking at him wistfully; "for ye're no like what ye were when ye gaed away; and are ye—are ye—"

But Katie cannot ask if he is unchanged; so she turned her head away from him, and cried—not knowing whether it was a great joy or a great grief which had befallen her.

By and by, however, Willie finds comfort for her, and assurance; and the tears gradually dry up of themselves, and give her no further trouble; and then very proudly she takes his arm, and they proceed;—very proudly—for the wooden-legged sailor has made up to them, they lingered so long where they met—and passes, touching his cap to his officer.

"We came in in a Leith brig," said Willie, "and they gave us the pinnace to come ashore in, for I could not wait another day. So, now, we're hame; and, Katie, I didna think ye were so bonnie."

CHAPTER XXIX.

"You see Jamie Hugh and me were at the school together, mother," said the returned wanderer. "How he minded me I cannot tell, but when he saw the band on my cap, he asked if it was me. And I said—Ay, it was me; and he told me, half between a laugh and a greet, who had been watching me beside his door in the street of St Monance—so I lost no time after that, ye may believe; but Katie, with her clever feet, was near Pittenweem before Davie and me made up to her. I saw this white sail on the road," said Willie, not very far removed himself from the mood of Jamie Hugh, as he took between his great fingers the corners of

a muslin neckerchief which the wind had loosed from Katie's throat—"and the two of us gave chase, like these two loons of Frenchmen after our bonnie wee sloopie; but I catched ye, Katie—which was more than fell to the lot of Johnnie Crapaw."

"And, Willie, ye're hame again," said his mother, grasping his stout arms with her feeble, trembling hands. "Come here ance mair, and let me look at ye, my bonnie man. Eh, Willie, laddie, the Lord be thankit! for I never thocht to see this day!"

The sailor turned away his head to conceal his emotion, but his tears fell heavy on his mother's hands.

"We've had a weary time—that

puir lassie and me," continued the old woman; "and I think I bid to have dee'd whiles, Willie, if it hadna been for the strong yearning to see ye in the flesh ance mair;—and a' your wounds, my puir laddie—are ye weel—are ye a' healed noo?"

"I'm as stout as I ever was," said Willie, blithely—"I've cheated all the doctors, and the king to boot; for small discharge they would have given me, if I had been as work-like when I left the Poole."

"And ye're come to bide?" asked the mother again, as if to convince herself by iteration—"ye're come hame to bide, to marry Katie there, that's waited on you this ten lang year, and to lay my head in the grave?"

"Well, mother, I'm done with the service," answered the sailor—"I'll be away no longer after this than I must be to make my bread; and as for Katie, mother—"

But Katie shook her hand at him menacingly, in her old sancy fashion, and he ended with a laugh—a laugh which brought another tear upon his mother's hand.

"And what am I that this mercy's vouchsafed to me?" said the old woman: "what am I mair than Nanny Brunton, that lost her ae son in the French lugger run down by his ain ship; or Betty Horsbrugh that had twa bonnie lads—twa, and no ane—drowned at the mouth of the Firth in the Lammas drave? But the Lord's been merciful aboon describing, to me and mine. Oh, bairns, if ye ever forget it!—if ye dinna take up my sang, and give Him thanks when I'm gane to my place, I'll no get rest in the very heavens—'Such pity as a father hath.' But bairns, bairns, I canna mind the words. I'll mind them a' yonder; for there's your faither been safe in the heavenly places this mony a year,—and think ye the Lord gave him nae charge of Willie? 'Oh give ye thanks unto the Lord, for his grace faileth never.' And now gang away to your ain cracks, and let me be my lane till I make my thanksgiving."

By the time that Willie Morison arrived at his mother's door, his sailor companion, growing less steady of pace as he approached his journey's end, was making his way down the

quiet street of West Anster, towards the shore. The wind had somewhat abated, but still the few fisher-boats which lay at the little pier rocked upon the water like shells. A row of cottages looked out upon the harbour—small low houses, a but and a ben; for West Anster shore was a remote, inaccessible, semi-barbarous place, when compared with the metropolitan claims of its sister street in the eastern burgh. The sailor drew his cap over his brow, and was about to advance to one of these houses, distinguished by a wooden porch over the door, when he discovered some one seated on the stone seat by its side. The discovery arrested him. He stood still, watching her with singular agitation, shuffling his one foot on the causeway, winking his heavy eyelashes repeatedly, and pressing his hand on his breast as though to restrain the climbing sorrow which he could not subdue.

She is a young woman, some twenty years old, with a stout handsome figure and comely face. A woollen petticoat of a bright tint—not red, for that is a dear, aristocratic colour—contrasts prettily with the shortgown of blue-striped linen secured round her neat waist by that clean check apron. The collar of her shortgown, lined with white, is turned over round her neck, and the white lining of the sleeves is likewise turned up just below the elbow, to give freedom to her active arms. Very nimble are her hands as they twist about the twine and thick bone needle with which they labour; for this is a net which Peggie Steele is working, and she sings while she works, keeping time with her foot, and even sometimes making a flourish with her needle as she hooks it out and in, in harmony with the music. It is a kind of "fancy" work, uncouth though the fabric is—and a graceful work too, though delicate hands would not agree with it; but Peggie Steele's hands have laboured for daily bread since she was a child, and the rough hemp is not disagreeable to her.

The fire is shining through the clear panes of the window behind her, and close by the door stands a wheel, on which some one has been spinning hemp; but just now the seat is vacant.

Blithely Peggie's song, unbroken by the wind—for the sea-wall striking out from the side of the cottage shelters her—rings along the silent shore; and the pretty brown hair on Peggie's cheek blows about a little, and the cheek itself glows with additional colour—while the strange sailor, slowly advancing, winks again and again his heavy grey eyelids, and brushes his rough hand across his weatherbeaten face.

"Could ye tell me where ane David Steele lives, my woman? it used to be just by here," said the stranger at last, as Peggie's eye fell upon him.

"Eh, that's my faither!" said Peggie, starting; "he's been pressed and away in a man-o'-war since ever I mind; but if ye kent my faither we'll a' be blithe to see you. Will you no come in to the fire? my mother's out, but she'll be back i' the noo."

"I'll wait here a while—I'm in nae hurry. Gang on wi' your wark, my woman—I'll wait till your mother comes. And what's your name, lassie, and which of the bairns are ye?"

"I'm Peggie," said the young woman, with a blithe, good-humoured smile—"I'm the auldest; and then there's Davie, that's bund to William Wood the joiner in the Elie—he's a muckle laddie; and Tam and Rob are at the schule."

"Ye'll no mind your faither?" said the stranger, shuffling about his one foot, and again rubbing his sleeve over his face.

"But I do that! I mind him as weel as if I had seen him yesterday. The folk say I'm like him," said Peggie, with a slight blush and laugh, testifying that "the folk" said that bonnie Davie Steele's daughter had inherited his good looks; "and I mind that weary day the Traveller was stoppit in the Firth,—and my mother threeps she saw my faither ta'en out into the boat; but wasna it a mercy when it was to be, and only ae lassie in the family, that I was the auldest?"

"Ye'll have been muckle help and comfort to your mother," said the sailor, still winking his heavy eyelashes, and fixing his eyes on the ground.

"Ye ken a lassie can turn her hand to mony a thing," said Peggie, as the

net grew under her quick fingers. "There's thae muckle laddies maun have schuling, and can do little for themselves, let alane ither folk; and I had got my schuling owre, for the mair mercy, for I was ten when my faither was pressed."

The man groaned and clenched his hands involuntarily.

"You're surely no weel," exclaimed the kindly Peggie. "Gang in by, and sit down by the fire, and I'll rin round to Sandy Mailin's for my mother. She's gane for some hemp she was needing. I'll be back this minute."

And with a foot as light as her heart, and meeting the gust of wind at the corner, which tossed her hair about her cheeks, and made her apron stream behind her like a flag—with a burst of merry laughter, Peggie ran to bring her mother.

Left in charge of the cottage, the man went in, and drew a wooden stool to the fire. A kettle of potatoes hung on the crook over the little grate, just beginning to bubble and boil. On the deal table at the window stood an earthenware vessel, with a very little water at the bottom of it, filled with balls of twine; for the hemp which Peggie Rodger first span she afterwards twisted into twine, of which the younger Peggie worked her nets. A wooden bed, shut in by a panel door, filled the whole end of the apartment—and very homely was the furniture of the rest; but the sailor looked round upon it with singular curiosity, continually applying his coloured handkerchief to his cheeks. Poverty—honest struggling, honourable, God-fearing poverty—for there lay the family Bible on a shelf within reach, with a cover preserving its boards, evidently in daily use—was written on every one of these homely interior arrangements. The stranger looked round them "with his heart at his mouth," as he said afterwards; but now he has to seat himself, and make a great effort to command his feelings, for steps are rapidly approaching.

"A man wi' a tree leg?—did ye never see him before, Peggie?—and what can he want wi' me?" said Peggie Rodger.

"He didna say he wanted you,

mother—he asked for Dauvid Steele; and looked a' the time as if he could have gritten at every word I said."

"Gude keep us! wha can he be?" said the mother.

She paused on the threshold to look at him. He had taken off his cap, and was turning such an agitated face towards her, that Peggie Rodger was half afraid.

"Ye dinna ken me, then?" exclaimed the stranger, pressing his handkerchief to his face, and bursting into a passion of tears—"ye dinna ken me, Peggie Rodger?"

"Eh, preserve me! Davie Steele, my man! I div ken ye, Gude be thankit. Eh, Davie, Davie—man, is this you?"

And the hard hands clasped each other, as none but hard toilworn hands can grasp; and the husband and wife, with overflowing eyes, looked into each other's faces, while Peggie, reverent and silent, stood looking on behind.

"Gude forgie me, I'm greeting," said Peggie Rodger, as her tears fell upon their hands—"and what have I to do with tears this day? Eh, Davie, man, it's been a dreary ten year; but it's owre now, the Lord be thankit. Davie! Davie man! is't you?"

"Ye may ask that, Peggie," said her husband mournfully, looking down upon his wooden leg.

"Puir man! puir man! but were they guid to ye, Davie? And ye didna tell me about it in your letter; but it maybe was best no, for I would have broken my heart. But, Davie, I'm keeping ye a' to mysel, and look

at wee Peggie there, waiting for a word frae her faither."

"And ye said ye minded me, lassie," said Davie Steele, as Peggie came forward to secure his hand.

"Weel, ye minded me anither-like man. And ye've been a guid bairn to your mother—blessings on ye for't; but ye were a wee whiteheaded thing the last time I saw ye, and kent about naething but play. Peggie, how in a' the world has this bairn warstled up into the woman she is?"

"Weel, Davie, my man, I'll no say it hasna been a fecht," said the mother, sitting down close by him on another stool, and wiping the tears from her cheek, "for there's the laddies' schulin—and they're muckle growing laddies, blessings on them! but I would have broken down lang ago, baith body and spirit, if it hadna been for that bairn. However ill things were, Peggie aye saw a mercy when ilka ane was whingeing about her."

"And am I no the truest prophet?" said Peggie, with a radiant face. "Faither, ye may ca' me a witch when ye like, for I aye said ye would come hame."

"Blessings on ye baith! blessings on ye a'," said the sailor, brushing away his tears; "it's worth a lang trial to have such a hamecoming."

"And the 'taties is boiling," said Peggie Steele. "I'll rin east the toun when they're poured, mother, to John Lamb's, and get something to kitchen them better than that haddie; and there's the callants hame frae the schule."

CHAPTER XXX.

"Weel, Isabell, maybe it's right enough—I'll no say; but to be John Stewart's daughter, and only a sailor's wife—for he'll be naething but captain of a brig noo, though he was master of the Poole—Katie will have mair grandeur than ever I saw in ane like her. Twa silk gowns, no to speak of lace and cambric, and as mony braws as would set up a toun."

Mrs Stewart was smoothing out affectionately with her hands the rich folds of Katie's wedding-gown. It

was true the ruby-coloured silk was still undimmed and unspotted—and silk was an expensive fabric in those days; but this one was blue, pale and delicate, and could by no possibility be mistaken for the other. It made a lustre in Katie's little room—its rich skirt displayed on the bed, its under-petticoat spread over the chair in the window, and the pretty high-heeled shoes made of blue silk like the gown, with their sparkling buckles of "Bristo set in silver" illuminating the dark lid of Katie's chest. Mrs Stewart

pinched with pretended derision the lace of the stomacher, the delicate ruffles at the elbows, and shrugged her shoulders over the white silk petticoat. "Weel, weel! I never had but ae silk gown a' my days, and *it's* nane the waur o' my wearing; but I'm sure I dinna ken what this world is coming to."

"Weel, mother, weel!" said the gentle Laddy Kilbrachmont, "if a silk gown mair to the piece of us was a' it was coming to, it would be nae ill; and Willie's no like a common shipmaster. With a' that lock of prize-money, and his grand character, he'll can do weel for baith himsel and her; and a master in a man-o'-war is no ane to be looked down upon; forbye that the gown is Lady Anne's present, mother, and she has a guid right to busk the bride. I was just gaun to speak about that. We were laying our heads thegither, the gudeman and me, to see if ye would consent to have it up-by at Kilbrachmont; for ye ken, mother, our ain minister that christened us a' has the best right to marry us—and it's no that far from Kellie but Lady Anne might come—and there's plenty women about the house to take a' the fash; and if ye were just willing, ye ken—"

"If she's owre grand to be married out of the Milton, she'll ne'er see me at her wedding," said Mrs Stewart. "What's Katie, I would like to ask ye, Isabell, that there's a' this fash about her? A wilful cuttie! with her silk gowns and her laces. How do ye think she's ever to fend wi' a man's wages? My certy, if she ends in as guid a house as her mother's, she'll hae little to complain o'!"

"Whisht noo, mother, whisht! ye ken it's no that," said Isabell, "but just it would be handy for a'bod—the minister and Lady Anne—and no muckle trouble to yoursel; and you're awn us a day in harst, the gudeman and me,—so I think ye canna refuse us, mother."

"Weel, lassie, gae way wi' ye, and fash me nae mair," said the yielding mother; "for I'm sure amang ye I have nae will o' my ain, nae mair than Janet's youngest bairn; and even it can skirl and gloom when it likes, and no ane daurs to pit it down, if it

werena whiles me. I ance could guide mysel—ay, and mair than mysel—as weel as most folk; but now there's you to fleech me, and Janet to weary me out, and Katie to pit me that I never ken whether I'm wild at her or no. Gae way with ye, I say, and provoke me nae mair, for I'll thole nae mortal interfering wi' my husbandship, and sae I tell ye a'."

This latter part of Mrs Stewart's speech was delivered as she descended the narrow stair, followed by Isabell; and its concluding words were emphatically pronounced in hearing of the whole family at the kitchen door.

It was evening, and the miller had come in from his work, and sat in his dusty coat, with his chair drawn a little out of its usual corner, snapping his fingers to Janet's child, which, crowing with all its might, and only restrained by the careless grasp which its mother held of its skirts, was struggling with its little mottled bare legs to reach its grandfather. Janet's head was turned away—Janet's tongue vigorously employed in a gossip with Robert Moulter's wife, who stood at the door, and she herself all unaware that her child was sprawling across the hearth with those little, stout, incapable legs, and that her mother's eye beheld a cinder—an indisputable red-hot cinder—falling within half an inch of the struggling feet of little Johnnie Morison.

"Do ye no see that bairn? Look, ye'll hae the creature's taes aff in my very sight!" exclaimed Mrs Stewart—while the guilty Janet pulled back the little fellow with a jerk, and held him for a moment suspended by his short skirts, before she plunged him down into her lap. "I needna speak to you, ye idle taupie—it's little *you'll* ever do for your bairns; but John Stewart, you that's been a faithier for thretty year and mair—if folk could ever learn!"

The astonished miller had been looking on almost with complacence while the thunderbolt fell on Janet. Now, unexpectedly implicated himself, the good man scratched his head, and shrugged his shoulders—for self-defence was an unprofitable science in the Milton, and John never made any greater demonstration than when he sang—"Bell my wife, she loes nae strife."

The gossip silently disappeared from the doorway, and Katie looked up from where she sat by the window. Katie's face was very bright, and the old shy look of girlish happiness had returned to it once more. It was impossible to believe, as one looked at this little figure, and saw the curls shining like gold on the soft cheek, that Willie Morison's bride was still anything but a girl; and it was as little Katie they all treated her;—she was little Katie still in Kellie Castle—a kindly self-delusion which made it considerably more easy to suffer the very decided will with which Katie influenced the two households.

She was marking a quantity of linen with her own initials, and heaps

of snowy damask napkins and table-cloths covered the deal table, among which were dispersed so many repetitions of the "K. S.," that Katie was troubled with her riches, and could almost have wished them all at the bottom of the mill burn.

"Weel, Gude be thank! you're the last," said Mrs Stewart: "a dizen sons would have been less fash than the three lasses of ye. I'm no meaning you, Isabell—and ye needna look up into my face that gait, Katie Stewart, as if I was doing you an injury; but how is't possible to mortal woman to keep her patience, and trysted wi' a taupie like you!"

"Whisht, mother, whisht," said the peace-making Leddy Kilbrachmont.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"And Katie, Katie, you're going away to leave me after all."

"It's no my blame, Lady Anne," said Katie, her eyes gleaming archly through their downcast lashes; "and I canna help it now."

"But you might have helped it, Katie Stewart; you might have written him a letter and kept him away, and lived all your life at Kellie with me."

And Lady Anne clasped her arms round Katie's waist, and pressed her forehead against the rich lace of that famous stomacher; for Katie was in her blue silk gown, and this was her bridal day.

"But he would have broken his heart," said Katie, the old habits, and more than these, the impossibility of escape or delay impressing her with a momentary wish, a momentary pang—only to be free.

"You never mind *me*, Katie," said Lady Anne: "might *he* not have suffered as well as me?"

"And it would have broken mine too," said Katie, drooping her flushed face, and speaking so low that Lady Anne, closely as she clung to her, could scarcely hear.

"Oh, Katie!" Lady Anne unclasped her arms and looked into her favourite's face. Firmly stood the bride with her downcast eyes and burning cheeks—blushing, but not ashamed.

"No, Lady Anne, it's no my blame," repeated Katie Stewart.

"It's no like you, my lady—it's no like you to daunt on the puir bairn, now that there's nae remeid," said Bauby Rodger; "and ye'll can see her monya time, Lady Anne;—whereas the puir lad, if he had bidden away—But what's the guid o' a' thae words, and him waiting down in the big room, Miss Katie, and you this morning a bride?"

They were in Leddy Kilbrachmont's chamber of state, where the gentle Isabell, with good taste, had left them alone, and where Bauby had just been giving the finishing touches to Katie's toilette. Mrs Stewart, down stairs, was entertaining the assembled guests; and Janet, greatly indignant at being shut out from this room, lingered on the stairs, and wandered in and out of the next apartment. But Isabell wisely and delicately kept watch, and the friends who, all her life, had lavished so much love on Katie Stewart, had her for this last hour to themselves.

"Betty sends you this," said Lady Anne, putting a pretty ring upon Katie's finger. "She said you were to wear it to-day for her sake. Oh Katie, I almost wish we had not liked you so well!"

"Is Katie ready?" whispered Isabell at the door. "Come, like a good

bairn, for everybody's waiting, and the minister's down the stair."

And Isabell drew her trembling sister's arm within her own, and led her into the next room to exhibit her to an assembled group of waiting maidens.

"My lady, it's no like you," repeated Bauby; "ye'll hae her greeting before the very minister. Puir thing, she'll no have the common lot if she hasna sairer cause for tears before lang, and her gaun away like a lamb to be marriet; but for pity's sake, Lady Anne, let her get owre this day."

"I mind always how dreary we'll be without her, Bauby," sighed Lady Anne, forgetting her usual dignity.

"Weel, ye'll get her back when her man gangs to the sea—ye'll see her as often as you like. For Katie Stewart's sake, Lady Anne—"

Lady Anne drew herself up, wiped her pale cheek, said, "You forget your place, Bauby," and was composed and herself again.

And in a very little time it was over. Katie Stewart went forth—like a lamb adorned for the sacrifice, as Bauby said—and was married.

"He's a very decent lad," said Bauby, shaking her head; "and there's guid men as weel as ill men in this world, though it disna aye turn out best that promises fairest. The Lord keep my darlin bairn, and make her a guid wife and a content ane;

for if ill came to ae gowd hair of her, I could find it in my heart to strike him down at my foot that had clouded my lamb. Weel, weel, he's a decent lad, and likes her—as wha could forbear liking her?—sae I'll keep up my heart."

And Banby was wise; for Captain William Morison was that splendid exception to her general rule—a good man—and his wife *was* content. A long path it was they had to travel together, full of the usual vicissitudes—the common lot; but, "toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing," the years surprised them on their way, and led them into age. But though the golden hair grew white on Katie Stewart's head, the love which had brightened her youth forsook her never; and Lady Anne Erskine, in the last of her prolonged, calm days, still clung in her heart to her childish choice—which no other tie had ever displaced, no other tenderness made her forget—and when she could remember little else, remembered this, and left her love behind her like a jewel of especial value, to the friends who remained when she was gone. For all this crowd of years had not disenchanted the eyes, nor chilled the child's heart, which gave its generous admiration long ago to little Katie Stewart, playing with her threaded gowans on the burnside at Kellie Mill.

FICTIONS FOR FRENCH FIRESIDES.

HAS a Frenchman a fireside, in the English sense of the word? Time was, not yet remote, when no true Briton would acknowledge the existence of such an anomaly as a French fireside. Not all the coals that ever crammed colliers, not all the fuel in the forests of Ardennes, would make one. No; the belief was strong—a belief which long survived the popular conviction that all Frenchmen wore wooden shoes, and fed exclusively on frogs—that no fire ever blazed in France save to heat curling irons or cook a fricassee. Contrivances there doubtless were—stoves, charcoal-boxes, and the like—for promoting the circulation of chilly Gauls; but as for a cheerful circle round a bright hearth, how should that be found in a country where the men lived in coffee-houses, and where dress and dancing were the women's sole pursuits? Time confirms the prejudices of fools, but dissipates those of the wise. We have learned a thing or two of late years. We have learned to like our neighbours better as we knew them better. And perhaps the French, although not apt to admit that they have taken a lesson, will own that they have benefited by our example in some things, and that, whilst adopting into their language the purely English word "Comfort," they have also adopted some of the things it implies and comprehends. National calamities, too, may not have been uninfluential in this respect. When tyranny and mistrust stalk abroad, the citizen takes refuge at his chimney corner, and seeks solace in domestic joys. The less the freedom a people enjoys, the more domestic will its habits generally be found. At the present day the Russians are an example of this; as are also the Jews, in those countries where they still encounter intolerance. Men gladly

avert their gaze from national suffering or degradation to fix it on a happy home, and the family circle at least excludes the police spy and the gendarme. As a nation the French have lately lowered themselves in the eyes of the world. Were we to seek amongst individuals, we should perhaps find that adversity has had its uses, and, whilst saddening, has sobered many.

Whatever our former creed, we are bound to admit the fireside and its tranquil joys to be realities in France, when we find a Frenchman, a man of letters and a man of sense, writing books intended expressly for it. We should have prefixed to the present paper the name of the amiable author of *Les Derniers Paysans*,* but that such a title might be held to announce either an analysis of his style and talent—whose peculiarities are less salient than in the case of some of his more renowned cotemporaries—or a general examination of his rather numerous works. Many of these deserve praise on account both of their literary ability and of the correctness of their tone and tendency; but, not having read all of them, we abstain from generalising the eulogium we can honestly pass on those with which we are acquainted. Emile Souvestre is a thoughtful and pains-taking writer, pleasing rather than brilliant, more anxious to observe good taste than to produce startling effects, and consequently less prized by vulgar readers than the more melodramatic and unscrupulous of his rivals. His writings occupy a respectable position amongst the current literature of France, although not put forward by French booksellers and circulating librarians with the same exaggerated encomiums lavished upon a new romance by Sue or Dumas. In England he enjoys but a very limited

Un Philosophe sous les Toits, (A Philosopher in a Garret.) Par EMILE SOUVESTRE. Paris 1851.

Au Coin du Feu, (At the Chimney Corner.) Par le même. Paris 1852.

Sous la Tonnelle, (In the Arbour.) Par le même. Paris 1852.

* Vide "The Rural Superstitions of Western France." *Blackwood's Magazine*, No. cccxxxv.

celebrity, even amongst habitual readers of French novels; and, whatever favour he has found, dates but little farther back than the appearance of the first of the three volumes named at foot of the last page. *Un Philosophe sous les Toits*, which won its kindly-hearted author an honourable distinction from the French Academy, was much read and justly admired on this side the Channel. It owed its popularity to its tone and sentiment, not to plot or incident, for of these latter it has scarcely any. A poor but contented man, without friend or relative, dwells in an attic, and supports himself by the modest wages of a clerkship. Detached from the world and its passions, self-excluded from society, he has yet an observant and sympathising eye for all that passes around him. We were wrong to say that he is without friends, for he makes friends of all who approach him—humble friends, but true. From the portress at the house door—to whom he acts as secretary when she would send a letter to her sailor son—up to the mutilated old soldier who inhabits the next attic, and to whose tales of the Imperial campaigns he complaisantly listens, all his poor neighbours love the gentle serviceable man who, having little, yet often finds means to give a little. He keeps a journal, in which small incidents stand for great events, and one year of it is found in the present volume. This is made up of touching domestic episodes, of reminiscences, more often pensive than gay, and of the reflections and observations of the solitary philosopher. By little sacrifices, cheerfully made, he contrives to do good to all around him, and in the hour of sickness and suffering he finds his reward. The seed he has sown has fallen in grateful soil. The veteran, who has gathered experience in military hospitals, nurses him through his long weeks of fever and delirium; the portress, whose letters he has written, attends to his slender wardrobe; the fruit woman, with whose sorrows he has consoled, installs herself as his cook, and prepares delicate dishes for the invalid. One humble friend brings him a bottle of cordial wine, husbanded for great occasions; an-

other, fresh eggs from her own fowls; finally, his fellow clerks divide his work amongst them, and by that means preserve to him the place he would otherwise lose. The thread of the narrative is slight, the incidents are of the most artless description, but the effect of the whole is extremely pleasing, and the moral evident to all.

It is, perhaps, the indisputable success that attended this graceful little sketch, that has induced M. Souvestre to devote himself latterly to a class of literature not much cultivated in France at the present day, and which contrasts strongly with the style of fiction that of late years has been most run upon in that country. A clever English comedian, in a pamphlet which, amongst much amusing impertinence, contains some home-truths, has lately taken the body of French dramatists roundly to task for the indecency, immorality, and revolting monstrosities of their productions. It would have been neither wise nor prudent of M. Souvestre openly to address a like reproach to his brethren, the novelists of France, but he seems to hint his perception of the objectionable nature of their writings when he dwells, in the prefaces to two of his latest publications, on the great difficulty of finding books of amusement which may be read aloud in the family circle—books interesting to all ages, and injurious to none. *Au Coin du Feu* was an attempt to supply this want—the first instalment of a series entitled *Romans des Familles*. It was welcomed by the French public, soon reached a second edition, and was quickly followed by *Sous la Tonnelles*, and by a third volume, entitled *Dans la Prairie*. Of these three books only the two former have reached us. Each of them contains twelve or fourteen short tales and sketches, displaying M. Souvestre's talent for embellishing the most ordinary incidents by the grace and *naïveté* of his style. All the tales inculcate some home-truth or moral precept. The lessons they convey have no pretensions to novelty. Since the world began they have been repeated millions of times in various forms. M. Souvestre trusts they will not be less useful or acceptable in the form of

fireside tales than if couched in solemn homilies. One is certainly not much in the habit of seeking either wisdom or morality in the guise of French novelettes; and the author of these deserves credit for showing, what few of his literary countrymen have of late been at the pains to prove, that it is possible to provide entertainment in inoffensive tales as well as in highly-wrought and licentious romances.

Some of the chapters of *Au Coin du Feu* are more particularly adapted to young persons, but all have interest for those of mature age, and are excellently adapted for domestic perusal. The first, entitled *The Interior of a Diligence*, is clever and amusing, as are also *The Poet and the Peasant*, and *The Sculptor of the Black Forest*. The incidents of any one of them might be sketched in three lines; but such skeletons would be uninteresting, for it is the style and handling that constitute their chief attraction.

As a specimen, we will extract a short one entire, and select for that purpose the one that has pleased us best, entitled

THE TWO MOTTOES.

In the coach-office at Cernay stood two young men, who had just taken their places for Kaysersberg. They were of the same age—each about four-and-twenty; but there were remarkable differences in their physiognomy and general appearance. The shorter of the two was dark, pale, quick in his movements, and of an impatient vivacity of manner, which betrayed, at a first glance, his southern origin. His companion, on the contrary, tall, fair, and ruddy, was a perfect type of that mixed Alsatian race, in which French expansiveness is happily blended with German good-humour. On the ground at their feet were two small portmanteaus, upon which cards of address were fastened with sealing-wax. On one of these cards was inscribed—

HENRY FORTIN, *Marseilles*;

and at its four corners a seal had impressed upon the wax the motto *Mon Droit*.

On the other card was written—

JOSEPH MULZEN, *Strasburg*;

and the motto of the seal was *Caritas*.

The office-keeper had entered their names in his book, and added the words *with two portmanteaus*, when Henry demanded that these should be weighed. They would be weighed at Kaysersberg, the office-keeper replied. The young man said it would be inconvenient to be delayed by that formality at the moment of their arrival. It was his right, he maintained, to have them weighed at once. The office-keeper, thus hard pressed, grew obstinate in his turn. In vain did Joseph interfere, and remind Henry that they had barely time to dine before departure. In virtue of his motto, the Marseillaise never gave way when he thought he was in the right; and he always thought that. At last the office-keeper, weary of the dispute, beat a retreat, and escaped into his dwelling-house. Henry would have continued the discussion with the porter, but fortunately the porter spoke nothing but German. So he was fain to accompany his friend to the inn, venting upon him by the way the superabundance of his ill-humour.

"By heavens!" he exclaimed, as soon as they were in the street, "you would make a saint swear! What! you would not back me against that obstinate fellow!"

"It seems to me," replied Joseph, with a smile, "that it was rather he who was in want of a backer: you brought forward as formidable an array of arguments as if your fortune or your honour had been at stake!"

"In your opinion, then, I should have done better not to defend my right?"

"When the right is not worth defending . . ."

"Ah, how like you!" interrupted Henry warmly; "you are always ready to yield: one must be walking over your body before you think of defending yourself. Instead of considering the world as a battle-field, you take it to be a drawing-room for the interchange of courtesies."

"Not so," replied Joseph, "but a great ship, all the passengers by which owe each other reciprocal friendliness and toleration. Every man is my friend until he has declared himself my enemy."

"For my part I consider every man my enemy until he has declared him-

self my friend," replied the Marseillaise. "It is a prudent system, which I have always found answer, and I advise you to adopt it at Kaysersberg. There we shall find ourselves face to face with our uncle's other heirs, who will not fail to appropriate all they can of the inheritance. For my part, I am determined to concede nothing to them."

Thus conversing, the cousins reached the White Horse Inn, and entered the public dining-room, which was unoccupied, save by the hostess, who was laying, for three persons only, a large table at one end of the apartment. Henry ordered two more knives and forks to be laid for himself and Joseph.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the woman, "but you cannot dine here."

"Why so?" inquired the young man.

"Because the three persons for whom we have just laid this table desire to dine alone."

"Let them dine in their own room, then," replied Henry abruptly. "This is the public room and the public table; here every traveller has a right to enter and to dine."

"What matter," said Joseph, "whether we dine here or in another room?"

"And what does it matter to those three persons whether we dine here or not?" retorted Henry.

"They came before you, sir," objected the hostess.

"Then, in your inn, it is the first comers who lay down the law?" cried Henry.

"Besides that, they are persons whom we know."

"And you care more for them than for us?"

"You understand, sir, that when customers are in the case . . ."

"All other travellers must submit to their caprices?"

"Your dinner shall be laid elsewhere."

"Yes, with the broken meat from your favourites' table, I suppose?"

The hostess was hurt by this imputation upon her establishment.

"If the gentleman is afraid of getting a bad dinner at the White Horse, there are other inns at Cernay," said she.

"I was just thinking so," replied

Henry quickly, taking up his hat. And, without listening to Joseph, who tried to detain him, he darted out of the room, and disappeared.

Mulzen knew by experience that the best plan, in cases like the present, was to let his cousin's ill-humour burn itself out, and that any attempt to recall him to reason served only to aggravate his pugnacity. He resolved, therefore, to let him seek his dinner elsewhere, and ordered his own to be served up in an adjoining apartment. But just as he was about adjourning to it, the three expected guests entered the public room. These were an old lady and her niece, and a gentleman about fifty years of age. The hostess, who was telling them what had just occurred, stopped short at sight of Joseph, who bowed, and was withdrawing, when the gentleman detained him. "I am grieved, sir," said he, urbanely, "to learn the dispute that has occurred. In desiring to dine alone, our object was to avoid the society of persons whose conversation and manners might have shocked these ladies. But, certainly, we were far from desiring to drive away customers from the White Horse, as your friend perhaps believed; and, in proof of what I say, I beg you to do us the favour of sitting down to dinner with us."

Joseph would have refused, declaring himself in no way offended by a precaution which he found quite natural; but Mr Rosman (it was thus the two ladies called their companion) pressed his invitation in so cordial and friendly a manner, that he ended by accepting.

The old lady, who seemed little accustomed to travel, sat down opposite to him, with her niece, and heaved a deep sigh.

"You are tired, Charlotte?" said Mr Rosman.

"Tired indeed!" replied the old woman; "as well I may be, after being shaken up for a whole day in that crazy coach, getting my meals irregularly, and running all manner of dangers; for I know not how we escaped being upset twenty times, the diligence was always leaning to one side or to the other! I would give a year of my life that our journey were at an end."

"Fortunately the bargain is impossible!" cried the young girl, smiling and kissing her aunt.

"Yes, yes, you laugh at my troubles," said Miss Charlotte, in a half grumbling, half affectionate tone; "young girls, now-a-days, fear nothing! They travel by railway and steamboat—they would travel by balloons, if they could get places. It is the Revolution that has made them so bold. Before that, the bravest amongst them travelled only in carts, or on ass-back; and even then, only when they had pressing business. I have heard my poor mother say that she never would travel in any other way than on foot.

"Yes," observed Mr Rosman, "and, therefore, her farthest journey was only to the chief town of her canton."

"That did not prevent her being a worthy and happy woman," replied Miss Charlotte. "When the bird has built his nest, he stays there. The present custom of passing one's time upon the high-road, impairs one's love of home and family; people get a habit of being at home everywhere. It may be more advantageous to society at large, but it renders individuals less good, and less happy."

"Come, come, Charlotte," said Mr Rosman, gaily; "your late jolting has set you against all journeys, but I hope your discontent will disappear before this excellent soup. I appeal to your impartiality whether a better can be got, even at Fontaine."

The dialogue continued in this strain of affectionate familiarity. Joseph at first maintained a discreet silence, but Mr Rosman spoke to him several times, and conversation had become general, when the waiter came in to say that the diligence was about starting. They paid for their dinner, and hastened to the coach-office.

On arriving there, Joseph saw his cousin hurrying up. Whilst Mulzen had dined, Henry had run from one tavern to another, finding nothing ready at any of them, and at last, pressed for time, he had been fain to buy a roll and some fruit, which he ate as he ran.

As may be imagined, the frugal repast had done little to sweeten his

temper. Joseph observed this, and abstained from questioning him. Indeed he had no time, for the way-bill was already being called over, and the travellers were about to take their places, when the office-keeper discovered that he had made a mistake, had booked two persons too many, and that the coach was full without Mulzen and Fortin.

"Full!" cried Henry; "but I paid you my fare!"

"I will return it you, sir," replied the clerk.

"Not at all," answered the young man. "Having once taken my money, there is a contract between us. I have a right to a place, and a place I will have."

And so saying, he grasped a strap and ascended the imperial, where was a place as yet unfilled. The traveller to whom it belonged protested against this usurpation; but Henry persisted, declaring that none had a right to make him get down, and that if any attempted it, he would repel violence by violence. Joseph in vain endeavoured to compromise the matter; the Marseillaise, whose humour had been by no means mended by his bad dinner, persisted in his resolution.

"To every one his right," cried he; "that is my motto. Yours is 'Charity.' Be as charitable as you please; for my part, I am satisfied with justice. I have paid for this place; it belongs to me. I shall keep it."

The traveller, whose place he filled, objected his priority of possession; but Henry, who was a lawyer, replied by quotations from the code. There was a sharp interchange of violent explanations, recriminations, and menaces. Miss Charlotte, who heard everything from her place in the *coupé*, groaned and sighed her alarm, and recommenced her diatribes against travelling in general, and public vehicles in particular. At last Joseph, perceiving that the dispute became more and more envenomed, proposed to the office-keeper to have a horse put to a cabriolet which stood in the yard, and in which he and the dispossessed traveller would continue their journey. The expedient was adopted by the parties concerned, and the diligence set off.

It was in the month of November; the air, damp and chilly at the moment of departure, grew colder still as night approached. Henry Fortin, accustomed to the sun of Provence, was anything but comfortable in his exposed place upon the top of the diligence. In vain did he button his great-coat to the very chin; he shivered like a leaf in the frigid evening fog. His lips were blue, his teeth chattered! Soon a small icy rain, driven full in his face by the wind, penetrated his clothes. His neighbour, protected by an ample blanket-cloak, might easily have spared him a portion of it, and been no worse off himself; but the neighbour was a corpulent shopkeeper, very tender of his own person, and extremely careless of the comfort of others. When Fortin refused to give up the place of which he had taken possession, the fat man applauded, declaring that "every one travelled for his own account, and should look after his own interests;" principles which the young man then found perfectly reasonable, and from whose application he now suffered. About the middle of the journey, the stout traveller put his head out of his cloak, looked at his neighbour, and said—

"You seem very cold, sir?"

"I am wet to the skin," replied Fortin, who could hardly speak.

The fat man shook himself in his huge wrapper, as if intensely enjoying the warmth and dryness it secured him.

"It is very bad for the health to get wet," said he, philosophically. "Another time I advise you to bring a cloak like mine; it is very warm, and not dear."

Having given this sensible advice, he withdrew his comfortable countenance within his snug garment, and relapsed into a luxurious doze.

It was long after nightfall when the diligence arrived at Kayersberg. Half dead with cold, Fortin scrambled down from the roof, and sought refuge in the inn-kitchen, where a large fire blazed. On entering, he found a group of travellers already assembled round the cheerful hearth, and amongst them, to his surprise, were his cousin and the traveller whom he had deprived of his place. The cab-

riolet had taken them by a cross road, which was a short cut, and they had been an hour at the inn.

On remarking his cousin's deplorable plight, Mulzen at once gave up his chair to him; as for the traveller whom Fortin had dispossessed at Cernay, he could not restrain a hearty laugh.

"Upon my word!" he cried, "I must thank this gentleman for having driven me from the imperial of the diligence; for, had he not done so, I should now be wet and half frozen as he is, instead of being warm and comfortable as I am."

Fortin's position was altogether too bad to admit of a retort: he sat down before the fire, and tried to warm himself.

As soon as he was a little revived, he asked for a room and a bed; but the Kayersberg fair was only just over, and the inn was full of persons who were to leave next morning. Joseph and his companion, although they had arrived before the diligence, had found but one small bed vacant, which the former had generously given up to the latter. However, after much inquiry and investigation, it came out that there was another bed disengaged; but this stood in a room with four others, occupied by four pedlars, who refused to admit a stranger into the apartment.

"Did they engage the room for themselves alone?" inquired Fortin.

"By no means," replied the innkeeper.

"Then you have a right to dispose of the unoccupied bed?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Then what reason do they give for refusing to admit a fifth person into the room?"

"No reason at all; but they are four rough-looking fellows, and nobody cared to have a quarrel with them."

Fortin rose quickly from his seat.

"That is weakness," cried he. "For my part, I certainly will not sleep upon a chair, because four strangers think proper to monopolise five beds. Show me their room. They must be made to hear reason."

"Have a care, Henry," said Mulzen. "They are brutal, ill-conditioned fellows."

"Does their brutality entitle them to make us sit up all night?" sharply demanded the native of Marseilles. "No, *pardieu!* I will go to bed in spite of them."

He put on his travelling cap, and was leaving the room in company with the innkeeper, when Mr Rosman, who, whilst seeking a man to carry his baggage, had overheard the conversation, approached the two cousins.

"I perceive, gentlemen," said he, with his friendly, smiling air, "that you have difficulty in finding beds for to-night."

"I shall not be long without one," replied Henry, passing on.

"One moment," said Mr Rosman. "Those men will perhaps reply to your reasons with insults, and you may have difficulty in getting them to admit your right. Had you not better accept beds at my house, gentlemen? I live but a few yards off, and shall have great pleasure in receiving you."

Fortin and Mulzen bowed, and returned their thanks for this hospitable invitation—but in very different tones. That of Mulzen was grateful and joyous; that of his companion constrained, although polite. Henry had not yet forgotten that Mr Rosman was the primary cause of the meagreness of his dinner at Cernay.

"You are too obliging, sir," said he, softening his voice; "but I would not on any account occasion you so much trouble. It is well, besides, to give a lesson to these people, and to teach them to respect the rights of travellers."

Having thus spoken, he again bowed, and betook himself to the apartment occupied by the pedlars. Mulzen, fearing a quarrel, followed him; but whether it was that the hawkers did not care much about the matter, or that they were daunted by the Provençal's resolute mien, they contented themselves with a little grumbling, in spite of which Henry installed himself in the fifth bed. His cousin, relieved of his apprehensions, then redescended the stairs and joined Mr Rosman, who had been so obliging as to wait for him.

Miss Charlotte and her niece Louisa were preparing the tea before a crack-

ling fire of fir-cones. Mulzen's guide spoke a few words in a low voice to the two ladies, who received the young man with courteous kindness. They made him sit down at table, and Louisa filled the cups. As to Miss Charlotte, she had not yet recovered from the fatigue of her journey; seated in her arm-chair, she fancied she still felt the jolts of the diligence, and heard the rattle of the wheels in the singing of the kettle. She did not forget, however, to inquire what had become of the young man who had carried the imperial of the diligence by assault at Cernay, and Mr Rosman related what had just occurred at the inn.

"Bless me!" cried Miss Charlotte, "he passes his life in search of quarrels and litigation! He is a man to be avoided like a pestilence!"

"It is impossible to have a better heart or more upright character," replied Mulzen; "but he makes a point of acting up to his motto: *To every one his rights.*"

"Whereas, your motto is *Charity*," rejoined the old lady with a smile. "Oh! I overheard all that passed at Cernay."

"You travel together?" inquired Mr Rosman.

"We are cousins," replied Mulzen, "and we have come to Kaysersberg to be present at the opening of a will, which takes place to-morrow."

"A will!" repeated Miss Charlotte in a tone of surprise.

"The will of our uncle, Doctor Harver."

The two ladies and Mr Rosman looked at each other.

"Ah! you are the doctor's relatives?" said Mr Rosman, gazing at the young man with a certain degree of interest. "Chance could hardly have directed you better, sir, for I was his oldest and most intimate friend."

This sort of mutual recognition naturally led the conversation to the subject of the deceased doctor. Mulzen had never seen him, but he felt for him that sort of respectful regard which instinct establishes between members of the same family. He talked a long time of the doctor, listened with interest to details of his life and of his last moments; and at

last, after one of those intimate conversations in which heart and mind throw off disguise, and display themselves as they really are, he retired to bed, delighted with his hosts, who, on their part, were equally pleased with him.

Tired with his journey, it was late when he awoke next morning. He hastened to dress himself, in order to seek his cousin, whom he was to accompany to the notary with whom the will was deposited. But on going down into the breakfast room he found the notary there, with Mr Rosman and with Fortin, for whom a messenger had been sent. Miss Charlotte and Louisa soon appeared. When all were assembled, Mr Rosman turned to the two young men, and said, with a smile:

"All here present are interested in the matter which brings you to Kay-sersberg, gentlemen; for my sister-in-law, Miss Charlotte Revel, and her niece, Louisa Armand, whose guardian I am, have come hither, like yourselves, to witness the opening of the will of their brother and uncle, Dr Harver."

The two young men bowed to Miss Charlotte and Miss Louisa, who returned their salutation.

"Since accident has brought together all the parties concerned," continued Mr Rosman, "I thought the doctor's last wishes might be made public here as well as at the notary's office."

Fortin made a sign of assent. Everybody sat down, and the notary was about to break the seal of the will, when he checked himself.

"This will," he said, "is of old date, and, during the latter months of his life, Dr Harver told me several times that it was his intention to destroy it, so that each of his heirs might receive the share regulated by law. The non-execution of his intention I can explain only by the suddenness of his death. I deem it my duty to declare this; and now I ask all the interested persons here present whether they are disposed to fulfil the doctor's expressed intention, and to cancel this will with one consent, before any know whom the document enriches."

This unexpected proposal was fol-

lowed by a pause of some moments' duration. Mulzen was the first to break silence.

"As far as I am concerned," said he, modestly, "having no particular claim upon the good will of the deceased, I cannot consider that I make a sacrifice in agreeing to an equal division of the property, and I am quite willing to consent to it."

"For my part," said Miss Charlotte, "I make no objection whatever."

"In the name of my ward," said Mr Rosman, "I give my consent."

"Then," said the notary, turning to Henry, "there is only this gentleman"

Fortin seemed somewhat embarrassed.

"Like my cousin," he at last said, "I have no ground to expect that the will favours me, but that is the very reason why I should be guarded in my decision. Whatever may have been the doctor's intentions, his will alone can now be considered to express them; to neutralise beforehand his testamentary dispositions, is to infringe both on the rights of the will and on those of the unknown legatee."

"Let us say no more about it," interrupted the notary. "Prompt and perfect unanimity could alone make legitimate my proposition. Let us remain within the strict limits of legal right—as you, sir, propose; and now be pleased to listen."

With these words he tore the envelope, opened the will, and read as follows:—

"Of the four persons who can lay claim to my inheritance, I know but two:—my sister, Charlotte Revel, and my niece, Louisa Armand. But these two, long united by the strictest affection, have but one common interest, and may be considered, in fact, to constitute but one person; with respect to them, therefore, I have only Louisa to consider. My first intention was to bequeath to her all I possess; but it afterwards occurred to me that one of my two nephews might be equally worthy of my regard. The sole difficulty is to find out which of the two it is.

"Unable to investigate this point myself, and well knowing the intelli-

gence and right-mindedness of my niece, Louisa, I refer the matter to her judgment; and I constitute my sole heir that one of the two cousins whom she shall select for her husband.

"HARVER."

When the notary paused, after completing the perusal of the will of the eccentric but well-meaning doctor, a silence of some duration ensued. The two young men looked embarrassed, and Louisa held down her head.

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried Miss Charlotte at last, "the doctor has bequeathed a very difficult task to my niece!"

"Less difficult than you think, sister," said Rosman, smiling. "I have long been well acquainted with the contents of Harver's will, and I made inquiries in consequence. The result of those inquiries convinced me that, whatever her choice, there was nothing to fear for Louisa."

"Then let Miss Armand decide," said the notary, laughing. "Since there is safety in either case, she has but to consult her inspirations."

"I will beg my aunt to decide for me," murmured the young girl, throwing herself into Miss Charlotte's arms.

"I decide?" cried the old lady; . . . "it is very perplexing, my dear, and I really do not know . . ."

But, whilst uttering these words with an air of indecision, Miss Charlotte's first glance was at Mulzen. Fortin perceived this.

"Ah, Madam," cried he, quickly, "I see that your choice is made, and, whatever my regrets, I cannot but approve it. *Mademoiselle*," he continued, taking Mulzen's hand and leading him to Louisa, "your aunt has seen and judged rightly; my cousin is more deserving than I am."

"Your present conduct proves the contrary," said Miss Charlotte, touched by this generosity; "but we already know Mr Mulzen a little; and then—in short, you deserve to hear the whole truth . . ."

"Tell it me, by all means," interrupted Fortin.

"Well, then, his motto encourages, whilst yours deters me; he promises

indulgence, and you justice. Alas! my dear sir, justice may suffice for angels, but men have need of charity."

"You are perhaps right, madam," said Henry Fortin, thoughtfully; "yesterday and to-day everything seems to combine to give me a lesson. The rigid defence of my right has always turned against me, whilst my cousin's benevolence has in every instance profited him. Mulzen was in the right: his motto is better than mine, for it is nearer to the law of God. Christ did not say, *To every one his rights*; but rather, *Love your neighbour as yourself*."

Thus prettily does M. Souvestre illustrate and enforce a precept. We are constantly asked by parents and guardians, having a wholesome horror of modern French literature, to recommend to them books at once unexceptionable and entertaining. Young ladies must learn French, and will not read *Telemachus* more than six or seven times through—a number of perusals which may well nauseate the most enthusiastic admirer of that very admirable and particularly wearisome production. But it will be admitted that modest maidens of tender age can hardly with propriety be left to seek their own literary pasture upon the shelves of a French bookshop. An appeal to the librarian's discrimination is apt to be responded to by a recommendation of the books most run upon; books whose plot, incident, and language, are often as grotesquely revolting as those of any of the *petites comédies* rightfully denounced by Mr Matthews of the Lyceum. In England and in Germany, the publisher's name is perhaps the best guide in the selection of books of any class. In the case of French novels and romances, it is safer to look to that of the author. This, of course, implies a certain familiarity with the French literature of the day. Those who have not time and opportunity of acquiring it, will hardly err, judging from the books before us, and from the one we reviewed a few months ago, in inscribing upon their "safe" list the name of *Emile Souvestre*.

THE RESTRICTIVE TARIFFS OF FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

(TO THE EDITOR OF BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.)

SIR,—When the Government of Sir Robert Peel first entered upon the Quixotic experiment of “liberalising”—as it was termed—our Commercial Tariff, by admitting to the British markets the raw materials of our manufactures free, and materially reducing the duties upon foreign products, and at every subsequent step taken in the direction of Free Trade, we were assured that other nations must in good time follow our generous example. Germany, France, Belgium, and other Continental powers, were to sacrifice their rising manufactures. The United States of America were to direct the industry of their population exclusively to the development of the riches of their soil. Great Britain was to become the workshop of the world; her looms and forges, with the artisans who wrought at them, and the capitalists who owned them, were to supply that world with every product of industry and skill; and, in return, were to be secured in the enjoyment of every necessary, and even luxury, which its various climates afford. They were not dreaming philosophers only who indulged in these vain fancies, but men who had been reputed to possess some acquaintance with the past history, and with the financial position, of other countries. Plodding, practical men of business, too, advocated such a policy, deluded by their own avarice and ambition, which whispered to them that it would bring about a new order of things, in which the merchant and the manufacturer were to change places with the landed aristocracy. There were not wanting parties who suggested—as a reference to the pages of *Blackwood's Magazine* will prove—that, before uprooting that fiscal system, under the operation of which this country had attained its proud pre-eminence amongst nations, it would be well to be assured that the foreigner was ready to meet our concessions in a reciprocal spirit; and some went so far as to contend that, by giving up to him unconditionally the free enjoy-

ment of our markets, we should be depriving ourselves of all power of tempting him to adopt a reciprocal policy. In reply, however, we were told by the Free-Trader, that the foreigner would soon discover that, by protecting his own industry, he was in reality taxing himself; and that he would insist upon “buying in the cheapest market,” regardless of the derangement which must ensue in that important one, *where his labour was the commodity to be vendued*. Ten years have now elapsed, during which these fond anticipations have been indulged in; and it becomes the duty of the statesman to inquire how far they have been realised. If it can be shown that other countries have received all that we have offered them, and conceded nothing in return; that, on the contrary, some of those, which have been most benefited by our liberality, have hedged themselves round by protective duties of increased stringency; and that, in many of the leading markets of the world, British products are virtually prohibited; then there is certainly just ground, not only for strong remonstrances on the part of the British Government, but for retaliatory measures, in the event of those remonstrances being ineffectual. The issue of the late elections is regarded as a declaration by the constituencies that we shall not return to a system of protection. It is going too far, however, to say that no steps are to be taken to induce the foreigner to meet our concessions in a fair and liberal spirit. Surely no one will maintain that a one-sided Free Trade is desirable, or that the promises and prophecies of the Free-Trade party—that other countries would follow our example by liberalising their tariffs—have been fulfilled. We cannot, certainly, coerce them into doing this; but, without a return to protection as a system, we may withdraw a portion of our concessions from, and ostracise, those countries, which openly and ostentatiously league against us, and study to exclude from their markets

the products of our industry. The present crisis appears to me a peculiarly fitting one for an inquiry into this subject. The Government of the Earl of Derby is understood to be preparing to lay before the country a comprehensive scheme of financial reform, by means of which taxation may be made to press more equably upon our population, and especially upon the classes engaged in the pursuits of agriculture. If, at the same time, the commercial and manufacturing classes could be relieved from a portion of that taxation, which is imposed upon them by the restrictive tariffs of foreign countries, without seriously, or at all, enhancing prices to the British consumer, a most important and happy result would be achieved, and the acrimonious feeling which at present exists between the trading and the landed interests be, I believe, materially assuaged.

There are few subjects, with respect to which the mass of the public are less accurately informed than the commercial relations, past and present, between Great Britain and foreign countries. A few of their most prominent features are familiar to all who have watched attentively the progress of our own legislation. Most persons are acquainted, for example, with the conditions under which we *import* the articles of corn, cotton, sugar, timber, &c.; but few, save merchants actually engaged in foreign trade, are acquainted with the terms upon which our *exports* are received in the various markets of the world, with the burthens to which they are subjected, and the vexatious impediments offered to their introduction. None, perhaps, are much worse informed, with respect to these matters, than the pretentious gentlemen who form the Manchester section of the Anti-Corn-Law League. *Their* peculiar forte is to spin, and weave, and—*talk*. When they set up as foreign merchants they

are helpless innocents; and generally ship to foreign countries the very articles against which their tariffs most especially operate. It is my object, in the following pages, to lay before the public a few of the leading features of those tariffs; and particularly to show in what respect, and to what extent, we are placed by them, notwithstanding the vast concessions which we have made, in a most unfair position. In undertaking this task, and in directing attention to the remedial steps which are open to us, I believe that I shall be advancing the interests of the entire trading community, and of none more especially than the manufacturing body, who, whilst they clamour for the maintenance of their boasted system of Free Trade, and for remissions of domestic taxation—to be obtained by abandoning our colonies, diminishing the strength of the army and navy, and withdrawing the means of supporting the dignity of the Crown—seem intensely ignorant of the extent to which, through the inordinate imposts levied upon their own goods in foreign markets, they are contributing towards the support of half the Governments in the world.

That very bold, and, in some respects only, valuable measure, by which Sir Robert Peel and his colleagues expunged from our commercial tariff about five hundred inconsiderable articles, and admitted all the raw materials of manufactures free of duty, irrespective of the countries in which they were produced, came into operation in the year 1843. This was our first great bid for Free Trade with all the world, and we have been proceeding in the same direction ever since. What has been the extent to which foreign governments have met our “liberality,” or call it what you will, by altering their tariffs in our favour since that period? Up to the end of 1846 they were the following:—

REDUCED TARIFFS.

	Periods within which the various reductions were made.
Parma,	1846 and 1847.
Tuscany,	May 1844 and Sept. 1846.
Roman States,	March 1844 to 1845.
Sardinia,	July 1845 to May 1846.
Two Sicilies,	August 1845 to March 9, 1846.

The export duties upon many articles were also reduced.

In 1851 a treaty was signed between this country and Sardinia, which came into operation on the 1st of July in that year, by which considerable reductions were made in the

duties upon a number of articles imported from Great Britain. Amongst these articles the following are the most important:—

ZINC—In plates, bars, or pigs, or mixed with other metals, . . .	Reduced one-half
COPPER—In cakes, plates, copper boilers, and other wrought copper, . . .	Do. do.
IRON—Plain castings, rails, &c., per 100 kilogrammes, reduced from	fr. 15.00 to fr. 8.00
„ Castings mounted with other metals, per do.	„ 25.00 „ 12.00
„ Wrought, of first manufacture, rails, per do.	„ 16.00 „ 10.00
„ „ Of second manufacture,	„ 30.00 „ 15.00
Other manufactures of iron in about the same proportions.	
STEEL,	Reduced one-half

Mirrors and flint glass, looking-glasses of every dimension, not in frames, were reduced from fr. 60.00 the 100 kilogrammes to fr. 25.00. Other manufactures of glass were largely reduced. Porcelain, paper, refined sugar—Great Britain is not benefited by the latter article being reduced, not being the cheapest producer—leather and prepared skins, are reduced to the extent of a third to a half of the previous duties. There was also an important reduction in woollen yarns: tissues of wool above a certain price, flax carded or combed, flax or hemp yarn, flax or hemp tissues, cotton yarn, and cotton tissues, were reduced to the extent of from 50 to 75 per cent.

Another treaty was effected with Sardinia on the 11th July, 1852, since the present Ministry came into power, by which considerable reductions were made. Those most materially affecting this country are silk textures of all kinds, reduced from 15 fr. per kilogramme to 8 fr.; iron rods, round, 5 to 7 inches in diameter, from 10 fr. per 100 kilogrammes to 4 fr.; and tin, in pigs or pieces, from 8 fr. to 4 fr. Concessions of a less considerable character were made by Tuscany on 14th May 1852, by the Roman States on the 1st May 1852. In some articles in the latter there is, however, a slight increase.

We are by no means disposed to undervalue the concessions which have been made to us by these countries—concessions, however, which could in all probability have been procured by a reduction of the duties levied by us

upon dried fruits, oils, dyes, silks, and a few other of their chief products. On the contrary, we are grateful to them for the evidence which they have afforded us of the extent of benefit which may be derived to the commerce of Great Britain by the establishment of reciprocal relations with foreign countries. To this we shall hereafter refer more particularly. But whatever may have been this benefit, no one, surely, will be hardy enough to maintain that it was worth our while to revolutionise the entire commercial policy of this country for the sake of increasing our exports to a few small Mediterranean states.

I proceed to the case of those more important countries which have repaid our liberality by giving increased stringency to their tariffs. One of the most important of these is the GERMANIC LEAGUE, or Zollverein. This League, of which your readers need scarcely be reminded that Prussia is the head, commenced imparting increased stringency to their tariff in September 1844, immediately after the liberalised tariff of Great Britain had come into operation, and made its last important alteration on the 1st of January 1847, after our ports had been thrown open to the grain of Germany. Curiously enough, too, and as if it were meant in mockery of the Free - Traders of the Manchester school, that last alteration was directed exclusively against manufactured cottons and linens. I give here the items, and the changes made in the duties:—

	Old Duty.	New Duty.
COTTON—Twist, unbleached, per cwt., .	£0 6 0	£0 9 0
LINEN—viz. Yarn, raw, .	0 0 6	0 6 0
„ Bleached or dyed, .	0 3 0	0 15 0
„ Boiled with ashes, .	0 1 6	0 9 0
Thread, .	0 6 0	0 12 0
Manufactures, raw, .	0 6 0	0 12 0
„ Bleached, &c., .	1 13 0	3 0 0
„ Tapes, cambric, &c., 3	6 0	4 10 0
„ Thread lace, .	8 5 0	9 0 0

If I have any skill whatever in reading men's motives, or understanding the meaning of their actions, this modification of the tariff of the Zollverein was a direct declaration that Germany, having obtained all that she could desire from the political madness of Great Britain, was resolved to cling more closely still to her own protective system. For, mark the significant fact that, in the previous modification, which is dated 1st January 1846, *before the Manchester League had succeeded, through the agency of Sir Robert Peel, in throwing open our markets to the grain of all countries*, the cotton and linen manufactures, in which that confederation was supposed to be specially interested, *were the only important articles left untouched!* On examination of the items, too, it will be at

once discerned that the object of the modification of 1847 is expressly to encourage the ruder branches of a rising manufacture. Thus "linen yarn, raw," the article which can be spun by the peasantry at their fire-sides, has an increased protection conferred upon it of 1200 per cent. The same article, "boiled with ashes"—a simple process—receives an increased protection of 600 per cent; whilst "bleached and dyed," requiring a more difficult process, has an increased protection afforded it of 500 per cent.

The other items of the Zollverein tariff, all determined upon since the remodelling of our own tariff, range in date from January 1, 1844, to January 1, 1846. The following are the most important of them :—

	Old Duty.	New Duty.
IRON—Raw, per cwt., .	Free.	£0 1 0
Pig, rails, and raw, per cwt., and refined steel, .	£0 3 0	0 4 6
Wrought, and in bars of quarter-inch across, .	0 9 0	0 7 6
Wrought, in a rough state for machines, weighing less than a cwt., .	0 9 0	0 18 0
Iron ship chain, .	0 18 0	0 9 0
Steel, polished plates, .	0 9 0	0 12 0
Iron for fellies of locomotives, .	0 3 0	0 9 0
GLASS—Coloured, .	0 9 0	1 10 0
Painted, .	0 1 6	1 10 0
Ornaments of dress wrought with ivory, .	1 10 0	7 10 0
Needles, varnished wares of metal, &c., .	1 10 0	7 10 0
Gold and silver leaf, (imitation,) .	1 10 0	15 0 0
Ribbons, silk, .	8 5 0	16 10 0
Woollen manufactures—viz. printed goods, shawls, laces, embroidery, &c., .	4 10 0	7 10 0

Many of these increased duties are levelled against ourselves;—some of them, of course, against other countries, whom it may appear desirable to coerce into joining the Zollverein. But it is plain that there exists no wish on the part of that league to court reciprocity. We have, by the repeal of our Navigation Laws, which gives to Prussian vessels more than the privileges previously accorded to the "most favoured nations," and

equal in fact to those enjoyed by our own, offered a further inducement to the Zollverein to reciprocate with us; but that League shows no sign of giving us the concession which we have a right to expect at its hands.

A very able statistician—Mr Newdegate—who has devoted great pains and talents to an elucidation of the pressure of foreign tariffs upon British industry, has estimated that the Zollverein levies upon

Cotton Yarn, (No. 40.)	16 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent
" Calico, printed and dyed, (middle quality,)	66 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
" Plain Shirtings,	100 "
Wool, (manufactured common,)	30 "
Hardware,	100 "
Iron, Bar and Bolt,	50 "
Linen,	16 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
Silks, plain and coloured.	50 $\frac{1}{2}$ "

I have tested Mr Newdegate's values and calculations, and find them as nearly approaching to correctness as such calculations can be. But there is a circumstance which he omits to notice. The duties in the Zollverein tariff are levied by the *cwt.*—by weight, and not by quality; and whilst duties so levied press more onerously upon coarse and heavy fabrics of manufactured textiles than upon fine ones, there are cases in which they are almost prohibitory. The case of printed calicoes is one of these. Taste in pattern and colour, has much to do in determining the value of printed calicoes, as also the value of "woollen printed goods, shawls, laces, embroidery, &c." Upon this part of my subject, I may be excused for quoting the following extracts from a lecture, delivered in July last before the Society of Arts, by Mr Edmund Potter, proprietor of the Dinting Vale Print-Works, near Manchester—a Free-Trader, and a man of great eminence in his business. Mr Potter says:—

"The Zollverein, Austria, and Bohemia, produce for their own markets; and by their protecting duties prevent any other supply, except of very fine French goods. Their prints are good in execution, imitations of French taste in the finer goods, and of English prints in the medium and lower qualities. Whilst referring to protective duties (*a subject deeply interesting to the printer,*) I may just refer to the Zollverein. Prussia takes credit to herself for her liberality in not having raised them (they are very nearly prohibitory.) These duties are charged by weight: a few years ago, when prints were higher priced, we had a trade with her, the duties then being 25 to 30 per cent; now, on our reduced prices, a print worth 8s. 6d. pays 50 per cent. In Austria the duties are also charged by weight, and on a print at 8s. amount to 80 per cent.—of course a prohibition.

The great success of the French printer of late years, and especially in his

fine goods, I attribute greatly (not entirely) to the greater extent of markets he has for them than ourselves. We are debarred from a considerable part of the demand for fine goods he enjoys. *He has our market free, and we are prohibited from his: he gains the chance of sharing in the supply of our thirty millions of population, in addition to his thirty-five: he has thus the fine trade of sixty-five millions open to him, while we have it only for thirty.*"

A more important admission from a practical man of business, I have not met with for some time past.

I shall proceed to the case of BELGIUM. That country appears to have an ambition to become a maritime power—and who can blame it for making the endeavour to carry out such an ambition? Belgium, like the Zollverein, commenced its "modification" of its tariff *against us*, immediately after we had thrown aside the principle of Protection by the reduction of our tariff in 1843; and it did more than merely raise its import duties. It established heavy differential duties against the shipping of this and other countries. This movement takes date from July 1844, subsequently to the liberalisation of our tariff, to February 1847, immediately after the repeal of the Corn Laws. Belgium, therefore, has not been particularly grateful for the liberality of Great Britain. In the table on the opposite page will be found the alterations of duties made during this period in some of the principal articles in her tariff.

It must be clear that the Government of that country had in view two main objects in making the above alterations in her tariff—viz., first, by levying the increased duties upon cottons, silks, machinery, &c., *by weight*, so as to press more heavily upon coarse fabrics, to protect their own rising manufactures; and, in the next place, by means of high differential duties upon all imports brought direct from the country of growth, to

ALTERATIONS OF DUTIES MADE BY BELGIUM ON SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL ARTICLES
IN HER TARIFF, FROM JULY 1844 TO FEBRUARY 1847.

	OLD DUTY.	NEW DUTY.			DATE OF ALTERATION.
		In Belgian vessels.	In foreign vessels.		
SUGAR—	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.		
Raw, direct in Belgian ves-					July 1844.
sels, . . . per cwt., }	0 0 1	0 0 $\frac{1}{20}$	0 0 8 $\frac{1}{2}$		
If from Transatlantic countries,	0 0 8	0 0 8 $\frac{1}{2}$	0 1 0		
If otherwise by sea, . . }	0 1 8	0 1 2	0 1 9		
TEA—					
Direct, &c., . . . per cwt., }	0 5 10	0 12 6	1 5 0		October 1844.
From Transatlantic countries, }					
Otherwise, }	2 2 6	2 1 8	2 1 8		
MACHINERY—					
Steam-engines, fixed, per cwt.,	0 5 7	0 6 3	0 6 3		October 1844.
" " for navigation,	0 5 7	0 10 5	0 10 5		
" " locomotives,	0 5 7	0 14 7	0 14 7		
Carding, (wire,) }	0 5 7	1 11 3	1 11 3		
Iron tenders, boilers, &c., . }	0 9 2	0 8 4	0 8 4		
Copper tenders, boilers, &c.,	0 9 2	0 16 8	0 16 8		
Detached pieces, (cast-iron,)	0 5 7	0 10 5	0 10 5		
Ditto, (cast copper, &c.,)	0 5 7	0 16 8	0 16 8		
COTTON—					Oct. 13, 1844 to Feb. 1, 1847.
Printed or dyed, per cwt.,	4 8 4	6 15 5	6 15 5		
SILK—					
Bleached or printed, per lb.	0 1 10	0 3 9	0 3 9		
TIMBER—					
For ship-building or civil pur-					
poses, not sawed, if direct, }	0 0 6	0 1 8	0 3 4		
per ton, }					
Not sawed, otherwise than }	0 0 6	0 4 2	0 4 2		
direct, }					
Oak, for naval building, . . }	0 0 6	0 0 10	0 0 10		
Sawed, direct, }	0 3 4	0 7 6	0 9 2		
Otherwise than direct, . . }	0 3 4	0 10 0	0 10 0		
WOOD FURNITURE—					
Ad valorem, }	6 per cent.	20 per cent.	20 per cent.		
RUM—					
In casks, by sea direct, }	0 1 8	0 3 6	0 5 5		
per 22 gallons, }					
Otherwise than direct, . . }	0 1 8	0 6 8	0 6 8		
BRANDY, GIN, &c.—					
By sea direct, }	0 1 8	0 3 6	0 4 7		
Otherwise, }	0 1 8	0 6 8	0 6 8		
ASHES—					
Direct, per cwt.	0 0 8	0 0 2 $\frac{1}{2}$	0 0 10		
Otherwise, }	0 0 8	0 1 3	0 1 3		
HEMP—					
Undressed, direct, . . . }	0 0 6 $\frac{1}{2}$	0 0 2 $\frac{1}{2}$	0 0 10		
COTTON, WOOL—					
East India, direct, . . . }	0 0 8	0 0 $\frac{1}{20}$	0 0 8 $\frac{1}{2}$		
Otherwise than direct, . . }	0 0 8	0 0 8 $\frac{1}{2}$	0 0 8 $\frac{1}{2}$		
Other than East India direct,	0 0 8	0 0 $\frac{1}{20}$	0 0 8 $\frac{1}{2}$		
Not direct, }	0 0 8	0 0 11	0 0 11		
HIDES and SKINS—					
Raw, direct, }	0 0 3 $\frac{1}{2}$	0 0 $\frac{1}{20}$	0 0 2 $\frac{1}{2}$		
Dried, }	0 0 2 $\frac{1}{2}$	0 0 $\frac{1}{20}$	0 0 3		
LEATHER—					
Manufactured, }	6 per cent.	18 per cent.	18 per cent.		

secure to their own shipping the benefit of the long voyage. Both these objects have been effectually accomplished. We have, indeed, had it boasted of late, that, by a new treaty, some very valuable concessions were made expressly to British commerce. But, on examining the treaty in question, which was agreed to in October last, and passed into a law by the Belgian Government on the 22d February 1852, but not ratified until the accession of the present Ministry to power, I find that it is well-nigh worthless to this country. It is true that it professes to extend to us a perfectly reciprocal commerce with Belgium; but, when defining what its authors mean by reciprocal relations, we find that they are only to extend to a certain number of articles of inconsiderable importance to us, though of much to Belgium; and that a special exception is made of all those leading articles, such as rice, sugar, dyewoods, &c., the privilege of carrying which, on the same terms as Belgian vessels, would have been a valuable boon to the British shipowner. The concessions are simply that cotton, and a few other articles chiefly used for manufacturing purposes, which heretofore were carried from this country exclusively in Belgian ships, may now be carried either in Belgian or British. This petty measure—a mere sham, to enable the Whig-Radical Government who negotiated it to indulge in a little cock-crowing and vaunting prophecy of the advent of a commercial millennium, in which the world would become converted to a sense of the excellence of our Free-Trade policy—a Government worthy of the name would have flung in the teeth of its proposers as an insult—a palpable sprat to catch the leviathan of the deep. It was left, however, as the only legacy of the kind which Whiggery had to bequeath to the Government of Lord Derby, which, let it be borne in mind, had only to perform the ceremonial of ushering formally to the world the bantling, already born, of such ridiculously small dimensions and unfortunate parentage.

Another country which has not only rejected our approaches towards

a reciprocal system, but repaid them by increasing the stringency of her tariff, is FRANCE. Like that of Belgium, the policy of the French Government has been to erect a powerful manufacturing interest, and at the same time to extend its commercial marine. The tariff of France, as it existed at the commencement of 1842, was of a highly restrictive character. I find in it no less than twenty-three articles which are prohibited, either when brought from French colonies in foreign vessels, or prohibited altogether. In the former class are ebony, elephants' teeth, sugar, molasses, cotton, and various dyewoods, the produce of Senegal and the French West Indian colonies. In the latter are cotton manufactures, woollens, and iron manufactures, hardware, &c., with a few exceptions of articles required by the manufacturing interest, or for the promotion of the arts. Thus machinery is admitted, but it is charged a discriminating duty if brought in other than French vessels. Cotton from India is admitted, as being an important raw material; but whereas the duty is 8s. per cwt. only, if brought direct in French vessels, it is charged £1, 8s. per cwt. when brought in foreign vessels. If brought from any other place out of Europe in French vessels, the duty is 16s. per cwt.; but if in foreign vessels, it is charged £1, 8s. per cwt. As regards a considerable number of other articles, they are virtually prohibited, by the high scale of duties imposed upon them; and as regards some, they would be sufficiently protected by the superior taste and skill employed by the French producer. By the by, I may remark that, in looking at the statistical returns, we do appear to send some cotton goods to France, but these are chiefly for export to the colonies.

Yet, restrictive as was the tariff of 1842, the Government of France were prompt in taking advantage of the voluntary concessions made by Sir Robert Peel's Government, to increase its protective character. The following are a few of the principal alterations made in the French tariff in 1845, which, it will be seen, are partly levelled against the British

manufacturer, and partly designed the long-voyage trade to her own to secure to France a monopoly of shores:—

	OLD DUTY.		NEW DUTY.		DATE OF ALTERATION.
	In French vessels.	Foreign and by land.	In French vessels.	Foreign and by land.	
STEEL—	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	
Raw in plates, per cwt.	1 5 0	1 7 3	1 13 4	1 16 0	June 9, 1845.
Drawn,	1 9 2	1 11 8	2 1 8	2 1 9	"
Cast in plates, . . .	2 18 4	3 2 3	1 13 4	1 16 0	"
" drawn,	2 18 4	3 2 3	2 1 8	2 4 9	"
THREAD—					
Flax or hemp, single } raw,	2 12 1	2 15 8	3 8 9	3 14 10	"
Bleached,	3 7 11	3 12 4	4 8 4	4 13 9	"
Dyed,	3 6 8	3 11 0	4 3 4	4 8 6	"
Twisted raw,	3 9 7	3 14 1	4 13 9	4 19 5	"
Bleached,	4 9 7	4 15 1	5 19 7	6 6 7	"
Dyed,	4 5 5	4 10 8	5 8 4	5 14 9	"
HIDES—					
Raw undried, from } countries out of } Europe,	0 0 5	0 0 5½	0 0 5	0 1 10	"
Raw dried, from India,	0 2 1	0 6 3	0 1 0	0 6 3	"
RICE—					
From India,	0 1 0	0 3 9	0 0 2½	0 3 9	June 11, 1845.
GUANO—					
From countries out } of Europe, }	0 0 2½	0 1 8	0 0 0½	0 2 1	"
TIN—					
Raw, from India, . .	0 0 2½	0 1 8	0 0 0½	0 2 1	"
LAC GUM—					
From India,	0 0 7	0 2 4	0 0 2½	0 6 3	"

That the increased duties levied by this alteration in the French tariff, upon the particular article of linen thread, have been the means of destroying an important export trade from the north of Ireland, and injuring severely the linen manufactures of that country, is an admitted fact, as may be seen by the following extract from the proceedings of a meeting recently held in Belfast. The speaker is Mr John Ferguson of Belfast, a linen-manufacturer, and formerly an ardent Free-Trader:—

"They had already granted a great deal to France. On the importation of corn the duty had been altogether remitted, and that had conferred on France a great amount of benefit. He should be sorry to see that measure in any way altered, or any duty laid upon foreign corn; but he contended that, by the repeal of the duties on grain, France had been benefited largely, while that country had done nothing whatever towards acting reciprocally with England. (Hear, hear.) Seeing what had occurred, he did not believe that the Government of France would admit the manufactures of

England at a lower duty than at present, though England should reduce the duty on the wines of France. Though we had reduced the duties on the produce of France, that country had never yet shown the slightest inclination to act upon the same principle with us; and he therefore thought that, instead of adopting such a memorial as was before them, they should rather speak to their own Government, and call upon them to say to other powers, that, if they did not reduce the duties on British industrial produce, the British Government would not reduce on theirs. His idea was that of a differential duty between nations that took manufactures from us free, and those nations that would not admit our manufactures. (Hear, hear.)"

One can scarcely afford to pity Free-Trademanufacturers and capitalists, whose griping selfishness has brought such a result upon their own heads. But we must regret, for the sake of the working population, the serious injury thus inflicted upon one of the only valuable branches of industry of which Ireland can boast. In an equally effectual manner the

increased discriminating duties levied upon British tonnage are excluding the British shipowner from all participation in the carrying trade from distant countries to French ports. For example, East India rice is worth at this moment in the Liverpool market £11, 10s. per ton. The best freight which could be got in Calcutta, Bombay, or any other East Indian port, is about £3 per ton on an average (it is at present temporarily higher) to a European port. Is it possible that, under such circumstances, a merchant can afford to pay upon a cargo of rice brought to a French port £3, 15s. per ton duty, whilst a French importer in a French ship pays 2½d. per cwt., or 4s. 2d. per ton? He would be losing by such a transaction precisely the freight payable to the British shipowner, and 10s. 10d. additional. Upon the article of "raw dried hides" from India, the differential duty against the British shipowner is £5, 5s. per ton, or £2, 5s. more than the freight. How can he compete with an importer who employs a French ship? Upon "Lac gum" the differential duty is £6, 0s. 10d. in favour of the French shipowner.

Yet upon this nation what advantages we have conferred by our Free-Trade policy! We have made her the great corn-milling power of Europe, and enabled her to deluge our markets with flour, manufactured from the wheats of the Baltic and of Germany. We receive her cotton manufactures free of duty, unless made up, and then at 10 per cent; her silk goods at 15 per cent; her linens at 10 per cent for a few descriptions, but the bulk free;—all of which articles, if coming from Great Britain, or any other country, she prohibits either expressly, or by duties which amount to prohibition. We allow her ships to bring to our ports the produce of our vast colonial empire, and of every country in the globe, upon the same terms as British ships, whilst she virtually closes her own against our flag. And not only are we thus excluded from France itself, but her colonial markets are closed against us. The result of such a system is seen from the inequality existing between our import and export business with that country. We imported in

1851 French manufactures and produce to the amount of £8,400,000, consisting principally of the most highly perfected articles, upon which a large amount of skilled labour had been employed; but we were only permitted to send her in return £2,400,000 worth of British produce. In fact, Great Britain is at this moment the market which employs most extensively the ingenious artisans and the manufacturers of France. A few days ago, I observed a paragraph in one of our daily papers, in which it was stated that large numbers of French commercial travellers were visiting every part of England and Scotland taking orders, from the *retailers*, for silk goods, cambrics, gloves, &c.; and I can readily believe the fact after perusing the following extract from the October circular of an eminent Manchester firm, *Messrs M'Nair, Greenow, & Irving*. These gentlemen remark of the silk-manufacturers of this country:—

"The Silk Trade—a branch of manufacture but seldom adverted to—is said to be in anything but a prosperous condition, and may be considered to form the only exception to the manufacturing prosperity of the country. We refer more particularly to the manufacture of broad Silks, which is now reported to be not larger than it was ten to fifteen years ago. It is stated to have decreased in Spitalfield and in Macclesfield; but to have increased in this neighbourhood. On the other hand, it was never reported to be more prosperous in France."

I need not remark how powerfully the encouragement given to the importation of silk goods into this country aids France in introducing its goods into foreign markets. The getting up of a new pattern, either in weaving or printing, having been paid for by the sale to the home and British consumer, it can henceforth be produced for the markets of the world at prices which set competition at defiance.

The giant evil, however, of our commercial relations with France consists not in the refusal of that country to receive our manufactures, but in the criminal madness which allows us to submit to her restrictions upon British shipping without retaliating upon her. Whilst a few small trading vessels to her wine and brandy ports,

and the steamers engaged in the conveyance of passengers, constitute the bulk of the British shipping engaged in the commerce between Great Britain and France, the flag of the latter country is now flying in every port of this country and her colonies. It is ourselves, and not her own Government, who are rapidly elevating her to the position of a great maritime power. It is not because of the active exertions which have been made during the past few years in her building yards, to provide her with one of the most efficient fleets in the world—not because of the number, the vast size, and the excellent construction of her war-steamers—that France is to be feared as an opponent on the seas; but because Great Britain has allowed her, at the cost of her own shipowners, to train up a sufficient number of hardy sailors to man those ships and those steamers of war. The able article in your July Number, on the deficiency of our present military and naval resources to resist an invasion of our soil by the very ambitious man who at present sways an absolute sceptre in France, must have convinced thousands of reflecting people of the danger which impends over this country; and the subsequent career of Louis Napoleon has brought home to the hearts of thousands more a sense of that danger, against which the lamented Duke of Wellington, the gallant Hardinge, and other high authorities, have long warned us in vain. It was not for nothing that the President of France—who will, in all probability, be Emperor before these pages see the light—recently tried the experiment how many men could be carried in his new war-steamer “Napoleon.” It was not to affright Belgium, or Russia, or any Continental power, that it was boastfully announced that she was capable of transporting, at one time, five thousand men! The menace was directed against Great Britain herself—against that country which he has declared that he is “fated” to subdue, and to avenge upon her the disasters which befell France and her first Emperor upon the plains of Waterloo. Weak-minded men, who scoff at the idea of any danger to arise to England from

an attempt on the part of Louis Napoleon to carry out his designs against us, and point to the failure of past attempts to invade our shores, and to our unvarying successes by sea during the war, omit to consider that France has now, and through the folly of our commercial legislation is rapidly increasing, a vast *mercantile marine*, composed of men inured to every climate, and familiar with the management of every description of craft. There is another important change now in the relative position of the two countries. Putting out of sight all consideration of the landing of a powerful army, and its probable triumphant march upon London, what is there to prevent French cruisers, and especially armed steamers, from committing the most fearful devastation upon our undefended outposts? She has merchant captains in abundance, as familiar with the approaches to those ports as the seamen, or even the pilots, who belong to them. Take the case of Liverpool itself. The vast mass of shipping in its docks, and the millions' worth of merchandise in its warehouses, are defended only by a small fort, near the Rock Lighthouse, at the mouth of the river—our best defence against an invader having always been held to consist in the intricacy and danger of the channels and banks outside, which rendered the port inaccessible without the aid of a trained pilot. Yet, I venture to say, there are plenty of French captains *now to be found* as capable of directing into it a ship, or a war-steamer, of moderate draught of water, as some of the most skilled of our professional pilots. Who can contemplate without a shudder the fearful consequences—the loss of life and of property—which might be caused in a couple of hours by a single hostile vessel thus gaining admission into our river?

Such consequences, however, we are to risk in our selfish pursuit of cheapness. France—our hereditary foe—whose policy virtually excludes every cargo-laden British vessel from entering her ports, is permitted to come into our own, and to take return-cargo either home or to any part of our vast colonial possessions, upon as favourable a footing as

British ships—indeed, more favourable, because she can load for her own colonies, whilst we cannot; and whilst this injustice is being practised upon the British shipowner, she may be spying our naked and defenceless state, and marking down the localities in which we are most susceptible of being injured with impunity.

Another great power in Europe—RUSSIA—towards whose friendship we made great advances in our liberal tariff, has also increased her tariff—to a very small extent, it is true, but sufficiently to show her disposition to take as much, and give as little in return, as possible. Russia in 1846, June 11th, after we had done all that was possible for her interests, and all that was possible to damage those of our own colonists, amended her tariff in a few articles. She had previously exacted from us upon cloth cassimeres, black and coloured, 13s. per lb. She now exacts

£1, 10s. 3d. The change was obviously made because our fine goods were coming into competition with her own manufactures. A mere glance at her tariff of 1841 will prove this, and show that the tariff of Russia was, and is still, a highly restrictive one. The duty upon “manufactured cottons, velveteens, and linen and cotton, not transparent”—heavy goods—is 8s. 1d. per lb. The duty upon cotton handkerchiefs is 6s. 10½d. per lb. Upon silk and cotton stuffs the duty is 6s. 5½d. per lb. Upon earthenware, “without gold,” the duty is £2, 8s. per cwt.; and upon “painted and coloured,” £6, 4s. 5d. These duties may be regarded as prohibitory. They exclude, at all events, those goods which come into competition with the manufactures of the country. Porcelain, by the Russian tariff, is prohibited; iron, by sea, is prohibited. The duties are, upon

FLAX—Yarns, bleached and unbleached, per cwt.,	£2	9	9
Cambrics and Leno, per lb.,	1	0	8
GLASS—Window, &c., per cwt.,	9	6	8

Woollens are protected by duties almost prohibitory, and levied by weight, so as to give advantages to the native manufactures of the country. The modification of the duty upon fine woollens, contained in the tariff of June 1846, is a proof of this fact. Yet Russia is one of the countries from which we are now deriving our supplies of grain. By our Corn Repeal Act we have done more to secure to Russia her southern provinces than any power of her own could have done. We are converting Russian Poland into a garden; and the Black Sea will shortly furnish for her a fleet of merchant shipping, the crews of which may be available at any time for the furtherance of her known designs against British influence in the Mediterranean. Our

rash and unconditional repeal of the Navigation Laws has given her all the further advantages which she could have asked for; and the concession made by her in return is—nothing. Her previous tariff was sufficiently restrictive. This *modification* is the measure of her gratitude. Since the bill of 1849, repealing the Navigation Laws, she has never shown a disposition to reciprocate with us. On the contrary, by an alteration in her tariff on the 17th of May 1852, the duty on SALT imported into ports in the Government of Archangel, which was previously admitted *free*, was fixed at 41s. 6d. per ton.

HOLLAND, on the 1st of August 1845, made the following alterations in her tariff, as a return for the liberalised tariff of Sir Robert Peel:—

	Old duty.	New duty.
COTTON—Wool, per cwt.,	8d.	5d.
<i>In national vessels,</i>	8d.	free.
IRON—Pig and bar,	¼ per cent.	1 per cent.
SUGAR—Raw, per cwt.,	8d.	10d.
<i>In national vessels,</i>	1d.	2d.

SWEDEN, on the 1st January 1846, imposed duties upon several articles

which she had previously passed over unnoticed. Iron rails, for ex-

ample, she thought fit to tax 16s. 8d. sufficiently restrictive, as will be seen per ton. Her previous tariff was from the statement below:—

SILKS	—	Fancy velvets, &c.—protected by duties ranging from 2s. 6d. to 33s. 6d. per lb.
"		Plain—prohibited.
"		Mixed with cotton, wool, or linen—20 to 140 per cent.
COTTONS	—	All plain—prohibited.
"		Fancy sorts—by weight, and mostly at prohibitory rates.

"Other sorts" are admitted at various rates of duty, if containing from 76 to 80 threads per inch of warp, showing that the object of her tariff was to discourage all save fine goods, which could not interfere with her own manufactures:—

WOOLLENS	—	Baize—prohibited.
"		Frieze or duffel—1s. 1d. per lb.
"		Blankets—10d. per lb.
"		Flannel, wool, or mixed—prohibited.
"		Other sorts, (heavy)—10d. per lb.
COTTON	—	Yarn, No. 25*—40 to 50 per cent.
"		" No. 26 and upwards—20 to 40 per cent.
"		Turkey red—50 to 100 per cent.
"		All others—45 to 200 per cent.
WOOLLEN	—	Yarn combed, not dyed or twined—20 to 250 per cent.
"		" Dyed, twined, or doubled—40 to 140 per cent.
"		" Carded, not dyed or doubled, for weavers' use—prohibited.

There is certainly little reciprocity in the tariff of Sweden. Nor is that of NORWAY at all more liberal. Her old tariff was sufficiently stringent; yet we find it altered on the 1st of January 1846—singular that both

Sweden and Norway hit upon the same date!—apparently in favour of us with respect to some articles, yet in reality still adhering to virtual prohibition. Thus, we have, under her new tariff:—

	Old duty.	New duty.
COTTON MANUFACTURES, per lb.,	1s. 5½d.	1s. 2½d.

The duty (1s. 2½d.) is nearly the value of our heavy cotton fabrics.

	Old duty.	New duty.
COTTON and LINEN—mixed, per lb.,	1s. 4d.	1s. 2½d.
WOOLLEN—Carpets, pilot cloth, and felt, per lb.,	0s. 11d.	0s. 7d.
SILK—mixed with woollen or linen,	3s. 0d.	3s. 8½d.
WOOLLEN—OF mixed with cotton or linen,	0s. 11d.	1s. 2½d.

DENMARK also fixed upon the 1st of January 1846 to "modify" her tariff, previously restrictive; but, whilst taxing some articles not included in former efforts of protection, she vouchsafed a slight reduction in others. Yet we have thrown open our market to the timber of the north of Europe, to the disadvantage of our North American colonies, whose population consume of our manufactures next in amount per head to the consumption of Great Britain itself.

The UNITED STATES of America is probably the nearest to a recipro-

cating country which can be named; yet her tariff, passed in 1846, contains restrictions amply sufficient for the protection of American industry in its present state of development. The previous tariff, of 1842, was to a great extent based upon specific duties, fixed high enough to exclude all those coarse and rude articles which her own people can produce. That of 1846 was an improvement upon this, inasmuch as it was based altogether upon the principle of *ad valorem* duties; yet, although it has been called "liberal," and is too much

* An official value is taken to determine the duty on these.

so for some interests, the average protection which it affords cannot be set down at less than 25 per cent. Thus cotton manufactures (staple descriptions) pay 25 per cent; manufactures of hemp are 20 per cent; manufactures of linen, 30 per cent, if embroidered, and 20 per cent if plain; woollen and worsted stuff goods, from 25 to 30 per cent. The important article of iron is taxed 30 per cent; woollen goods pay 30 per cent; and coke, coal, and earthenware—the two latter affording valuable cargo for ships laden in Great Britain for American ports—are also taxed 30 per cent. These figures, however, do not convey at all times a correct idea of the amount of duties charged, for section 8 of the Act contains a provision by which an appraiser is authorised, when in his opinion the original invoice does not give the full value of the goods in the market whence imported, to add to it the estimated deficiency, and also “all posts and charges which, under existing laws, would form part of the true value at the port *where the same may be entered*, upon which the duties should be assessed.” By this appraisement process, I believe I am not far wrong in stating that an extra $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent is very frequently added to the duty. That the American tariff, thus levied, is amply protective of the leading branches of the industry of its people, and especially of their cotton manufactures, is a well-ascertained fact. Thus, in the year 1850-1, America retained for consumption of her own cotton crop 404,000 bales; and we were told boastfully, by an eminent statistician, Mr Edward Cardwell, that she was abandoning her cotton manufactures, and that this year the consumption would exhibit a serious decline. By the official statement, however, received a fortnight ago, showing how the crop of 1851-2 was disposed of, we learn that the quantity consumed in America was 613,000 bales, which proves the fact that the manufacture had increased *fifty per cent!* Since the passing of the tariff of 1846, we have opened our markets to the “breadstuffs” of America; and, by a statistical table just received from that country, we find the following to have been her exports to Great

Britain from the 1st of September 1851 to the 1st September 1852, compared with the same period of the previous year:—

	1851-52.	1850-51.
Flour (barrels)	1,359,882	1,379,643
Corn meal (barrels)	1,750	5,553
Wheat (bushels)	1,520,307	1,286,630
Corn (bushels)	1,547,383	2,197,253

In money value this export represents £2,941,000, which we have this year paid to the American farmer for the materials of our cheap loaf. By the by, the same document from which these figures are taken contains the following remarks, which are not very consoling to the British agriculturist:—

“With respect to the supply of breadstuffs for the coming year, it is likely to be most ample; for it is understood that the yield throughout the country has been more generally abundant than in any previous year, at least for a long period. Even in the Southern States, where the grain crops have been almost a total failure for two years in succession, the harvest is ample, and large sections of country which have depended on the West for supplies are likely to have a surplus to send to market. The crops of Europe, also, are generally represented as giving favourable promise, and the probabilities would seem to indicate a lower range of prices than the American farmer has realised for some years past.”

Has America, since this great boon was conferred upon her, shown any disposition to adopt a more truly liberal policy towards us? She has not. The only show made of any movement at all by her was the proposition last year to lay an additional 20 per cent upon the import of British iron, for the protection of her own domestic production of that metal. In our commercial legislation of the past ten years, we made frequent relaxations of our Navigation Laws in favour of the shipping of the United States. Thus, we gave to her the lumber trade with our colonies. In 1849, we repealed our Navigation Laws entirely; and few countries have profited more from that measure than the United States. Yet what has she done for us, in return, more than by previous treaties she was bound to do? Literally nothing. We still find her protecting

to the utmost of her *legal power* the long-voyage trade of her own shipping. In section 1 of the tariff of 1846, we find mentioned, amongst the articles which may be imported into the United States free of duty, the following: "Coffee and tea, when imported direct from the place of their growth or production in *American vessels*, or in foreign vessels entitled, by reciprocal treaties, to be exempt from discriminating duties, tonnage, and other charges; coffee, the growth or production of the possessions of the Netherlands, imported from the Netherlands in the same manner." Of course, Great Britain is amongst those countries which have "reciprocal" treaties, as they are called, with America; and her shipping is entitled to share this long-voyage trade with American shipping. But beyond the privilege of conveying these articles to her ports "*direct from the countries of growth*," the "reciprocity" of that country does not extend. After enacting, in section 2 of the Act, that these, and the other articles mentioned in schedule 1, shall be free of duty, it is provided, by section 3, that from and after the 1st day of December next (1846,) there shall be levied, collected, and paid on all goods, wares, and merchandise imported from foreign countries, and not specially provided for in this Act, a duty of 20 *per cent ad valorem*. What is the operation of this proviso in the Act? Simply this—it prohibits the shipment to the United States, whether in British or American ships, of a cargo of coffee or tea from the warehouses of this country. Yet, if an American merchant, having landed a cargo of either tea or coffee in any of his own country's ports, finds that Great Britain affords a better market for it, he can re-ship it, and bring it here, upon the same terms as if imported direct from the country of its growth. So far as America is concerned, therefore, the idea, so glibly propounded by the Free-Tradera, of this country becoming the storehouse or depot of the world, is sheer absurdity.

I need not here dwell upon the conduct of the American Government in shutting us out from all participation in the carrying trade between

her Atlantic ports and California, under the shallow pretence that it is a coasting voyage. So far as regards steam navigation, British enterprise has discovered a mode by which the grasping propensities of the model Republic can be checked, and a portion of this valuable trade secured to this country. The Isthmus between North and South America is, happily for the commerce of England and of the world, not the territory of the United States; and we shall shortly, thanks to the enterprise of Mr M'Iver of this town, and of the Cunard Company, have a direct line of splendid steam-ships from Liverpool to Chagres, on the Atlantic side of the continent, connected with other steam-ships on the Pacific side, running from Panama to San Francisco—an uninterrupted and independent connection with those golden regions. Still it is all-important that our sailing vessels should participate in a trade, the lucrative nature of which is enabling the American shipowner to underbid us for freights in the Eastern markets. That we should be justified in endeavouring to secure this by treating the voyage from this country to our East India possessions as a coasting voyage, which it is in all but the mere technicality existing in favour of the pretensions of America, there can be little doubt. Such a proceeding, however, would be of too bold a character for the present temper of the public to approve. There is a shorter mode by which I think the object desired could be arrived at. By throwing open our coasting trade to American shipping, she is bound by treaty to throw open her own to us. No serious objection could be urged against such a course, although there might be serious disadvantage, and even danger, in conferring the same privilege upon the shipping of Europe. I venture to suggest that this course be adopted. It is at once unobjectionable and practical.

The tariff of SPAIN has always been severely restrictive, especially on those articles with which great Britain would gladly supply her. Thus in her tariff of 1841, we find the following articles either prohibited, or loaded with duties which are virtually prohibitory:—

Cotton manufactures of all kinds, wrought iron, cutlery, lead			
in bars, salt, glass, wool, woollen manufactures, &c.,			prohibited.
Linen manufactures, if under 11 threads the square inch, 25 per cent.			
"	from 11	" to 26	20 "
"	from 26	" to 30, and above	15 "
Wooden manufactures, according to quality, from . 20 to 30 per cent.			
Silk,	"	"	15 to 25 "
Metal manufactures, (hardware, &c.)	"	"	15 to 25 "
Threads, according to kinds and fineness,	"	"	10 to 15 "

In addition, she levies under this tariff one-third extra duty upon articles imported in foreign vessels, and a further third if such articles are for consumption in the country, whether in Spanish or foreign vessels. It is obvious from the latter fact, that of the few goods which our statistical returns inform us are exported to Spain, the bulk are in reality only sent there to be re-exported to her colonies. The pretext for these restrictions is, that protection must be afforded to her own very limited manufacturing interest. Yet this policy, whilst it cripples her revenue, and has rendered her the scoff of Europe for her bad faith and dishonesty towards her foreign creditors, does not confer one jot of benefit upon that interest. Large supplies of British goods are smuggled into the interior from Gibraltar, her manufacturers being in many cases the smugglers, whilst this illicit trade has been winked at by successive governments and local officials, it is shrewdly suspected for a consideration.

In 1845, Spain commenced a new career of restriction, and her alterations of her tariff were characterised by the same policy of differential duties in favour of her own shipping. It is a singular fact, that a great number

of the articles in her new tariff were not mentioned at all in her previous ones, although consisting of articles of general commerce;—a proof that Spain is behind-hand in her arrangements with foreign countries. Upon the few articles in former tariffs, there appears in most cases a reduction of the duty. But in all those introduced by the tariffs of 1845 to 1847, there is a discriminating duty against British shipping of from 25 to 33 per cent. Nor does the restrictive policy of Spain end in the mother country. It pervades her whole colonial empire, still considerable, though fallen from its former greatness. Our commerce direct to her Eastern possessions in the Philippine Islands, and her Western colony of Cuba, is burthened with differential duties, which virtually prohibit its being carried on in British bottoms. Thus, for Manilla, the principal port in the Philippine Islands, a Spanish vessel loading in any of our ports can readily command a freight of from £3 to £4 per ton, whilst a British vessel is scarcely able to command 20s. per ton. The same remark applies to Havanna, the leading port of Cuba; and there we find the additional obstacle of heavy tonnage and wharf dues. Thus we find at Havanna:—

		Dol.	Cents.	
Tonnage dues on Spanish vessels,	.	0	62½	per ton.
Do. " foreign "	.	8	50	"
Wharf dues, Spanish "	per day,	0	62½	per 100 tons.
Do. " foreign "	"	1	50	" "

The disadvantage here to British shipping is obvious. Yet to advance the interests of these colonies—of Cuba especially—we have destroyed our once flourishing West India possessions; and since doing this, regardless of the ingratitude of Spain, we have conferred upon her shipping the privilege of trading to and from the whole of our colonies, and to and

from every port of the world, upon the same footing as British vessels.

I have now sketched, in substance, the commercial relations at present existing between Great Britain and those foreign countries who have been most largely benefited by our Free-Trade policy, and the repeal of our Navigation Laws. A few trivial points I may have omitted to notice.

For example, I find that I have overlooked the circumstance that the late treaty with Belgium has given us some facilities not previously possessed by us, for carrying our transit trade through the ports of that country. Substantially, however, our position is as I have stated it; and I appeal to every impartial and candid reader whether this is as it ought to be; whether it is as the advocates of Free Trade assured us it would be. Not one of the leading countries of Europe has given us even an approach to an equivalent for throwing open our markets to their grain and flour, and the productions of their industry and skill. Not one country has fairly reciprocated the sacrifices made by us in the repeal of our Navigation Laws. On the contrary, some of the

Cotton Yarn, 1842.....21,417,429 lb.
Plain Calicoes, 1846..... 914,306 yds.
Printed ditto, „ 207,739 yds.

This is surely a barren return for our extreme liberality!

Spain has, indeed, recently made a revision in her tariff, reducing some duties, but purely for her own convenience. *Codfish*.—We are told, in a letter addressed by the Spanish Minister of Finance to the Queen, that an increased duty was placed upon this article in 1849; but the consumption having declined, and no increase of revenue having accrued, the duty has been again reduced. *Hides* are also reduced, the high duty having decreased consumption without benefiting any party. *Slaves* are reduced, for the use of the wine-growers. *Paper* is reduced, because it depressed the printing interest; *Thread* and *Woollen Stockings*, because it is found that the trade in this article is exclusively in the hands of smugglers; *Earthenware* and *Porcelain*, and woollen textures, because the previous duties were almost prohibitory. To promote the convenience of merchants, the tariff duty, and the 6 per cent import duty, are now levied together, instead of separately as before. By a royal decree, dated 10th September 1852, further

most important amongst them, and the most largely benefited, have added to the restrictive character of their previous tariffs. We are told, indeed, of the large increase which has taken place in our export trade since we liberalised our own commercial policy, and especially since the repeal of the Corn Laws. But this increase has been almost exclusively confined to our own colonies — especially the Eastern portion of them—and to China. The corn-growing countries of Europe have actually decreased their purchases from us since we opened our markets to their produce. Take for example Russia, of whose tallow, grain, and timber we are now the principal consumers; that country imported cotton goods from Great Britain as follows, in the years specified:—

Cotton Yarn, 1850*.....4,211,063 lb.
Plain Calicoes, „1,390,871 yds.
Printed ditto, „ 246,355 yds.

changes are made; but they do not affect the trade of Great Britain.

PORTUGAL also, in 1844, began to increase the stringency of her tariff. The only article, however, in which this country is materially concerned was iron, upon which the duty was increased from 4½d. to 3s. 2d. per cwt. That country, however, has lately found itself compelled to mitigate its tariff by reducing the duties upon whalebone, spermaceti, isinglass, glue, remains of animals, paper-hangings, and printing paper, various chemical preparations, steel, tin, iron, Britannia metal, titania, bismuth, iron and zinc, printing types, brimstone, coals, fire-bricks, glass, and harps and pianofortes. The effect of this modified tariff, our consul at Lisbon considers, will be to open the Portuguese market to many articles which the former excessive duties virtually prohibited, (especially to silk manufactures,) but which would, nevertheless, have been introduced to a considerable extent by smuggling. Another important reduction is that of the duty on glass for mirrors. By the new decree the duty upon large-sized mirrors will be little more than one-fifth of that levied

* I have not a later return than that of 1850 at hand; but I do not regret it, for 1851 was an exceptional year, during which we deluged foreign markets with goods which were not required by any legitimate demand.

under the former tariff. The silk-manufacturer and the iron-manufacturer of this country will be considerably benefited by this reduction.

As a contrast to the conduct of these old countries, we turn to that of the Peruvian Government. By a new tariff, which came into operation on the 20th of June 1852 for nations of the Pacific, and on the 20th of last month for other nations, the duty upon nearly every article in her tariff was reduced. Forty-two items, important to the commerce of this country, instead of paying 25 per cent, now pay 3 per cent; and, with the exception of silk goods, fine linens, fine glass, and earthenware, upon which there is a small increase, the remaining articles are taxed about 30 per cent less than formerly.

I alluded in a previous page to those Mediterranean states which have been the only ones to repay our liberality by reductions of their respective tariffs. Amongst these, *Naples and Sicily* have increased their imports of the staple articles of cotton yarns, plain cottons, and printed and dyed cottons. *Sardinia, Tuscany, &c.*, have also increased in the aggregate of years since 1842. In our lighter fabrics, however, which are more suited to their climate and tastes, the increase to all these countries has been signal. What the advantages would have been of reciprocal dealings, on the part of the great states of Europe, towards the industry of Great Britain, I leave to our Free-Trade manufacturers to determine; and, in my humble opinion, we *should* have had something at least approaching to reciprocal dealing, had not these gentlemen openly proclaimed their hopes of the success of their policy to rest rather upon reduction of taxation—to be arrived at by stripping the crown of England of its splendour, and the country itself of its defences—than by insisting upon justice being done to us by those nations whom we were aggrandising by our ill-judged legislation.

The question, however, which is mainly important—and I repeat that this is the time to discuss it—is, what is to be the future commercial policy of the country? How is British Industry to be placed once more in a

condition of general prosperity? I say *general*, because I do not seek that spurious prosperity, which is to be found only amongst the population of a few of our manufacturing towns, who may be to-day revelling in the enjoyment of unaccustomed comforts and luxuries, and to-morrow steeped in poverty, or rushing madly into any seditious course to which their demagogue leaders may choose to point. I contemplate rather that widely diffused and reliable prosperity, in which consist the real strength and the happiness of a nation. Were the temper of the times different—had the cloud passed away from before the eyes of our population—I should have no difficulty in advocating the return, *at once*, to a modified system of Protection, to the extent at all events of placing such duties upon imports as would, without greatly raising prices, enable us to get rid of some of those internal and other imposts, which press most severely upon the producing classes. I am afraid, however, that we cannot, as yet, pursue this common-sense course. Nor do I see my way, at present, very clearly to the adoption of any retaliatory steps which may have the effect of enlarging the foreign trade of the kingdom. With respect to our cotton and our woollen manufactures, we are already embarrassed by fear of a deficient supply of the raw materials; and any great increase in the export trade, especially of cotton goods, would probably have the effect of raising prices seriously against the manufacturer, and the home consumer. We had last year a crop of American cotton, amounting to 3,015,029 bales—the largest on record—the whole of which has been worked up, leaving in the United States a stock of only 91,176 bales. Of this crop, by the by, Great Britain has not consumed one-half, the consumption of America herself having risen this year to 603,029 bales, against 404,000 bales last year; and the countries of Europe having taken 915,897 bales—showing how her mad Free-Trade policy has raised up against her rivals in that very branch of trade, upon her fancied superiority in which she most prides herself. On this subject I may be excused for quoting some very sen-

sible remarks, which appeared in a well-informed journal, the *Manchester Courier* of the 9th instant :—

"Should the consumption of cotton both at home and abroad increase in the same ratio in 1853 as it has in 1852, we should be warranted in assuming that we should require a crop of not less than 3,500,000 bales; and from present appearances at home, (according to Mr Horner's report,) and the progressive increase of consumption abroad, viewed in connection with information that the Continental stocks are now lighter than they were at the same period last year, it is not at all improbable that the demand for cotton will be even greater next year than it has been this. Whence is it to be derived? We cannot expect the United States to be able to produce such a quantity; they even now despair of being able to reproduce an amount equal to that just reported. The cotton plant occupies a large space, and the breadth of land under this crop is of immense extent, over which the slave population must be more widely spread at every increase of plantation. It is hardly possible to get more labour out of flesh and blood than is already obtained, and it is certain the slave power of production must have a limit. Has not the full extent of this power been arrived at? Has not their manual labour been tested to its full capacity? Many well-informed persons now dispute their having grown even 3,000,000 bales, but assert that the amount has been made up by the closest picking of the crop and reduction of the stock in ports. And we are told that this year the cotton districts are so completely cleared as was never before known. This would reduce the actual growth to little more than that of 1849, and greatly strengthens the argument touching their limited powers of production. Nor can they increase their staff of labourers at pleasure; they are prevented by the laws of humanity from importing slaves, and were they to introduce free blacks amongst them, they would lose the control they at present hold over the slaves. And we must bear in mind that the tide of emigration which is flowing so fast towards the shores of America is peopling the north or grain districts, and not the southern or slave states. Such emigrants, indeed, would become more injurious to the planters than an admixture of free blacks; in fact, it is an impossibility for the cotton districts to employ free labour of any description while they continue the employment of slaves upon the present system. It would revolutionise the

whole States were it tried to any extent, so that we cannot see any chance of a sufficiency of cotton from the United States, should the increased consumption continue to advance at anything like the pace it has in 1852. From whence, then, are we to get our supply, without we find some other source than this?"

There is no other country to which we can look for any adequately increased supply for years to come; and the result, therefore, of any large extension of our export trade in cotton goods, equal to employ the large increase which has taken place in machinery, would be to enable the American cotton-grower to exact his own price for that raw material. We are in a similar position with respect to the material for our fine woollens, but from a different cause—viz. the high price and scarcity of labour in Australia, from which, and from Spain, our best wools are imported. As to any extension of our import trade, to render this practicable, we must first increase the consuming power of our own population. These classes, therefore, I fear the Government of Lord Derby will, until the difficult problem as to the supply of the raw material is solved, be compelled to leave in the enjoyment of that great prosperity of which they boast so loudly. The task of inducing foreign countries to reciprocate our concessions, might have been tolerably easy for a statesman ten years ago, before we had taught those countries the value of domestic manufactures, and furnished them with the capital required to carry them into operation. We must now wait until stern adversity has so far impressed its lessons upon the public mind, and upon our manufacturers themselves, as to enable us to speak in a voice which will insure us respect and compliance with our just demands.

The first step towards such a wished-for consummation as the restoration of British industry to its former state of prosperity, is, it appears to me, to insist upon reciprocity, on the part of foreign nations, towards British shipping. Happily we have a clause in the Navigation Repeal Act, passed by a Whig-Radical government, which authorises retaliation against those

countries which refuse to meet our advances in a liberal spirit; and we are not without a precedent for such a course, furnished us by a nation whose commercial policy has always been marked by as great astuteness as ours has been, of late at least, with folly. The shipping of America, when the Spanish tariff was passed, felt the injurious effect of the discriminating duties levied upon foreign vessels in the ports of that country and her colonies. The government of America, however, did not tamely submit to the impost thus exacted from its ship-owners, but passed a law enabling her customs authorities to exact similar discriminating duties upon goods brought to her ports in Spanish vessels. The Government of this country possess even a greater power of retaliation than this. We can exclude the shipping of Spain not only from the ports of Great Britain herself, but from those also of our vast colonial empire; and we may even, if she be refractory, refuse to take her colonial products at all, and thus perform an act of justice towards our own West India colonies, and those other sugar-producing colonies which treat us in a more liberal spirit. The policy to be pursued, to procure for us a share of the trade to and from the Atlantic States of America, and her territory on the Pacific, I have already pointed out. In reason it cannot be objected to; and, should it be so, the retaliatory clause in the Navigation Laws Repeal Bill will equally apply. France, Belgium, and Prussia stand in the same position of antagonism to British commerce and navigation as that occupied by Spain; and a firm demand upon them for reciprocity in the latter, would perhaps read a lesson to the commercial powers of Europe, which might incline them to endeavour to avert, by timely concessions, further proceedings of a retaliatory kind. With respect to the first, we might even be disposed, so completely hostile is her commercial tariff, to remodel our own, so far as regards the admission of her silks, shoes, gloves, bijouterie, &c., at nominal duties, to the ruin of British industry engaged in these branches of manufacture. We cannot afford to build up a powerful manufacturing interest

in a country whose resources may, at any moment, be directed to our annoyance and injury. Belgium might probably see it to be her interest to form more intimate and equitable relations with Great Britain at this moment; and Prussia, at present, feels the Germanic League in danger of slipping from her grasp. Such a policy, however, requires eminently the presence, at the helm of power, of statesmen of high character, possessed of firm courage, and not disposed to carry out their views in an offensive spirit. We have happily such statesmen, at present, in the Earl of Derby and his colleagues; and if the country would open its eyes to a knowledge of its true and most anomalous position, as regards its commercial relations with other countries—if the manufacturing classes would cast from them the delusions imbibed during a long career of unreflecting agitations, and ask themselves the question, *Are these barriers, imposed in the way of their progress, the fulfilment of the sounding promises and prophecies of the League and its emissaries?*—the force of public opinion would support those statesmen in so patriotic and wise a course of legislation. We are told, indeed, that we cannot go backward in our commercial policy. The answer is, that, had we gone forward, with prudence and justice for our guides, we need not have had to retrace our steps. To go forward, however, from our present position, is to walk over a precipice, and to plunge the nation into an abyss of ruin.

I now approach another branch of the subject which I have proposed for myself. We have heard of late many congratulatory remarks from the Free-Trade party, upon the sudden access of prosperity to the shipping interest, arising from the newly sprung up emigration to our Australian colonies. They have been reminded that their ships were never in better demand at better rates; that there were never fewer on sale; that ship-building is brisk, and that freights in nearly all the leading foreign ports have considerably advanced. I admit the facts as stated; but very greatly fear that all this present prosperity is but temporary, and that a day of severe tribulation, for those who have been

misled by it, is at hand. We have sent out to Australia, during the past twelve months, some of the finest and largest vessels to be found in our merchant service, withdrawing them from their ordinary voyages to partake of the rich passenger freights which are being earned upon the Australian voyage. Hence, in part, the increased rates of freight, especially in the markets of the East. We have also repaired for that trade a considerable number of our large timber ships, which had previously hung upon the market for sale; and are now adding to the number of our clipper ships, which are destined for the same trade. A large source of employment has thus been afforded to our ship-wrights, sail-makers, riggers, &c.; and our building-yards and graving-docks exhibit a state of great activity. Now, it is an easy matter to send vessels to Australia, but it may not be so easy to get them back again. I have it from the captain of one of the few vessels which have succeeded in getting home on favourable terms, Captain Geeves, of the ship "Albatross," belonging to Messrs Gibbs, Bright, and Company, of Liverpool, the spirited owners of the steamship Great Britain, that when he left the colony, about five months ago, there were lying in the harbours of Port-Philip, Melbourne, and Adelaide, 150 sail of vessels, most of them large British ships, deserted by their crews, and with little prospect of getting away. For the unprecedented feat of bringing his own ship home with her original crew, Captain Geeves himself was presented by his owners with a hundred guineas, and the officers and crew were rewarded with presents of from £20 down to £5. During the past nine months, ending September 30, upwards of 15,000 adult persons have left Liverpool for various ports in Australia; which would probably require about fifty ships of 600 or 800 tons each for their conveyance. London and other ports have furnished their contingents to this great "exodus" of our people; and, by this time, no doubt, 120 to 150 additional large ships from Great Britain, and other countries, have either arrived out, or are on the voyage. The prospects of their speedy return

may be judged of from the fact above stated, and the additional one that recent advices from the colony, received per the "Hoogly" to London, state that seamen were asking £50 per man for the run to Great Britain, and that few could be induced, by any offers, to engage for a guano (Peruvian) or an Eastern port.

Supposing, however, the difficulty of manning these vessels, or any considerable portion of them, got rid of by the payment of extravagantly high rates of wages. A few might probably secure cargoes of copper ore, wool, hides, and tallow, &c., from the colony itself, at low rates of freight, from the competition which would be created. The remainder would have to "go seeking" to guano ports, or to those of China, India, &c. The bulk would most certainly find themselves *de trop* in the search; and their eager bidding for cargo would, whilst ruinously advancing prices of produce against the British importing merchant, as ruinously beat down the freights of the regular traders to those ports. But is this boasted source of the present prosperity of our shipowners—a portion of them only, by the by—secured to them in permanence? By no means. We have already American vessels entering into the trade, from British ports. We have had two American vessels chartered in the port of Liverpool, by the Government Emigration Commissioners, one of which, a splendid frigate-built packet ship, the "Shackamaxon," sailed on the first of this month with 700 adult passengers. The American ships, it is well known, are built expressly for the emigration trade. They nearly engross that trade to American ports; and when the attention of the enterprising shipowners of that country is drawn, as it will be, to the lucrative character of the Australian voyage—lucrative *to them*, for they can run to California for cargo and passengers round Cape Horn for an Atlantic port, whilst we are not allowed to do so—there can be little doubt that their shipping in British ports will reap a fair, if not even a great share in this new source of employment for them.

In proof of the fact that not only America, but other countries, will

benefit by the Australian trade, whilst injuriously competing with our own, I append the following list of Dutch vessels which arrived in this port in the month of August, bringing car-

goes of refined sugar to compete with our own production. It must be borne in mind that Holland allows a bounty of 2s. 6d. per cwt. on the exportation of this article.

IMPORT OF REFINED SUGAR FOR AUGUST 1852.

			Leaves.	Takes.
Tuesday 3d.				
JOHANNA CATHARINA, from Amsterdam,	order,		35,250	
Wednesday 4th.				
AMBARAWA, ditto,	J. B. B. & Sons,		44,066	
Thursday 26th.				
PRINCE HENDRICK, ditto,	ditto,		30,526	
	order,		1800	
Monday 3d.				
MERCURIUS, ditto,	ditto,		6480	3,270
Wednesday 18th.				
ALBATROSS, from Rotterdam,	W. & D. Henderson,		388	
Saturday 28th.				
WM. DE CLERCO, from Amsterdam,	order,		1720	12,760
Ditto, ditto,	J. B. Branker & Sons,		11,630	7,061
	Just arrived, per Oost Indian,		21,766	7,266
			153,666	30,357

Making about 1465 tons of refined sugar.

Of these ships, one, the *Mercurius*, a large vessel of about 700 tons register, took out from Liverpool a cargo and passengers for Australia. Yet Holland will not allow us to trade on reciprocal terms with her own colonies.

Sir, it is melancholy to reflect, after all, that any great interest in this country should owe even a temporary gleam of prosperity to the very policy which, combined with fortuitous circumstances, is draining from us the young blood and sinew, the energetic and the enterprising, of our population. High hopes and buoyant spirits are in the hearts of those who, jostled aside in the densely-filled avenues of life at home, overridden by the power of accumulated capital, and tempted by the *auri sacra fumes* to embrace a career of hardship, which may result in reckless dissipation and violent death, are seeking the shores of the new *El Dorado*; but there are voids being left round many a hearth—grieving parents, brothers and sisters, who will long miss “the old familiar faces,” and miss them the more when they reflect that, though it seemed only choice and the exuberance of youthful feeling, it has been in reality stern necessity, because there was no place

for them here, which has driven them forth. And how many hundreds of these, the first flush of excitement and novelty having passed away, amidst the discomforts of an emigrant ship may even now be sighing forth, in the dreary watch on deck, or from their sleepless pillows—

“Who will fill our vacant places?
Who will sing our songs to-night?”

From the port of Liverpool alone, the stream of emigration has carried away in the first nine months of this year 179,736 *adults*, equal to about 200,000 souls; the emigration of the same period in last year having been 156,174 *adults*, showing an increase in the present year of 23,562 *adults*. Of the gross number, 15,000, I have said, have gone to Australia. Add to this the numbers who have embarked from London, Glasgow, and other ports, and from Ireland, and the total emigration of the present year will, I am satisfied, be little, if at all, short of half a million souls. If but one half of these are composed of young married persons, or single persons likely to marry, and the number of their probable offspring in ten years hence be estimated at two only for each such married couple, we shall have suffered, at the end of that

period, a loss of population which cannot be taken at much less than *from three to four millions!* And here, Sir, the hand of retributory justice is already felt to be raised for the purpose of punishing the blinded and selfish authors of the policy which has brought about much of this sad calamity to our country, and its industrious classes. The men of Manchester and Leeds, of Birmingham and of Sheffield, would have cheap labour. By their Free-Trade policy they hoped to drive the peasantry of our agricultural districts into the manufacturing towns, to recruit the ranks of their stunted operative population, which dissipation and over-toil in the fetid atmosphere of the factory, the loom-shop, and the unhealthy and overcrowded cottage, are yearly decimating. An overruling Providence has marred these wicked projects, by opening out, to the dispossessed industry of our fellow-countrymen, new lands, and wider spheres of exertion. Already the cry is being raised throughout our manufacturing districts for *more labour*. During the past two years these men have been adding mill to mill, and loom to loom. In one district—that surrounding Manchester—Mr Leonard Horner, the Government Inspector of Factories, has informed us, in his lately published report, that within the last twelve months, there have been completed or put in progress

new factories, or enlargement of old ones, with additional working-power equal to 3700 horses. But, when too late, it has been discovered that *hands are not to be got*. The additional supply, which was to have worked this vast increase of mechanical and steam power, have either gone away to till the soils, or to add to the manufacturing capabilities of rival countries, or have sunk despairing into untimely graves. This is felt as a subject of serious misgiving amongst the Manchester philosophers, and the unprincipled Leaguers throughout the manufacturing districts; and, if I mistake not the signs of the times, we are destined to witness, at no distant day, the bursting of one of the most transparent bubbles which ever deceived the senses of an intelligent nation; and the crumbling to the ground, beneath its own weight, of that giant fabric of fraud and cruelty, designed for the aggrandisement of its selfish architects, but which will assuredly bury themselves beneath its ruins. For these men I should feel no pity. I should rather be tempted to say, in the words of our great dramatist—

"'Tis sport to see the engineer
Hoist with his own petard."

But I grieve to think of the amount of individual suffering, and even of national calamity, which might result from such a catastrophe.

MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.

BY PISISTRATUS CAXTON.

BOOK XII. CONTINUED—CHAPTER XIX.

THE scene is at Lansmere Park—a spacious pile, commenced in the reign of Charles II.; enlarged and altered in the reign of Anne. Brilliant interval in the History of our National Manners, when even the courtier dreaded to be dull, and Sir Fopling raised himself on tiptoe to catch the ear of a wit—when the names of Devonshire and Dorset, Halifax and Carteret, Oxford and Bolingbroke, unite themselves, brother-like, with those of Hobbes and of Dryden, of Prior and Bentley, of Arbuthnot, Gay, Pope, and Swift; and still, wherever we turn, to recognise some ideal of great Lord or fine Gentleman—the Immortals of Literature stand by his side.

The walls of the rooms at Lansmere were covered with the portraits of those who illustrate that time which Europe calls the Age of Louis XIV. A L'Estrange, who had lived through the reigns of four English princes, (and with no mean importance through all,) had collected those likenesses of noble contemporaries. As you passed through the chambers—opening one on the other in that pomp of parade introduced with Charles II. from the palaces of France, and retaining its mode till Versailles and the Trianon passed, themselves, out of date—you felt you were in excellent company. What saloons of our day, demeaned to tailed coats and white waistcoats,

have that charm of high breeding which speaks out from the canvass of Kneller and Jervis, Vivien and Rigaud? And withal, notwithstanding lace and brocade—the fripperies of artificial costume—still those who give interest or charm to that day, look from their portraits like men—raking or *debonnair*, if you will—never mincing nor feminine. Can we say as much of the portraits of Lawrence? Gaze there on fair Marlborough—what delicate perfection of features, yet how easy in boldness, how serene in the conviction of power! So fair and so tranquil he might have looked through the cannon-reek at Ramilies and Blenheim, suggesting to Addison the image of an angel of war. Ah, there, Sir Charles Sedley, the Lovelace of wits! Note that strong jaw and marked brow;—do you not recognise the courtier who scorned to ask one favour of the king with whom he lived as an equal, and who stretched forth the right hand of man to hurl from a throne the king who had made his daughter—a Countess? *

Perhaps, from his childhood thus surrounded by the haunting faces—that spoke of their age as they looked from the walls—that age and those portraits were not without influence on the character of Harley L'Estrange. The whim and the daring—the passion for letters and reverence for genius—the mixture of levity and strength—

* Sedley was so tenacious of his independence that, when his affairs were most embarrassed, he refused all pecuniary aid from Charles II. His bitter sarcasm, in vindication of the part he took in the deposition of James II., who had corrupted his daughter, and made her Countess of Dorchester, is well known. "As the King has made my daughter a Countess, the least I can do, in common gratitude, is to assist in making his majesty's daughter—a Queen!"

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the polished sauntering indolence, or the elastic readiness of energies once called into action—all might have found their prototypes in the lives which those portraits rekindled. The deeper sentiment, the more earnest nature, which in Harley L'Estrange were commingled with the attributes common to a former age—these, indeed, were of his own. *Our* age so little comprehended, while it colours us from its atmosphere!—so full of mysterious and profound emotions, which our ancestors never knew!—will those emotions be understood by our descendants?

In this stately house were now assembled, as Harley's guests, many of the more important personages whom the slow length of this story has made familiar to the reader. The two candidates for the borough in the True Blue interest—Audley Egerton and Randal Leslie;—and Levy—chief among the barons to whom modern society grants a seignorie of pillage, which, had a baron of old ever ventured to arrogate, burgess and citizen, socman and bocman, villein and churl, would have burned him alive in his castle;—the Duke di Serrano, still fondly clinging to his title of Doctor and pet name of Riccabocca;—Jemima, not yet with the airs of a duchess, but robed in very thick silks, as the chrysalis state of a duchess;—Violante, too, was there, sadly against her will, and shrinking as much as possible into the retirement of her own chamber. The Countess of Lansmere had deserted her lord, in order to receive the guests of her son; my lord himself, ever bent on being of use in some part of his country, and striving hard to distract his interest from his plague of a borough, had gone down into Cornwall to inquire into the social condition of certain troglodytes who worked in some mines which the Earl had lately had the misfortune to wring from the Court of Chancery, after a lawsuit commenced by his grandfather; and a Blue Book, issued in the past session by order of Parliament, had especially quoted the troglodytes thus devolved on the Earl as bipeds who were in considerable ignorance of the sun, and had never been known to wash their feet since the day that they came into

the world—their world underground, chipped off from the Bottomless Pit!

With the Countess came Helen Digby, of course; and Lady Lansmere, who had hitherto been so civilly cold to the wife elect of her son, had, ever since her interview with Harley at Knightsbridge, clung to Helen with almost a caressing fondness. The stern Countess was tamed by fear; she felt that her own influence over Harley was gone; she trusted to the influence of Helen—in case of what?—ay, of what? It was because the danger was not clear to her, that her bold spirit trembled: superstitions, like suspicions, are “as bats among birds, and fly by twilight.” Harley had ridiculed the idea of challenge and strife between Audley and himself; but still Lady Lansmere dreaded the fiery emotions of the last, and the high spirit and austere self-respect which were proverbial to the first. Involuntarily she strengthened her intimacy with Helen. In case her alarm should appear justified, what mediator could be so persuasive in appeasing the angrier passions, as one whom courtship and betrothal sanctified to the gentlest?

On arriving at Lansmere, the Countess, however, felt somewhat relieved. Harley had received her, if with a manner less cordial and tender than had hitherto distinguished it, still with easy kindness and calm self-possession. His bearing towards Audley Egerton still more reassured her: it was not marked by an exaggeration of familiarity or friendship—which would at once have excited her apprehensions of some sinister design—nor, on the other hand, did it betray, by covert sarcasms, an ill-suppressed resentment. It was just what, under the circumstances, would have been natural to a man who had received an injury from an intimate friend, which, in generosity or discretion, he resolved to overlook, but which those aware of it could just perceive had cooled or alienated the former affection. Indefatigably occupying himself with all the details of the election, Harley had fair pretext for absenting himself from Audley, who, really looking very ill, and almost worn out, pleaded indisposition as an excuse dispensing with the fatigues of a]

sonal canvass, and, passing much of his time in his own apartments, left all the preparations for contest to his more active friends. It was not till he had actually arrived at Lansmere that Audley became acquainted with the name of his principal opponent. Richard Avenel! the brother of Nora! rising up from obscurity thus to stand front to front against him in a contest on which all his fates were cast. Egerton quailed as before an appointed avenger. He would fain have retired from the field; he spoke to Harley.

"How can you support all the painful remembrances which the very name of my antagonist must conjure up?"

"Did you not tell me," answered Harley, "to strive against such remembrances—to look on them as sickly dreams? I am prepared to brave them. Can you be more sensitive than I?"

Egerton durst not say more. He avoided all further reference to the subject. The strife raged around him, and he shut himself out from it—shut himself up in solitude with his own heart. Strife enough there! Once, late at night, he stole forth and repaired to Nora's grave. He stood there, amidst the rank grass, and under the frosty starlight, long, and in profound silence. His whole past life seemed to rise before him; and, when he regained his lonely room, and strove to survey the future, still he could behold only that past and that grave.

In thus declining all active care for an election, to his prospects so important, Audley Egerton was considered to have excuse, not only in the state of his health, but in his sense of dignity. A statesman so eminent, of opinions so well known, of public services so incontestible, might well be spared the personal trouble that falls upon obscurer candidates. And besides, according to current report, and the judgment of the Blue Committee, the return of Mr Egerton was secure. But, though Audley himself was thus indulgently treated, Harley and the Blue Committee took care to inflict double work upon Randal. That active young spirit found ample materials for all its restless energies. Randal Leslie was kept on his legs

from sunrise to starlight. There does not exist in the three kingdoms a constituency more fatiguing to a candidate than that borough of Lansmere. As soon as you leave the High Street, wherein, according to immemorial usage, the Blue canvasser is first led, in order to put him into spirits for the toils that await him—(delectable, propitious, constitutional High Street, in which at least two-thirds of the electors—opulent tradesmen employed at the Park—always vote for "my lord's man," and hospitably prepare wine and cakes in their tidy back-parlours!)—as soon as you quit this stronghold of the party, labyrinths of lanes and defiles stretch away into the farthest horizon; level ground is found nowhere; it is all up hill and down hill—now rough craggy pavements that blister the feet, and at the very first tread upon which all latent corns shoot prophetically—now deep muddy ruts, into which you sink ankle-deep—oozing slush creeping into the pores, and moistening the way for catarrh, rheum, cough, sore throat, bronchitis, and pthisis. Black sewers, and drains Acherontian, running before the thresholds, and so filling the homes behind with effluvia, that, while one hand clasps the grimy paw of the voter, the other instinctively guards from typhus and cholera your abhorrent nose. Not in those days had mankind ever heard of a sanitary reform! and, to judge of the slow progress which that reform seems to make, sewer and drain would have been much the same if they had. Scot-and-lot voters were the independent electors of Lansmere, with the additional franchise of Freemen. Universal suffrage could scarcely more efficiently swamp the franchises of men who care a straw what becomes of Great Britain! With all Randal Leslie's profound diplomacy, all his art in talking over, deceiving, and (to borrow Dick Avenel's vernacular phrase) "humbugging" educated men, his eloquence fell flat upon minds invulnerable to appeals whether to State or to Church, to Reform or to Freedom. To catch a Scot-and-lot voter by such frivolous arguments,—Randal Leslie might as well have tried to bring down a rhinoceros by a popgun charged with split peas!

The young man who so firmly believed that "knowledge was power" was greatly disgusted. It was here the ignorance that foiled him. When he got hold of a man with some knowledge, Randal was pretty sure to trick him out of a vote.

Nevertheless, Randal Leslie walked and talked on, with most creditable perseverance. The Blue Committee allowed that he was an excellent canvasser. They conceived a liking for him, mingled with pity. For, though sure of Egerton's return, they regarded Randal's as out of the question. He was merely there to keep split votes from going to the opposite side; to serve his patron, the ex-minister; shake the paws, and smell the smells which the ex-minister was too great a man to shake and to smell. But, in point of fact, none of that Blue Committee knew anything of the prospects of the election. Harley received all the reports of each canvass-day. Harley kept the canvass-book, locked up from all eyes but his own, or it might be Baron Levy's, as Audley Egerton's confidential, if not strictly professional adviser;—Baron Levy, the millionaire, had long since retired from all acknowledged professions. Randal, however—close, observant, shrewd—perceived that he himself was much stronger than the Blue Committee believed. And, to his infinite surprise, he owed that strength to Lord L'Estrange's exertions on his behalf. For, though Harley, after the first day on which he ostentatiously showed himself in the High Street, did not openly canvass with Randal, yet, when the reports were brought in to him, and he saw the names of the voters who gave one vote to Audley, and withheld the other from Randal, he would say to Randal, dead beat as that young gentleman was, "Slip out with me, the moment dinner is over, and before you go the round of the public-houses; there are some voters we must get for you to-night." And sure enough a few kindly words from the popular heir of the Lansmere baronies usually gained over the electors, from whom, though Randal had proved that all England depended on their votes in his favour, Randal would never have extracted more than a "Wa'll, I shall waite gin the daay coomes!" Nor

was this all that Harley did for the younger candidate. If it was quite clear that only one vote could be won for the Blues, and the other was pledged to the Yellows, Harley would say, "Then put it down to Mr Leslie;"—a request the more readily conceded, since Audley Egerton was considered so safe by the Blues, and alone worth a fear by the Yellows.

Thus Randal, who kept a snug little canvass-book of his own, became more and more convinced that he had a better chance than Egerton, even without the furtive aid he expected from Avenel; and he could only account for Harley's peculiar exertions in his favour, by supposing that Harley, unpractised in elections, and deceived by the Blue Committee, believed Egerton to be perfectly safe, and sought, for the honour of the family interest, to secure both the seats.

Randal's public cares thus deprived him of all opportunity of pressing his courtship on Violante; and indeed, if ever he did find a moment in which he could steal to her reluctant side, Harley was sure to seize that very moment to send him off to canvass an hesitating freeman, or harangue in some public-house.

Leslie was too acute not to detect some motive hostile to his wooing, however plausibly veiled in the guise of zeal for his election, in this officiousness of Harley's. But Lord L'Estrange's manner to Violante was so little like that of a jealous lover, and he was so well aware of her engagement to Randal, that the latter abandoned the suspicion he had before conceived, that Harley was his rival. And he was soon led to believe that Lord L'Estrange had another, more disinterested, and less formidable motive for thus stinting his opportunities to woo the heiress.

"Mr Leslie," said Lord L'Estrange, one day, "the Duke has confided to me his regret at his daughter's reluctance to ratify his own promise; and, knowing the warm interest I take in her welfare—for his sake, and her own; believing also, that some services to herself, as well as to the father she so loves, give me a certain influence over her inexperienced judgment, he has even requested me to speak a word to her in your behalf."

"Ah! if you would!" said Randal, surprised.

"You must give me the power to do so. You were obliging enough to volunteer to me the same explanations which you gave to the Duke, his satisfaction with which induced him to renew or confirm the promise of his daughter's hand. Should those explanations content me, as they did him, I hold the Duke bound to fulfil his engagement, and I am convinced that his daughter would, in that case, not be inflexible to your suit. But, till these explanations be given, my friendship for the father, and my interest in the child, do not allow me to assist a cause, which, however, at present, suffers little by delay."

"Pray, listen at once to those explanations."

"Nay, Mr Leslie, I can now only think of the election. As soon as that is over, rely on it you shall have the amplest opportunity to dispel any doubts which your intimacy with Count di Peschiera and Madame di Negra may have suggested. Apropos of the election—here is a list of voters you must see at once in Fish Lane. Don't lose a moment."

In the meanwhile, Richard Avenel and Leonard had taken up their quarters in the hotel appropriated to the candidates for the Yellows; and the canvass on that side was prosecuted with all the vigour which might be expected from operations conducted by Richard Avenel, and backed by the popular feeling.

The rival parties met from time to time, in the streets and lanes, in all the pomp of war—banners streaming, fifes resounding, (for bands and colours were essential proofs of public spirit, and indispensable items in a candidate's bills, in those good old days.) When they thus encountered, very distant bows were exchanged between the respective chiefs. But Randal, contriving ever to pass close to Avenel, had ever the satisfaction of perceiving that gentleman's countenance contracted into a knowing wink, as much as to say, "All right, in spite of this tarnation humbug."

But now that both parties were fairly in the field, to the private arts of canvassing were added the public arts of oratory. The candidates had

to speak—at the close of each day's canvass—out from wooden boxes, suspended from the windows of their respective hotels, and which looked like dens for the exhibition of wild beasts. They had to speak at meetings of committees—meetings of electors—go the nightly round of enthusiastic public-houses, and appeal to the sense of an enlightened people through wreaths of smoke and odours of beer.

The alleged indisposition of Audley Egerton had spared him the excitement of oratory, as well as the fatigue of canvassing. The practised debater had limited the display of his talents to a concise, but clear and masterly exposition of his own views on the leading public questions of the day and the state of parties, which, on the day after his arrival at Lausmere, was delivered at a meeting of his general committee—in the great room of their hotel—and which was then printed and circulated amongst the voters.

Randal, though he expressed himself with more fluency and self-possession than are usually found in the first attempts of a public speaker, was not effective in addressing an unlettered crowd;—for a crowd of this kind is all heart—and we know that Randal Leslie's heart was as small as heart could be. If he attempted to speak at his own intellectual level, he was so subtle and refining as to be incomprehensible; if he fell into the fatal error—not uncommon to inexperienced orators—of trying to lower himself to the intellectual level of his audience, he was only elaborately stupid. No man can speak too well for a crowd—as no man can write too well for the stage; but in neither case should he be rhetorical, or ease in periods the dry bones of reasoning. It is to the emotions, or to the humours, that the speaker of a crowd must address himself: his eye must brighten with generous sentiment, or his lip must expand in the play of animated fancy or genial wit. Randal's voice too, though pliant and persuasive in private conversation, was thin and poor when strained to catch the ear of a numerous assembly. The falsehood of his nature seemed to come out, when he raised the tones

which had been drilled into deceit. Men like Randal Leslie may become sharp debaters—admirable special pleaders: they can no more become orators than they can become poets. Educated audiences are essential to them, and the smaller the audience (that is, the more the brain supercedes the action of the heart) the better they can speak.

Dick Avenel was generally very short and very pithy in his addresses. He had two or three favourite topics, which always told. He was a fellow-townsmen—a man who had made his own way in life—he wanted to free his native place from aristocratic usurpation—it was the battle of the electors, not his private cause, &c. He said little against Randal—"Pity a clever young man should pin his future to two yards of worn-out red tape,"—"He had better lay hold of the strong rope, which the people, in compassion to his youth, were willing yet to throw out, to save him from sinking," &c. But as for Audley Egerton, "the gentleman who would not show, who was afraid to meet the electors, who could only find his voice in a hole-and-corner meeting, accustomed all his venal life to dark and nefarious jobs,"—Dick, upon that subject, delivered philippics truly Demosthenian. Leonard, on the contrary, never attacked Harley's friend, Mr Egerton; but he was merciless against the youth who had filched reputation from John Burley, and whom he knew that Harley despised as heartily as himself. And Randal did not dare to retaliate, (though boiling over with indignant rage,) for fear of offending Leonard's uncle. Leonard was unquestionably the popular speaker of the three. Though his temperament was a writer's, not an orator's—though he abhorred what he considered the theatrical exhibition of self, which makes what is called "delivery" more effective than ideas—though he had little interest at any time in party politics—though at this time his heart was far away from the

Blues and Yellows of Lansmere, sad and forlorn—yet, forced into action, the eloquence that was natural to his conversation poured itself forth. He had warm blood in his veins; and his dislike to Randal gave poignancy to his wit, and barbed his arguments with impassioned invective. In fact, Leonard could conceive no other motive for Lord L'Estrange's request to take part in the election, than that nobleman's desire to defeat the man whom they both regarded as an impostor. And this notion was confirmed by some inadvertent expressions which Avenel let fall, and which made Leonard suspect that, if he were not in the field, Avenel would have exerted all his interest to return Randal instead of Egerton. With Dick's dislike to that statesman, Leonard found it impossible to reason; nor, on the other hand, could all Dick's scoldings or coaxings induce Leonard to divert his siege on Randal to an assault upon the man who, Harley had often said, was dear to him as a brother.

In the meanwhile, Dick kept the canvass-book of the Yellows as closely as Harley kept that of the Blues; and, in despite of many pouting fits and gusts of displeasure, took precisely the same pains for Leonard as Harley took for Randal. There remained, however, apparently unshaken by the efforts on either side, a compact body of about a hundred and fifty voters, chiefly freemen. Would they vote Yellow—would they vote Blue? No one could venture to decide; but they declared that they would all vote the same way. Dick kept his secret "caucuses," as he called them, constantly nibbling at this phalanx. A hundred and fifty voters!—they had the election in their hands! Never were hands so cordially shaken—so caressingly clung to—so fondly lingered upon! But the votes still stuck as firm to the hands as if a part of the skin, or of the dirt—which was much the same thing.

CHAPTER XX.

Whenever Audley joined the other guests of an evening—while Harley was perhaps closeted with Levy and

committee-men, and Randal was going the round of the public-houses—the one with whom he chiefly con-

versed was Violante. He had been struck at first, despite his gloom, less perhaps by her extraordinary beauty, than by something in the expression of her countenance which, despite differences in feature and complexion, reminded him of Nora; and when, by his praises of Harley, he drew her attention, and won into her liking, he discovered, perhaps, that the likeness which had thus impressed him, came from some similarities in character between the living and the lost one—the same charming combination of lofty thought and childlike innocence—the same enthusiasm—the same rich exuberance of imagination and feeling. Two souls that resemble each other will give their likeness to the looks from which they beam. On the other hand, the person with whom Harley most familiarly associated, in his rare intervals of leisure, was Helen Digby. One day, Audley Egerton, standing mournfully by the window of the sitting room appropriated to his private use, saw the two, whom he believed still betrothed, take their way across the park, side by side. "Pray Heaven, that she may atone to him for all!" murmured Audley. "But ah, that it had been Violante! Then I might have felt assured that the Future would efface the Past—and found the courage to tell him all. And when last night I spoke of what Harley ought to be to England, how like were her eyes and her smile to Nora's, when Nora listened in delighted sympathy to the hopes of my own young ambition." With a sigh he turned away, and resolutely sat down to read and reply to the voluminous correspondence which covered the table of the busy public man. For, Audley's return to Parliament being considered by his political party as secure, to him were transmitted all the hopes and fears of the large and influential section of it whose members looked up to him as their future chief, and who, in that general election, (unprecedented for the number of eminent men it was fated to expel from Parliament, and the number of new politicians it was fated to send into it,) drew their only hopes of regaining their lost power from Audley's sanguine confidence in the reaction of that Public Opinion which

he had hitherto so profoundly comprehended; and it was too clearly seen, that the seasonable adoption of his counsels would have saved the existence and popularity of the late Administration, whose most distinguished members could now scarcely show themselves on the hustings.

Meanwhile Lord L'Estrange led his young companion towards a green hill in the centre of the park, on which stood a circular temple, that commanded a view of the country round for miles. They had walked in silence till they gained the summit of the sloped and gradual ascent; and then, as they stood, still side by side, Harley thus spoke—

"Helen, you know that Leonard is in the town, though I cannot receive him at the Park, since he is standing in opposition to my guests, Egerton and Leslie."

HELEN.—"But that seems to me so strange. How—how could Leonard do anything that seems hostile to you?"

HARLEY.—"Would his hostility to me lower him in your opinion? If he knows that I am his rival, does not rivalry include hate?"

HELEN.—"Oh, Lord L'Estrange, how can you speak thus?—how so wrong yourself? Hate, hate to you! and from Leonard Fairfield!"

HARLEY.—"You evade my question. Would his hate or hostility to me affect your sentiments towards him?"

HELEN, (looking down.)—"I could not force myself to believe in it."

HARLEY.—"Why?"

HELEN.—"Because it would be so unworthy of him."

HARLEY.—"Poor child! You have the delusion of your years. You deck a cloud in the hues of the rainbow, and will not believe that its glory is borrowed from the sun of your own fancy. But here, at least, you are not deceived. Leonard obeys but my wishes, and, I believe, against his own will. He has none of man's noblest attribute, Ambition."

HELEN.—"No ambition!"

HARLEY.—"It is vanity that stirs the poet to toil—if toil the wayward chace of his own chimeras can be called. Ambition is a more masculine passion."

Helen shook her head gently, but made no answer.

HARLEY.—“If I utter a word that profanes one of your delusions, you shake your head and are incredulous. Pause: listen one moment to my counsels—perhaps the last I may ever obtrude upon you. Lift your eyes; look around. Far as your eye can reach, and far beyond the line which the horizon forms in the landscape, stretch the lands of my inheritance. Yonder you see the home in which my forefathers for many generations lived with honour and died lamented. All these, in the course of nature, might one day have been your own, had you not rejected my proposals. I offered you, it is true, not what is commonly called Love; I offered you sincere esteem, and affections the more durable for their calm. You have not been reared by the world in the low idolatry of rank and wealth. But even romance cannot despise the power of serving others, which rank and wealth bestow. For myself, hitherto indolence, and lately disdain, rob fortune of these nobler attributes. But she who will share my fortune may dispense it so as to atone for my sins of omission. On the other side, grant that there is no bar to your preference for Leonard Fairfield, what does your choice present to you? Those of his kindred with whom you will associate are unrefined and mean. His sole income is derived from precarious labours; the most vulgar of all anxieties—the fear of bread itself for the morrow—must mingle with all your romance, and soon steal from love all its poetry. You think his affection will console you for every sacrifice. Folly!—the love of poets is for a mist—a moonbeam—a denizen of air—a phantom that they call an Ideal. They suppose for a moment that they have found that ideal in Chloe or Phyllis—Helen or a milkmaid. Bah!—the first time you come to the poet with the baker’s bill, where flies the Ideal? I knew one more brilliant than Leonard—more exquisitely gifted by Nature—that one was a woman: she saw a man hard and cold as that stone at your feet—a false, hollow, sordid worldling; she made him her idol—

beheld in him all that history would not recognise in a Cæsar—that mythology would scarcely grant to an Apollo: to him she was the plaything of an hour—she died, and before the year was out he had married for money! I knew another instance—I speak of myself. I loved before I was your age. Had an angel warned me then, I would have been incredulous as you. How that ended, no matter: but had it not been for that dream of maudlin delirium, I had lived and acted as others of my kind and my sphere—married from reason and judgment—been now a useful and happy man. Pause, then. Will you still reject me for Leonard Fairfield? For the last time you have the option—me and all the substance of waking life—Leonard Fairfield and the shadows of a fleeting dream. Speak! You hesitate. Nay, take time to decide.”

HELEN.—“Ah! Lord L’Estrange, you who have felt what it is to love, how can you doubt my answer?—how think that I could be so base, so ungrateful as take from yourself what you call the substance of waking life, while my heart was far away—faithful to what you call a dream?”

HARLEY.—“But, can you not dispel the dream?”

HELEN, (her whole face one flush.)—“It was wrong to call it dream! It is the reality of life to me. All things else are as dreams.”

HARLEY, (taking her hand, and kissing it with respect.)—“Helen, you have a noble heart, and I have tempted you in vain. I regret your choice, though I will no more oppose it. I regret it, though I shall never witness your disappointment. As the wife of that man I shall see and know you no more.”

HELEN.—“Oh no!—do not say that. Why?—wherefore?”

HARLEY, (his brows meeting.)—“He is the child of fraud and of shame. His father is my foe, and my hate descends to the son. He, too, the son, flches from me—but complaints are idle. When the next few days are over, think of me but as one who abandons all right over your actions, and is a stranger to your future fate. Pooh!—dry your

tears: so long as you love Leonard or esteem me, rejoice that our paths do not cross."

He walked on impatiently; but Helen, alarmed and wondering, followed close, took his arm timidly, and sought to soothe him. She felt that he wronged Leonard—that he knew not how Leonard had yielded all hope when he learned to whom she was affianced. For Leonard's sake she conquered her bashfulness, and sought to explain. But at her first hesitating, faltered words, Harley, who with great effort suppressed the emotions which swelled within him, abruptly left her side, and plunged into the recesses of thick, far-spreading groves, that soon wrapt him from her eye.

While this conversation occurred between Lord L'Estrange and his ward, the *soi-disant* Riccabocca and Violante were walking slowly through the gardens. The philosopher, unchanged by his brightening prospects—so far as the outer man was concerned—still characterised by the red umbrella, and the accustomed pipe—took the way mechanically towards the sunniest quarter of the grounds, now and then glancing tenderly at Violante's downcast, melancholy face, but not speaking; only, at each glance, there came a brisker cloud from the pipe, as if obedient to a fuller heave of the heart.

At length, in a spot which lay open towards the south, and seemed to collect all the gentlest beams of the November sun, screened from the piercing east by dense evergreens, and flanked from the bleak north by lofty walls, Riccabocca paused and seated himself. Flowers still bloomed on the sward in front, over which still fluttered the wings of those later and more brilliant butterflies that, unseen in the genial days of our English summer, come with autumnal skies, and sport round the mournful steps of the coming winter—types of those thoughts which visit and delight the contemplation of age, while the current yet glides free from the iron ice, and the leaves yet linger on the boughs; thoughts that associate the memories of the departed summer with messages from suns that shall succeed the winter, and expand

colours the most steeped in light and glory, just as the skies through which they gleam are darkening, and the flowers on which they hover fade from the surface of the earth,—dropping still seeds, that sink deep out of sight below.

"Daughter," said Riccabocca, drawing Violante to his side, with caressing arm—"Daughter! Mark, how they who turn towards the south can still find the sunny side of the landscape! In all the seasons of life, how much of chill or of warmth depends on our choice of the aspect! Sit down; let us reason."

Violante sat down passively, clasping her father's hand in both her own. Reason!—harsh word to the ears of Feeling.

"You shrink," resumed Riccabocca, "from even the courtship, even the presence of the suitor in whom my honour binds me to recognise your future bridegroom."

Violante drew away her hands, and placed them before her eyes, shudderingly.

"But," continued Riccabocca, rather peevishly, "this is not listening to reason. I may object to Mr Leslie because he has not an adequate rank or fortune to pretend to a daughter of my house; that would be what every one would allow to be reasonable in a father; except, indeed," added the poor sage, trying hard to be sprightly, and catching hold of a proverb to help him—"except, indeed, those wise enough to recollect that admonitory saying, 'Casa il figlio quando vuoi, e la figlia quando puoi,'—(Marry your son when you will, your daughter when you can.) Seriously, if I overlook those objections to Mr Leslie, it is not natural for a young girl to enforce them. What is reason in you is quite another thing from reason in me. Mr Leslie is young, not ill-looking, has the air of a gentleman, is passionately enamoured of you, and has proved his affection by risking his life against that villanous Peschiera—that is, he would have risked it had Peschiera not been shipped out of the way. If, then, you will listen to reason, pray what can reason say against Mr Leslie?"

"Father, I detest him!"

"*Cospetto!*" persisted Riccabocca, testily, "you have no reason to detest him. If you had any reason, child, I am sure that I should be the last person to dispute it. How can you know your own mind on such a matter? It is not as if you had seen any one else you could prefer. Not another man of your own years do you even know—except, indeed, Leonard Fairfield, whom, though I grant he is handsomer, and with more imagination and genius than Mr Leslie, you still must remember as the boy who worked in my garden. Ah! to be sure, there is Frank Hazeldean—fine lad—but his affections are pre-engaged. In short," continued the sage, dogmatically, "there is no one else you *can*, by any possible caprice, prefer to Mr Leslie; and for a girl, who has no one else in her head, to talk of detesting a well-looking, well-dressed, clever young man, is—a nonsense—'chi lascia il poco per haver l'assai nè l'uno, nè l'altro avera mai;'—which may be thus paraphrased—The young lady who refuses a mortal in the hope of obtaining an angel, loves the one, and will never fall in with the other. So now, having thus shown that the darker side of the question is contrary to reason—let us look to the brighter. In the first place—"

"Oh, father, father!" cried Violante passionately, "you to whom I once came for comfort in every childish sorrow! Do not talk to me with this cutting levity. See, I lay my head upon your breast—I put my arms around you—and now, can you reason me into misery?"

"Child, child, do not be so wayward. Strive, at least, against a prejudice that you cannot defend. My Violante, my darling, this is no trifle. Here I must cease to be the fond, foolish father, whom you can do what you will with. Here I am Alphonso Duke di Serrano; for here my honour as noble, and my word as man, are involved. I, then but a helpless exile—no hope of fairer prospects before me—trembling like a coward at the wiles of my unscrupulous kinsman—grasping at all chances to save you from his

snare—I myself offered your hand to Randal Leslie—offered, promised, pledged it;—and now that my fortunes seem assured, my rank in all likelihood restored, my foe crushed, my fears at rest—now, does it become me to retract what I myself had urged? It is not the noble, it is the parvenu, who has only to grow rich, in order to forget those whom in poverty he hailed as his friends.* Is it for me to make the poor excuse, never heard on the lips of an Italian prince, 'that I cannot command the obedience of my child,'—subject myself to the galling answer—'Duke of Serrano, you could once command that obedience, when, in exile, penury, and terror, you offered me a bride without a dower.' Child—Violante—daughter of ancestors on whose honour never slander set a stain, I call on you to redeem your father's plighted word."

"Father, must it be so? Is not even the convent open to me? Nay, look not so coldly on me. If you could but read my heart! And, oh! I feel so assured of your own repentance hereafter—so assured that this man is not what you believe him. I so suspect that he has been playing throughout some secret and perfidious part."

"Ha!" interrupted Riccabocca, "Harley has perhaps infected you with that notion."

"No—no. But is not Harley—is not Lord L'Estrange one whose opinion you have cause to esteem? And if he distrust Mr Leslie—"

"Let him make good his distrust by such proof as will absolve my word, and I shall share your own joy. I have told him this. I have invited him to make good his suspicions—he puts me off. He cannot do so," added Riccabocca, in a dejected tone; "Randal has already so well explained all that Harley deemed equivocal. Violante, my name and my honour rest in your hands. Cast them away if you will; I cannot constrain you, and I cannot stoop to implore. *Noblesse oblige*—With your birth you took its duties. Let them decide between your vain caprice and your father's solemn remonstrance."

* "Quando 'l villano è divenuto ricco
Non ha (i. e., riconosce) parente nè amico."

Italian Proverb.

Assuming a sternness that he was far from feeling, and putting aside his daughter's arms, the exile walked away.

Violante paused a moment, shivered, looked round as if taking a last farewell of joy, and peace, and hope on earth, and then approaching her father with a firm step, she said,—“I never rebelled, father; I did but entreat. What you say is my law now, as it has ever been; and come what may, never shall you hear complaint or murmur from me. Poor father, you will suffer more than I shall. Kiss me!”

About an hour afterwards, as the short day closed in, Harley, returning from his solitary wanderings, after he had parted from Helen, encountered on the terrace, before the house, Lady Lausmere and Audley Egerton arm-in-arm.

Harley had drawn his hat over his brows, and his eyes were fixed on the ground, so that he did not see the group upon which he came unawares, until Audley's voice started him from his reverie.

“My dear Harley,” said the ex-minister, with a faint smile, “you must not pass us by, now that you have a moment of leisure from the cares of the election. And Harley, though we are under the same roof, I see you so little.” Lord L'Estrange darted a quick glance towards his mother—a glance that seemed to say, “You leaning on Audley's arm! Have you kept your promise?” And the eye that met his own reassured him.

“It is true,” said Harley; “but you, who know that, once engaged in public affairs, one has no heart left for the ties of private life, will excuse me. And this election is so important!”

“And you, Mr Egerton,” said Lady Lausmere, “whom the election most concerns, seem privileged to be the only one who appears indifferent to success.”

“Ay—but you are not indifferent?” said Lord L'Estrange, abruptly.

“No. How can I be so, when my whole future career may depend on it?”

Harley drew Egerton aside. “There is one voter you ought at least to call upon and thank. He cannot be made to comprehend that, for the

sake of any relation, even for the sake of his own son, he is to vote against the Blues—against you;—I mean, of course, Nora's father, John Avenel. His vote and his son-in-law's gained your majority at your first election.”

EGERTON.—“Call on John Avenel! Have you called?”

HARLEY, (calmly).—“Yes. Poor old man, his mind has been affected ever since Nora's death. But your name, as the candidate for the borough at that time—the successful candidate for whose triumph the joy-bells chimed with her funeral knell—your name brings up her memory; and he talks in a breath of her and of you. Come, let us walk together to his house; it is close by the Park Lodge.”

The drops stood on Audley's brow. He fixed his dark handsome eyes, in mournful amaze, upon Harley's tranquil face.

“Harley, at last, then, you have forgotten the Past.”

“No; but the Present is more imperious. All my efforts are needed to requite your friendship. You stand against her brother—yet her father votes for you. And her mother says to her son, ‘Let the old man alone! Conscience is all that is well alive in him; and he thinks if he were to vote against the Blues, he would sin against honour.’ ‘An electioneering prejudice,’ some sceptics would say. But you must be touched by this trait of human nature—in her father too—you, Audley Egerton, who are the soul of honour. What ails you?”

EGERTON.—“Nothing—a spasm at the heart—my old complaint. Well, I will call on the poor man later, but not now—not with you. Nay, nay, I will not—I cannot. Harley, just as you joined us, I was talking to your mother.”

HARLEY.—“Ay, and what of?”

EGERTON.—“Yourself. I saw you from my windows walking with your betrothed. Afterwards I observed her coming home alone; and by the glimpse I caught of her gentle countenance, it seemed sad. Harley, do you deceive us?”

HARLEY.—“Deceive—I!—How?”

EGERTON.—“Do you really feel that your intended marriage will bestow on you the happiness, which is my prayer, as it must be your mother's?”

HARLEY.—“Happiness—I hoped so. But perhaps—”

EGERTON.—“Perhaps what?”

HARLEY.—“Perhaps the marriage may not take place. Perhaps I have a rival—not an open one—a secret, stealthy wooer—in one, too, whom I have loved, served, trusted. Question me not now. Such instances of treachery make one learn more how to prize a friendship honest, devoted, faithful as your own, Audley Egerton. But here comes your *protégé*, released awhile from his canvass, and your confidential adviser, Baron Levy. He accompanied Randal through the town to-day. So anxious is he to see that that young man does not play false, and regard his own interest before yours. Would that surprise you?”

EGERTON.—“You are too severe upon Randal Leslie. He is ambitious, worldly—has no surplus of affection at the command of his heart—”

HARLEY.—“Is it Randal Leslie you describe?”

EGERTON, (with a languid smile.)—“Yes, you see I do not flatter. But he is born and reared a gentleman; as such he would scarcely do anything mean. And, after all, it is with me that he must rise or fall. His very intellect must tell him that. But again I ask, do not strive to prepossess me against him. I am a man who could have loved a son. I have none. Randal, such as he is, is a sort of son. He carries on my projects and my interest in the world of men beyond the goal of the tomb.”

Audley turned kindly to Randal.

“Well, Leslie, what report of the canvass?”

“Levy has the book, sir. I think we have gained ten fresh votes for you, and perhaps seven for me.”

“Let me rid you of your book, Baron Levy,” said Harley.

Just at this time Riccabocca and Violante approached the house, both silent. The Italian caught sight of Randal, and made him a sign to join them. The young lover glanced fearfully towards Harley, and then with alacrity bounded forward, and was soon at Violante's side. But scarce had Harley, surprised by Leslie's sudden disappearance, remarked the cause, than with equal abruptness he abandoned the whispered conference

he had commenced with Levy, and hastening to Randal, laid hand on the young man's shoulder, exclaiming, “Ten thousand pardons to all three! But I cannot allow this waste of time, Mr Leslie. You have yet an hour before it grows dark. There are three outvoters six miles off, influential farmers, whom you must canvass in person with my father's steward. Hasten to the stables; choose your own horses. To saddle—to saddle! Baron Levy, go and order my lord's steward, Mr Smart, to join Mr Leslie at the stables; then come back to me—quick. What!—loitering still, Mr Leslie! You will make me throw up your whole cause in disgust at your indolence and apathy.”

Alarmed at this threat, Randal lifted his accusing eyes to heaven, and withdrew.

Meanwhile Audley had drawn close to Lady Lansmere, who was leaning, in thought, over the balustrade of the terrace.

“Do you note,” said Audley, whispering, “how Harley sprang forward when the fair Italian came in sight? Trust me, I was right. I know little of the young lady, but I have conversed with her. I have gazed on the changes in her face. If Harley ever love again, and if ever love influence and exalt his mind, wish with me that his choice may yet fall where I believe that his heart inclines it.”

LADY LANSMERE.—“Ah! that it were so! Helen, I own, is charming; but—but—Violante, his equal in birth! Are you not aware that she is engaged to your young friend, Mr Leslie?”

AUDLEY.—“Randal told me so; but I cannot believe it. In fact, I have taken occasion to sound that fair creature's inclinations, and if I know aught of women, her heart is not with Randal. I cannot believe her to be one whose affections are so weak as to be easily constrained; nor can I suppose that her father could desire to enforce a marriage that is almost a *misalliance*. Randal must deceive himself; and from something Harley just let fall, in our painful but brief conversation, I suspect that his engagement with Miss Digby is broken off. He promises to tell me more,

later. Yes," continued Audley, mournfully, "observe Violante's countenance, with its ever-varying play; listen to her voice, to which feeling seems to give the expressive music, and tell me whether you are not sometimes reminded of—of—In one word, there is one who, even without rank or fortune, would be worthy to replace the image of Leonora, and be to Harley—what Leonora could not; for sure I am that Violante loves him."

Harley, meanwhile, had lingered with Riccabocca and Violante, speaking but on indifferent subjects, obtaining short answers from the first, and none from the last—when the sage drew him a little aside, and whispered, "She has consented to sacrifice herself to my sense of honour. But, O Harley! if she be unhappy, it will break my heart. Either you must give me sufficient proof of Randal's unworthiness, to absolve me from my promise—or I must again entreat you to try and conciliate the poor child in his favour. All you say has weight with her; she respects you as—a second father."

Harley did not seem peculiarly flattered by that last assurance, but he was relieved from an immediate answer, by the appearance of a man who came from the direction of the stables, and whose dress, covered with dust, and whose dress, covered with dust, and travel-stained, seemed like that of a foreign courier. No sooner did Harley catch sight of this person, than he sprang forward, and accosted him briefly and rapidly.

"You have been quick; I did not expect you so soon. You discovered the trace? You gave my letter—"

"And have brought back the answer, my lord," replied the man, taking a letter from a leathern pouch at his side. Harley tore open the seal, and glanced over the contents, which were comprised in a few lines.

"Good. Say not whence you came. Do not wait here;—return at once to London."

Harley's face seemed so unusually cheerful as he rejoined the Italians, that the duke exclaimed—

"A despatch from Vienna! My recall!"

"From Vienna, my dear friend? Not possible yet. I cannot calculate on hearing from the Prince till a day

or two before the close of this election. But you wish me to speak to Violante. Join my mother yonder. What can she be saying to Mr Egerton? I will address a few words apart to your fair daughter, that may at least prove the interest in her fate taken by—her second father."

"Kindest of friends," said the unsuspecting pupil of Machiavel; and he walked towards the terrace. Violante was about to follow. Harley detained her.

"Do not go till you have thanked me; for you are not the noble Violante for whom I take you, unless you acknowledge gratitude to any one who delivers you from the presence of an admirer in Mr Randal Leslie."

VIOLANTE.—"Ought I to hear this of one whom—whom—"

HARLEY.—"One whom your father obstinately persists in obtruding on your repugnance. Yet, O dear child, you, when almost an infant, ere yet you knew what snares, and pitfalls, for all who trust to another, lie under the sword at our feet, even when decked the fairest with the flowers of spring—you who put your small hands around my neck, and murmured, in your musical voice, 'Save us—save my father;' you at least I will not forsake, in a peril worse than that which menaced you then—a peril which affrights you more than that which threatened you in the snares of Peschiera. Randal Leslie may thrive in his meaner objects of ambition;—these I fling to him in scorn;—but *you!* the presuming varlet!" Harley paused a moment, half stifled with indignation. He then resumed calmly—"Trust to me, and fear not. I will rescue this hand from the profanation of Randal Leslie's touch; and then farewell, for life, to every soft emotion. Before me expands the welcome solitude. The innocent saved, the honest righted, the perfidious stricken by a just retribution—and then—what then? Why, at least I shall have studied Machiavel with more effect than your wise father; and I shall lay him aside, needing no philosophy to teach me never again to be deceived." His brow darkened; he turned abruptly away, leaving Violante lost in amaze, fear—and a delight, vague, yet more vividly felt than all.

CHAPTER XXI.

That night, after the labours of the day, Randal had gained the sanctuary of his own room, and seated himself at his table, to prepare the heads of the critical speech he would have now very soon to deliver on the day of nomination—critical speech when, in the presence of foes and friends, reporters from London, and amidst all the jarring interests that he sought to weave into the sole self-interest of Randal Leslie, he would be called upon to make the formal exposition of his political opinions. Randal Leslie, indeed, was not one of those speakers whom either modesty, fastidiousness, or conscientious desire of truth predisposes towards the labour of written composition. He had too much cleverness to be in want of fluent period or ready commonplace—the ordinary materials of oratorical impromptu—too little taste for the Beautiful to study what graces of diction will best adorn a noble sentiment—too obtuse a conscience to care if the popular argument were purified from the dross which the careless flow of a speech wholly extemporaneous rarely fails to leave around it. But this was no ordinary occasion. Elaborate study here was requisite, not for the orator, but the hypocrite. Hard task, to please the Blues and not offend the Yellows;—appear to side with Audley Egerton, yet insinuate sympathy with Dick Avenel;—confront, with polite smile, the younger opponent whose words had lodged arrows in his vanity, which rankled the more gallingly because they had raised the skin of his conscience.

He had dipped his pen into the ink, and smoothed the paper before him, when a knock was heard at the door.

"Come in," said he, impatiently. Levy entered, saunteringly.

"I am come to talk over matters with you, *mon cher*," said the Baron, throwing himself on the sofa. "And, first, I wish you joy of your prospects of success."

Randal postponed his meditated composition with a quick sigh, drew his chair towards the sofa, and lowered his voice into a whisper. "You

think with me, that the chance of my success—is good?"

"Chance! Why it is a rubber of whist, in which your partner gives you all the winnings, and in which the adversary is almost sure to revoke. Either Avenel or his nephew, it is true, must come in; but not both. Two parvenus aspiring to make a family seat of an Earl's borough! Bah! too absurd."

"I hear from Riccabocca (or rather the Duke di Serrano) that this same young Fairfield is greatly indebted to the kindness of Lord L'Estrange. Very odd that he should stand against the Lansmere interest."

"Ambition, *mon cher*. You yourself are under some obligations to Mr Egerton. Yet, in reality, he has more to apprehend from you than from Mr Fairfield."

"I disown obligations to Mr Egerton. And if the electors prefer me to him, (whom, by the by, they once burned in effigy,) it is no fault of mine; the fault, if any, will rest with his own dearest friend, L'Estrange. I do not understand how a man of such clear sense, as L'Estrange undoubtedly possesses, should be risking Egerton's election in his zeal for mine. Nor do his formal courtesies to myself deceive me. He has even implied that he suspects me of connivance with Peschiera's schemes on Violante. But those suspicions he cannot support. For of course, Levy, you would not betray me?"

"I! What possible interest could I serve in that?"

"None that I can discover, certainly," said Randal, relaxing into a smile. "And when I get into Parliament, aided by the social position which my marriage will give me, I shall have so many ways to serve you. No, it is certainly your interest not to betray me. And I shall count on you as a witness, if a witness can be required."

"Count on me, certainly, my fellow," said the Baron. "And I pose there will be no witness the way. Done for eternally is my dear friend Peschiera, whose by the by, were matchless;—"

der if there will be any for sale. And if he were not so done for, it is not you, it is L'Estrange, that he would be tempted to do for."

"We may blot Peschiera out of the map of the future," rejoined Randal. "Men from whom henceforth we have nothing to hope or to fear, are to us as the races before the deluge."

"Fine remark," quoth the Baron, admiringly. "Peschiera, though not without brains, was a complete failure. And when the failure of one I have tried to serve is complete, the rule I have adopted through life is to give him up altogether."

"Of course," said Randal.

"Of course," echoed the Baron.

"On the other hand, you know that I like pushing forward young men of mark and promise. You really are amazingly clever; but how comes it you don't speak better? Do you know, I doubt whether you will do in the House of Commons all that I expected from your address and readiness in private life."

"Because I cannot talk trash vulgar enough for a mob? Pooh! I shall succeed wherever knowledge is really power. Besides, you must allow for my infernal position. You know, after all, that Avenel, if he can only return himself or his nephew, still holds in his hands the choice of the candidate upon our side. I cannot attack him—I cannot attack his insolent nephew—"

"Insolent!—not that, but bitterly eloquent. He hits you hard. You are no match for him, Randal, before a popular audience; though, *en petit comité*, the devil himself were hardly a match for you. But now to a somewhat more serious point. Your election you will win—your bride is promised to you; but the old Leslie lands, in the present possession of Squire Thornhill, you have not gained—and your chance of gaining them is in great jeopardy. I did not like to tell you this morning—it would have spoiled your temper for canvassing; but I have received a letter from Thornhill himself. He has had an offer for the property, which is only £1000 short of what he asks. A city alderman, called Jobson, is the bidder; a man, it seems, of large means and few words. The alderman has fixed the date on which he

must have a definite answer; and that date falls on the —th, two days after that fixed for the poll at Lansmere. The brute declares he will close with another investment, if Thornhill does not then come into his terms. Now, as Thornhill will accept these terms unless I can positively promise him better, and as those funds on which you calculated (had the marriage of Peschiera with Violante, and Frank Hazeldean with Madame di Negra, taken place) fail you, I see no hope for your being in time with the money—and the old lands of the Leslies must yield their rents to a Jobson."

"I care for nothing on earth like those old lands of my forefathers," said Randal, with unusual vehemence—"I reverence so little amongst the living—and I do reverence the dead. And my marriage will take place so soon; and the dower would so amply cover the paltry advance required."

"Yes; but the mere prospect of a marriage to the daughter of a man whose lands are still sequestered, would be no security to a money-lender."

"Surely," said Randal, "you who once offered to assist me when my fortunes were more precarious, might now accommodate me with this loan, as a friend, and keep the title-deeds of the estate as—"

"As a money-lender," added the Baron, laughing pleasantly. "No, *mon cher*, I will still lend you half the sum required in advance, but the other half is more than I can afford as friend, or hazard as money-lender; and it would damage my character—be out of all rule—if, the estates falling, by your default of payment, into my own hands, I should appear to be the real purchaser of the property of my own distressed client. But, now I think of it, did not Squire Hazeldean really promise you his assistance in this matter?"

"He did so," answered Randal, "as soon as the marriage between Frank and Madame di Negra was off his mind. I meant to cross over to Hazeldean immediately after the election. How can I leave the place till then?"

"If you do, your election is lost. But why not write to the Squire?"

"It is against my maxim to write where I can speak. However, there is no option ; I will write at once. Meanwhile, communicate with Thornhill ; keep up his hopes ; and be sure, at least, that he does not close with this greedy alderman before the day fixed for decision."

"I have done all that already, and my letter is gone. Now, do your part ; and if you write as cleverly as you talk, you would coax the money out from a stonier heart than poor Mr Hazeldean's. I leave you now—Good night."

Levy took up his candlestick, nodded, yawned, and went.

Randal still suspended the completion of his speech, and indited the following epistle :—

"MY DEAR MR HAZELDEAN,—I wrote to you a few hasty lines on leaving town, to inform you that the match you so dreaded was broken off, and that I would defer particulars till I could visit your kind and hospitable roof, which I trusted to do for a few hours during my stay at Lausmere, since it is not a day's journey hence to Hazeldean. But I did not calculate on finding so sharp a contest. In no election throughout the kingdom do I believe that a more notable triumph, or a more stunning defeat, for the great landed interest can occur. For in this town—so dependent on agriculture—we are opposed by a low and sordid manufacturer, of the most revolutionary notions, who has, moreover, the audacity to force his own nephew—that very boy whom I chastised for impertinence on your village green—son of a common carpenter—actually the audacity, I say, to attempt to force this peasant of a nephew, as well as himself, into the representation of Lausmere, against the Earl's interest, against your distinguished brother—of myself I say nothing. You should hear the language in which these two men indulge against all your family ! If we are beaten by such persons in a borough supposed to be so loyal as Lausmere, every one with a stake in the country may tremble at such a prognostic of the ruin that must await not only our old English constitution, but the exist-

ence of property itself. I need not say that on such an occasion I cannot spare myself. Mr Egerton is ill too. All the fatigue of the canvass devolves on me. I feel, my dear and revered friend, that I am a genuine Hazeldean, fighting your battle ; and that thought carries me through all. I cannot, therefore, come to you till the election is over ; and meanwhile you, and my dear Mrs Hazeldean, must be anxious to know more about the affair that so preyed on both your hearts, than I have yet informed you, or can well trust to a letter. Be assured, however, that the worst is over ; the lady has gone abroad. I earnestly entreated Frank (who showed me Mrs Hazeldean's most pathetic letter to him) to hasten at once to the hall, and relieve your minds. Unfortunately he would not be ruled by me, but talked of going abroad too—not, I trust, (nay, I feel assured,) in pursuit of Madame di Negra ; but still—In short, I should be so glad to see you, and talk over the whole. Could you not come hither ?—pray do. And now, at the risk of your thinking that in this I am only consulting my own interest, (but no—your noble English heart will never so misjudge me !) I will add with homely frankness, that if you could accommodate me immediately with the loan you once so generously offered, you would save those lands once in my family from passing away from us for ever. A city alderman—one Jobson—is meanly taking advantage of Thornhill's necessities, and driving a hard bargain for those lands. He has fixed the —th inst. for Thornhill's answer, and Levy (who is here assisting Mr Egerton's election) informs me that Thornhill will accept his offer, unless I am provided with £10,000 beforehand ; the other £10,000, to complete the advance required, Levy will lend me. Do not be surprised at the usurer's liberality ; he knows that I am about shortly to marry a very great heiress, (you will be pleased when you learn whom, and will then be able to account for my indifference to Miss Sticktorights,) and her dower will amply serve to repay his loan and your own, if I may trust to your generous affection for the grandson of a Hazeldean ! I have the less

scruple in this appeal to you, for I know how it would grieve you that a Jobson, who perhaps never knew a grandmother, should foist your own kinsman from the lands of his fathers. Of one thing I am convinced—we squires, and sons of squires, must make common cause against these great monied capitalists, or they will buy us all out in a few generations.

The old race of country gentlemen is already much diminished by the grasping cupidity of such leviathans ; and if the race be once extinct, what will become of the boast and strength of England ?

“ Yours, my dear Mr Hazeldean, with most affectionate and grateful respect,

“ RANDAL LESLIE.”

CHAPTER XXII.

Nothing to Leonard could as yet be more distasteful or oppressive than his share in this memorable election. In the first place, it chafed the secret sores of his heart to be compelled to resume the name of Fairfield, which was a tacit disavowal of his birth. It had been such delight to him that the same letters which formed the name of Nora, should weave also that name of Oran, to which he had given distinction, which he had associated with all his nobler toils, and all his hopes of enduring fame—a mystic link between his own career and his mother's obscurer genius. It seemed to him as if it were rendering to her the honours accorded to himself—subtle and delicate fancy of the affections, of which only poets would be capable, but which others than poets may perhaps comprehend ! That earlier name of Fairfield was connected in his memory with all the ruder employments, the meaner trials of his boyhood—the name of Oran, with poetry and fame. It was his title in the ideal world, amongst all fair shapes and spirits. In receiving the old appellation, the practical world, with its bitterness and strife, returned to him as at the utterance of a spell. But in coming to Lansmere he had no choice. To say nothing of Dick, and Dick's parents, with whom his secret would not be safe, Randal Leslie knew that he had gone by the name of Fairfield—knew his supposed parentage, and would be sure to proclaim them. How account for the later name without setting curiosity to read the anagram it involved, and perhaps guiding suspicion to his birth from Nora, to the injury of her memory, yet preserved from stain ?

His feelings as connected with Nora—sharpened and deepened as

they all had been by his discovery of her painful narrative—were embittered still more by coming in contact with her parents. Old John was in the same helpless state of mind and body as before—neither worse nor better ; but waking up at intervals with vivid gleams of interest in the election at the wave of a blue banner—at the cry of “ Blue for ever.” It was the old broken-down charger, who, dosing in the meadows, starts at the roll of the drum. No persuasions Dick could employ would induce his father to promise to vote even one Yellow. You might as well have expected the old Roman, with his monomaniac cry against Carthage, to have voted for choosing Carthaginians for consuls. But poor John, nevertheless, was not only very civil, but very humble to Dick—“ very happy to oblige the gentleman.”

“ Your own son ! ” bawled Dick ; “ and here is your own grandson.”

“ Very happy to serve you both ; but you see you are the wrong colour.”

Then, as he gazed at Leonard, the old man approached him on trembling knees, stroked his hair, looked into his face piteously. “ Be thee my grandson ? ” he faltered. “ Wife, wife, Nora had no son, had she ? My memory begins to fail me, sir ; pray excuse it ; but you have a look about the eyes that—” Old John began to weep, and his wife led him away.

“ Don't come again,” she said to Leonard harshly when she returned. “ He'll not sleep all night now ! ” And then, observing that the tears stood in Leonard's eyes, she added in softened tones—“ I am glad to see you well and thriving, and to hear that you have been of great service to my son, Richard, who is a credit and an honour to the family, though poor

John cannot vote for him or for you against his conscience; and he should not be asked," (she added, firing up;) "and it is a sin to ask it, and he so old, and no one to defend him but me. But defend him I will while I have life!"

The poet recognised woman's brave, loving, wife-like heart here, and would have embraced the stern grandmother, if she had not drawn back from him; and, as she turned towards the room to which she had led her husband, she said over her shoulder—

"I'm not so unkind as I seem, boy; but it is better for you, and for all, that you should not come to this house again—better that you had not come into the town."

"Fie, mother," said Dick, seeing that Leonard, bending his head, silently walked from the room. "You should be prouder of your grandson than you are of me."

"Prouder of him who may shame us all yet?"

"What do you mean?"

But Mrs Avenel shook her head, and vanished.

"Never mind her, poor old soul," said Dick, as he joined Leonard at the threshold; "she always had her tempers. And since there is no vote to be got in this house, and one can't set a caucus on one's own father—at least in this extraordinarily rotten and prejudiced old country, which is quite in its dotage—we'll not come here to be snubbed any more. Bless their old hearts, nevertheless!"

Leonard's acute sensibility in all that concerned his birth, deeply wounded by Mrs Avenel's allusions, which he comprehended better than his uncle did, was also kept on the edge by the suspense to which he was condemned by Harley's continued silence as to the papers confided to that nobleman. It seemed to Leonard almost unaccountable that Harley should have read those papers—be in the same town with himself—and yet volunteer no communication. At length he wrote a few lines to Lord L'Estrange, bringing the matter that concerned him so deeply before Harley's recollection, and suggesting his own earnest interest in any information that could supply the gaps and omissions of the desultory fragments. Harley, in replying to this note, said, with

apparent reason, "that it would require a long personal interview to discuss the subject referred to, and that such an interview, in the thick of the contest between himself and a candidate opposed to the Lansmere party, would be sure to get wind, be ascribed to political intrigues, be impossible otherwise to explain—and embarrass all the interests confided to their respective charge. That for the rest, he had not been unmindful of Leonard's anxiety, which must now mainly be to see justice done to the dead parent, and learn the name, station, and character of the parent yet surviving. And in this Harley trusted to assist him as soon as the close of the poll would present a suitable occasion." The letter was unlike Harley's former cordial tone; it was hard and dry. Leonard respected L'Estrange too much to own to himself that it was unfeeling. With all his rich generosity of nature, he sought excuses for what he declined to blame. Perhaps something in Helen's manner or words had led Harley to suspect that she still cherished too tender an interest in the companion of her childhood; perhaps under this coldness of expression there lurked the burning anguish of jealousy. And, oh Leonard so well understood, and could so nobly compassionate, even in his prosperous rival, that torture of the most agonising of human passions, in which all reasonings follow the distorted writhings of our pain.

And Leonard himself, amidst his other causes of disquiet, was at once so gnawed and so humbled by his own jealousy. Helen, he knew, was still under the same roof as Harley. They, the betrothed, could see each other daily, hourly. He would soon hear of their marriage. She would be borne afar from the very sphere of his existence—carried into a loftier region—accessible only to his dreams. And yet, to be jealous of one to whom both Helen and himself were under such obligations, debased him in his own esteem—jealousy here was so like ingratitude. But for Harley, what could have become of Helen, left to his boyish charge?—he who had himself been compelled, in despair, to think of sending her from his side, to be reared into smileless youth in his mother's humble cottage, while he

face famine alone, gazing on the terrible river, from the bridge by which he had once begged for very alms—begged of that Audley Egerton, to whom he was now opposed as an equal;—or flying from the fiend that glared at him under the lids of the haunting Chatterton. No, jealousy here was more than agony—it was degradation, it was crime! But, ah! if Helen were happy in these splendid nuptials. Was he sure even of that consolation? Bitter was the thought either way—that she should wholly forget him, in happiness from which he stood excluded as a thing of sin—or sinfully herself remember, and be wretched!

With that healthful strength of will which is more often proportioned to the susceptibility of feeling than the world suppose, the young man at last wrenched himself for a while from the iron that had entered into his soul, and forced his thoughts to seek relief in the very objects from which they otherwise would have the most loathingly recoiled. He aroused his imagination to befriend his reason; he strove to divine some motive not explained by Harley, not to be referred to the mere defeat, by counter-scheme, of scheming Randal—nor even to be solved by any service to Audley Egerton which Harley might evolve from the complicated meshes of the election;—some motive that could more interest his own heart in the contest, and connect itself with Harley's promised aid in clearing up the mystery of his parentage. Nora's memoir had clearly hinted that his father was of rank and station far beyond her own. She had thrown the glow of her glorious fancies over the ambition and the destined career of the lover in whom she had merged her ambition as poetess, and her career as woman. Possibly the father might be more disposed to own and to welcome the son, if the son could achieve an opening, and give promise of worth, in that grand world of public life in which alone reputation takes precedence of rank. Possibly, too, if the son thus succeeded, and became one whom a proud father could with pride acknowledge, possibly he might not only secure a father's welcome, but vindicate a

mother's name. This marriage, which Nora darkly hinted she had been led to believe was fraudulent, might, after all, have been legal—the ceremony concealed, even till now, by worldly shame at disparity of rank. But if the son could make good his own footing—there where rank itself owned its chiefs in talent—that shame might vanish. These suppositions were not improbable; nor were they uncongenial to Leonard's experience of Harley's delicate benignity of purpose. Here, too, the image of Helen allied itself with those of his parents to support his courage and influence his new ambition. True, that she was lost to him for ever. No worldly success, no political honours, could now restore her to his side. But she might hear him named with respect in those circles in which alone she would hereafter move, and in which parliamentary reputation ranks higher than literary fame. And perhaps in future years, when love, retaining its tenderness, was purified from its passion, they might thus meet as friends. He might, without a pang, take her children on his knees, and say, perhaps in their old age, when he had climbed to a social equality even with her high-born lord, "It was the hope to regain the privilege bestowed on our childhood, that strengthened me to seek distinction when you and happiness forsook my youth." Thus regarded, the election, which had before seemed to him so poor and vulgar an exhibition of vehement passions for petty objects, with its trumpery of banners and its discord of trumpets, suddenly grew into vivid interest, and assumed dignity and importance. It is ever thus with all mortal strife. In proportion as it possesses, or is void of, the diviner something that quickens the pulse of the heart, and elevates the wing of the imagination, it presents a mockery to the philosopher, or an inspiration to the bard. Feel *that something*, and no contest is mean! Feel it not, and, like Byron, you may class with the slaughter of Cannæ that field, which at Waterloo restored the landmarks of nations; or may jeer with Juvenal at the dust of Hannibal, because he sought to deliver Carthage from ruin, and free a world from Rome.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Once, then, grappling manfully with the task he had undertaken, and constraining himself to look on what Riccabocca would have called "the southern side of things," whatever there was really great in principle or honourable to human nature, deep below the sordid details and pitiful interests apparent on the face of the agitated current, came clear to his vision. The ardour of those around him began to be contagious; the generous devotion to some cause, apart from self, which pervades an election, and to which the poorest voter will often render sacrifices that may be called sublime—the warm personal affection which community of zeal creates for the defender of beloved opinions—all concurred to dispel that indifference to party politics, and counteract that disgust of their baser leaven, which the young poet had first conceived. He even began to look with complacency, for itself, on a career of toil and honours strange to his habitual labours and intellectual ambition. He threw the poetry of idea within him (as poets ever do) into the prose of action to which he was hurried forward. He no longer opposed Dick Avenel when that gentleman represented how detrimental it would be to his business at Screwstown if he devoted to his country the time and the acumen required by his mill and its steam-engine; and how desirable it would be, on all accounts, that Leonard Fairfield should become the parliamentary representative of the Avenels. "If, therefore," said Dick, "two of us cannot come in, and one must retire, leave it to me to arrange with the committee that you shall be the one to persist. Oh, never fear but what all scruples of honour shall be satisfied. I would not, for the sake of the Avenels, have a word said against their representative."

"But," answered Leonard, "if I grant this, I fear that you have some intention of suffering the votes that your resignation would release, to favour Leslie at the expense of Egerton."

"What the deuce is Egerton to you?"

"Nothing, except through my gratitude to his friend Lord L'Estrange."

"Pooh! I will tell you a secret. Levy informs me privately that L'Estrange will be well satisfied if the choice of Lansmere fall upon Leslie instead of Egerton; and I think I convinced my lord—for I saw him in London—that Egerton would have no chance, though Leslie might."

"I must think that Lord L'Estrange would resist to the utmost any attempt to prefer Leslie—whom he despises—to Egerton, whom he honours. And, so thinking, I too would resist it, as you may judge by the speeches which have so provoked your displeasure."

"Let us cut short a yarn of talk which, when it comes to likings and dislikings, might last to almighty crack: I'll ask you to do nothing that Lord L'Estrange does not sanction. Will that satisfy you?"

"Certainly, provided I am assured of the sanction."

And now, the important day preceding the poll, the day in which the candidates were to be formally nominated, and meet each other in all the ceremony of declared rivalry, dawned at last.

The town-hall was the place selected for the occasion; and before sunrise, all the streets were resonant with music, and gay with banners.

Audley Egerton felt that he could not—without incurring some just sarcasm on his dread to face the constituency he had formerly represented, and by the malcontents of which he had been burned in effigy—absent himself from the town-hall, as he had done from balcony and hostel. Painful as it was to confront Nora's brother, and wrestle in public against all the secret memories that knit the strife of the present contest with the anguish that recalled the first—still, the thing must be done; and it was the English habit of his life to face with courage whatever he had to do.

THE PILGRIMAGE OF THE FLAGELLANTS.

THE annals of religious fanaticism, wild and extraordinary though they be, and abounding in startling episodes, hardly include a more curious page than that recording the proceedings of a sect of half-crazed enthusiasts, which, after a century's existence in Italy, spread northwards, towards the middle of the fourteenth century, through Switzerland into Germany. Propagandism was the object of a crusade, whose banner and emblem were the scourge instead of the cross; and numerous proselytes, due sometimes to force, but more often to free will, swelled, as it proceeded, the ranks of the strange expedition. To comprehend the motives that brought the Flagellants across the Alps, and the reasons of the rapid, although temporary extension of their barbarous and bloody tenets, it is necessary to refer, in some detail, to other circumstances of the times.

In Germany, the first half of the fourteenth century was a period of unbounded corruption and immorality, of violence, rapine, and disorder. Serfdom still existed; the lower orders were oppressed and degraded; in the cities, the burghers but just began to feel the strength that union gives, and to cling together in corporate bodies for mutual protection and support. Neither citizens nor peasants were yet strong enough to defend themselves against the exactions and aggressions of the robber knights and tyrannical nobles, who levied black mail, how and when they pleased, and with it kept high festival in their sumptuous and well-fortified castles. The patrician families of the free cities of the Empire were connected and allied with these aristocratic banditti; the offspring of their intermarriages were reared from the cradle in a spirit of cruelty and violence towards their inferiors. The divisions between the higher classes in the towns—patricians, merchants, councillors, rich burghesses—were strongly marked, and were characterised by a jealous and hostile spirit; whilst the mass of the people, the peasants of the environs, the mecha-

nics, who were not admissible into the guilds formed by their superiors, the large number of persons who sold their services to the first purchaser for daily bread and nightly shelter, led dissolute and criminal lives, and were not to be restrained from evil-doing, even by the barbarously cruel punishments whose application is so frequently recorded in the chronicles of the time. When good example is thus scarce amongst the laity of all degrees, one yet may hope to find it amongst the clergy. In the present instance, the search but further exposes the prevalent and deeply-rooted depravity. The entire body of priests and monks, from the great dignitaries of the church down to the mendicant friars, who tramped their daily round with staff and wallet, had fallen into discredit and contempt by the corruption of their lives. The people condemned them with one voice, and that was the voice of incontestible truth. The Emperor, Charles IV., himself, in a public assemblage of the princes of the Empire at Mayence, spoke openly of their misconduct, and no voice was uplifted in reply or refutation. Bishops, neglecting their dioceses, girded sword and brandished lance in unjust wars, and even in frays and highway robberies;—undignified prelates, abbots, and canons, passed their days in the chase and the tournament, and at the theatre; their nights in carousing, dancing, and worse things still. The convents were the temples of every vice, and to take the veil meant in those days neither more nor less than to enter upon a course of profligacy. Princes of the church were withheld by no sense of shame from exhibiting themselves in the characters of dashing sportsmen, dissolute soldiers, and fierce banditti. At church-doors it was no unusual spectacle to behold hounds and huntsmen assembled, waiting for the abbot or prior then engaged in the celebration of the mass; nay, into the very interior of the sanctuary the robber-knights often penetrated, dogs and attendants at their heels, to summon to the joys of

the chase their clerical friends and boon companions. Even the least enlightened of the people were struck by the mockery of receiving in the morning absolution from a priest whom they had seen, the night before, reeling drunk upon the street, and shocked by the desecration of a sacrament administered by notorious evil livers. Men told each other how they had met priests galloping through the forest, with blast of horn and loud halloo, all dripping with the blood of deer and boars, on their way to say mass, and many tales were circulated of the cruelty and vindictiveness of those whose profession should have made them merciful and prompt to pardon. It was related of the canons of Limburg, on the Lahn, how they seized a poor woodcutter, accused of poaching, and chained him upon a stag, which fled far before it was slain and the expiring wretch detached from its back. Many such tales were told, and unfortunately they were for the most part true, until at last the priesthood lost all influence with the people, who, at the same time, began to disregard every restraint of legal and social order. It was when vice and irreligion had thus attained almost the utmost height to which it seemed possible for the inventive sinfulness of man to carry them, that Germany was visited by a chastisement, the like of which was unknown within the memory of any then living. The Asiatic plague was a guest which, in those days, when the precautions taken against it were few and inadequate, made its appearance in eastern Europe at very brief intervals. It was nothing unusual, according to old German chronicles, for a man to witness, in the course of his lifetime, three distinct and formidable inroads of that terrible pestilence. The one that took place exactly in the middle of the fourteenth century was unparalleled in malignity. The terrified and ignorant populace revived the old fable of the poisoning of the wells by the Jews—a fable supported, if not originated, by numbers who were interested to persecute that oppressed race, either for the sake of plunder, or to get rid

by violence of inconvenient creditors. The cry had never been raised with such terrible and murderous effect as upon that occasion. It was a period of disorder, and of contempt of all authority; the virulence of the plague was unprecedented; the authorities were impotent, the revenue insufficient to take the necessary measures for the enforcement of law and protection of property. An old German writer, Sigmund von Birken, in his *Mirror of the Honours of the Archducal House of Austria*,* gives a quaint and horrible picture of the universal alarm, of the ravages of the plague, and of the cruelties exercised on the Hebrews. "At that time," he says, "all Christendom was in a calamitous state by reason of an unheard-of cruel pestilence, which, after long desolating Asia, at last came into Europe, and, in 1348, began its ravages, which endured for three years. It is believed that there was then no place in the world that was spared by this scythe of death, which, for six years long, swept over the whole earth. Pope Clement had appointed a jubilee for the year 1350, when a vast multitude of persons made the pilgrimage to Rome; but so grievous was the mortality, that, out of every thousand, scarcely ten ever returned to their homes. In view of which, it was considered that, since the time of the Deluge, death had never been so busy upon earth. There perished a third, or, as others affirm, the half of mankind. At last most of the villages were left without inhabitants, and the poor cattle ran at large in the fields, for none were there to take charge of them. The cause of this mortality was said to be the Jews, who, arguing, from the discord between the Pope and the Emperor, the approaching downfall of Christianity, had formed a conspiracy against the Christians, to destroy them secretly by poison. There were several Jews in Helvetia who, having been seized for other offences, confessed, under the torture, that they had thrown poison into the wells. Search was made, the poison was found, and the fact was communicated to other cities. Thereupon, the draw-wells were every-

* Nuremberg, 1668.

where shut up, the buckets taken away, and water was fetched from cisterns, ponds, and rivers. At the same time there was a cruel persecution of the Jews; and in Strasburg, Basle, and other places, there were great revolts against the authorities who strove to protect them. At Strasburg eighteen hundred Jews were burned; also in Zurich a great number in their own burying-ground. At Mayence they were roasted in such fashion, that in St Quentin's church tower a fine bell and the lead round the windows were melted. At Basle they took them to an island on the Rhine, fastened them into a wooden house, and burned it over their heads. Elsewhere, they threw them into the wells they had poisoned, drowned or stabbed them, or hurled them from the tops of houses, and in all imaginable ways slew and executed them." Even had they possessed the power, it was not to be expected that the clergy would exert themselves to protect those whom they denounced as the eternal foes of Christianity, addicted to the black art and to all unholy practices, and who, moreover, were their formidable rivals in the trade of usury. In those days, he who needed a loan, addressed himself either to a rich Jew or to a wealthy convent; and it not unfrequently happened that, the convent proving the most Jewish of the two in the rate of interest it demanded, the preference was given to the Hebrews, in whose dependence a great number of nobles and citizens found themselves, as a natural consequence of the necessities entailed by their dissolute and spendthrift lives. To these unscrupulous borrowers, a massacre of the Jews, a conflagration of their dwellings—in which bonds and receipts might be reduced to ashes—were anything but unwelcome sights; and certainly they were not the men to shield their unbelieving creditors from popular fury. The Jews' only safety consisted in the purchase, by heavy subsidies, of Imperial protection. This was accorded them, in return for a large annual tribute, to receive which, to hear their complaints, and to defend them in case of need, *voigte* or bailiffs were appointed. Thus be-

friendened, the Jews, who were known by the style of the *Kammer-Knechte*, (servants or vassals of the Imperial chamber or exchequer,) indulged—at least the richer ones amongst them—in luxury and ostentation, which greatly augmented the hate, and aroused the envy, of the burghers, and even of the nobles. By a lavish expenditure in clothes, and at their feasts, they strove to indemnify themselves for the many restraints imposed upon them by the usages of those days, which prohibited their appearance, even as spectators, at public tournaments, patrician festivals, Imperial elections, and such like pageants and ceremonies. They were compelled to wear caps of a peculiar form; and although they decorated these with gold embroidery, and even with precious stones, they were never safe, when they appeared in public, from the abuse and hootings of the mob. Braving all perils, however, and spurred by curiosity, members of this oppressed race not unfrequently ventured, in disguise, to mingle with the throng at some grand procession or ceremonial, whence, if discovered, they were fortunate if they escaped alive. To put an end to such risks, to enable their wives and daughters to display their beauty and their jewels in the high places of the Christian, no sacrifice appeared too great to the wealthy and ambitious descendants of Abraham. The jingle of their money-bags was a well-known and a welcome sound at the Imperial court of Prague. Charles IV. was constantly at his wits' end for money; and the Jews were ever ready to bid high for favours and privileges which should ultimately increase their wealth and narrow the broad line of demarcation between them and their Christian fellow-citizens.

Never was all the protection they could possibly obtain—even at the sacrifice of their entire worldly goods—more urgently needed by the Jews of Germany than during the frightful pestilence of 1348. Spreading like wildfire over the land, the Plague, as if sent by God to punish the prevalent corruption, struck down its victims by thousands. The haughty robber knight, the arrogant patrician, the

pompous counsellor, the wealthy merchant, sank under its venomous breath as promptly as the toiling and hardly-used serf. The Plague was a terrible teacher of the equality of all things earthly. But to whom were the victims to turn, in their hour of agony and despair, for that spiritual consolation which should smoothe their brief and painful path to the grave? The clergy, as we have already seen, had fallen into contempt, and had forfeited their influence and the confidence of their flock. They crept into their innermost apartments, and strove, by fumigations and exorcisms, to keep at bay the demon of disease. Then there crossed the Alps a strange army of fanatics, chanting wild hymns, lacerating their bodies with knotted scourges, and proclaiming, wherever they went, that in such self-torture alone was to be found hope in this world and salvation in the next. The spirit of the time was ripe for the reception of these frantic enthusiasts. Abandoned by their priests, sunk in misery and vice, the multitude clamoured for a miracle to save them, and deemed they beheld this miracle in the apparition of the Flagellants. Like the Plague, these fanatics taught a lesson of equality; for to them the palace and the cottage, the sanctuary and the fortress, must alike be opened. The oppressed and ill-treated flocked to the banner of the new sect; serfs cast off their collars and grasped the scourge; everywhere poverty revolted against wealth. The anti-social and impossible doctrines of equality in all things, which we have seen revived in our times by political visionaries and designing adventurers, were then put forward in the garb of religious fanaticism. In each case, the manner was appropriate to the age. The time had arrived, the Flagellants said, when the rich should become poor and the poor rich: there was to be a change in all things; temporal government was at an end, and a spiritual power should be installed in its stead. Their doctrines harmonised with the temper of the time, and were fascinating to the lower orders. Their persons were considered sacred; everywhere they were hospitably received; the vengeance of the populace would

have overtaken any who dared refuse them shelter. From the villages and hamlets near which they passed, the country people joined them in crowds, and when they entered a town they became *de facto* its rulers. Every master of a house had then to fear that serfs and servants would quit him without a word of notice, and return, perhaps, a few hours later, arrayed in the becrossed garment of the Flagellants, to impose themselves as pampered guests upon those whose domestics they had, till that day, been. Fearful of exciting a general revolt, the authorities dared not interfere; the clergy, well knowing that one of the objects of the Flagellants was to rouse the people against them, and rendered timid by their evil consciences, shut themselves in their convents, leaving the undisturbed possession of the churches to the intruders, who had already supplanted them in the favour of the people. Proclaiming themselves chosen instruments to bring the whole of mankind to penance and to reconciliation with God, the Flagellants abode but a short time in one place, and so were the more patiently endured—things relapsing, after their departure, into their former tranquillity. In every town where they halted for a while, they held solemn processions; singing their grim chorus, scourging themselves, and compelling the sacristans and church-servants to accompany their rites with ringing of bells. And so unsettled was the religious feeling of the time, so great was the craving after some fixed creed upon which to lean in those days of pestilence and sudden death, that this dismal fanaticism, so opposed in every way to the mild doctrines of pure Christianity, made its way into families of the higher classes; and persons of rank and fortune, ashamed to join the public processions of the Flagellants, scourged themselves in private to such a degree as to injure health, and even endanger life.

If the objects of the Flagellants were originally disinterested, they did not long continue so, and their efforts soon ceased to be solely directed to the conversion and reformation of their fellow men. Spoiled by power and by the homage paid them, they

became overbearing, and covetous of earthly pleasures and advantages. Their strict abstinence was in most instances a mere hypocritical veil for sensual indulgences; their lives were dissolute, their excesses innumerable. Their persecution of the Jews, first instituted on religious grounds, and on the pretext of the poisoned wells, redoubled in fierceness when its object became to obtain possession of the wealth of the unfortunate unbelievers, whose plundered houses and burned bodies marked the passage of the fanatics through Switzerland, Swabia, and Alsatia, to the flourishing Free City of Frankfort on the Maine.

A period so eventful as that whose leading features we have sketched, affords tempting opportunities to the romance-writer. It has suggested to Mr George Döring, a novelist, much better known in Germany than in England, a striking groundwork for his tale of the *Geiselfahrt*, which opens, on the eve of the entrance of the Flagellants into Frankfort, with a meeting, in a pleasant valley of the Taunus mountains, between Pater Clarus, a mendicant friar, and Salentine vom Rhein, the eldest son of a patrician family in the Free City, who is returning home after completing his medical studies in Paris, in the eager hope of restoring sight to his blind mother, and of doing good service to his fellow-citizens in that day of pestilence and mortality. When descending the Rhine from Strasburg, the Physician-Knight has encountered a column of the Flagellants, whom he compares to a swarm of locusts, marking their passage by ravage and desolation. "Woe to him," he says, "who refuses to accompany them, or who denies them respect and all things that they require! A frightful delirium, begotten beneath the glowing sky of Italy, has taken possession of them; they rave against themselves, they curse themselves, and make confession of the most horrible crimes; they reject all control, whether secular or ecclesiastical; blood alone is to reconcile them with the Divinity! Many thousand men and women, grey-headed patriarchs, young maidens and children, fill the churches and the adjacent squares; their howl of la-

mentation fills the air, their bleeding lacerated bodies excite horror and disgust. But how many are there not amongst them, with whom this frenzy serves merely as a mask for the gratification of the basest appetites!" After accompanying Salentine to the house of his father, Hanns vom Rheine, who holds the high and respected office of Imperial *vögt*, or guardian of the Jews in Frankfort, the reader is conducted into a forest, distant from that city but a few short leagues. On a small clearing, separated from the high-road by a birch-wood, and bounded on the other sides by the rugged wall of a semicircular stone-quarry, whose two extremities extend to the trees, a band of strolling players have established their bivouac, and watch, in hungry anticipation, the bubbling of a mighty kettle, to which various foragers have contributed their quota—not always acquired, to judge from appearances, in a manner strictly legitimate. The fowl and hare, goose and sucking pig, beans and turnips, emit, however, as savoury an odour as if they had been purchased instead of pillaged. A small barrel of wine, produced from the single cart which conveys the whole property and properties of the company, perfects the feast, under whose favourable influence the players, some of whom act important parts in the novel, are introduced to the reader by the nicknames by which at that time it was customary for persons of that profession to be known. Thus Felician, the *dur* or manager, has received, by reason of the amiable grin with which it is his custom to invest his countenance when speaking or spoken to, the significant surname of Sweetbutter; the *prima donna* and *jeune première* of the troop, a young lady of some beauty and great pretensions, is known as Vanity Peal-o'-bells, an appellation for which she was certainly not indebted to her parents and sponsors; whilst the languishing and outrageously conceited guitar-player, who accompanies Miss Vanity's trills and roulades, is spoken of only as Muskflower. Besides these prominent personages, the troop includes a Jack-pudding or buffoon, strongly suspected of Judaism, and a number of other men and women, rope-dancers, jug-

glers, cup and ball players, posture masters, and the like. In the background is the cart, in and about which the children of the players are disporting themselves, hiding in the dragon which St George has so often perforated, and creeping into the "Hell," in which (and this was a never-failing hit with the audiences of those days) bad women and fools were baked. The banquet over, the wine drunk, the careless vagrants prepare for departure. Then comes the following striking scene:—

"The sinking sun now warned the strollers that they had no time to lose if they wished to reach before nightfall the great imperial and commercial city which was the goal of that day's march. Trumpet and drum gave the usual signal, producing instant and general activity, and in a few minutes the cooking utensils, the empty wine-barrel, and whatever else would repay transport, were loaded upon the cart beside the dragon. The fair Vanity, aided by the *dux*, also took her place in the vehicle; whilst Muskflower, slinging his guitar picturesquely over his shoulder by a silken ribbon, stood prepared, like some adventurous Troubadour, to prosecute on foot his eccentric wanderings. The children of the troop clung to the cart, and the Jack-pudding, to whom an old custom assigned the office of driver, endeavoured, by the sharp application of a goad, to get the lame and solitary draught-horse into motion. The greater number of the strollers, their hunger appeased by the recent meal, and their spirits cheered by the wine, displayed a noisy gaiety which contrasted strangely with the beggarly exterior of many amongst them. But not one could compare, for oddity of appearance, with Felician Sweetbutter. His tall meagre figure towered above all, and his whining voice was continually audible in fruitless exhortations to order and quiet.

"But the prosecution of the harmless plans of these poor strollers was destined to be cruelly frustrated. The Jack-pudding had just succeeded in making the lame horse move on, the manager was about to take his place at the head of the troop, when there suddenly arose, from the depths

of the surrounding forest, a dismal but potent chant, intoned by many hundreds of voices, and mingled with howlings and lamentations, and with the noise of a rapidly approaching multitude.

"'The Scourgers! The Scourgers!' Such was the cry of horror that burst on the instant from the lips of the players, who, as though scattered by a storm-blast, flew in all directions. But whithersoever they turned their faces, they were met by the penitential chant of the Flagellants, who approached from all sides and rapidly enclosed the terrified band in a circle which each moment contracted.

"'Come hither all, who will atone,
Thus we avoid in hell to moan;
Lucifer is an ill companion:
Whom he catches
In pitch he washes!'

Such was the uncouth warning which issued, in hideous and sepulchral strains, from every bush and thicket, and with it kept time the blows of the scourges, the sighs and groans of the penitents. The female portion of the strollers ran to and fro with their children, wringing their hands in extremity of consternation; the men sought to save themselves by perilous paths leading up into the quarry, but found their progress barred, in attaining a certain height, by steep precipices impossible to surmount. At the very first alarm, Vanity Peal-o'-bells had sprung from the cart, and now clung trembling to the arm of the manager, who himself seemed to have lost all presence of mind as he gazed, with the displeasing smile which had become habitual to his features, in the direction where the song most loudly sounded. Accustomed to bow to the buffets of fate, he seemed not to conceive the idea of possible resistance to, or escape from, a coming evil. Muskflower's conduct was in striking contrast to this apathy. None sought an asylum more promptly than the guitar-player, or were so fortunate in finding one. At the very first notes of the gloomy chant of the Flagellants, his conceited hope of turning them, by the melodious strains of his instrument, from self-torture to worldly joys, was utterly obliterated. A few agile

bounds brought him to the rear of the cart, into which he climbed, and pliantly packed his slender and diminutive figure, as well as his beloved guitar, into the interior of the dragon. There he trusted to escape the observation of the terrible fanatics, who were wont mercilessly to compel all whom they found upon their road to become sharers in their painful penance. But the man who, of all the company, displayed the most terror-stricken countenance was precisely he whose calling enjoined unceasing mirth, merriment, and jest. The fear of death in his pallid features, the hair of his head—from which his round cap had fallen off—standing upon end, his limbs convulsively quivering, the Jack-pudding clung to the spokes of one of his cart-wheels. He would have fallen to the ground but for the stay thus afforded to his trembling hands. Incapable of articulation, his lips were yet in continual movement, as though he strove to speak, whilst his voice refused its service.

“Still chanting their gloomy canticle, a body of Flagellants now appeared upon the road leading from the highway, whilst other detachments emerged from side-paths and openings in the forest, singing, groaning, lamenting, and cursing themselves. Two men, who preceded the main body, bore blood-red banners, blazoned with numerous black crosses, in their left hands, whilst their right brandished knotted scourges, twined with thorns, whose blows fell, in measured cadence, upon their half-naked bodies. Streams of blood testified to the severity of the penance, whilst many an old scar told of the constancy with which it had been practised. The example of the two men was followed by all who came after them; followed, too, by those who issued in small parties from the bushes. Slowly and gloomily the whole of the Flagellants strode forward, interrupting their dull monotonous song only by the blows of the scourges, which unmercifully cut into their bare shoulders. The rear of the column that approached by the carriage-road was brought up by a number of women and children, marching two and two like the men. Amongst them was remarkable a

woman of lofty stature, and of a countenance which still bore traces of former beauty. She raged more furiously against herself than did any of her companions of either sex. Her hair streamed wildly and unrestrained over her shoulders; her eyes cast gleaming and uncertain glances.

“Meanwhile the strollers, finding escape impossible, crowded together, a dismayed and palpitating group, upon the spot of their recent bivouac, awaiting what should occur. Only the Jack-pudding, incapable of movement or decision, remained, as if spell-bound, grappled to the wheel; and Muskflower, the guitar-player, kept himself perfectly still and motionless in the strange hiding-place to which fear had driven him. Vanity still hung on the manager’s arm, and overwhelmed him with anxious questions.

“‘What will happen, say you, fair Vanity?’ was the discouraging reply she at last obtained. ‘Why, simply this: for a fortnight or so we must give up our profession of strolling players, and submit ourselves to the sharp discipline of strolling scourgers. Your delicate shoulders will taste of the cruel lash; your ruddy lips will sing, instead of joyous and loving ditties, the dismal songs of yonder penitents. Submit with all resignation, sweet Vanity! Look upon it as a part in a play which must be played out. One can use one’s-self to anything. The fortnight will have an end, and then we may once more laugh and sing, and be joyful.’

“Thus spoke Felician Sweetbutter, his features decked with their usual strange smile. The whole open space was now occupied by the Flagellants; their gloomy chant was repeated by more than a thousand throats; their numbers seemed to extend far away into the forest. Then the two chiefs or masters waved the banners that served as insignia of their rank, and the whole assemblage burst out in chorus with the words—

“‘Christ was comforted with gall,
So let us all in crosses fall!’

And straightway the whole of the Flagellants, with the exception of the Masters, stretched out their arms, and fell, in the form of crosses, with their

faces to the ground. Thus prostrate, they repeated the words in yelling and despairing accents. Some laid themselves stiff upon their backs, to indicate that they did penance for murder committed; others uplifted two fingers of the right hand, thus confessing themselves perjured; whilst others, in various ways customary amongst them, declared the nature of the crimes of which they had been guilty. At last the chant degenerated into a wild howl; many were seized with convulsions; some uttered the most frightful imprecations against themselves. Then, at another sign from the Masters' flags, these fanatical howlings ceased, the Flagellants rose from the ground, veiled their bleeding shoulders with black cloths, on which crosses were sewn, and then, apparently, for the first time remarked the presence of the terrified and anxious group of strolling players.

"One of the Masters, a tall young man, whose livid countenance and glaring eyes gave him the look of a lunatic, cast gloomy and ominous glances at the strangers. He had not the appearance of a German; his aquiline nose, dark eyes, and bronzed complexion, told of southern origin. His colleague, who stood beside him, a little man with a wily expression of countenance, was the first to break the stillness that now prevailed.

" 'Lift up your voice, Master Galeazzo,' he cried, 'and say what we shall do with these? Everything denotes them to be Satan's own children, emissaries from the prince of darkness to seduce and ensnare Christians. Sin and vanity are their errand upon earth; for them will penance be wholesome—to them shall the scourge prove the palm-branch of atonement!'

" 'Come hither, all who will atone!' exclaimed the Italian Galeazzo in a hollow tone, as he laid his right hand heavily upon Felician's shoulder. 'Thou repentest thy sins, my brother; thou wilt do penance, thou and thy companions, and willingly wilt thou chastise thy sinful body, and cause thy blood to flow under the lash, to do pleasure to God and the Saviour, and to avert, through their grace, the grievous mortality that now ravages the world.'

"Too well did the strollers know that a refusal would infallibly awaken the wrath of the fanatics to an extent that might endanger their lives. Resigning themselves, therefore, to an inevitable misfortune, they put on the cloaks, embroidered with crosses, which were presented to them by officious Flagellants, and accepted, without betraying their repugnance, the knotted and thorny scourges, distributed by the second Master, a cobbler from Basle, Godebrecht by name. Pretty Vanity alone was unable to suppress a deep sigh as she took in hand the terrible instrument that was to lacerate her delicate body. Galeazzo heard the sigh. With a wild glance he turned to the troop of female Flagellants, who were assembled in the background apart from the men.

" 'Hither, Joffriede!' he cried. 'Take these women and children in thy charge. Here, if I err not, is a stiff-necked sinner who has drained to the very dregs the cup of worldly pleasures. For great sin, heavy penance! Scourge thyself, unhappy wretch—scourge thyself!' continued he, addressing poor Vanity. 'Only with thine own blood canst thou wash out the stains upon thy soul. At the Lord's command the angel of death has arisen! He has spread his dusky wings, and from them the plague-poison rains down upon the children of men! In the hearts of sinners the seed finds fertile soil! Its germ is disease, its fruit is death! Fall down and humble thyself in thine iniquities, chastise the corrupt flesh, let the sinful blood flow! Who shall say that he is pure from sin? It is the portion of the prince of hell, which he lays in our cradles at our birth; it is the deadly foe that rages within us, and that we must wrestle with and root out from our souls and from our flesh! Scourge thyself! scourge thyself!'

" 'For God we shed our blood to-day, So shall we wash our sins away!'

"Joffriede, the woman who, as we have already mentioned, distinguished herself above all her companions by the violence of her demeanour and self-castigation, stepped forward at Galeazzo's bidding, grasped the hand of the struggling Vanity, and dragged her violently into the ranks of the

female Flagellants. At a sign from her, the remaining women, and the children belonging to the band of strollers, followed her with trembling steps and piteous mien.

"Henceforward here is your place!" said Joffriede, the Mistress of the women, in a harsh severe voice. "Henceforward let no thoughts, but that of repentance and atonement, harbour in your souls. Confess your sins to the Masters; they will judge of them, and apportion your penance. Spare not your bodies; bethink ye that, with each blow that you deal to the foe within you, you advance a step to heaven. You are forbidden to converse with men without my permission. In these children, too, the spirit of hell is already active. Save them from his power: drive him out, and send him back to the realm of darkness with his object unachieved. Scourge them! scourge them! The sight of their blood is pleasing to God, who gave that of his only Son for sinful man. Who loves her child, let her scourge him and put him to penance!"

"The mothers trembled, the children wept; Joffriede gazed at them with an expression of cruel joy. . . . She was the fit associate of the horrible fanatic Galeazzo. By the example of their frantic penance and self-martyrdom the pair dominated the horde of Flagellants, their followers; whilst Godebrecht the cobbler employed his seeming sanctity as a means of contenting his avarice, and did his utmost to augment, by cruelty and violence, the awe and terror which the sect inspired.

"The strollers were separated and disseminated in the ranks of the Flagellants. With a mournful countenance the manager sought to discover the lambs of his scattered flock. Himself placed between Galeazzo and Godebrecht, he could venture but stolen glances around him. On beholding Vanity by the side of the stern and gloomy Joffriede, he could not restrain the singular smile which usually served as preface to his discourse. But it quickly faded away again, for, guarded as he was by the two Masters of the terrible sect, how could he venture to address to the unfortunate songstress words of consolation and hope?

"The centre of the clearing, where, so short a time previously, the players had held their joyous repast, was now bare of everything worth notice, except the cart with the baggage and properties. This cart still served as support to the Jack-pudding, who continued incapable of thought or action. The unfortunate buffoon, grappled to his wheel, had beheld, with unspeculative gaze, the metamorphosis of his jovial comrades into rigid penitents. Evidently he had no clear conception of what passed before his eyes; a nameless and inexplicable terror absorbed all his faculties. Presently his piteous figure attracted the attention of Godebrecht, who approached him with a scornful and malignant smile.

"'Friend,' said the cobbler of Basle, 'methinks I should know thee! Have we not already met in the good city of Strasburg? Wert thou not one of those who, convicted of having poisoned the wells to destroy good Christians, awaited in the cathedral square the just punishment of their crimes? Speak, accursed crucifier of the Redeemer! Canst thou deny that thou art a foe of the faithful, a Jew poisoner, who, with his accomplices in crime, has brought about and spread the deadly pestilence?'

"At the approach and words of the cobbler, the buffoon showed symptoms of returning consciousness. His arms, relaxing their hold of the cartwheel, sank pendant by his sides, and he fell at Godebrecht's feet, foreboding the dismal fate which he once already had escaped but by the merest accident. He would have risen and spoken, but in the attempt his strength again failed him, and again he sank senseless to the earth, overpowered by the fear of death.

"'A Jew! a Jew!' yelled the Flagellants, with a terrible outbreak of fanatical fury. 'Fire here! faggots and a pile! The poisoner, the Redeemer's foe, must burn!'

"A sign from Galeazzo reduced the raving multitude to tranquillity. He approached the buffoon, who lay motionless on the ground and sharply scrutinised his features. His eye gleamed, the dark veins upon his brow were distended.

" 'It is one of those who, not satisfied with having done God's Son to death upon the cross, would fain extirpate the believers in his holy word,' said the Italian between his set teeth. 'We will do a good work; we will do judgment on the child of Belial. His brethren have atoned their crimes in flames of fire and in the deep waters of rivers; he shall be buried with his sin, he shall die the death which so many blessed martyrs have met at the hands of these devil's worshippers. Stone him!' he shouted in a terrible voice. 'Hurl down upon him yonder rocky wall, that his bones may be crushed, and that the memory of his punishment may endure, a perpetual warning, in the monument that covers him!'

" Hundreds of hands were ready to execute the order of the fierce Italian. With frantic yells and cries, the Flagellants, Godebrecht at their head, seized the unhappy follower of the Jewish law, and dragged him to a prominent place in the vicinity of the quarry. Life seemed to have already left him. In his deathlike swoon he was totally unconscious of the preparations for the frightful death that awaited him. In vain did Felician raise his imploring voice; in vain did Vanity, notwithstanding her dislike to the buffoon, weep for his impending fate: the manager's words were unheard in the general tumult, the singer's tears were wholly disregarded. Upon a slight elevation of the ground, selected as scaffold for this impromptu execution, the unfortunate victim lay motionless. A merciful fate spared him at least the physical suffering of a martyr's doom. His eyes were closed, his features distorted, his countenance ashy pale.

" Then sprang the ferocious Galeazzo upon a stone near at hand, so as to be seen by all. The Flagellants formed a deep circle round their victim — all armed with fragments of stone, which lay in great quantity at the foot of the quarry. The gaze of all was riveted on Galeazzo, who, with a seemingly supernatural strength, held, poised with both hands above his head, an enormous stone, with which he took aim at the head of the Jew, who lay but few paces in his front.

" 'Accursed be the murderer of the Saviour!' he suddenly exclaimed, in a shrill tone, distinctly heard by the most distant of the crowd. At the same moment he hurled the mass of stone at the miserable object of his persecution. A thousand voices echoed his cry; countless stones followed the one he had cast, and, upon the spot where, an instant before, the Jew's motionless body had been visible, there now was seen a stone-heap of considerable height and circumference, from beneath which a stream of thick black blood slowly trickled forth.

" The inhuman fury and mad zeal of the Flagellants seemed satisfied by the living sacrifice just offered up. At a signal from the flags of the Masters, the fanatics formed themselves into a long column, two deep, and slowly left the scene of their cruelty, moving in the direction of the high-road. The Masters struck up a verse of their usual song of penance, and the whole assemblage joined in the gloomy strain, which resounded from the far distance long after the strange procession had quitted the shade of the forest.

" When all was again quite still — when some time, indeed, had elapsed since the last note had died away — a slight stir was perceptible in the pasteboard body of the dragon in the cart, whose wretched horse, during the whole of these events, had shown not the slightest disposition to stir from the place. The movement of the monster's body increased, presently the creature raised itself up; and then, creeping slowly and cautiously from its interior, the guitar-player, Muskflower, made his appearance, and looked shily and timidly around him, as if to make sure that all danger was over of his being compelled to take scourge in hand and quit music for flagellation. Convinced that he had nothing more to fear, he jumped from the cart and scampered away into the very thickest part of the forest, abandoning horse and vehicle, which, considering the condition of the former, could only have impeded, instead of accelerating, his flight."

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ling surprises ; its aim is to preserve the memory and spread the knowledge of certain singular events and usages of a remote and romantic period of German history. The author's chief skill is shown in grouping upon one canvass, without crowding or appearance of effort, so many of the types and peculiarities of the time. With true German industry, he has dived deep into the chronicles and poetical relics of those days. In his mode of handling his subject there is a manifest but perhaps an involuntary imitation of Sir Walter Scott. Pater Clarus, although of a less belligerent nature than the Clerk of Copmanhurst, has touches which recall the boon companion of *Cœur-de-Lion* ; and if the Jew Simeon Stork and his daughter Cheyle are in character as opposite as well may be to Isaac of York and the high-souled Rebecca, the lists of Ashby-de-la-Zouch will nevertheless occur to the memory of most readers when they meet the rich Israelite and his daughter at the annual banquet, known as the Stag Feast, held at the house of the Lateran in Frankfort on the Maine. The two Jews repair thither in disguise, are discovered, ill-treated, and narrowly escape with life, for which they are indebted to the gallant and vigorous interference of Salentine vom Rheine and of a monk of the order of Grey Penitents, who is an important character in the tale. He goes by the name of Master Lucas, wears a mask which none have ever seen removed, and which is said to conceal the ravages of leprosy, that terrible disease, then a sentence of banishment from the world and of total exclusion from intercourse with man. Master Lucas, however, has found indirect means of maintaining such intercourse. From his seclusion in the Ingelheimer Meadow, a small island on the Rhine, he sends forth tender sonnets and sweetly melancholy verses which have won him a reputation throughout all Germany. Salentine, whose medical education and cultivated intellect place him above vulgar prejudice, and who discredits the contagion of leprosy, has visited the recluse in his log-hut upon the Rhine, and wonders to recognise him in the crowded city. He would fain accost him, but the crowd and tumult sepa-

rate them ; and when he has left Cheyle in safety at her house door, and returns to the river's bank, where the monk is making superhuman efforts to save the Jew, the church bells suddenly clang, and the dismal song of the Flagellants is heard, as the head of their column appears upon the bridge connecting the suburb of Sachsenhausen with the city of Frankfort. This creates a diversion sufficiently powerful to draw off even the Jew-detesting mob of the Free City ; the great event, long expected, of the Flagellants' entrance, distracts the attention of all from the panting Israelite and his cowed protector ; the populace hurry to meet the fanatics—some, doubtless, with intent to join them ; but none, certainly, with very friendly feelings and intentions towards the authorities and upper classes. The Jew is saved ; the monk has disappeared, and Salentine seeks him in vain.

"That which had occurred, upon the passage of the Flagellants, in other cities of Switzerland and Germany, was repeated upon their entrance into Frankfort. Peasants had preceded them, and announced their coming, but none had thought or dared to shut the gates against them. And, indeed, they followed so closely upon the heels of their rustic heralds, that there was no time for the city authorities to decide upon measures which ought to have been sooner taken. Like an interminable procession of grim spectres, a train of gloomy figures, whose naked backs and shoulders bore the scars of their pitiless scourging, streamed over the bridge to the cathedral,

'Come hither all, who will atone !'

Before the fanatics reached the cathedral, these words, acting like a charm, drew hundreds to their blood-stained banner. Spacious as was the edifice, it could not contain all who sought admission. The open space around it, and the adjacent streets, were thronged with the intruders. The cathedral was completely illuminated ; on the square and in the streets burned links and pitch-torches. When the thousand-voiced song ceased, there was heard the whistling and slashes of the scourges, the groans

and sighs of the penitents, the denunciations and the curses they ejaculated against themselves, and against their sins. In short, the scene in the forest was repeated in the town, but upon a greater scale. . . . In the course of the following day, the Flagellants made several processions through the city. Their song of penance, resounding afar, the noise of the bell-ringers, whom they compelled to accompany them, set in motion not only all the townspeople, but also the adjacent rural population, which swarmed into Frankfort. And when those whom curiosity thus attracted, beheld the ghastly figures of the Flagellants, with the bleeding wounds upon their bare shoulders, with their eyes seemingly transfixed and their features convulsed by a martyr's ecstasy; when, in the full tide of gloomy harmony, there burst upon their ears the warning summons to penance and atonement—then did the throng of spectators, struck with the idea that these penitents were specially chosen to reconcile mankind with Heaven, burst out into a loud cry of lamentation, which blended strangely with the notes of the song; then did numbers press forward to be invested by the Masters with the becrossed garment of salvation, and to be received into the fellowship of the penitents."

Although the plague, at the time of the Flagellants' arrival at Frankfort, had abated somewhat of its fury, it still committed great ravages, and the people were under the full influence of the terror it inspired. It happened that the Jews, either by accident, or in consequence of their more habitually temperate mode of life, had suffered less than the Christians—a questionable advantage, since it drew upon them the suspicions of the prejudiced mob, and gave occasion to their numerous enemies to revive the old malignant story of the poisoned wells. And many desperate characters, of the dregs of the people, had been heard openly to say that they awaited only the coming of the Flagellants to put the houses of the Israelites to sack and pillage, and their inmates to the same cruel death suffered by their brethren in Basle and Strasburg. The execution of these threats was deferred, or, at any rate

is deferred by Mr Döring, to the latter part of his novel, and to the eve of the expulsion of the fanatics from the city. In the mean time, the plot of the book is developed. Cheyle Stork, having fallen desperately in love with Salentine, bribes the Rabbi and physician, Manasseh Ben Aher, with the promise of a costly turquoise and a ruby of immense value, to compose a philter, which shall secure her the affections of the young patrician. It is to be administered by the Rabbi himself, as a newly discovered and precious medicament, which he wishes the Christian leech to taste, when he meets Salentine in the hospitals. Amongst other ingredients, essential to the philter, is the blood of a Christian maiden. This, Cheyle, whose blind passion recoils from no crime, engages to provide. Imagina, a child whom Salentine courageously rescued from amongst festering corpses in a house where all but she had perished of the plague, is kidnapped by the treacherous retainers who supply, in Herr vom Rheine's establishment, the place of his serfs—now in the ranks of the Flagellants. Fortunately the conversation between Cheyle and the Rabbi, which occurs in the night in the Jew's cemetery, is overheard by Felician Sweetbutter, who, weary of whipping himself, has fled the society of Galeazzo and Godebrecht, and taken temporary refuge in a tomb. Disguising himself as a Jew, he enters the Rabbi's service and defeats his criminal projects. A well-contrived incident comes next. Muskflower, who has also managed to evade the vigilance of the scourgers, and whose immense vanity is not in the least abated by his compulsory penance, hears of Simeon Stork's handsome daughter and teeming coffers, and of Cheyle's unbounded influence over her parent. The musician resolves to win the daughter and possess the wealth; his personal fascinations, aided by the strains of his guitar, insure him, he believes, a prompt and signal victory over the heart of the beautiful Israelite. He finds means of access to her garden terrace, and is pestering her with high-flown protestations, which she receives with ineffable scorn, when the voice of her father close at hand is

heard. Pitying the panic-terror of her contemptible admirer, she conceals him—as the only means of saving him from Simeon's dagger—in a large chest made of thick wicker-work, where she keeps the precious jewels with which her father's pride has adorned her. The chest, which had once contained the dowry of Cheyle's mother, and which has been preserved by the daughter for the same purpose, is abundantly capacious for the diminutive form of the strolling minstrel. The crevices of the wicker-work allow the passage of just enough air to keep him from suffocation, and permit him to hear much of what passes around him. To be hidden in queer places seems the fate of the unlucky guitar-player. It is with considerable disquietude that he hears the heavy lid of the chest locked upon him; but his imagination is still strongly impressed with the terrible death of the Jew buffoon, which he witnessed from the belly of the dragon, and he lies perfectly still, scarcely daring or able to breathe. Simeon has just returned from a vain search for Salentine, for whom Cheyle had sent him. She has felt unwell all day, and her indisposition now assumes an alarming form. Manasseh, who dwells hard by, is sent for, and arrives just as the appearance of dark spots on hands, brow, and bosom, proclaims her malady to be the plague, and her doom sealed. The frenzied father rends his garment, and flies howling from the infection. But what would have been the poor player's feelings had he heard Cheyle, who dreads his discovery in her apartment as a posthumous stain upon her reputation, make Manasseh swear, by all that a Jew holds most sacred, to have the trunk that contains him interred with her! Muskflower is spared that pang; for the terror of finding himself in such close proximity to a plague patient has worked so powerfully upon his weak mind and feeble body that he has sunk into a swoon, in which he continues during Cheyle's last agony, and during the immediately ensuing preparations for her burial.

Whilst this occurs in the Jew's quarter, as yet unassailed by the

Flagellants—although many of these, and especially Godebrecht, the covetous and sensual cobbler from Basle, await impatiently a pretext for an attack—Salentine's father, the venerable Hanns vom Rheine, receives from a peasant lad a ring, which he recognises as one he had given many years before at Rome to a dear friend and companion in arms, who has since proved false and disappeared. With the ring is delivered a message, to the effect that he who sends it awaits the old knight at a spot which may still be recognised, although under widely altered conditions, by the wanderer in the pleasant environs of Frankfort on the Maine.

"The Field or Farm of the Good People, known, in popular phrase, as Good-Folk's-Field, is situated below the city on the right bank of the Maine. The ground rises there into a low hill, whence, although the elevation above the surrounding level is but slight, an extensive view is commanded up and down stream. Beyond the broad and fertile plain, here bounded by the river, arises the wooded range of the Taunus, with its gently swelling heights, and with the ruins of the castles of Königstein and Falkenstein still towering proudly in their decay; whilst at its foot, through rich pasture, flows the rivulet of the Nidda. . . . At the period a few of whose events it is here our endeavour to cast into the form of a romantic picture, the Field of the Good People was far from presenting, as now, an aspect of rural peace and tranquillity. It was surrounded by a broad trench and by strong loop-holed walls, and entered only over a drawbridge, which at evening was raised. The owners of the two knightly castles upon whose battlements Time had not then laid his destructive hand, but which frowned grimly from the mountain border, were as dangerous to the proprietors or tenants of such solitary farms as to the merchant's laden carts or pack-horses upon the open highway. The peasant's flock was held good booty; his crops were not safe from strong-handed aggression; he had need of such means of defence as enabled him to resist his foe until succoured by burghers and mercenaries from the

city—reinforcements which often proved insufficient, and had to yield to the superior numbers or more warlike qualities of the robber knights.

"It was the peculiar duty of the Good People, as the occupants of this farm were called, to shelter and care for persons afflicted with leprosy, a disease then deemed incurable, and held in greater horror even than the plague.* Here stood a chapel by the wayside, dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, by which none passed without offering up a prayer. On either side of this chapel were two narrow cells, each high enough for a man to stand upright in. Behind their iron-grated windows the unfortunate lepers showed themselves, clattering together two wooden dishes in which they received the alms of the compassionate. For them there were neither parents nor children, brethren nor friends. The frightful disease severed the holiest bonds of life, parted happy husbands and wives, tore the suckling from the mother's breast. All the blessings and advantages that man derives from social intercourse and institutions, were forfeited by the leper on the instant of the discovery of his malady. For him the world was dead; and he for the world."

At this ominous trysting-place the old knight finds the Grey Penitent waiting for him, and at his feet an aged hound, his own gift, many years before, to the faithless friend who had done him deadly injury. The name of the dog, inadvertently pronounced, betrays the identity of the masked monk to his former companion in arms. The interview that follows bears upon the main plot of the story, and relates to the parentage of Regina, a foundling, and an adopted daughter of Herr vom Rheine, to whom Salentine is attached, but whose unknown birth is an obstacle to their union. Without possessing extraordinary merit, the plot of the book is decidedly ingenious, and some of the situations are highly dramatic. We return to the unfortunate Muskflower. According to the law, Cheyle was to be buried within three hours after her decease. Small pomp attended the

obsequies of one dead of the plague. No friends were there, or mourning relatives; even her father, who had loved her so passionately in life, feared to approach her corpse. Borne by rude hirelings, followed only by the Rabbi, her coffin made the short transit from Simeon's dwelling to the adjacent burial-ground. Melach, the Rabbi's assistant in his laboratory, and another servant, bore between them the wicker trunk which, according to Cheyle's last request, was to be buried with her. The motion shook Muskflower out of his swoon. Still ignorant of the death of the Jewess, he made no doubt that, by her orders, he was being conveyed to some solitary place, where he would be restored to liberty. He was greatly puzzled to comprehend the meaning of the noises he heard upon his passage. That terrible yell, that howl of lamentation, proceeded from Simeon Stork, who, as the scanty procession issued forth, showed himself with frantic gestures at a window, struck his breast and face till the blood streamed, and then, with a wild, despairing laugh, staggered back into his apartment. That dismal wailing was from the hand-maidens and serving-men of the wealthy Jew, who thronged the gable windows. Then there was a noise of many voices, some speaking gravely of the death of the most beautiful virgin of God's chosen people; others, with spiteful laughter, sneering at the premature fate of the proud, wealthy, hard-hearted Jewess, and reviling her for the strange avarice which took with her to the very grave riches and worldly goods.

"A cold sweat broke out over poor Muskflower's body as he began to suspect the truth. But no! so cruel, so infernal a revenge for so trifling an offence, could never have been contrived by the dying woman. And yet, how was he to explain the words he heard? Suddenly the murmur and bustle around him increased into tumult, and he heard a sharp voice, which certainly belonged to no Jew, but which he well remembered to have before heard under no pleasant circumstances.

* Outside of Strasburg, and of other cities, were similar Good Folk's Farms, whose occupants were bound to fulfil similar duties towards lepers.

"'Why do ye permit,' said the voice, 'the gold and jewels of the Jewess to go down with her to the grave? They belong not to her, who acquired them by robbery of Christians. Break open the chest; let us see its contents! By the holy scourge, these murderers of the Saviour would gladly bury with them the world's wealth, so confirmed are they in greed and stubborn avarice.'

"The voice was that of Godebrecht, the cobbler, from Basle. A great throng of people had pressed into the burial-ground, and amongst them were numerous Flagellants, who kept close to Godebrecht, and had the appearance of being there with some particular object. From amongst them proceeded threatening voices, recalling the events of Strasburg and Basle, and declaring it was time to treat the Frankfort Jews in the same way, and that they would draw down upon themselves the vengeance of Heaven if they longer abstained from punishing those poisoners of the wells, and slanderers of the Divinity. A number of men pressed round Melach and his fellow-bearer, ready, apparently, to give effect to Godebrecht's exhortation; and the two servants had difficulty in making their way with the chest to the edge of the grave, into which Manasseh, aware of the impending danger, had had the coffin lowered as quickly as possible. While the Rabbi hastily muttered a short prayer, Melach, aided by his companion, had just raised the chest from the ground to commit it also to the grave, when suddenly he let it fall again, and hastily withdrawing it from the brink of the pit—

"'By the Holy Virgin!' he exclaimed, 'there is a living thing in the box! It moves and groans! It is a human being, whom they would bury alive!'

"'Confounded and horror-struck, the Rabbi gazed at his servant and assistant, whose ejaculation inspired him with a terrible misgiving. Imagina's escape was now explicable; she had been aided by the Christian who, in Jewish guise, had stolen into his household. But it was no time to reflect on things past. The false Melach had already divested himself of a wig and artificial beard. An odd

grinning physiognomy, which certainly bore no trace of Eastern origin, was exposed to view.

"'A Christian amongst the Jews!' shouted those standing near him, in accents of great astonishment. There was a general movement in the crowd, which pressed closer round the grave of the Jewess. Godebrecht gazed keenly at the man who had undergone this startling change. He thought he recognised him; something told him that he had a right over him. But attention was quickly diverted from Melach by another strange apparition. Aided by numerous ready hands, the newly discovered Christian quickly burst open the lid of the trunk; and, this done, there arose, slowly and with difficulty, from the depths of his narrow prison, a slender diminutive man, whose pallid features were distorted by terror, and who cast an uncertain and bewildered glance over the surrounding crowd. He trembled in every limb; he opened his lips to speak, but no words came. Then his gaze fixed itself upon the man who had been the first to perceive his struggles in the trunk, and the fainting, gasping noise, which was all that his half-suffocated condition allowed him to make. He regarded him with a sickly smile, slowly extended to him his right hand, and exclaimed in a faint voice—

"'Felician!'

"'Muskflower!' replied Felician, whom the reader assuredly will long since have recognised under the mask of Melach."

Nothing could better have served the designs of the Flagellants than the discovery of a Christian about to be interred alive in the grave of a Jewess. Manasseh would have been torn to pieces on the spot, had he not prudently availed himself of the moment when the attention of all was fixed upon the apparition of the guitar-player, to slip behind the coffin-bearers and make his escape through a side door. Godebrecht had not trusted to the chapter of accidents for a pretext against the Jews, whose wealth he coveted, and the wealthiest of whom, Simeon Stork, he had private motives to hate. Having one day visited Simeon to extort from him a ransom for the safety of his people, he had

seen Cheyle, had dared propose to her father her dishonour in lieu of proffered jewels, and had been hurled, by the enraged Hebrew, with violence and contumely from the house. Before repairing to the cemetery he has placed a combustible train in a public building close by the Jew's quarter; and now, when the rage of the mob is already sufficiently excited by the discovery of the musician, he leaps upon a tomb, declares he saw a fiery dart proceed from the house of Simeon, the blaspheming Jew in whose daughter's grave a Christian had so nearly perished, points to the first puff of smoke and flame which just then shows itself, declares that the Jews have a plot to burn the city, and calls upon all present to requite murder with murder and fire with fire. The pent-up flames now burst out at every corner of the building, the alarm-bell peals, in all the streets of Frankfort the cry of fire resounds, and it is on every man's tongue that the Jews are the incendiaries. The uproar and confusion are general; the Flagellants are masters of the city; the unhappy Israelites shut themselves in their houses, to which a violent wind quickly spreads the conflagration, aided, when its progress seems too slow, by the ready torches of the fanatics. In a few moments the roof of Simeon Stork's spacious mansion is utterly consumed, and the interior in a light flame. It is to this house that the body of Flagellants we have seen assembled in the cemetery direct their steps, headed and guided by Godebrecht, who thirsts for revenge and plunder. The powerfully drawn scene that then occurs is suitable for a concluding extract.

"Upon their way to Simeon's dwelling, the Basle cobbler and his desperate gang met with various impediments, delaying their progress. Other bands of fanatics streamed out of the side-streets, mingled with the rabble of the city, who would not be behindhand in the work of plunder. When Godebrecht reached the house that was the object of his cupidity and revenge, it and the adjacent buildings were enveloped in flames, which flared out of the windows of the upper stories, whilst Simeon's

vaulted apartment on the ground floor was still unscathed. The doors of the house stood wide open, the servants had fled, but none dared venture into the interior of the dwelling, rich as was the booty there anticipated, for the flames licked along the stairs, the ceiling of the corridors was sinking, and burning timbers fell around. Godebrecht stood gnashing his teeth in front of the burning house. All about him resounded the furious shouts of his companions, who beheld the spoil, upon which they had so confidently reckoned, rescued from their clutches and given up to annihilation. Through the grated windows they could see the Jew in his counting-house. By the red light of the fire they saw him seated before his opened money-boxes, rummaging his gold—bathing his hands in it—with a mien as indifferent as though all that was passing in no way concerned him; as though he heard not the volleying peals of the alarm-bells, or the fierce yells of the foe that clamoured for his blood; as though the fire that raged above and around him existed not, or as though he himself enjoyed some special and peculiar protection, securing him from every harm. The unhappy father had lost all that gave value to his life and wealth, and stimulus to his exertions. With Cheyle, the world had perished for him. What could the fire do, which drew nearer and nearer, or the murderers who threatened him, or the greedy hands that were stretched out towards his coffers, beyond taking his life, which had become indifferent to him, and the treasures that were destined for her who was no longer there to enjoy them? In vain had his servants urged him to accompany their flight; in vain had they painted, in vivid colours, the dangers that each moment increased. Instinct and habit fettered him to his gold; he heard not the warnings and remonstrances of his people; he was morally stunned, and sat, in a state of childish insanity, playing with his money.

"'See the Jew dog!' cried Godebrecht. 'He mocks us, he grudges us his gold, he had rather it should perish with him than be restored to the Christians, in robbing whom he and his forefathers acquired it! Let us

in! The building still resists the fire; before it falls, the incendiary may be chastised and his treasure ours. By the holy scourge! he shall not defraud us of our rights!’

“The Master made a hasty movement towards the open entrance, but none followed him. Only the blindest fury, only that excessive greed which gladly deceives itself as to the extent of a threatened danger, could impel any one into the interior of the house, which resembled the gaping chasm of some fiery hell. The Flagellants actually howled with rage, as Simeon displayed the wealth which they saw no possibility of appropriating; and the rabble of the city united their hoarse voices in the fierce shout. They threw stones at the windows; some, who had crossbows, shot bolts at the Jew; but none dared approach the building, from whose upper part blazing beams, and other burning fragments, poured continually down. The stones and bolts, aimed at Simeon, either glanced harmlessly from the gratings, or lost their direction in passing through the panes of glass. Simeon remained unhurt, and, regardless of the missiles, and of his approaching inevitable death, continued, with vacant air, his childish play.

“But there was one man there, whose desire for the gold and jewels of the Jew drove him irresistibly into the furnace. Neither the warnings of his companions, nor the flames that filled the corridor, nor the blasting fiery glow that met him, could restrain that man. With foaming mouth, one hand convulsively clenched and extended before him, in the other a gleaming knife, Godebrecht dashed into the burning house. The heat would have driven back any one else, but he still pressed forward, his hair and beard burned off, his cloak in flames, to the place where, as he well knew, was the door of Simeon’s counting-house. He found it, burst it open, and then those without saw him in the interior of the vaulted room, saw him cast off his burning mantle, and cast a wild confused glance around him. Then, for the first time, was Simeon aroused, by this intrusion, from his state of idiotic stupefaction. He looked up, the gold

pieces fell from his hands and rolled upon the floor; he recognised the leader of the Flagellants; a frightful laugh, which, even through the uproar that prevailed, reached the ears of the mob outside, burst from his mouth, and, with the fury and vigour of a roused tiger, he sprang, with one prodigious bound, upon Godebrecht, dashed him to the ground, and there began—unheeding the stabs of his opponent’s knife—a work of retribution and revenge which filled even the frantic and bloodthirsty spectators with horror. He had grasped the Master’s throat with both hands, as in an iron vice that each moment contracted; closer and closer grew their deadly pressure. Godebrecht’s eyes started from his head; his face turned blue; he lost all power of resistance, and even of movement. But Simeon rested not until his work was complete. With peals of horrid laughter he strangled the man, in whom he had recognised his mortal foe, relaxing his hold only when every spark of life had fled from the stiffening body. He laid his hand upon Godebrecht’s heart, to make sure that it beat no longer; he put his ear to his mouth, to convince himself that all respiration had ceased. The Master of the Flagellants was quite dead. He had fallen victim to his own rash enterprise—to his unbounded covetousness and thirst for revenge. Then, with a triumphant gesture, Simeon sprang to his feet, spurned the corpse aside with a contemptuous kick, and—returned to his gold, to recommence the same childish, mechanical play as before. He was bleeding from several wounds, but he felt not their smart. He heard not the ominous cracking noise which told that the vaulted roof above him had at last yielded to the violent heat; he did not notice the burning fragments that fell through the opening thus made; he continued to handle and trifle with his gold, until the tottering walls of the house fell in, burying him, his treasures, and the corpse of his enemy, beneath one huge heap of ardent and smoking ruins.”

The Jews closed the gates of the *Judengasse* or Hebrew quarter, whose densely packed roofs were a sea of fire, and defended themselves despe-

ately, preferring death in the flames to massacre at the hands of their barbarous assailants. After a time the survivors made a sortie, and, with their wives and children and most precious treasures, cut their way through the enemy, and took refuge in the synagogue, where the Flagellants and their rascal allies blockaded and finally burned them. It was not until the next day that the better-disposed portion of the Frankforters were able to check the outrages and licence of the horde of fanatics and malefactors. The Flagellants were driven from the city, numerous arrests were made, the fire was at last got under. A sad spectacle remained. A great part of Frankfort lay in ashes, the streets were red with blood and strewn with corpses, wailing and lamentation were everywhere. The authorities, having at last asserted and resumed their power, proceeded to sit in judgment upon those culprits who had been captured. Numerous executions took place, with all the circumstances of cruelty that characterised the times. Some were torn asunder by horses, others broken on the wheel, others drowned in sacks; few escaped with loss of nose and ears, fewer still with flogging. It was bloody festival for the headsman and his aids. The clergy, emerging from their hiding-places, held solemn processions, and sang, in all the churches, *Te Deums* for deliverance from the Flagellants.

A striking chapter of Mr Döring's romance is that describing the adventures and perils of Regina, who, having been forcibly carried off from Frankfort by the mad Italian, Galeazzo, is guarded from insult by Jofriede, who accompanies them, and whose heart feels a yearning, alike inexplicable and irresistible, towards the adopted daughter of the house of Rheine. The Grey Penitent pursues the strangely assorted trio, which he overtakes in time to administer the last consolations of religion to the dying Mistress of the Flagellants, his erring wife, and Regina's mother. Whilst this passes in a charcoal-burner's hut in the forest, justice is done upon Galeazzo by the emissaries of the *Vehm-Gericht*, or Secret Tribunal, whose headquarters were then

in Westphalia, and whose power extended throughout Germany. Galeazzo is found suspended to the branch of an oak, a roll of parchment under his arm, three chips (the mystic sign of the tribunal) cut out of the tree-trunk below his feet. So great was then the dread inspired by the invisible judges, whose association was ubiquitous, and their power almost unlimited, that even the intrepid monk dares not approach their victim. In three days—such was their custom—the unseen agents who had done the wretched fanatic to death, would return and bury the body.

The marriage of Salentine and Regina does not take place until they have completed the time of mourning for the solitary of the Ingelheim Meadow, who dies shortly after the closing events of the romance. On his decease, and the removal of his mask, no signs of leprosy are found upon his composed and noble countenance. The assumption of the character of a leper was part of his self-imposed penance for great faults, long and deeply repented.

Additional attraction is imparted to the tale of the *Geiselfahrt* by the circumstance of its scene being laid in places so familiar to most English readers as Frankfort and its pleasant environs. Such familiarity on the part of the readers is always an element of success in the case of works of fiction; and to it may be attributed the popularity of several modern English romances, wherein the merit of the plot, and the ability of the author are altogether inferior and subordinate to the interest attaching to the buildings to which their action is in great measure confined, and from which they in most instances take their titles. As regards Mr Döring's book, we confess that we feel no very great interest in any of his personages, except the Grey Penitent, who is, in fact, the hero of the tale, and who excites far stronger sympathy than Salentine and Regina, who are as tame as the majority of heroes and heroines. Some of the minor characters are well sketched—as, for instance, Pater Clarus, before mentioned, and Herr Johannes Gensbein, town-secretary of Limburg, poet, and familiar of the Secret Tribunal. Salen-

tine's father, with his favourite oath—By St Bartholomew's head—is worthy and wearisome; and of his blind wife, Frau Gisela, who for a time is fascinated by the doctrine of the Flagellants, preached to her by the fierce Joffriede in a strain of frantic eloquence, the reader decidedly sees and hears too much. Upon the whole, and with the single exception above noted, one thinks more, whilst reading the book, of the classes than of the individuals it portrays. To the oppressed and suffering Jews, many of whose vices originated in their relentless persecution by the Christians, a strong interest certainly attaches; and, as even the imperfect sketch of their condition we have here been

able to give may have made some of our readers partake that interest, we will conclude this article with the paragraph with which Mr Döring concludes his third and final volume. "The few Jews," he says, "who escaped with life from the fire, and from their massacre by the Flagellants, were sold, that same year, by the Emperor Charles the Fourth, 'with house and land their own and their inherited property, both within and without the walls, and whatsoever its denomination,' for fifteen thousand two hundred pounds of hellers, to a noble counselor. A remarkable sign of the times, more striking and significant than all that we have here related of their abuses, prejudices, and crimes."

QUEEN MARY.

THE annals of antiquity and modern times will be sought in vain for a parallel to the universal and enduring interest which QUEEN MARY has awakened among mankind. It is not confined to one race or nation, or party, or sect, whether in religion or politics. If ever there was such a thing among men, it is a *Catholic* feeling; the Protestants evince it not less strongly than the followers of the Romish church, the Lutherans than those of the Greek persuasion. She was the martyr of the Roman Catholic faith; but the admiration for her noble qualities, the commiseration at her tragic fate, is not confined to the persons of that communion. She was the most beautiful woman of her time in Europe—the most charming and accomplished Princess of that, or perhaps any other age; but the interest in her memory has not been confined to those who felt at the time the fascination of her manner, or the sway of her loveliness. Unlike other beauties, she has been adored by posterity not less than by her contemporaries; and the interest in her history, the thirst for the details of her private life, the anxiety to un-

ravel the mysteries of her character and history, so far from declining, are obviously on the increase. Travelers from every country, and the most distant hemispheres, hasten to Scotland to pay their devotions at the shrine of beauty, of heroism, and of misfortune. The pilgrims approach the spots consecrated to her memory, hallowed by her casual residence, with the feelings of those bound in the olden time for the Holy Land; and relics, real or imaginary, of the martyred Princess, are treasured up and shown to sympathising multitudes, in the spirit rather of ancient devotion than of modern scepticism or indifference.

It is the strongest proof of the wide extent of this interest, and of the degree to which it has fascinated the minds of men, that it has subdued the strongest intellects, and enlisted on its side the brightest genius of modern times. Schiller has enshrined it in one of the noblest of his immortal dramas; and the last scene of his tragedy of "Maria Stuart" never fails to awaken the deepest sympathy in every audience in the Fatherland. Alfieri has devoted his ardent genius to the

same absorbing topic, and excited the sympathies of the Italian people not less powerfully than the German dramatist has those of the Teutonic in the fate of the Scottish Queen. Three of the most eminent historical writers of the present day, besides numerous subordinate ones, have devoted their talents to the elucidation of the obscure and difficult, but deeply interesting passages in her history. While Prince Labanoff was collecting with antiquarian zeal and pious enthusiasm the great collection of original documents relating to her life, which have since appeared in his voluminous work, Mr Tytler was ransacking the records of the State-Paper Office for original letters, which have thrown so much light on the unparalleled network of deceit and treachery with which she was surrounded; and Miss Strickland was visiting every scene, and inspecting every charter-chest, and collecting every tradition which threw light upon her life and elucidated her character. And if the case against her, unhappily so strongly supported by incontestible facts, has been recently condensed with great ability and the skill of a practised advocate by Mignet, in the two elaborate volumes which he has devoted to her biography, he has met with a most spirited and worthy antagonist in Miss Strickland, who, with a lover's enthusiasm and a woman's generosity, has devoted her great talents to vindicating the memory of perhaps the most celebrated and interesting of her own sex.

The extraordinary and increasing interest which the memory of Queen Mary has excited, in every age and part of the world, is to be ascribed not so much to the overpowering influence of any one charm, as to the combined effect of many with which it is invested. She united in her person the whole attractions which, taken singly, have secured immortality for their possessors in former times. Not less lovely or enchanting than Cleopatra, she subdued every man, save John Knox, who approached her, and inspired all the ardent and romantic in the other sex with the most absorbing and enduring passion. Not less captivating than

Helen, she beheld all the princes of Europe at her feet, and provoked a strife in Christendom more fierce and lasting than that of ten years' duration around the walls of Troy. She rivalled Zenobia in the spirit and animation with which she traversed deserts on horseback, and endured with manly spirit the dangers and privations of war; but, unlike her, she did not fail in the moment of her sorest trial, or mar her memory by quailing before an inevitable fate. No martyr of the Christian faith ever through life was more firmly attached to her religion, or evinced in death a more sublime or heroic spirit of mingled courage and devotion.

If Queen Mary was illustrious for the many noble qualities which in life and death she exhibited, she was not less memorable for the exemption from the usual foibles which women placed above control in exalted places have so often exhibited. We say this in perfect knowledge of the many faults and crimes with which her memory is charged, and not insensible, as will appear in the sequel, to the weight of the evidence by which these charges are supported. But granting all that is advanced on anything like authentic grounds against her, she is at least exempt from the savage cruelties, or mean and revolting indelicacies or littlenesses, with which the annals of so many other queens are stained. It was never said of her by her prime-minister that, if "to-day she is more than man, to-morrow she will be less than woman." There was no Leicester who travelled with her, and every night was placed in an apartment near her own. She never cut off the head of a rival, to allay her terror or appease her jealousy. She is justly chargeable with a share in some acts of cruelty committed during her rule; but nothing to what at the same period was going on in the adjoining and more polished states. No St Bartholomew disgraced her reign; no grim row of three hundred heads, including those of her dearest friends and lovers, signalised her vengeance or caprice, as the frightful array on London Bridge did that of Elizabeth. God forbid we should overlook or extenuate the serious crimes, if they really

were committed by her, with which her memory is charged ; but this much at least is certain, that, though exposed to the severest ordeal ; though surrounded by selfish and treacherous subjects ; though exposed to the spies of a hostile Queen and a jealous rival, and incessantly assailed by the ruthless spirit of an adverse political and religious party, her memory remains clear of all those savage cruelties, or mean and despicable weaknesses, justly imputed to other queens, and charged only with the comparatively few though dark crimes with which her tragic fate is wound up.

^ Doubtless the great and increasing interest with which Queen Mary is regarded, is in some degree owing to the important position which she occupied during life, and the heroic courage with which she met her fate in death. Though sovereign by inheritance only of the distant, poor, and distracted realm of Scotland, she was called to the highest destinies, and may be fairly said to have had her fate wound up with that of entire Christendom. She was married to the Dauphin, and became Queen of France ; she was next heir, after Elizabeth, to the crown of England ; and, by the whole Roman Catholic party throughout the world, was regarded as the rightful inheritor of that noble crown upon the decease of Mary. Though she herself perished ✓ by a rival's hatred on the scaffold, her descendants are at this moment seated on the thrones of Prussia, Austria, and Spain ; till the Revolution closed their sway, they sat on that of France ; and among the many and glorious ancestral honours which have descended to our present gracious sovereign, there is none on which she more prides herself than that she is lineally descended from Queen Mary.

More than this, she was the representative of a principle, and she died its martyr. By a striking coincidence, the two thrones of Great Britain were at that period occupied by Queens, and those Queens were respectively representatives of the ancient and the new faith. The Roman Catholics throughout the world looked upon Queen Mary as the champion of

their faith, and anticipated an entire stop to the progress of the great schism by her accession to the throne of England. With equal solicitude the Protestants everywhere looked to their protector Elizabeth, and daily offered up prayers in her behalf, as their only refuge against the grasping tyranny of the court of Rome. Thus the two Queens, rivals in inheritance, rivals in their claims to the English crown, rivals in conquest over the hearts of men, were at the same time the respective leaders of the two great divisions of the Christian world. The Protestant was successful in the strife, and her triumph is identified in all Protestant countries with the establishment of the Reformed Faith in the British Islands on an imperishable foundation. The Roman Catholic perished ; but, like many other characters recorded in history, what she lost in life she gained in death ; and her image is for ever engraven in the hearts of men, by the very calamities which clothed her earthly days with mourning.

There is more in Queen Mary's case, however, than these circumstances, great and peculiar as they were. Other persons have died as martyrs to their faith—other women have displayed courage on the scaffold ; but none have attained the fame, or awakened the enduring, and it may now be said imperishable interest, which Queen Mary has excited. Great part of the charm, it must be confessed, with which her memory is invested, has arisen from the mystery in which it is shrouded, and the obscurity in which, despite all the zeal of her friends, and all the eagerness of her enemies, the most momentous parts of her history are still involved. After three centuries of almost ceaseless disquisition and controversy on the subject, opinion is nearly as much divided as it was when Bothwell was brought to his mock trial for the murder of Darnley, or the English and Scotch commissioners met at York to determine on her alleged accession to the crime. The utmost zeal, and talents of the highest kind, are still exerted on the opposite sides of the great debate ; and the interest of readers of both sexes and all ranks

on the subject, so far from declining, is daily on the increase, and becomes only the greater with all fresh information or documents brought to light on the subject.

What renders the history of Queen Mary so perplexing, and at the same time so fascinating, is in some degree the contradictory nature of the qualities which she exhibited at different periods of her life. It appears scarcely possible that a person who was so noble and heroic at one time, could be so rash or inconsiderate as she unquestionably was at another. The extremes in her character are such as, despite the common proverb, it is scarcely possible could have met. She was tender-hearted; her tears flowed freely and repeatedly at the sight of suffering. She was adored by all her ladies and attendants, and noble deeds of generosity illustrate her memory; but yet cruel and ruthless deeds are beyond all dispute proved against her, which all the barbarous usages and savage manner of the times cannot altogether extenuate. Generally speaking, she showed herself superior to the usual weaknesses of her sex: she had not the love of admiration in a greater degree than every beautiful woman has had it since the days of Eve; no instances of ordinary frailty are proved against her, even in an age when, beyond all others, they were regarded as venial weaknesses; and the terrible catastrophes of her life were owing to profound passions, such as too often spring up in powerful minds. Yet she often gave way to sallies of anger and spite strangely at variance with the clearness of her intellect and the general elevation of her feelings; she indulged, with scarce any control, in animosity, often unfounded, against individuals and families who in reality were her best friends; and many of the greatest misfortunes of her life were owing to the license which she gave her tongue, and the biting severity with which she indulged in sarcasms or jests against her rivals, less highly gifted than herself with the most fascinating charms of nature. No one ever exceeded her in the patience with which she endured a prolonged captivity, or the heroism with which she confronted a painful and unde-

served death; and yet she herself witnessed—with pain, it is true, but still witnessed—the execution of her faithful knight, Sir John Gordon, and sanctioned the confiscation of a noble family, whose subsequent fidelity to her in misfortune proved how little they had deserved the severity they had received at her hands.

She inherited all the heroism of her ancestor, Robert Bruce; the spirit of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, through the long line of the Plantagenets, flowed in her veins. She said with truth, after her perilous ride from Aberdeen to Inverness, through the doubtful territories of the Gordons, that all she regretted was that she had not been a man, to feel the stern joy of heading a charge of horse, or endure the hardships of resting on the ground during a summer campaign. She exhibited at times, with this masculine and heroic spirit, the cruel and unrelenting disposition with which, on particular occasions, it has sometimes been found to be connected. There are not wanting, it must be confessed, acts authorised by her more akin to the savage spirit which caused Alexander to plunge his dagger in Hephæstion's breast, or the burst of passion which led Charles XII. to torture Patkul at Dresden, than the mild and benignant disposition which we figure to ourselves in a princess possessed of such transcendent charms, and gifted in many respects with such noble qualities. In this, however, she only followed, though in a much less degree, the bent of her Plantagenet ancestors. No one acquainted with history need be told what cruel and ferocious acts stain the memory of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, Edward I., Edward III., and the Black Prince. The British historian would willingly bury them in oblivion; but justice to those who lived in those rude ages requires that they should be prominently brought forward, lest a standard should be applied to human character, in regard to them, entirely at variance with their real merits.

To give only one or two instances of the manners and ideas of the age in which Queen Mary's lot was cast. It is generally known that Henry

VIII. put seventy-two thousand persons, of all religions and persuasions, to death on the scaffold during his single reign; but it is not equally known that his daughter Elizabeth had an array of three hundred heads of persons convicted of high treason placed on London bridge, including those of her cousin and friend Norfolk, and her romantic lover Essex; and that, so far from being shocked at the ghastly array, she took the foreign ambassadors to see it in order to show "how we serve traitors in England." Protestant historians have recounted with just indignation that the Bloody Mary cast two hundred and forty men, women, and children, into the flames during her brief and atrocious reign; but they have not equally prominently brought forward the fact, which is equally certain, that a still greater number of Catholic priests and partisans were, by her Protestant successor, secretly racked to the utmost limits which the human frame can endure in that awful scene of human agony, the Tower of London. After the massacre of St Bartholomew, the ladies of the court of Paris went out to examine the long rows of the bodies of the Huguenot cavaliers who had been slain during the tumult, and, curiously turning them over when half-stripped of their garments, said to each other—"This must have been a charming lover; that was not worth looking at." And when the fanatic assassin Ravallac was brought out into the square of the Louvre to undergo, during four hours, the most frightful tortures which human ingenuity or malignity could devise, or the human frame endure, the whole ladies of the court of Paris assembled to witness the spectacle, and as high prices were given for the seats nearest the scene of agony as will be given for the best places on the streets leading to St Paul's on the approaching occasion when the first and noblest of Britain attend her greatest hero to his last resting-place!

It is perhaps the most difficult thing, in surveying the annals of the past, to bring ourselves to conceive how human beings could, in any age or under any circumstances, have been brought to lend themselves to such barbarities.

But nothing is more certain than that the greatest and best did so, and deemed they were doing God a service when so engaged;—witness Sir Thomas More flogging a prisoner with his own hands in his garden, to convert him from heresy. If we are wise or just, we will judge of those who lived in these savage times according to the measure of the ideas with which they were surrounded, and not our own; and reflect with deeper thankfulness on our happier lot, when subjects are not called on to undergo such sacrifices in their duty to the sovereign, and the Queen upon the throne can exhibit the spirit of her Plantagenet forefathers, and the graces of her Stuart ancestress, without being exposed to the terrible trials which either underwent.

In forming an impartial estimate of the character of Queen Mary, and the evidence with which the charges against her are supported, there are two circumstances which must be constantly kept in view.

The first is, that she arrived in her dominions from France, and assumed the government without a standing army, guards, or armed force of any kind, and was therefore forced to throw herself upon the support of one of the great parties into which her kingdom was divided. Without such safeguard she could not have been secure against assassination any night of her life. This party was of necessity the Presbyterians, for it embraced the great majority of the property and numbers of the kingdom; and the partisans of the ancient faith, to which Mary herself was attached, though zealous and devoted, were chiefly in the North, too far removed from the seat of government to be able to furnish the requisite support to an administration formed of their adherents. Thus she fell into the hands of the Lords of the Congregation, of whom her natural brother, the Earl of Moray, was the head; and a more selfish, rapacious set of men than they were never existed. The support of such a body could only be gained, or their fidelity secured, by holding out to them the prospect of being enriched by the spoils and confiscations of the Lords of the opposite party. This system

of rewarding present support by the confiscation of estates on the other side, had been so long established in Scotland, as well as in England, that it was looked upon as just as much a natural consequence of a change of Ministry, as the distribution of the seats in the Cabinet among the chiefs of the successful party now is. The great object of the successful party in power, the moment they were fairly installed, was to goad their opponents, through repeated insults, and sheer desperation, into overt acts of treason, in order to give them a decent pretext for confiscating their estates. This consideration explains many of the worst acts of Mary's government, particularly the persecution and ruin of the noble family of the Gordons—the greatest reproach, as Miss Strickland justly remarks, of her whole reign. Mary was there the passive instrument of the rapacity of the Protestant Lords. Among the many advantages with which the institution of standing armies has been attended, it is not the least, though hitherto little observed, that it has provided a regularly paid body of defenders for the throne, and established a better mode of remunerating them than by driving their opponents to treason and confiscation.

The second is, that Queen Mary was, during her whole reign, not only surrounded by the spies of a jealous and vindictive rival on the English throne, but watched by the Argus eyes of a numerous and powerful party in her own dominions, to the men of which she was, from her religion, an object of dread, and to the women, from her beauty, one of envy. No one is more aware than ourselves of the inestimable blessings which Scotland has derived from the Reformation, or the deep debt of gratitude which she owes to the undaunted spirits by whom, when their antagonists held the sword and faggot in their hand, the great deliverance was effected. If any one doubts it, let him compare the present state of this country and its subsequent history with that of Spain—"Si monumentum queris, circumspice." It must also be recollected that the Reformers were in a manner *driven* into cease-

less watching and rigour against her, because she was the head in Britain of a faith which openly aimed at their destruction, and by the professors of which every imaginable cruelty against them would have been regarded as doing God a service. But, fully admitting this, it must at the same time be observed, in justice to Mary, that more rigid, austere, and often unjust judges than John Knox and his followers, of the court of a young and beautiful queen, cannot be conceived. She came from the court of France, where the graces of chivalry had reached the highest perfection, and the devotion of knights to the fair sex had been carried to the utmost height. She came to a country in which all such accomplishments were regarded not only without favour, but as the worst species of corruption; and an austere and ambitious priesthood, jealous of anything which tended to establish an influence that might rival their own, condemned even the most innocent freedom as an utter abomination. Dancing was to them, in an especial manner, an object of horror. They could tolerate men dancing with men, and women with women, but "promiscuous dancing," as they called it—that is, *men dancing with women*—they considered as the first step to perdition. Miss Strickland justly asks, what would John Knox, who was so horrified with the stately minuets and cotillions danced by Mary and her maids of honour at Holyrood, have said if he had seen the degenerate descendants of the Lords of the Congregation whirling in the mazes of the polka or the galloppe, in the arms of their cavaliers? Adverting to the puritanical rigour of the ecclesiastical party by which she was judged, and the political and female jealousy of the crowned rival by whom she was watched, and by whose spies she was surrounded, and to the extremely slight instances of levity of manner which are at all substantiated against her, we have no hesitation whatever of acquitting Mary entirely of every species of ordinary female frailty, and holding that she was more decorous in her demeanour and manner than per-

haps any other beautiful woman of her age.

How Queen Mary suffered from the sway of her passions need be told to none: they are as household words in every realm. Married at the age of twenty to Darnley, whose royal lineage was almost equal to her own, and whose beauty of figure and elegance of accomplishment were so well calculated to win her heart, she felt for him the full force of a *first love*. Miss Strickland would fain represent her as deeply attached to her first husband, the Dauphin of France; but it is obvious that that could not have been the case. She may have felt, and doubtless did feel, for him the tenderness of a sister—the affection of a nurse; but the beautiful and high-spirited Queen of seventeen could not have felt real love for her sickly nominal boy-husband of sixteen, whom she soon laid in a premature grave. It was with Darnley, therefore, that she felt the first transports of passion; and the venerable towers of Crookston, which still surmount the woods and adorn the park of Polloc,* where her honeymoon was spent, were without doubt the scene of trust as entire, and affection as sincere, as was ever felt in the human breast.

But these transports were of short duration, and Mary soon found, as so many of her sex have done, both before and since her time, that the qualities which most dazzle the eye or warm the feelings, are not always those which permanently attach the affections or enlure the heart. Darnley turned out a handsome sot; and, besides being incapable of any generous efforts, and void of every elevated feeling, he wounded his royal spouse in the tenderest point, by love intrigues with the most despicable and abandoned of her sex. It was in this state of mingled disappointment and jealousy, when a confiding and generous mind had found that the love which so many of the first and noblest had sighed for in vain, had been thrown away upon an unworthy and ungrateful object, and she was suffer-

ing the bitterest of all pangs—the pangs of unrequited love—that she met with Bothwell, who ever after exercised so great and disastrous an influence on her fate. The result is well known. She was inspired by him with the most ardent and romantic passion, which, unlike her passing fondness for the handsome but despicable Darnley, was of lasting endurance, and increased only by difficulty and absence, and led her to take those rash steps which brought on the loss of her crown, her freedom, and her life.

It appears, at first sight, one of the many mysteries of this tragic life, that Bothwell, upon whom, with generous self-forgetfulness, and entire, but, as it proved, most ill-merited confidence, the Queen came at last to lavish her warmest affections—her tenderest love—was at first, on her part, the object of persecution and hatred. In the early years of her reign she acted to him with great severity, and banished him, not only from her presence, but her dominions. It was by the earnest intercession of others that she was led to revoke the sentence of banishment against him, and again admit his perilous presence in her court. He met with her when her heart was on the rebound from the revolting infidelities and disgraceful profligacy of Darnley; and the transition was almost instantaneous from hatred to love. Bothwell was a profligate and unscrupulous character, but he was bold and adventurous; and possessed many qualities calculated to win the sympathetic heart which warmed with the blood of Bruce and Richard Cœur-de-Lion. Mary's passion for him soon became such, that she said afterwards, in the days of her mourning, that "she would rather follow him in her shift, than sit on a throne with any other man." Is it surprising that this, in such an enthusiastic and self-forgetting character, should be the case, even when the object of it is unworthy? Is it so very unusual in real life to see a Cleveland who wins the heart of a Minna or Brenda?

* The seat of Sir John Maxwell, Bart., near Glasgow.

Is the experienced and selfish libertine the character which is always least successful in winning the female heart? Is it not the disposition of a generous and elevated nature to throw itself with confiding trust into a passion which is warmed by the feelings which spring up in its own bosom, and believes that the being to which it is devoted is animated by the noble emotions of which it is conscious in itself? Every day's experience in the annals of history, the pages of romance, or that great volume of romance—real life—must convince us that this is too often the case; that none are so likely to become the victims of passion as the generous, who feel it with most vehemence, and yield to it with most self-oblivion; that the prudence which avoids the storm of life is often founded on the selfishness which disregards, or the coldness which does not feel, its strongest emotions; and that, in this world at least, *imprudence* of conduct often leads to more disastrous consequences, and is visited by a severer punishment, than guilt itself.

Nor is it at all either unnatural or surprising that this vehement passion should be awakened in Mary's breast by one who was at first an object of aversion. The common saying, that the transition is easy from love to hatred, or the reverse, but that indifference is the common enemy which is in general fatal to both, points to the real cause of this peculiarity, and shows how generally it has been experienced in ordinary life. Nor is it difficult to see to what cause it is owing. What engenders hatred or admiration is the commanding qualities which attract and captivate the imagination. The insignificant do neither; they are neither loved nor hated; they are simply forgotten. Hatred is in general mingled with a secret feeling of respect. The objects of it are detested, because they have not evinced towards the hater the qualities or considerations calculated to awaken regard. When they do so, the transition is easily made—often the more rapidly, from the mind having been previously so strongly bent the other way.

There was nothing unnatural, there-

fore, either in Mary's violent passion for Bothwell, though he unfortunately turned out wholly unworthy of it, nor in its being awakened by a person who had formerly been an object of aversion; and if there was nothing more in the case, we should consider it as no blot, morally speaking, whatever it was in a worldly point of view, on her memory, but as entirely in keeping with her generous and self-forgotten character, and a memorable example on the throne of "all for love, or the world well lost." But unhappily there is more in the case than this. Every one knows that she was accused during her life, and her memory stands charged after her death, with having committed, or been accessory to, the greatest crimes, to make way for her union with Bothwell. She is accused of having been accessory, or at least privy, to the assassination of Darnley; and of having afterwards brought on a mock trial of her favoured lover, when openly charged with having been the principal actor in that foul conspiracy; and when he was, as a matter of course, acquitted, of having thrown herself in his way, so as to be carried off, a pretended captive, to his castle of Dunbar. She soon afterwards rewarded him with her hand, created him Duke of Orkney, and sacrificed all her freedom, her crown, and her life, to her infatuated passion for that unworthy favourite. This it is which weighs upon her memory; this it is which gave her jealous rival a pretext for detaining her eighteen years, and at last putting her to death; and this it is which causes, from the obscurity in which it is involved, no small part of the interest which attaches to her tragic fate.

With respect to the accession to, or being cognisant of the murder, we shall say nothing in this article, but reserve our opinion till we see, in the next volume, whether Miss Strickland's talents and researches have succeeded in throwing any new light on that mysterious transaction. That she will do everything which ability, zeal, and research can effect, we are well assured. Happy shall we be if

she can obviate the serious presumptions arising from many concurring circumstances which, if, as is quite possible, they were accidental, constitute not the least part of the calamities of Mary's most calamitous life.

With regard to the mock trial and subsequent abduction, it is, unfortunately, more easy to arrive at a clear opinion. They were, from first to last, not merely imprudent and ill-judged, but unpardonable. We say nothing of Mary's decisive acts of preference evinced to Bothwell while her marriage with Darnley still subsisted: there was extreme imprudence, but nothing criminal, in her forced journey from Jedburgh to visit him when stretched on the bed of sickness in Hermitage Castle; we are willing to impute that to the tenderness of a sensitive, and the anxiety of an impassioned heart. But for the mock trial and pretended abduction no such excuse can be offered. Take the matter as it is put by Mary herself, and her commissioners, in her defence. Their statement is, that she was surprised by Bothwell with a thousand horse, when travelling with a slender escort near Edinburgh; carried by him to his castle of Dunbar, where she was constrained to yield to him; and, to avoid the stain thus cast upon her honour, she had no alternative but to declare him her husband. What is this but to follow, with royal personages, what is said to have been sometimes done in Irish trials, when a conviction for rape is avoided by a marriage between the parties in court, and, to escape the hangman's noose, that of matrimony is contracted? What did Mary do with the poet Chastellar, who in a fit of mad love attempted, years before, to intrude himself into the sanctity of her apartment? Cut off his head. What shall we say to her subsequent conduct in visiting the completed offence with no heavier penalty than her hand and her throne, and rewarding the successful traitor and ruffian, who was openly charged with the death of her husband, with the highest rewards which patriotic service could deserve or devoted love desire? It is evident that, on her own show-

ing, the thing was utterly unpardonable, and that the abduction was, like the previous trial, a merely got up thing, to give a colour of constraint to what really was the work of inclination. The truth is, that Mary's conduct in this disastrous stage of her affairs was so imprudent and ill-judged, even in a worldly point of view, and for the attainment of what she herself most desired, that it is evident that her reason was never once consulted in the matter, and she was swept away by a torrent of passion, and which, when it is once fully swollen, carries away all the barriers of reason, propriety, or even common prudence.

If no reasonable doubt can be entertained upon this deplorable part of Mary's career, happily for her memory there is as little room for difference of opinion in regard to her whole subsequent life, till it was closed by her tragic and heroic death. From the moment when she was separated for ever from Bothwell, on the field of Carberry, her evil star appeared to have lost its influence. Her subsequent life, when imprisoned at Lochleven, when restored for a few days to freedom by the devotion of George Douglas, at Langside, and during her eighteen years of unjust detention and wearisome captivity by Elizabeth, was absolutely exempt from fault. She acted unwisely in leaving her own dominions, and, to avoid the ruthless hostility of her enemies, throwing herself upon the treacherous kindness of her cousin; but that, like her passion for Bothwell, was the result of her ardent and confiding nature, which believed in the generosity of others because it felt it in itself. She was, undoubtedly, cognisant of many efforts made for her liberation, and some conspiracies to overturn her rival; but that is no more than she was perfectly entitled, and, in justice to her son, called upon, to do; for she was detained in captivity by Elizabeth by pure violence, with no more right than Queen Victoria would have to imprison Louis Napoleon for the *coup d'état* in France of December 2. And the attempt, by the interpolation of words to the falsification of her letters, to implicate

her in Babington's conspiracy against Elizabeth's life, has been now fully exposed by the acuteness and industry of Mr Tytler, and constitutes one of the worst acts proved against the astute and unscrupulous counsellors of the virgin queen. As to her death, it is enough to say that it is one of the noblest instances of heroism and Christian forgiveness which the world ever exhibited, and that its sublimity and pathos were such that even the genius of Schiller could not enhance the entrancing interest of the story.

But we should never stop, if we followed our inclination in discussing Queen Mary's life; and it is high time to leave these general topics, and turn to the very charming and admirable Memoir with the first volume of which Miss Strickland has enriched her interesting series of the Queens of Scotland.

Queen Mary was born in Linlithgow Palace, on December 11, 1542. The room in which she entered into the world is still in existence, and is thus graphically and truly described by Miss Strickland:—

"The apartment in Linlithgow Palace where Mary Stuart first saw the light is in the most ancient side of the edifice—that built by James III. Her birth took place, not in the Queen's bedroom, as generally stated, but in the regal presence-chamber, where such of the prelates and loyal peers of Scotland as were not in attendance on their dying King at Falkland were present; and, according to the local tradition of Linlithgow, the principal burghers of that town and their wives were also convened as witnesses of that anxiously expected event. A spacious room was therefore necessary for the reception of such a company. The crowned thistle which surmounts the large window, looking into the quadrangle court below, is said to have been placed there in commemoration of the fact. This chamber was paved, after the French fashion, with glazed tiles of various colours. A few of these yet remain, and, where exposed to catch the sunlight, appear like a coarse enamel; but the floor is now thickly carpeted with short velvet sod, interspersed with self-sown turf flowers. Instead of the costly tapestry hangings which mantled those walls at Mary's birth, long grass, mingled with harebells, thistles, and the

wild white rose of Scotland, are waving from every crevice, in mournful luxuriance. The roof and floor of the upper chamber having both fallen in, the blue vault of heaven forms its only canopy. Two deeply embayed windows open on the beautiful miniature lake flowing beneath the castle terraces, and command a glorious prospect of fair pastures and woods, with the stately Abbey Church of St Michael to the left, the town in front, and the Highland hills in the distance to the right. These windows are furnished with stone benches, facing each other, and form pleasant little retreats for private conversation. The chimney-piece is broad and low, supported by fluted stone pillars. Amidst all the desolation which now reigns in this deserted abode of Scottish royalty, traces are everywhere visible, not only of the elegant taste of the Stuart sovereigns, but of domestic comfort in the arrangement of the interior chamber and dressing-room, which terminate the range of apartments on that side of Linlithgow Palace."

Of the future celebrity of the Princess thus ushered into the world, and the undying interest with which her memory is regarded, our authoress gives the following just account:—

"Mary Stuart is exclusively the Queen of Scots—Queen not only of the realm, but of the people; and with all her faults, real or imputed, she remains to this day the peculiar object of national enthusiasm in Scotland. Her memory haunts the desolate palaces, where every peasant is eager to recount traditionary lore connected with her personal history. Not a castellated mansion of the sixteenth century but boasts some quaint-looking room, which is emphatically pointed out as Queen Mary's chamber. Every old family possesses a painting, for which the distinction of an original portrait of Queen Mary is claimed. Tresses of every shade of golden, auburn, and chestnut, are preserved, and fondly exhibited as 'well-attested portions of her hair.' Persons who denounce the relic veneration of the Romish Church as idolatrous, enshrine a glove, a fan, a superannuated watch, or any other trinket supposed to have belonged to Queen Mary, among their choicest treasures, to be handed down as heirlooms in their families. The variety of articles thus preserved and hallowed for her sake is almost incredible. Queen Mary's mirrors and cabinets appear intermin-

able; and as to the antique chairs of carved oak and ebony with which their present possessors have endowed her, they are numerous enough to supply seats for all her descendants, who, be it remembered, are to be found on almost every throne in Europe. The name of Stuart, it is true, exists no longer in the regal line,—but the lineage of Mary Stuart, through the posterity of her grand-daughter, Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, still reigns in Great Britain, Prussia, Denmark, Hanover, and other Protestant states; and through that of Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, the youngest daughter of Charles I., in Spain, Portugal, Austria, Naples, Sardinia, Modena; and, before the expulsion of the *Fleurs-de-l'ys*—in France.”

On her character, generally, she makes the following just and important remark in the outset, the truth of which the subsequent narrative justifies:—

“If the favourable opinions of her own sex could be allowed to decide the question, then may we say that a verdict of not guilty has been pronounced by an overpowering majority of female readers of all nations, irrespective of creed or party. Is, then, the moral standard erected by women for one another lower than that which is required of them by men? Are they less acute in their perceptions of right and wrong, or more disposed to tolerate frailties? The contrary has generally been asserted. Yet, with the notorious exceptions of Queen Elizabeth, Catherine de Medicis, and the Countess of Shrewsbury, Mary had no female enemies. No female witnesses from her household came forward to bear testimony against her, when it was out of her power to purchase secrecy if they had been cognisant of her guilt. None of the ladies of her court, whether of the reformed religion or the old faith—not even Lady Bothwell herself—lifted up her voice to impute blame to her. Mary was attended by noble Scotch gentlewomen in the days of her royal splendour; they clung to her in adversity, through good report and evil report; they shared her prisons, they waited upon her on the scaffold, and forsook not her mangled remains till they had seen them consigned to a long-denied tomb. Are such friendships usual among the wicked? Is the companionship of virtuous women acceptable to the dissolute?—or that of the dissolute to the virtuous?”

In consequence of the disturbed state of the country after the battle of Pinkie, Mary was removed from Stirling Castle, her ordinary residence at that period, to a dwelling in the island of Inchmahome—so well known to travellers for its romantic beauties and venerable chestnuts—in the Lake of Monteith, near the foot of the Grampians in Stirlingshire. Her abode there, at the age of five years, is an object of melancholy interest.

“In consequence of the loss of the disastrous battle of Pinkie, September 9, 1547, the young Queen vacated her royal abode at Stirling, and was removed for safety to the Priory in the picturesque isle of Inchmahome, in the Lake of Monteith, famous for its beautiful Spanish chestnut-trees. Mary was accompanied by her mother, her nurse Janet Sinclair, her four young namesakes, playmates, classmates, and maids of honour—Mary Beton, Mary Seton, Mary Livingstone, and Mary Fleming—her tutors, her governess, and her Lord Keeper, Livingstone. The foundation of her education had been already judiciously and prosperously laid by the Queen-mother; and she, though only in her fifth year, had made a rapid progress both in acquirements and understanding. Inheriting the genius as well as the beauty of her Plantagenet and Stuart ancestry, their fearless courage and elegant tastes, Mary, even at that tender age, appeared formed to add lustre to a throne. She pursued her studies quietly and steadily with her four Maries in the cloister shades of Inchmahome for several months, under the care of John Erskine the Prior, and her schoolmaster Alexander Scott, parson of Balmaclellan. French was literally her mother tongue, but she was instructed in history, geography, and Latin, by her learned preceptors; and in the feminine accomplishment of tapestry work and embroidery, by her governess, Lady Fleming, the illegitimate daughter of James IV., and the mother of one of her Maries. And thus, while her realm was convulsed with factions, and devastated by the storms of war, the little Sovereign remained secure and happy in her peaceful refuge.

“Mary, if we may trust a modern French biographer's description of her dress—and, of course, a Frenchman's authority on such a point may be quoted—was at this period arrayed in some-

thing closely approaching Highland costume. Her shining hair, which in childhood was of bright golden yellow, was bound with a rose-coloured satin snood; and she wore a tartan scarf over black silk, fastened with a golden agrafe, engraved with the united arms of Scotland and Lorraine. The little Queen, in this picturesque array, was the delight of every eye, when she was seen pursuing her gay sports with her juvenile court on the lake shore. She possessed a natural charm of manner that won all hearts; she was adored by her governors, masters, officers, and ladies, and every one who by chance was brought in contact with her, from the gentry and burgesses down to the simple fishers and honest mountaineers. Happy would it have been for Mary Stuart if she had inherited no wider domain than that fairy isle in the Lake of Monteith."

Even at a very early age, however, she evinced the hereditary courage of her race, which formed so marked a feature of her character during her whole life.

"'My niece,' said her warrior uncle, Francis, Duke of Guise, to her one day, in reference to her courageous disposition, 'there is one trait in which, above all others, I recognise my own blood in you—you are as brave as my bravest men-at-arms. If women went into battle now, as they did in ancient times, I think you would know how to die well.' Little did he who pronounced this opinion imagine how fully his judgment of the heroic temperament of that fair child would be verified by her deportment on a scaffold. Who, indeed, could have believed that such a doom could be in store for her who was the admired of all eyes, the delight of every heart!"

At the age of twelve, it is well known, Mary was removed from Scotland to France, preparatory to her marriage with the Dauphin. Her early proficiency in all the accomplishments and graces of that elegant court soon manifested itself.

"Half Scotch, half French, full of health and vivacity, nature had fitted Mary to excel in this courtly exercise, (dancing) and she profited so well by the lessons of Paul de Rege that in the course of a few weeks she and her young partner, the Dauphin, danced together before the King and Queen, the foreign ambassadors, and a crowded court, at the nuptial fête of

Mary's uncle, the Duc d'Aumale, and attracted universal admiration. Mary inherited from both parents a passionate love of music, and her precious time was unfortunately too much occupied in acquiring great practical skill in an accomplishment by no means useful to a sovereign, and which proved one source of all her calamities, by tempting her to lavish fatal patronage on foreign musicians. Her delight in poetry early indicated itself. Like all the Princes of the Stuart race, she manifested a strong inclination for sylvan sports. Young as she was when she first arrived at St Germain, she astonished all the French ladies by dressing her pet falcon, casting her off, and reclaiming her with her own hands. St Germain was one of the great hunting palaces of Henry II., and the little Queen of Scots exhibited the greatest glee when she saw the dogs issue from their kennels, and the inspiring preparations for the chase. The energetic temperament of the child manifested itself alike in the ardour with which she achieved her various tasks, or entered into the frolic games of her juvenile associates."

It was not merely in these elegant accomplishments, however, that Mary excelled. She was also fully instructed in the weightier matters suited to a sovereign Princess, in which she was carefully initiated by her two uncles, the Cardinal Lorraine and the Duke of Guise. These two remarkable men early acquired a great—indeed a paramount—sway over her mind, to which her subsequent misfortunes were in some degree owing.

"Under the Cardinal's auspices Mary vied in learning, as well as accomplishments, with her royal cousins of the house of Tudor. She acquired an early proficiency in Latin and Italian; she made some progress in Greek, and delighted in the royal sciences of geography and history; she had a passion for poetry and music, and she excelled in needlework—that feminine acquirement which afterwards proved so great a solace to her in the house of bondage. Mary's warlike uncle, Francis, Duke of Guise, loved her more dearly than any of his own children, and, fearing the severe routine of so elaborate an education might impair her health, he occasionally carried her off to his fine chateau at Mendon, to renovate her spirits with a thorough change of scene and occupation. He mounted

her on horseback, and made her accompany him to the chase. He told her stories of martial deeds, romped with her, exerted all his ingenuity to prepare agreeable surprises and pleasures for her, and lavished his gifts on her with profuse generosity; nothing his jewel-house contained was too precious to be thus appropriated. Mary loved him in return with the ardour of a fond and grateful child; for, however terrible to others, he was all tenderness to her; and if he did not succeed in spoiling her, he treated her with an excess of indulgence, of which she ever retained the most lively remembrance.

"Mary was at Paris on the New Year's Day, 1554-5, when she astonished the court of France and all the foreign ambassadors by the ease and grace with which she recited to the King, in the great gallery of the Louvre, in the presence of that distinguished company, an oration in Latin of her own composition, in the style of Cicero, setting forth, in opposition to the general opinion to the contrary, the capacity of females for the highest mental acquirements, such as literature and the fine arts—a proposition which no one who heard and saw the fair and learned young Queen that day felt perhaps disposed to deny. 'She both spoke and understood Latin admirably well,' says Brantôme, 'as I was myself a witness, and induced Antoine Fochain of Chauny, in the Vermandois, to address her in French on the subject of rhetoric, to which, though unprepared, she replied with as much wit and eloquence as if she had been born in France. It was really beautiful to observe her manner of speaking, whether to the high or low. From the time she arrived in France she had dedicated two hours a-day to reading and study, so that there were few sciences, even, on which she could not converse, and she always expressed herself gracefully and well; but she delighted in poetry above everything, and loved to discourse of it with Ronsard, du Bellay, and Maison Fleur.'"

Philopœmen said, that to soldiers and women dress was a matter of no small consequence; and probably no one who has known either will hesitate as to the truth of the remark. Miss Strickland has certainly largely acted upon this hint in her *Royal Biographies*; but probably there are few readers, male or female, who will not be glad to hear about the costume of the beauteous young Queen on her marriage day. It is thus given by

Miss Strickland from the contemporary annalists, although it had previously escaped the notice of her numerous biographers:—

"'She was dressed,' says the official chronicler of the Hôtel de Ville, 'in a robe whiter than the lily, but so glorious in its fashion and decorations that it would be difficult, nay, impossible, for any pen to do justice to its details. Her regal mantle and train were of a bluish grey cut velvet, richly embroidered with white silk and pearls. It was of a marvellous length, full six toises, covered with precious stones, and was supported by young ladies.' Her Scotch *Maries*, doubtless, were entitled to that honour; but neither they, nor the commissioners for the marriage, who were present as representatives of the three Estates of Scotland, are mentioned in our contemporary French authorities. The Estates of Scotland had positively refused to allow their regalia to be carried over to France, to decorate their young liege lady and her consort at the nuptial solemnity. Yet Mary, to denote her rank as a Sovereign Queen, wore a crown-royal on this occasion—a crown far more costly than any previous Scottish monarch could ever boast. It was probably made expressly for her, at the expense either of the King of France or her wealthy uncle the Cardinal de Lorraine, and is described in the Rouen contemporary record of the ceremonial as being composed of the finest gold, and most exquisite workmanship, set with diamonds, pearls, rubies, and emeralds of inestimable worth—having in the centre a pendant carbuncle, the value of which was computed at five hundred thousand crowns. About her neck hung a matchless jewel, suspended by chains of precious stones, which, from its description, must have been no other than that well known in Scottish records by the familiar name of the *Great Harry*. This was not one of the crown jewels, but her own personal property, having been derived from her royal English great-grandfather, Henry VII., by whom it was presented to her grandmother, Queen Margaret Tudor."

The dress of the young Princess, however, is more fully given in the description of the portrait of her, bestowed on the Earl of Cassilis when he took leave of her after her marriage, which is still in possession of that noble family, and from which the beautiful frontispiece of the volume is taken. It is thus described; and

the description will enable the reader to fill up in imagination the colours which clothed the original :—

"This most beautiful and undoubted likeness has remained ever since as a precious heirloom in the noble family of Kennedy, and is still extant in the collection of its representative, the Marquis of Ailsa, at Culzean Castle, in Ayrshire. It is from that portrait the frontispiece of this volume is taken—the noble possessor having favoured us with permission to have an engraving made expressly for the illustration of our present series of royal biographies, *Lives of the Queens of Scotland and Princesses of England*. This most beautiful and undoubted likeness of Mary Stuart represents her in the morning flower of her charms, when she appeared at the summit of all earthly felicity and grandeur. It is in a nobler style of portrait-painting than that of Zuchero, and worthy, indeed, of Titian or Guercino. It is scarcely possible for an engraving to do justice to a picture of which the colouring and tone are so exquisite. The perfection of features and contour is there united with feminine softness and the expression of commanding intellect. Her hair is of a rich chestnut tint, almost black, which Nicholas White (who had ascertained the fact from her ladies) assures Cecil was its real colour. Her complexion is that of a delicate brunette, clear and glowing ; and this accords with the darkness of her eyes, hair, and majestic eyebrows. Her hair is parted in wide bands across the forehead, and rolled back in a large curl on each temple, above the small, delicately moulded ears. She wears a little round crimson velvet cap, embroidered with gold, and ornamented with gems, placed almost at the back of her head, resembling, indeed, a Greek cap—with this difference, that a coronal frontlet is formed by the disposition of the pearls, which give a regal character to the head-dress. Her dress is of rich crimson damask, embroidered with gold, and ornamented with gems. It fits tightly to her bust and taper waist, which is long and slender ; so is her gracefully turned throat. She has balloon-shaped tops to her sleeves, rising above the natural curve of her shoulders. Her dress is finished at the throat with a collar band, supporting a lawn collarette, with a finely quilled demi-ruff. Her only ornament is a string of large round pearls, carelessly knotted about her throat, from which depends an amethyst cross. This portrait is in an oval frame ; but the arms being cut off

just above the wrists, mars the general effect, and suggests the notion that it has been a whole-length reduced to that size."

These feminine decorations, however, did not exclusively occupy Mary's time. She continued her severer studies after her marriage, and was a model of every conjugal virtue.

"The youthful spouses supported their dignity as Sovereigns, and conducted themselves as a married pair with edifying propriety. They were now emancipated from the control of governors, governesses, and preceptors ; but Mary continued to read Latin with Buchanan, history with de Pasquier, and poetry with Ronsard, from the delight her cultivated mind took in these pursuits. Music, needlework, and the chase, formed her favourite recreations. She and Francis conformed to the customs of France by presiding over their own little court, being too happy in each other's society to desire to mix in the public gaieties of the Louvre, except at those seasons which etiquette prescribed. She managed her expenditure without either extravagance or parsimony, her greatest delight being to give."

Notwithstanding his tender years and infirmities, Mary was affectionately attached to the Dauphin, and sincerely mourned his death.

"An elegant marble pillar was subsequently erected by Mary, as a tribute of her affection, to mark the spot where the heart of Francis II. was deposited in Orleans Cathedral. She also caused a medal to be engraved in commemoration of her love and grief, having the following simple but quaint device, emblematical of her buried consort and herself—namely, a liquorice plant, the stem of which is bitter, bending mournfully towards the root, with this motto, 'Earth hides my sweetness.' The decease of her young consort, so quickly following that of her only surviving parent, impressed Mary's mind with deep conviction of the uncertainty of human life. She surrounded herself with sombre images and emblems of mortality. She had a crystal watch made in the shape of a coffin for her own use, and another in the form of a helmeted death's-head, which she presented to her favourite maid of honour, Mary Seton. Both are in existence. The first is in the possession of Sir Peter Murray Threipland, Bart., of Fingask

Castle, Perthshire ; the other belonged to the late Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, Bart. It is of silver, and as full of curious workmanship and emblems as the locket of Margaret Douglas. The works are in wonderful preservation, and still perform well. The maker's name is Moyse, of Blois."

Like many of her royal predecessors, Mary was most anxious for the pacific improvement and social amelioration of her subjects—objects of no easy accomplishment, amidst the selfishness, bigotry, and ruthless violence with which she was surrounded. It is not generally known that the manufacture of straw-bonnets, which has since given bread to so many thousands of the subjects of her descendants, owes its introduction into this country to her benevolent foresight.

"During her progress through Lorraine, she had observed that the women and children were industriously and profitably occupied in plaiting and making straw-hats. Perceiving, also, that the condition of the peasantry was much better in those districts where this domestic manufacture was practised than where it was not, she conceived a desire of introducing the same light and pleasant handicraft among her own subjects, as a means of enabling the mothers of large families, who had hitherto relied on receiving the alms of the church in times of distress, to earn their own livelihood, and to render their children instrumental in the same object. Under these impressions, Mary, whose talents as a peace Sovereign, like those of all the Stuarts, were much in advance of a ferocious age, engaged a company of the Lorraine straw-plaiters to return with her to her own country, in order to instruct her countrywomen in their simple art ; and thus was the first straw-hat manufactory established in Scotland under the kind auspices of a female Sovereign of eighteen, whose name, however clouded by calumny, is traditionally dear to the industrial classes, whose ancestors she strove to benefit. The calamities in which Mary Stuart was involved, deprived her little colony and pupils of the encouragement they would otherwise have received from her royal patronage ; still they struggled on through much adversity, and continued to exist till her son James, who took a kindly interest in his unfortunate mother's straw-plaiters, transplanted them and their useful craft to Luton, in Bedfordshire, after

his accession to the English throne. Several generations, however, passed away before Mary's enlightened projects for the employment of women and children in this department were fully realised by the general popularity of British straw-bonnets, both at home and abroad. Those produced by Mary Stuart's Lorraine protégées were probably of the picturesque form, which has been immortalised by Rubens' pencil in his portrait of his second wife, Helena Forman, known by the familiar name of *La Paliasse*."

Every reader is familiar with Brantôme's beautiful description of Mary's departure from France for her northern realm ; but it loses nothing in Miss Strickland's elegant hands ; and with her description of this moving scene we must for the present close our extracts from this charming biography.

"When the sails were set, and her galley began to get out to sea, Mary's tears flowed without intermission. Leaning both her arms on the gallery of the vessel, she turned her eyes on the shore she was leaving with longing, lingering looks, crying at every stroke of the oars, 'Adieu, France !—beloved France, adieu !' And thus she remained for the first five hours after her embarkation, motionless as a statue, and deaf to all the attempts of her friends to comfort or divert the sad current of her thoughts. When darkness approached, she was entreated to descend into the state cabin that had been prepared for her accommodation, and partake of supper. But her heart was too full of grief to permit her to taste food. She felt and spoke like a poet on this occasion. 'It is now, my dear France, that I have lost you,' said she, 'for the envious darkness, like a black veil, conceals you from these eyes which are thus deprived of their chief desire. Adieu, then, my beloved France !—I lose sight of you, and I shall never, never, see you again !'—She observed, 'that, unlike Dido, who, after the departure of Eneas, looked evermore towards the sea—her regards were fixed upon the land that was receding from her sight for ever.'—Instead of retiring for repose into the cabin in the poop, which was set apart for her use, she ordered a traverse or temporary chamber to be prepared for her above on the poop gallery, and her couch to be spread for the night within that curtained screen. Before she retired she requested the pilot, that, in the event of France being still visible, as soon as it

should be light enough to discern objects, to direct her ladies to awaken her, no matter how early it might be, that she might take another look of that dear land."

"After two whole days and nights, in which all things continued veiled in impenetrable obscurity, the vapoury shroud was suddenly dissipated, at sunrise on the Sunday morning, and revealed to the affrighted pilot and crew that they had run the galley among the most dangerous rocks and shelves along the Scottish coast; and that nothing but the providence of God had preserved them and their Sovereign from a watery grave. Inheriting the intrepid spirit of her race, Mary was calm and self-possessed in the moment of peril. 'I have no fear of death,' she said, 'nor should I wish to live, unless it were for the general good of Scotland.'"

After these extracts, it is needless to say what the merits of this biogra-

phy are. It is by far the most interesting of the fair authoress's works; and if the succeeding volume, which closes Mary's life, equals the first in charm, which we cannot doubt, it will be beyond all question the most popular of all her works, and will establish her fame on a lasting foundation. Her industry is immense; and she has collected so many details as to Mary's life, that we are almost as familiar with her daily movements as we are with those of her descendant, our present gracious Sovereign. We could wish there was somewhat less of quotation *in the text* from original letters and documents; but that is the fault of the age, not the author, and is deemed a merit by antiquarians; and where there is so much to admire, we are unwilling to sully praise so well deserved, by what many would deem undeserved criticism.

A MORAL FROM WALMER.

ONE whom the voice of the nation proclaims to have been a great man, has just departed from among us. A rare embodiment of qualities, which commanded universal admiration, and the contemplation of which produced something more resembling genuine enthusiasm than these times are accustomed to see or to feel, is dissolved for ever. Law and order, and those subtle and noble feelings which, from their wide diffusion, have raised England so high, and are now her principal safeguard against the inroads of a base material policy, will lose much weight and influence with the *vis inertiae* of the great name of Wellington.

It is good to find men of all parties and opinions uniting to point out one whom they consider truly great and exalted. Here, escaping from vague generalities and intangible assertions, we have a man whose qualities, being ascertained beyond doubt or cavil, and capable of being estimated with a confidence and exactness amounting to certainty, are pronounced to be, in their singular union of goodness and greatness, worthy of the highest honour. Let us, then, first inquire what these qualities were. The answer is plain and easy—as already said, the qualities have been ascertained, and there are not two opinions about the character. Military conduct—loyalty unconquerable—a sense of duty rather resembling that of some genius charged with a definite mission on earth, than the feeble light that ordinarily glimmers amid the bundle of self-interests called man—an aristocratic nature—a wonderful sincerity, inspiring implicit confidence, and a firmness which gave a sure and solid base for the operation of these—such endowments, embodied in the form so familiar, made up the being known to us as the Duke of Wellington. To such an extent do we give him credit for possessing these qualities, that we can reason on and determine his line of conduct in imaginary cases. No one doubts that, if his great services had met with ungrateful denial instead of splendid acknowledgment, he would still have been, to

the utmost of his ability, at the command of his King and country. No one doubts that, if he had achieved his military fame on our own soil, repelling an invader or crushing rebellion, his conquering hand would never have grasped at illicit power. No one doubts that, when he met his great antagonist, and announced his determination “to perish to the last man,” if that antagonist had prevailed, there, on the field of Waterloo, would have been found the Duke’s dead body.

Mental and moral gifts like his, and in such excess, are scarcely to be looked for in two of a nation. But the fact of their being recognised as worthy of honour by the great body of the people, is a fact full of hope. It is inconceivable that admiration for, and sympathy with, his qualities should be so loudly asserted, were the qualities themselves inert or disappearing. The expression of the public grief has been marked by a great sincerity, which shows that, amid the false gods round whose clayey pedestals the nation has delighted to grovel, here was indeed a hero, to pay honour to whom was no indignity to the worshippers, and whose loss they might with decency lament. For a moment the national heart seems to beat with a grand simplicity; for a moment feelings, which if good in a man are good also in a people, struggle through their sordid casings to the surface; and the chink of gold, the cry of faction, the din even of machinery, seems faint and distant amid the deep tones of the universal wail.

This has been called an unheroic age, and called so by those who are now foremost to proclaim the dead hero as a model Englishman, a representative of the characteristics of the people. We will hope he was, and that the age was slandered; we will hope that, misrepresented, and its name usurped by vociferous baseness, the national character is unchanged since it directed those tendencies which produced Wellington: for assuredly Wellington was no offspring

of the apparent tendencies of this latter time; assuredly self-denial, sense of duty, loyalty, aristocratic feeling, are not among the public professions of faith which have distinguished the notorious men of this age. These are no characteristics of the noisy oracles who have been listened to with such applause. These have had but little share in the impulses that have changed the nation's course.

Let us consider what are the opposites of all these as guides of action. A desire to make England one vast scene of buying and selling—a studied contempt of loyalty—a bitter hatred of the aristocracy—a disavowal of all feelings as springs of political action, except those which have hitherto been considered as distinctive of the lower orders of humanity—a loud systematic derision of courage, self-devotion, and patriotism—an identifying of national honour with national wealth—a dogged pursuing of self-interest—a habit of considering ease and comfort as the *summum bonum*—let us consider these as the characteristics of the loudest of our apostles and their party, and is there no truth or reality in the picture?

Great is the power of impudent clamour. Again will the suspended din of leagues, and peace societies, and rampant democracy, break forth, and the presence of Wellington will be no longer an example or a reproach. That high mind and heart, and that vast reputation, won, as we have been often reminded, not by industrious self-seeking—not by any such principles as “buying in the cheapest market, and selling in the dearest”—not by throwing off the trammels of prescription and authority, but by sustained appliance of all his great endowments to the service of his country—will pass away into an historical name; and those to whom that mind, and heart, and reputation, have been a restraint and a terror, will “play such fantastic tricks before high Heaven as will make the angels weep.”

Amid the eulogies which have been written on the great departed, there was a passage in one which, while intended as panegyric, was irresistibly provocative of ideas unbecoming the

solemnity of the occasion. A journalist, applauding the Duke's readiness to sacrifice even his own dignity to the public service, asserted, that had he been chosen to take office with *Mr Cobden* for a colleague, he would have cheerfully consented to the arrangement. We apologise to the illustrious shade for repeating the mention of his name in such strange company—but perhaps it may serve to point a moral; and, without discussing the truth of the assertion, we will for a moment consider it to have been realised. Imagine, then, a point of statesmanship discussed by these uncongenial associates—imagine the difficulty which the noble Duke, accustomed to recognise duty, honour, loyalty, as governing principles, would experience in understanding the, to him, novel doctrines of self-interest, of the necessity of sacrificing all considerations to the interests of trade, and of renunciation of the claims of national honour! How obtuse would he have been to the clinching argument of balance of profit and loss, so complacently indicated with unanswerable fore-finger!—how slow to appreciate the vast boon conferred on the human race in the diffusion of printed cottons!—how utterly incredulous that there could be a class of educated men in England quite indifferent as to whether they lived under an English hereditary Sovereign or a French Emperor, so that they might, unmolested, pursue their beloved traffic!—with what difficulty receiving the idea that, to watch over the nation's pocket is the Alpha and Omega of statesmanship! And, when these ideas were slowly admitted, what a severe and righteous contempt would wither their advocate! But no—we do this *Mr Cobden* wrong. In that venerable presence the audacious Free-Trader would have felt strangely abashed. A new and generous sentiment would for a moment have been reflected into his breast, and the novel spectacle might have been witnessed, of the unscrupulous agitator and clap-trap orator proclaiming, with unwilling tongue, a momentary allegiance to a policy neither contemptible nor debasing.

We do not wish, or intend, to laud

the Duke as an epitome of human excellences. All we insist on is, that, the nation, having declared its sense of those excellences, cannot decently, with the same breath, praise their very opposites. The mere confession of respect for those qualities which distinguished him must have practically given the lie to many a confident leading article from the same pen; and to many a eulogistic writer the question must have occurred, Is this veneration, which I and others profess for the man, sincere, or is it "mouth-honour, breath, which the poor heart would fain deny, but dare not?"

The Duke's military life is that by which he will chiefly be remembered. His fame was of itself a denial of that pusillanimous spirit, now so prevalent, which shudders at the idea of war and personal danger, and loves to prophesy, spite of reason, of history, and of existing facts, its speedy extinction. "War," say the peaceful brotherhood, "is an unmixed evil." So says the husbandman of the tempest which levels his crops to the ground; but the philosopher, nevertheless, admits the necessity of storms. War calls forth qualities whose manifestation is not too dearly purchased at the expense of blood, and what these amiable and timorous persons hold dearer than any blood, except their own—namely, treasure. (Write treasure first, as *Dogberry* says!) What has the long peace which the virtues of *Wellington* earned taught us? Among other things it has taught us to undervalue, decry, and discourage the development of those attributes which alone can avail in the hour of danger. It has taught us to express our opinion as a nation, that swift travelling, surprising inventions, secure means of money-getting, and assiduous study to increase those appliances which oil the machinery of life, and send us smoothly and luxuriously onward to the grave, are the only things to be sought and admired, and their inventors applauded.

While, as a nation, we are hugging ourselves as we think of our pecuniary prosperity, our freedom from any but slight molestations, the uninterrupted course and renewed facilities of our commerce, and the many improve-

ments in the art of existence which science has conferred, there comes this event to test our sincerity. In a moment all our fashionable philosophy is forgotten. In spite of *Manchester* schooling, we admit that the Duke *was* a great man—that there *are* such things as military virtues—that they rank, for the moment, higher than the science of taking money from your neighbour's pocket and transferring it to your own—that glory is *not* an empty name, but a splendid reality, capable of rousing in us strange feelings of enthusiasm. There are some who, while lounging pleasantly on prize sofas from the Great Exhibition, and reading the story of the *Peninsular Campaigns*, will envy *Sir Arthur* his bivouac on the cold ground, with hope for a fire, confidence for a pillow. Nay, there are, perhaps, some of the new school who have so far forgot themselves as to feel their cheeks flush, and their hearts beat in double time, as they read how the *English* general routed *Soult*, or held *Mas-sena* in check—who have, for a moment, thought it would have been worth ten years of peaceful life on 'Change to have stood beside the great Duke when *Napoleon* was shattering his columns against a living bulwark of Englishmen. And let us say, O unworthy young cotton-spinner, or degenerate member of *Peace Society*! that, for once, your impulse is true! There *would* have been more of life in that hour of *Waterloo*—more self-knowledge—more awakening of noble faculties in your soul, if it happen to possess any such slumbering inhabitants, in one glorious hour, than in a long and wrinkling course of remunerative Mammon-worship.

But these and the like impulses, roused by the present majestic image of the old warrior passing peacefully away in his castle of *Walmer*, will be short-lived. The grave will close over him—his memory will be not a sound, but an echo—and we shall return to our engrossing pursuits, our beloved ease, and our wallowing in the mire. When will another life go out whose extinction shall, for a space, darken *England*, and force us to think nobly, in spite of surrounding circumstances and of ourselves? What sign is there

of the training of future Wellingtons? Before his rising, other great lights were shining in the firmament—men were familiar with heroism, and did not then, when a great man died, turn to one another asking, “When comes there such another?” There was no sign then of sterility in the nation—no failure of the necessary influences for producing noble plants. But now!—shall we turn to any of the approved and popular nurseries of opinion for the germ that is in time to overshadow us, and beneath which we shall dwell in security? Is there any indication, or probability, of these affording one who shall stand up against a future conqueror of the world, ready “to perish to the last man?”

The spectacle of this great relic of a past time, vanishing amid a nation's sorrow and regard, is a terrible rebuke to the self-applause of the age.]

For, among its most efficient representatives and favourite offspring, there is not one who is likely to be pointed at as an example, or remembered with reverence and pride. Looking at them, fame would seem no longer an aspiration of humanity. To cajol and flatter a mob for their voices—to advocate that in public as a principle, which, in private life, would be considered a baseness—to add house to house, mill to mill, and scrip to scrip—to dwell barely in decencies for ever—to enjoy ease which they never earned by labour—such appears to be the sublime ambition of such of our public men as claim to be peculiarly the representatives of the

spirit of the age. To that spirit no man ever formed a more antagonistic embodiment than the Duke. Its yielding to expediency—its apathy and unbelief—its love of ease—and, what it is proudest of, its liberalism—were all repugnant to his sterling nature. And it seems to us that the vivid contrast afforded by the base, trafficking, ease-loving, self-seeking doctrines which the unsleeping activity and audacity of their assertors have rendered popular, is what now projects the Duke's image in relief so strong as to insure universal recognition, and to fill the public eye. To harmonise with that image, a very different back-ground is required, whose elements must be sought in other days than these.

One glance more before the eternal gates close on him. There we have assurance of a man! Some there are who, while not sparing of their admiration and respect, will take far other models for imitation. Some there are who will be awakened out of their apathy at sight of the funeral honours paid to one whose spirit was so different from that of the time, which yet has virtue enough to lament him. Whether we shall ever look upon his like again, we know not; but of this we may be assured, that the qualities which, in this generation, seem to command success, and which are ever evincing themselves more obtrusively as their current value is recognised, will never form a spirit resembling that which manifested itself, for us and for posterity, as Arthur Duke of Wellington!

THE HOLIDAYS.

THE Holidays! We doubt whether the word has less attraction for the ear of the statesman than for that of the school-boy—whether the golden time of recreation is most sincerely longed for by the man of business or the urchin of the Latin class. Work, of course, is a matter of necessity to most of us; and though we do most confidently believe that the majority of mankind have no abstract relish for severe labour, yet the penalties of idleness are so terrible, that we submit ourselves, on the whole, with reasonable fortitude, to the common doom. Work, therefore, we perform with a will for many months of the year—some of us making speeches, others writing articles, divers pleading in the courts of law, and many sweltering in counting-houses—until, as if by a general impulse, when the sweet days of summer arrive, and the streets become intolerable through heat, the whole population of the town rises in revolt against labour. Railroad, stage-coach, and steamer are put into immediate requisition; and in a few days the squares are as deserted as though the inhabitants had seceded to the diggings.

This year the holidays were somewhat unusually broken. On the very verge of, if not in them, came the general election, an event which, even at this distance of time, we recall with no pleasurable sensations. To keep out of the turmoil of an election is clearly impossible. You may be a philosopher, but you are also a Briton; and although you were as deadened to humanity as was Timon of Athens, you must necessarily have some preference when the choice lies between Alcibiades and Apemantus. If you are a non-elect, you can, at all events, bellow—if you have a vote, we defy you to escape the poll. Indeed, it is wonderful how soon and keenly a man will warm to a contest. We have heard an old gentleman protest, of a Monday, that no consideration upon earth would induce him to register his vote, and on the Friday

thereafter, we have seen him installed as chairman of a committee, and as active as a cat in an aviary. Indeed, we regard the man, even though he be an adversary, who withholds his vote on such an occasion, with feelings little short of contempt. He has a vote, and he ought to exercise it one way or another. If he abstains, without alleging some intelligible reason, you are at liberty to set him down as a sneak. But such apathy is not general. On the late occasion there was a hard struggle throughout the kingdom, and not until August had succeeded to the reign of July did the din of battle cease. What a beautiful hush of tranquillity was instantly diffused over the land! Men of all denominations and shades of opinion united in a cordial thanksgiving that they were fairly rid of the nuisance; and nobody but the keeper of a pothouse durst venture an opinion in favour of annual parliaments. The journals, hitherto so fiery, grew straightway preternaturally dull. It was no use taking up a newspaper, for nothing was recorded in its columns; and the very sight of the huge close-printed sheet, among the fresh green hills, made one involuntarily shudder, by recalling the atmosphere of its place of birth. To write leaders during the dog-days is a worse than Tunisian slavery; to read them, may not be quite so bad; but the task required more fortitude than we acknowledge to have fallen to our share. As well remain in town as transport its gossip to the country.

As, however, some people must necessarily remain in bondage to perform indispensable tasks while others go free, it is not to be wondered at, considering the frailty of human nature, if persons so situated should envy, and even try to abridge, the short-lived happiness of the rest. Acting on this principle, some unfortunate London scribes were so forgetful of their duties to mankind as to suggest that Parliament should immediately assemble, and a new era of strife begin, before the echo

of the old one had died upon the public ear. To the credit of the country be it said, the impudent proposal was met with a shout of universal disapprobation. Were members, yet panting with the toil and fatigue of their contests, to be dragged up without a month's repose to London, there to enjoy, in stifling St Stephens, the old flowers of rhetoric with which all politicians are familiar? Were the chiefs of parties never to have a breathing-time—a moment for quiet thought—or leisure to consider their plans of future operations? To do them justice, no set of men were more incensed at the proposal than the Whigs—for Lord John Russell was known to be in Scotland, a country peculiarly adapted for letter-writing; and, as his lordship had, on one previous occasion, made a notable hit from Edinburgh, there was no saying what might be expected from him now, if he was only allowed the benefit of time. Your state-letter is not a document to be tossed off like a dinner invitation. It requires thought and careful revision; and, besides, it is usually submitted, in the strictest confidence, to various colleagues, before it is finally given to the papers. Lord John Russell, though a correct, is not a rapid composer. Mr McGregor would despatch thirty epistles to his constituents, before the ex-Premier could satisfy himself as to the propriety of a single sentence.

In common with many others, we confess that we did expect to be favoured with some manifesto. We are aware that grave doubts have arisen in the minds of many influential members of the Whig party as to the prudence of the former communication, which, though it might be well-timed as a party stroke, did nevertheless commit them to certain views which they had not previously professed, and did eventually compel them to adopt certain measures which therefore they were not prepared with any cordiality to receive. We are also aware—at least it is matter of common report—that his lordship, on that occasion, received a sharp intimation from several of his supporters, that they were by no means satisfied with his precipitancy; that, according to their views, a leader in opposition

was not freed from the wholesome obligation of taking deliberate counsel before announcing a decided line of action. In short, that he had better divest himself, as soon as possible, of the notion that in him alone were concentrated the whole genius and essence of Whiggery. Of all this we were aware; but, being accustomed to look upon Lord John as a choleric fellow, who would take his own way in spite of every remonstrance, we still had hopes of a letter; and are not a little disappointed to find that, for this year at least, there will be a blank in political correspondence.

There are, however, more methods of expression than one; and it is consolatory to know that the public has had the benefit of listening, more than once during the holidays, to the wisdom of the noble lord.

Two remarkable personages, in two neighbouring countries, have at the same time been going their political rounds. Louis Napoleon has been making the tour of France, receiving everywhere, as we are assured by the press, the warmest expressions of sympathy and devotion; and it is now evident that he intends, with as little delay as possible, to assume the imperial diadem. Lord John Russell has been progressing from The Gart to Stirling, and from Stirling to Perth, picking up stray burgess-tickets, vowing fidelity to divers Guildries, and taking an active share in a public political banquet. His aspirations are certainly more humble than those of the Prince-President, as his sphere is more limited; but, for all that, they may be equally personal; and, judging from the character of the company in which he last appeared, as well as from the tone which he assumed, we cannot doubt that the object and purpose of these peregrinations is his speedy reinstatement into office. Whether he may succeed or not, is, of course, matter of opinion. In the mean time, it may be as well for us to see what grounds he can set forth to induce the country to reverse the judgment which it has already passed upon him, and upon his party.

Since the result of the late election, it is observable that an unusual degree of bitterness and exasperation

against the present Government, has been manifested on the part of the Whig satellites and underlings, especially to the north of the Tweed. They cannot even attend a dinner given to the most obscure of the race of Adam, without using language of which, when the fumes of the banquet were dissipated, we sincerely trust they were ashamed. Men may hold the most extreme opinions without expressing themselves in uncourteous terms; and the offence becomes greater when we find that it is committed by gentlemen from whose character and antecedents—both of them creditable—we had expected better things. Having said this much, we abstain from further comment, and shall not even transfer the obnoxious expletives to our pages. It is sufficient for us to observe that, among parties vitally interested in the return of Lord John Russell to power, there exists a spirit of animosity towards Lord Derby's Government, infinitely greater than what was exhibited before the result of the election was known. Also, it is not without significance that, at all such gatherings, "the great Liberal party" has been invariably talked of as a united and compact body—a circumstance of which we, who have watched the elections narrowly, have hitherto been in ignorance profound. Certainly such union did not prevail in Edinburgh, where one section of the Liberals assailed another with the utmost violence and acerbity—nor in Glasgow and Greenock, from both of which places the brother-in-law of Lord John Russell, who moreover had been the sitting member for the latter town, was compelled to retire in extreme discomfiture—nor in Paisley, where one Liberal of advanced opinions, also sitting member for the place, was nearly driven from the hustings by the furious supporters of another; nor in the Northern burghs, where Messrs Laing and Loch interchanged courtesies most amusing to the impartial listener. What took Mr Loch, the younger—perhaps the most unlucky candidate of our day—to Manchester along with Mr Denman, where these two young Whig-Liberals tried to unseat Bright and Milner Gibson, whose liberality could in no-

wise be impeached? Were these friendly contests? If they were, all we can say is, that the Liberal candidates must, to judge from the language employed, have an exceedingly mean estimate of the principles and motives of each other.

The truth is, that the Whigs, at the present time, are driven almost to desperation; and, like bad swimmers, when out of their depth, are clutching at every floating straw. They are deeply dissatisfied with Lord John on account of his resignation—which is hardly fair, inasmuch as we may conclude, from certain previous passages in his political life, that the noble lord would not have resigned could he possibly have avoided doing so. They know, however, perfectly well that, without him, they are helpless; for, since Palmerston seceded from them, they cannot exhibit in their whole muster-list a single name to which the reputation of more than average ability is attached. They are, indeed, very ill off for men, as must be evident to all who have watched their late attempts to exalt Messrs Tuffnell and Cornewall Lewis—respectable gentlemen enough, but nowizards—to the rank of consummate statesmen. Take Lord John Russell away from them, and they are about as imbecile a set as ever assumed the name of a party. So they are still compelled to put Lord John foremost in the van; and to assert, as one of them—forgetting for a moment his cue—did, the other day, that "*if there is to be a reorganisation of the Liberal party, Lord John Russell deserves the highest position among that party.*" So then, as yet, there has been no reorganisation—the union so impudently assumed, has no actual existence—the Whigs are just where they were, neither trusted, nor honoured, nor loved by various sections of the Liberals.

Indeed, it would be astounding if the case were otherwise, considering how entirely the Whigs have lived, for years past, on the support of others, without vouchsafing the smallest acknowledgment. Most frightful is the picture of selfishness which the Whig traditions disclose. Professing to uphold "the cause of the people"—which, in a country constituted like

this, is a term absolutely without meaning, since there is no antagonistic cause—they avail themselves of popular excitement, upon doubtful questions of policy, to get possession of power and patronage; and, once installed, do little else than make division of the spoils amongst themselves, to the total exclusion of all who are not hereditary Whigs. The American slave-owner is not more indignant at finding himself placed at table with a coloured man, than is the party Whig, if any sign of favour is shown to a Liberal of another stamp. And, even as the man of colour represents the insolence and exclusiveness of the Yankee, so do most of the independent Liberals abhor the Whig impertinence. We do not wonder at it. People are sick, at the present day, of hearing reiterated trash about the principles of Charles James Fox—we wonder that, for variety's sake, they do not substitute those of Sir Robert Walpole—and the rubbish which forms the staple theme for glorification at Whig banquets. It is not by blowing at cold ashes that party life can be restored. Show us the living man who has his country's good at heart, not simply at the end of his tongue—who aspires to the position of a statesman because he hopes to govern for the nation's weal, not for personal aggrandisement—who cares nothing for party, for mere party's sake, and encumbers himself with no traditional watchwords, or childish Shibboleths, such as are the last inheritance of the Whigs. Such is the man to follow, if we believe in his doctrine and integrity; and such alone can make a party which is truly worthy of the name.

Lord John Russell is no more the leader of the Liberal party than was Theodore of Corsica an anointed king. He may, indeed, assume the airs of a leader, and his immediate partisans may try to represent him as such, and vindicate his claims on the score of something like prescriptive right; but both he and they know that they are attempting to perpetrate an imposture. They affect to extol Sir James Graham—in reality, they regard him with almost abject terror. They do not know what kind of alliance he may form; and, sooth to say, he

must be a bold man who would venture to predicate the movements of the Knight of Netherby. They hate Palmerston with a hatred more genuine than the admiration they once professed to feel for his consummate ability; and they dare not venture upon a direct coalition with the men of the Manchester school. That once effected, the whole system of Whig tradition would be instantaneously reduced to devil's-dust. As a party, and as a governing power, the Whigs are doomed. It is strange that they are not convinced of a fact so apparent to every one else. If they form, as they still maintain, the principal portion, or matrix, of the Liberal party; and if Lord John Russell is, as they aver, the one man competent to lead that party—how is it that they are now, not in power, but in opposition? The last Parliament was not Conservative—that they admit: how happened it, then, that in such a Parliament, the Whig Ministry was compelled to relinquish office? With which section of the Liberals lay the fault, and which is to make the *amende*? Not the Whigs. They vindicate and maintain the righteousness of their policy, when impugned, even down to the smallest particular. They acknowledge no error; they stand upon entire infallibility. They will not admit that they have gone wrong, or done anything which should shake the confidence of the country. They proclaim themselves still to be the popular party; and, in that belief, hoist their decrepid standard. If they are the popular party, and were so in a Parliament of their own calling, how happens it that they were ejected? Fifty years hence, if there should be then a Whig historian extant, it will be difficult to assign an adequate reason consistent with the character of the party.

Now, why is it that the Whigs are, even now, so clamorous against Lord Derby and his Government? On what grounds can they justify that insolent tone which one and all of them have assumed? “We don't want any trials of untried men.” So said a gentleman, the other day, whose interest in Whig ascendancy is too notorious to require explanation! Yet he seems entirely to

forget that he was one of that company of "tried men" who could not keep office when they had it, or maintain a majority in a Parliament emphatically their own. Surely it was rather rash to provoke comparison between the merits and qualifications of the members of the late and present Ministries. From the highest to the lowest—if we were to weigh Lord Derby against Lord John Russell, and the speaker above referred to against the gentleman who now occupies his distinguished position—we believe that the balance would be found greatly in the disfavour of the Whigs. It is when a man has been tried and found wanting, that he is justly placed on the list of incapables. Is it consonant with the principles of justice to condemn any man without a trial?

They can point to no one act of the present Ministry which the country has marked with disapproval. What may be the precise nature of the measures which Lord Derby may think proper to pursue, is at present unknown, and will remain so, until the legitimate and constitutional time for the announcement shall arrive. With regard to the one question which of late years has been so prominently before the country, the Premier has been perfectly explicit. He has stated that he will not attempt the reimposition of a duty upon corn against the declared feeling of a majority of the Commons and their representatives. To say that Lord Derby, by pursuing such a course, is acting contrary to principle, is to utter a deliberate falsehood. We have no reason to believe that his opinions have undergone any manner of change. He has never represented himself as a convert to the soundness of the Free Trade doctrine; and several of his colleagues have not hesitated to declare that their convictions remain unaltered as to the ultimate effects of the violent change which was made in the commercial relations of the country. We have all along most strenuously maintained the same views; and we do not see reason to retract one iota of the opinions which we have expressed. But it is not true that Lord Derby came into power pledged to

restore Protection. He did not intrigue for office, like others who have so intrigued—he accepted the great trust of Government at the hands of his Sovereign, not to carry out his own peculiar views, but to administer the affairs of the nation in uprightness and in honour. As a statesman he was bound to consider whether it was his duty to make an attempt to reverse the system which he found in active operation; or, still retaining his own opinion, to allow that system to continue, and turn his energies to the difficult task of reconciling interests which hitherto had been placed in opposition to each other. He did so consider it, and the very first announcement he made, as Minister, was to the effect that he would not attempt to reverse that system, unless with the acquiescence of the great majority of the country.

Mark, now, the absurdity, and—if it were worth marking—the inconsistency of the Whigs. Last year, they and their organs affected to regard the possible advent of Lord Derby to power with a sort of religious horror, because, as they said, such an event would necessarily imply the reimposition of duties upon corn. This year, they try to raise an agitation against Lord Derby, throughout the country, because he has distinctly intimated that he will bring forward no such measure! To whom, it may be asked, do they address themselves? Not certainly to the agriculturists; for that aggrieved class of men is little likely to feel flattered by sympathy from such a quarter. When, in the darkest hour of their depression, the agriculturists appealed to Lord Stanley, and intrusted their cause to his hands, they asked no pledges—they entered into no bargain of reciprocal support. They came to a great statesman, of whose honour they were firmly assured, and in whose wisdom they had entire reliance—they prayed him to advocate their cause in the senate—but they did not commit the folly of attempting to bind him to any specific measure. That Lord Derby has the full confidence of the country party, our opponents do not even affect to deny. Do they mean to say that such would have been the case

had Lord Derby abandoned principle? Not they. They are railing against sense and reason, with the rabidity of discomfited men; and in the venting of their venom, they cannot see the ludicrous inconsistency of their language. Do they expect, by taunting Lord Derby with dereliction of principle, to irritate the Free-Traders against him? If not, why this fury? Formerly they denounced as insanity the idea of a return to Protection—now they are indignant with the Ministry because no such return has been proposed!

We have adverted, at greater length than we intended, to the late Whig manifestations by mere subordinates, because these are usually pilot balloons sent up in order to ascertain which way the wind is blowing, before the bigger bubble is let slip from the political Cremorne. After several minor flights, the Whig party held a great gathering at Perth, nominally in honour of Lord Panmure, but actually for the purpose of witnessing the ascent of a greater aeronaut. And accordingly, after some preliminary cackle, Lord John Russell got into his altitudes.

Now, it might have been reasonably expected that, on such an occasion, whilst addressing an audience far from contemptible, in a speech which, in a few hours, would be in the hands of every man in the country who cares one farthing for politics, Lord John would have adverted to the circumstance of his appearing there, neither in the character of Minister, nor in that of leader of the Opposition, but simply as the head of one of the parties of which collectively the Opposition is formed. When a statesman has demitted office, whether spontaneously, or through treachery, or in consequence of defeat, it is natural to suppose that he will advert to that topic, in order to set himself right with his audience, and to explain why it is that he has no longer in his grasp the reins of power. He may be an injured, or he may have been an imprudent man. Has he to forgive or to apologise? In brief, what caused his fall? Upon that point, which we venture to think is a most material one, Lord John Russell is dumb as death. By implication,

indeed, we are led to suppose that he has been deeply injured, for not one admission does he make of a single fault or error committed by him during his whole political career. He has absolutely nothing to regret. He regards the course which he has been pursuing as the correct one in every point of view, and nothing will induce him to deviate from it, either to the right hand or the left. To say the truth, we expected nothing less from the noble lord. Some men—and he is one of that class—have such a settled and entire faith in their own infallibility, that they never can be induced to allow that it is possible for them to fall into error. So, then, the noble lord is to be regarded in the light of a victim!

If it was so, he had the satisfaction of falling in a Liberal Parliament, and by the hands of Liberal conspirators. Was it that he was too virtuous for them, or that they were too jealous of his power? Did the country rise indignantly to protest against so base an assassination? We venture to say that, notwithstanding all the difficulties obviously in the way of the formation of a new Government, one sentiment—that of intense delight at our delivery from Whig misrule—was prevalent among all classes of the people. There was nothing in the Whigs which they could love—very little which they could even regard. Bunglers in finance, they received no credit even for what they did effect, because their only good measures were forced upon them, after their original schemes had been condemned. They contrived to alienate the most respectable portion of the middle classes, whilst they failed to conciliate the Radicals. They first appealed to, and then insulted, the Protestant feeling of Great Britain; whilst in Ireland they managed to incur the bitter hatred of the Roman Catholics. More than half their schemes were abortive, partly because they were crude and ill-conceived, and partly because they were not intended seriously to be carried through. They engendered dissatisfaction in our colonies, and seriously imperilled our relations with foreign powers. In short, they governed for the sake of governing, not for the sake of the country;

and the whole land was sick of them and their family alliance. When, therefore, Lord John Russell, at Perth, virtually announced that the Whig policy and Whig views were, in so far as he was concerned, to undergo no modification, we can readily appreciate the indignation with which that avowal was received by several of the Liberal journals. They saw, what perhaps the noble lord and his immediate supporters did not see, that a coalition on such terms was impossible—that the Radicals could have nothing to say to the Whigs, so long as the latter chose to envelop themselves in their dubious mantle of integrity—and that the whole speech was tantamount to a declaration that, on the first opportunity, the old game would be resumed, without any change of method or of partners. We cannot wonder that the wrath of Joseph waxed hot within him as he perused the egotistical harangue. Well might he exclaim with the Mantuan, "*Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes!*" and denounce the Bathyllus, who had so often made free with his wisdom, without allowing him to participate in the spoil!

It may, however, be said, that this reticence on the part of Lord John Russell is manly—that he is not disposed to go farther than his own judgment will allow—and that he declines an intimate connection with the Radicals on high constitutional grounds. If so, why these attacks upon the present Ministry? Why did he, after having advised her Majesty to send for the Earl of Derby, take sweet counsel with Messrs Cobden and Hume for the purpose of embarrassing the progress of the Government almost before it was fully formed? And why does he now attack that Government before the nature of its measures are known? Is it patriotism, or is it faction, which has swayed him to a line of conduct very unusual indeed to statesmen situated as he is, and hardly in accordance with the duty which even an ex-Premier must be presumed to owe to the Crown? That he should be in opposition is natural, and perhaps right. But what can we think of his conduct in bayoning absolutely in the dark—abusing Ministers for not disclosing their

policy before the legitimate time for doing so has arrived—and dealing in insinuation, when, by his own confession, he has no data whatever on which to found the smallest charge? All he can say is, that they have not told him or the country what they are about to do. Of course they have not. Did he expect that he was still to be summoned to Cabinet Councils? Does he think it reasonable that Mr Disraeli should be obliged, before the meeting of Parliament, to communicate the items of his Budget to the public journals, and submit them to the enlightened discussion of the press? Or does he simply mean to hint that, following his own example, and that of divers other illustrious Whigs, some leading member of the Cabinet should have selected some correspondent—bishop or druggist—and confided to him the future policy in a letter which, twelve hours after its inditement, might be made the property of the public? He may rest assured that no such heinous folly will be committed on the part of the present Government. In attacking them before he has anything tangible to lay hold of, he has committed a grievous error, for he has at once exposed the littleness and personality of his own motives, and the want of generosity in the section of that party of which he is the accredited champion. We use the word "section" advisedly, because in this matter we do not identify Lord John Russell with many of the leading Whigs, who, less prominent in actual debate, do nevertheless exercise an influence far greater than his over the movements of their party. What opposition may be made to Lord Derby's Government by the Lansdownes, Fitzwilliams, and others of the same stamp, will at least be fair and open. They were, undoubtedly, deeply interested in party politics, and they are so interested; but they are beyond the reach of mere factious motives, and they will not consent to be dragged through the mire, simply for the sake of seeing their party in office, or expose themselves to the certain scandal of another Ministerial defeat. Lord John Russell stands just now at the most critical and slippery point of his whole political

career. If he advances farther, and joins the Radicals, he loses the support of the Whig magnates, which alone has forced him into political being. They will not join with Manchester or the Irish Brigade—on that they are determined; and they are wise in their determination, for the inevitable result of such a junction would be the overthrow of the Constitution. If he does not so advance, he cannot be any longer the leader of what he and his underlings, whose sole object is place, are accustomed, by a pleasant fiction, to call “the Liberal Party.” There are several bidders for the leadership; and, without disparagement to the talents of Lord John, we may be allowed to say that there are at least one or two whose intellectual and administrative reputation is certainly equal to his. We presume not to award the prize among competitors—we merely echo general opinion. Certainly, if the genius of a general is to be estimated according to his success, the Liberals may be excused for hesitating to rally once more around the standard of so unfortunate a leader. In most matters of opinion, a large section of them differ entirely from Lord John; they contemplate a very different issue to the political campaign; and that being the case, it is difficult to see how there can be any unanimity in their movements.

Perhaps the most remarkable passage in Lord John Russell's speech is that in which he attempted to give a wholly new meaning to the word “democracy.” According to the noble lord, we are now to consider the Democracy as a synonymous term for the whole people of this country; and if that view is to be adopted, there can be no doubt that the great majority of us are Democrats. Now we beg, in the first place, to observe, that more arrant and egregious nonsense was never uttered by the lips of living man. Lord John Russell may change the statute-book, but he cannot alter the dictionary; and we should be very thankful to know what authority he has for this novel application of the term. Democracy is not a synonyme for the people, nor for any section of the people; it simply means a peculiar form of government,

in which the sovereign power is lodged with the collective body of the people. That there is a mixture of Democracy in the British Constitution every one allows and admits; but for all that, the Constitution is not Democratic, nor can it be made so, without a direct attack upon the privileges and position of one or both of the two other regulating powers. Lord John Russell anxiously, and even querulously, disclaims any intention of encroachment upon the rights either of the Crown or of the House of Lords. Well, then, what is the meaning of this extraordinary speech? Is it a pleading for a new Reform Bill, or a justification of his own attempted and abortive measures? Or are we to regard it simply as a piece of political rigmarole, of little significance, except as embodying the complaint of a disappointed man?

Of one thing we are certain; and that is, a general desire on the part of the country to weigh the measures which the present Ministry will bring forward, by the standard of their merits—not to encourage in any way the efforts of a factious opposition. The truth is, that, to the great majority of men, the mere personality of the Government is matter of entire indifference. It signifies little to them in whose hands the administration of affairs is lodged, provided they are satisfied with the rectitude and ability of the administrators. With party men it is wholly otherwise. They have a direct, and often a most serious interest in the domination of their own sect; so much so, that the popularity of the other party is to them a cause of extreme chagrin, because it materially interferes with their own prospects of advancement. They would rather see the country ill governed, for the chance so afforded them of a return to power, than acknowledge good government on the part of their political adversaries. Whatever agitation has been commenced, during the holidays, against her Majesty's present Ministers, may be traced directly to the machinations of such ousted and mortified men. At all gatherings it is they who preside, speechify, accuse, and condemn. They, forsooth, have no confidence in Lord

Derby—they have no idea of giving a trial to an untried Ministry! Why not? If the Ministry acts well for the country, ought it to be displaced because those gentlemen are lusting for the sweets of office? They have had their chance, and have failed: is the task, to which they have shown themselves incompetent, to be performed by no one else? If the Ministry does not give satisfaction, their hopes may possibly be realised; but surely it is worth while waiting the event, without this outburst of indecent passion.

It is, indeed, full time that all honest men should unite in stifling the voice of faction, from whatever quarter it may arise. It is not now fair weather with us; at all events, there is such a gathering of clouds in one part of the horizon, that we must be especially on our guard lest the storm come upon us unawares. We cannot afford to be disputing about the command of the vessel, when there are tokens of elemental danger. The position of Louis Napoleon with regard to France is one of the most extraordinary phenomena of the present century. Here is a man who has been generally represented as devoid of commanding ability—as destitute of principle and character—as obstinate, vain, sensual, and even silly—as false to his engagements, unfaithful to his friends, and as one on whose word no possible reliance could be placed; and yet this man, without means, and without influence—one day a prisoner, the next an exile—has contrived to achieve the entire and despotic command of the very foremost nation of civilised Europe—to tread under foot all opposition—and to be able to appeal to the voice of the immense majority of the people, as his passport and title to the throne! He could refer to no favourable antecedents; yet, at his first important step, we find him elevated, through the medium of universal suffrage, to the Presidency of the Republic, over the head of one who was justly esteemed as the first living soldier of France. Next we find him in collision with the so-called representatives of the people, and triumphant almost without a struggle. With a strong heel he crushed out at once the fire of insurrection, grappled

with a licentious press and strangled it, smote down the rising power of socialism, and then appealed to the nation at large for a confirmation of what he had done. That confirmation was given to him, by an increased majority of voices; and in less than a year thereafter we find him hailed, almost by universal France, as a political deliverer, and solicited to assume, as his reward, the grand prize of the Imperial Crown! We state these things, not in laudation of him, but as a practical rebuke to the blindness of those who could see, in this extraordinary man, nothing more than the features of the common adventurer. Since the creation of the world, no common adventurer has ever achieved so much. Chance did not place him where he is: if it had been so, his first step would also have been his last. Reviled, maligned, derided as he has been, how comes it that he yet maintains such a hold of the heart of France? To attribute his power solely to the adhesion of the army, as some egregious idiots still attempt to do, is obviously and ludicrously false. The army is with him, it is true; but the army is with him only, because the people are also on his side.

The overthrow of Louis Napoleon, by civil insurrection, is now a thing impossible. His mission was to crush insurrection, and he has done it thoroughly and completely, leaving no room whatever for the reappearance of the hydra-head. What Louis Philippe could not accomplish—the suppression of the barricades—Louis Napoleon has effected at once by the strong hand of absolute power. Liberty in France had entirely disappeared amidst the saturnalia of unbridled licentiousness. There was no choice left, except between mob-rule, and autocracy; and society, consulting its own safety, infinitely preferred the latter.

We have, therefore, now to deal with Louis Napoleon as a new power in Europe, and not the least formidable, if we consider his position, and what he has already accomplished. Single-handed, he has taken anarchy by the beard, and dashed it down. He has stepped in before legitimacy; and, as we think, has utterly destroyed the chance, if any existed, of the

restoration of the heir of the house of Bourbon. Whilst the Count de Chambord was dreaming, hesitating, waiting for a summons which France, in the hour of her distraction and extremest agony, might send him, the nephew of the Emperor showed himself in the midst of France, claimed his rights to act as a citizen and as a man, and in an inconceivably short period of time conquered that position which the other asserted to be his due. We yield to none in veneration for the claims of legitimacy; but such claims are absolutely futile when vested in the person of a *fainéant*. The days have gone by when the monarchs of Europe could league together to reimpose a weak and fugitive prince upon a recusant people; and we need never expect again to behold their recurrence. The appeal of the heir of Saint Louis lay to the French people. He might have made it with effect when the usurping house of Orleans was driven out, and when the middle classes, terrified at the revolutionary phantom they had evoked, were ready to have given their countenance to any arrangement which promised to insure the safety of life and property, and the firm administration of the laws. But at that juncture, nothing was seen of the Count de Chambord, and the opportunity was lost for ever. Louis Napoleon appeared, and took the vacant place. We are not now discussing the nature of the means which he employed, nor their abstract morality. He may be almost as culpable as he is represented to be in the bilious ravings of M. Victor Hugo—that is not the point. We must regard him as a new power in Europe; for under him it is manifest that the aspect of French policy is entirely altered.

Whether he is, or is not, to be compared in genius or resources to his uncle—whether the talents of that remarkable man have descended to him as an inheritance, or whether he merely owes his present position to the magic of his name, and the recollection of former glories—are questions which time alone can solve. But this much, at least, we know, that in strong will and inflexible design he is not wanting; and that

very unscrupulousness of character of which he is accused by his enemies, is an additional reason, if such were needed, to put us more thoroughly on our guard. It is true that his language is, for the present, generally pacific. He points to social ameliorations—to internal improvements to be executed—to vast works to be undertaken, as the legitimate objects of ambition; but when was French ambition contented with such objects? He boasts himself to be the inheritor of the Imperial ideas. Were those of Napoleon confined to so narrow a range as this?

Certainly it is not our wish to identify ourselves with that section of the press which, for many months back, has been heaping idle, senseless, and oftentimes scurrilous abuse upon the person of Louis Napoleon. He has been assailed alike by the coarse invective of the Radical, and the miserable buffoonery of the caricaturist, both of whom have done their utmost to excite in his mind anything but a friendly feeling towards the British nation. But, on the other hand, we are unable to see, in what has lately taken place in France, any additional security for the preservation of the peace of Europe. We are rather of opinion that the accession of Louis Napoleon to the Imperial power is ominous of another era of war, bloodshed, and devastation.

We do not ground that opinion upon anything which has been divulged as to the aspirations of the President himself. Yet, if we were to lend an ear to rumours, and to the positive statements of those who had intimate knowledge of the man, there seems to be good ground for believing that, amongst other hereditary ideas, that of humbling the pride of England, and effacing the memory of Waterloo, is seldom absent from his mind. In the heir of Napoleon this need not excite our wonder. It would rather be wonderful were it otherwise; for the avowed ambition of the nephew, and the purport of his promise to France, is to tread in the steps of the uncle, and to attempt the accomplishment of those schemes in which the other was foiled. Prudence, however,—for the President is no longer in the very hey-day of his youth—might

restrain him from venturing, of his own accord, upon any such rash adventure; but who will answer for the prudence of the French people, or the quiescence of the French army, now that the most stirring appeals have been made to that national vanity which is the supreme characteristic of the Gaul? We sincerely hope that there are now no believers in the efficacy of Peace Congresses—or, at all events, that such superlative nonsense is confined entirely to the fools with whom the idea originated. The world is just as active, restless, and irritable as ever. There is still among the nations the same jealousies, the same indestructible antipathies, the same stirring recollections, as before; and, unless all past history could be chloroformed from the mind of Europe, there never will be wanting excitements to, or excuses for, war, on grounds which, when calmly considered, would appear to be absolutely trivial. Indeed, so far from governments being chargeable with military rashness, the great difficulty has always been for governments to restrain the people. Of all political forms a democracy is the most aggressive. Louis Napoleon, even were he dictator, cannot refuse to obey the voice of France if once loudly and menacingly expressed; and it may even be that his own interest, rather than his ambition, may compel him to get rid of difficulties at home, by concentrating attention abroad. Such, at least, was the policy of the uncle: is it in any degree extravagant to suppose that it may be adopted by his heir?

At the present juncture, therefore, it is above all things desirable that, in England, faction should cease, and party struggles for the mere sake of political power be discontinued. We have great hopes that such will be the case; indeed, we have reason to believe that the Whig whipper-in has already received so many distinct intimations to that effect from independent members, that we shall be spared the unseemly spectacle of a groundless onslaught on the Ministry, at least at the commencement of the session. If the Ministry fail to satisfy the requirements of the country, let them by all means pay the

penalty. There is undoubtedly a difficult task; but they have undertaken it—and we firmly believe that they will execute it according to the best of their ability, and with strict honesty of purpose. Looking to the position of the land in which we live, compared with that of other states, our most humble and hearty thanks are due to that Providence which has watched over us, saving us from rash innovation, and yet preserving our national liberties. No other country has been so favoured; nor, humanly speaking, need we dread the occurrence of a change, except through the predominance of faction, which all are bound to discourage. In reading the late speeches of Lord John Russell and his friends, to which perhaps we have adverted more fully than their importance deserves, it has struck us very forcibly that, while claiming credit for the good effects of what they have done, they abstain from any mention of the probable effects of the measures which they actually did propose, but which were either nipped in the bud, or summarily rejected by Parliament. It is somewhat curious that, at Perth, Lord John Russell, who really stood in need of subjects of glorification, glorified himself not at all upon his abortive measure of Reform. That was very odd. More than twenty years have elapsed since he brought in and carried his masterpiece; and one would have thought that his intervening and superadded experience must have enabled him, without any difficulty, to prepare a measure of amendment most palatable to and popular in the country. Not so. Even our contemporary, the *Edinburgh Review*, has a slap at the noble lord, and pommels him, without mercy, for the exceeding crudeness of his ideas. We call that cruel. It is very hard to be poked in the face by a venerable duenna, rejoicing in pattens and umbrella, whom one has hitherto esteemed as a friend, and rather looked to for a legacy; but the *dulcis Amaryllidis ira* are proverbial, and, considering her years, it is possible that our respected mother conceived that she was chastising a child. But is it not obvious that a Minister, in making a summary

of what he has done, with a view of establishing his political character, ought also to refer to what he intended to do, but was forcibly withheld from doing? Without such reference his review is incomplete; because success alone—that is, the fact of his having carried a measure—is by no means the criterion of his wisdom. His character is as much concerned in what fails, as in what succeeds. For example, Sir Charles Wood never recovered the credit which he lost as a financier, by proposing, in the early part of 1848, the increase of the Income Tax from 3 to 5 per cent, although the subsequent French Revolution prevented him from carrying out his scheme. Desperate as his attempts have been to regain popularity in a certain district of England, by acting as chairman of Mr Cobden's committee, Sir Charles is still regarded as the most wanton aggressor of industry that ever held the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer; and we hardly remember to have heard a single voice—even that of a pure party Whig—raised in his justification. In default of his own legitimate defenders we may here acknowledge that, from all we have heard, he has been subjected to unjust imputation. The scheme was not his; for he never devised any scheme at all. He got the hint from others—probably from the Board of Trade—and the real error lay in his implicit adoption of their suggestions.

When Louis Napoleon, in his late speech at Bordeaux, denounced the "ideologists" as the most mischievous enemies of France, he was uttering a truth, not of partial, but of universal application. In every country of civilised Europe men of this stamp abound—pert pragmatists, who conceive that it has fallen to their lot, at this advanced period of the world's history, to discover certain principles, truths, and devices for the amelioration of mankind, which have hitherto escaped the ken of philosopher and sage, and been revealed to them alone. Such fellows are, in their own conceit, wiser than Solomon, Socrates, Solon, and Lycurgus, put together. The marvel of the thing is, that their jargon does not

always repel—it rather attracts to them worthless substances, as straws and dust are said to settle upon irritated sealing-wax. With such men originated the idea of socialism in all its ramifications, down to communism, in which happy state of society, should it ever be realised, mankind will be on a level with the brutes. Amongst ourselves, at this moment, socialism has its apostles and its preachers, whose extravagance, folly, and hallucination, we may ere long take a convenient opportunity to expose. But the wilder men and ultra-zealots are comparatively harmless. They do, indeed, contrive to write and talk a great deal of nonsense; but their total inability to make a practical suggestion, or to devise a scheme which could supersede the antiquated systems which they denounce, deprives them of the power of doing much mischief, beyond unsettling the notions of raw lads who mistake their muddiness for profundity, and their jargon for the mutterings of an oracle. About the pure zealot there is an unmistakable dash of insanity. It is your small "ideologist" who is really the mischievous creature, for nobody suspects him of being possessed of anything like genius, and the very deficiency of his intellect induces a sort of presumption in his favour. In and out of Parliament there are many such men, who represent themselves as apostles sent to vindicate some especial cause; and, in the aggregate, if not individually, they contrive to do more damage than might at first sight be supposed.

Take, for example, your Finance Reform Associations. The title sounds well; and nobody denies that finance, in all its branches, is a subject well worthy of consideration. It is, in fact, under consideration every night in the House of Commons—except when the Irish patriots insist upon having a Donnybrook to themselves; and a plain man might be pardoned for supposing that so vast and intricate a subject had better be left for discussion to the collective wisdom of the nation. By no means. The Finance Reform Association is composed of enlightened provincial shopkeepers, who feel it their distinct

mission and duty to throw the blaze of their intellect into the darkest and obscurest cranny. But, as there are many minds in the association, and as unfortunately it cannot be said that entire unanimity prevails, they select one of their number, generally the most consummate ass of the lot, to compile tracts for distribution, and to appear as the expositor of their views. Down sits Bully Bottom with his blue books, scratching his ear, as, for the first time in his life, he encounters the difficulties of composition; and, after the lapse of some weeks, with what throes no living mortal can tell, he produces to his admiring friends a pamphlet containing what he calls an elaborate exposition of the whole system of British finance. Of course the object of the association is to effect retrenchment, the discovery of the means of that retrenchment being left to the eminent individual who has undertaken the practical details. At first, perhaps—for modesty is not altogether extinguished in his mind—he may have entertained some slight doubt as to his competency to grapple with such a subject; but, as he advances, all such idle hesitation disappears. To his intense delight he discovers that nothing can be easier than to lop off several millions per annum from the national expenditure, and of course from the taxation; and he marvels mightily in his soul how so very simple a process should have escaped the observation of practised statesmen. He finds that the colonies cost money—what is the remedy? Why, it is as plain as a pikestaff—get rid of the colonies altogether! If you were to take away his blue books and put him upon his oath, he could not, to save his life, tell you whether Britain had ten colonies or a hundred; he does not, at this moment, know when and how they were acquired; what is their worth, value, population, or, in fact, anything whatever about them. All he knows is, that if we were quit of them there would be less expenditure, and so he frames his report. Next he comes to the army. He cannot conceive why so large an establishment should be kept up in the time of peace, unless for colonial garrisons; and by abandon-

ing the colonies, as he proposes, we could at once dispense with the services of—say some fifty thousand men. Then, again, amongst his other numerous honours, he is a delegate to the Peace Congress for some important place, such as Stockendrouth or Muttonhole, and he is decidedly in favour of a general European disarmament. So he slices off half the army; and then, drawing nigh to the navy, astonishes it with a tremendous broadside. His nautical experiences not extending beyond the casual observation of a steam-boat—in which certain painted announcements, indicative of penalties to be inflicted on those who venture to come “abaft the binnacle,” have always struck him with mysterious awe—he is, of course, not trammelled by prejudice, and can insist freely upon the demolition of the Nelson, the Thunderer, and the Benbow. It is perfectly amazing to behold how easily Captain Pen can knock down the wooden walls of England. Turning to the Civil expenditure, he is not less adroit. He would dispense with half the judges and other functionaries, and pay the moiety, whom he spares, at a diminished rate;—he has been a hard-working man all his life, but he never realised anything like the income which is given to these drones in ermine. And so the scheme of retrenchment is framed—submitted to the applauding association, the members of which are justly proud of the unexpected achievement of their brother—printed and circulated for the consideration of other noodles, with the expression of a hope on the part of the association, that petitions, praying for “that admirable scheme of Financial Reform which is set forth in the accompanying pamphlet,” may be prepared as early as possible, and laid before Parliament!

No man residing in one of our larger towns, who has the advantage of a street-door to his premises, can call the above an exaggerated picture. It is what has been going on, month after month, and year after year; until the frequency of such documents, and the notorious stupidity of their framers, who have not even sense enough to preserve the anonymous, have in some degree neutralised their

effect. But is it not an awful scandal to our national intelligence, that such follies should escape exposure, and that unlettered and unlearned idiots should be permitted to play such pranks in the face of open day, without due denunciation of their presumption? Next, let us see what is sometimes done in Parliament. A question of the gravest and most abstruse nature—let us say that of national education—is appropriated, not by a grey-headed man, who has made that subject his unremitting study for many years, pondering over all the schemes and systems which have been tried or adopted in ancient, mediæval, and modern times; conversant with the practice of every country in Europe, and familiar with all the controversies which have arisen upon so fertile a topic, and which have, over and over again, been illustrated by the pens of the ripest scholars and most mature philanthropists of the age;—not by such a one, we say, is the question appropriated, but by some slim youth or lordling, who brings to the task little information of his own, no experience, no new ideas, save such as have been driven into him by sectaries; perhaps a fair purpose, but an utter want both of knowledge and capacity; and he is straightway clapped on the back by his political friends, and pronounced to be a better authority on educational subjects than Ascham, Bacon, or Buchanan! Nay, within this last month or so, we have had young gentlemen, whose years do not afford any guarantee for the soundness of their judgment, expatiating upon the invaluable blessings of unbigoted education, and expressing a hope that, in the coming time, the Bible would no more be made a task-book!

We trust that we have never entertained any illiberal views regarding the right of expression of opinion. In our own instance we stand up for it, speaking pretty freely our mind upon all questions which come before us, and not caring much—from natural kindness of disposition—for the occasional attacks which we provoke from dissentient brethren of the press. But, even at the risk of being accused of the most base subservience to foreign potentates—of inuendo as to the

amount of snuff-boxes and plate received from St Petersburg, Vienna, and Naples—we must needs say, that the new power, which Kossuth, at his late visit to this country, selected for special laudation—viz., the Municipalities—has of late infinitely overstepped its own proper function. What is a municipality, town-council, or by whatever name such a body may be known? Simply a committee of the citizens, to administer the affairs of the urban community—to look after its property, and to protect its rights. It is an excellent institution; and here we may venture to express our deep mortification that nobody has thought of elevating us to such a position that we could become candidate for the office of Captain of the Orange Colours. But we are seriously disposed to differ from those who think that the municipalities have a cosmopolitan sphere, and are entitled to supersede the functions both of the Houses of Parliament and of her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Foreign Department. We admit the extreme respectability of the constituent members, and—in the average—their intelligence. What work really is theirs, they do reasonably well, though sometimes in a cheese-paring spirit; but we really must demur to their interference with matters which—to state our views broadly—are utterly beyond the comprehension, or the grasp, of the great majority of their number. For example, there is a row, we shall suppose, in Modena or Messina—in other words, an attempt at revolution. Various individuals, concerned in the affair, are lodged in prison; and it turns out that some of these have, naturally enough, denied the Roman faith, they having very little faith in any other intelligible creed. Instantly we have a case of martyrdom. Just as the French sympathised with Cuffey or Smith O'Brien, so do our sympathetic municipalities sympathise with Cospetto, Maledetto, Corpo di Caio Mario, or any other Italian patriot who, without religion, has an unfortunate predilection for pikes; and their grievances and wrongs are entered in the civic minutes, along with resolutions for the cutting down of a bell-ringer's salary by ten shil-

lings per annum, or estimates for a fresh furbishing of the antiquated city halberds. We must needs confess that this exuberant overflow of sympathy appears to us altogether ridiculous. In the first place, not one out of ten of the sympathisers knows anything whatever of the real merits of the question. They have collectively no acquaintance with the laws of that country with which they propose to interfere, nor with its customs, nor even with its language. They are not much removed above that state of credulity in which everything that appears in print is regarded as incontrovertible truth; they read newspaper paragraphs, and surrender their belief, without any examination at all into the truth or credibility of the statement. Then, as to the effect of public opinion, about which we hear so much;—that is, we apprehend, a good deal overrated. We are inclined to question whether the remonstrance of the town-council of Anstruther Easter would have much effect in altering the deliberate policy of the Court of Vienna; or whether the Sutors of Selkirk would receive any further answer to their protestations in favour of Hungarian independence, than a reference to a well-known Latin adage. Just let us, for a moment, apply the golden rule of ethics. What should we think if we were to receive a protest from the bailies of Palermo against the wrongs inflicted on unhappy Ireland by the hands of the sister country? What answer would we give to a requisition from Siberia, desiring us, in the name of humanity, to abandon our occupation of the Indian territory? It may be said that these municipal tomfooleries, though in themselves absurd, are yet harmless; but it is not so. The British nation does indeed occupy a most conspicuous place in the sight of the whole world; and corresponding with the loftiness of its position ought to be the dignity of its demeanour. The mind of Britain ought not to be expressed in such feeble chatterings as these. When the nation speaks, it should speak through its legitimate organs, and in a voice of thunder. We are serious when we say that we attribute a great share of that undoubted decline of

British influence which, of late years, has been visible on the Continent, to the arrogant and impertinent interference of the municipalities in matters with which they had no concern. We are considered, naturally enough, to be a nation of busy-bodies, addicted to boast and bluster, rather than to decisive action. The municipal tongue very rarely confines itself to the limits of discretion; for, as the proverb hath it, "the cock always crows loudest on his own dung-hill;" and you would think, from the vehement language sometimes used by orators of this stamp, that they were not only preaching, but perfectly ready to undertake the conduct of, a new crusade. All this is reported and read—eagerly caught up by disaffected persons abroad, and circulated as a proof that the great British nation is rousing itself for an exhibition of its strength. But, fortunately for us, executive prudence lags far behind municipal enthusiasm. The grand demonstration results in nothing but smoke; and it is then made matter of reproach against England, both by governments and insurgents, that she has given countenance to a movement, without even the intention of ever affording it support.

We trust that these remarks of ours will not be misapprehended. We desire to see the influence of this country exerted on the side of rational liberty; but for that end it is necessary, above all things, that its influence should be maintained. About a year ago, Kossuth, arriving in England, was received first by the municipality of Southampton, and afterwards by other and even more influential corporations, with honours which were utterly extravagant. There were banquets, processions, addresses, orations, and what not; there was excitement throughout the whole land at the approach of the exiled patriot. We draw a strong distinction between the respect and reverence due to unfortunate valour, and that fiery fanaticism which absolutely identifies men with the cause which they profess to adore. And yet, if Kossuth had attempted to levy a regiment—nay, a single company—out of the hundreds of thousands of artisans who were hollaing after him, he would have

been miserably disappointed with the result. Not a soul of them—from the Roman-minded alderman, who magniloquently expressed himself as ready to die at any given moment for the cause of freedom, down to the hairy fellow from the forge, who knew as much about the Hungarian question as he did of the politics of Timbuctoo—would have shouldered walnut in his service. It was a grand demonstration—that was all; and it neither found, nor was intended to find, an echo within the walls of Parliament. Now, what was the use of all this? It did no good to the Hungarians—it had no influence upon Austria. Either the country was in earnest, or it was not. If the former, those in whose favour such demonstrations were made were entitled to expect some assistance more effectual than words or cheers. If the latter, the sooner that such things are discontinued the better.

It is rather remarkable, that a distinct parody of our own conduct in this matter is very often exhibited in America, and that with regard to ourselves. There the municipalities are rather worse, because more loosely constituted than our own. And at certain seasons, when the American mind feels the necessity of getting rid of a little of its accumulated bile, through the medium of excitement, it is not uncommon to behold a monster gathering, for the purpose of expressing deep sympathy with the wrongs of Ireland, and for petitioning Congress to take immediate steps for the annexation of that unhappy island. We plead guilty to having read the reports of several such meetings, and anything more gruesome than the language employed, it would baffle the imagination to conceive. The late Daniel O'Connell was a fair hand at abusing the Saxon; but we really think that even his best essays in that line have been eclipsed by the efforts of Transatlantic orators. Death by the bowie-knife - by Colt's revolver—gouging - burning alive - are tender mercies compared with the retribution which is prophesied for those hideous tyrants of England. By a fine figure of rhetoric, Hibernia is likened to an innocent virgin shrieking in the

fangs of an infuriated hyæna, who has not tasted flesh for a fortnight since he scraped open a grave! Mysterious legions are hinted at, ready to advance to conquest; and, in the name of liberty, the whole world is summoned to rise against the British tyrant. We are not foolish enough to be seriously angry at such absurdities, because we know perfectly well that they mean nothing; but their frequent recurrence does not create in us any additional respect for the American character. Nothing can be more injurious to a nation that its liability to the charge of gasconading; and yet, is it not evident that, through the impertinent divergence of the municipalities from their proper functions, the charge applies to ourselves? Town-councils have nothing to do with politics either at home or abroad. The Commissioners of Police, or the Road Trustees, are as well entitled as they are to pass resolutions in favour of Free Trade or matters of imperial finance; and it is full time that some steps should be taken to prevent local and corporate bodies from interfering in matters infinitely beyond the scope of their general comprehension.

We have very little faith, indeed, in the efficacy of new ideas, as applied to the society in which we live. We do not participate in that earnest desire for change, which we are forced to recognise as a general feature of the age. Why should we? Under our institutions we have perfect freedom. Our Parliaments represent sufficiently the intelligence of the nation, and perhaps something more. If our churches are corrupt, then Protestantism must be rotten to the core; for our churches were and are the glory and the pride of those who, in every land, have protested against Roman domination. Allied with them is our educational system, which, gradually developing itself, as all educational systems must do, has at all events materially contributed to make us what we are. This is not a country on which "ideologists" should be permitted to experimentalise. Suffering and poverty there are among us, but from these curses no portion of humanity is free; and in no other land than ours have such

noble efforts been made to alleviate them. When, therefore, we hear such men as Owen, Carlyle, and Kingsley denouncing everything which exists, and railing against the institutions and arrangements of their country, we confess to a certain degree of pardonable irritation, which would be far greater if we believed that they had brains enough to accomplish permanent harm. But Britain is not like France—at least as yet—liable to be led astray by the crotchets of visionary enthusiasts. Even in France the doctrines maintained by Louis Blanc, and men of his school, have been for some time thoroughly exploded, and we no more look for their revival, than for a resurrection of the reign of the Anabaptists.

Gradually but surely the Holidays are passing away, and the time has almost arrived when the new campaign must begin. After the lapse of a very few days, the walls of St Stephens will be once more resonant with the hum of voices; yet there remains one task to be performed ere the opening of political strife. The Hero of the Age—the Great Captain—these are titles we may freely use since they have long been ratified by history—has been taken from amongst us. Honoured and beloved by all men, he has fallen asleep, full of years and glory, and centuries may elapse ere England shall be able to point with exultation to his equal. It is not our purpose now to insist upon his last emphatic warning, or to refer to those apprehensions for the future security of the kingdom, which darkened his declining years. The warning has been spoken; and if his words have fallen in vain, no others will be effectual. But from the character of the man, at whatever humble distance we may stand, there is not one of us that may not derive a wholesome lesson. In him we perceive, more perhaps than in any other hero of ancient or modern times, the development of two great heroic attributes—loyalty and self-abnegation. Never had the Crown so faithful and devoted a servant. There was no sycophancy in his service, for the Duke was little of a courtier; but, regarding his Sovereign as

the being to whom, on earth, he owed the most allegiance, his constant thought was how to preserve the dignity of the Crown unimpaired. It was this strong feeling of loyalty which induced him, on more occasions than one—to the astonishment of those who knew his native inflexibility of mind—to sacrifice his own judgment, and give way to counsels of which he could not conscientiously approve; because, though ready in his own person to make any sacrifice rather than abandon a principle, he yet considered the security of the Sovereign to be the paramount object of a British statesman. Of his self-abnegation we need not speak. A crown was absolutely within his reach, but he waived it from him as a forbidden thing. The first of subjects, he occupied a higher place than many an anointed king; and, long after he has been laid in his grave, we shall all of us feel proud of the rich inheritance of his fame. From his example, the young may learn to love their country and honour their Queen, not only through generous impulse, but as a high and sacred duty; for loyalty, though despised and sneered at by the ignoble children of revolution, is, and will ever remain, the pole-star of the honourable and the brave. Greatly will he be mourned, and greatly missed in the councils of the nation, where his words, though not clothed in eloquence, were listened to with an attention more deep than was accorded to the skilful orator; and deeper than the mourning of others, will be the mourning of that Royal Lady, who in him has lost her best, her wisest, and most devoted friend.

Such an event as this ought to have a deep influence upon us all. Even the ambitious, in their full career, may profitably pause for a time before the coffin of the mighty dead. "Dust to dust—ashes to ashes," that is but a trite homily, and common to the pauper and the peer. But why is it that the mourning is universal? Why is it every one feels that a glory has departed from the land? Not because he was the victor in many fights—not because he was the greatest general that in our day has taken the field—but because he was a true patriot and lover of his country—be-

cause he had a nature so noble, that even ambition, "that last infirmity," could not sway him from his balance. HE WAS A NOBLE MAN, if ever such existed, and we could not wish him a better epitaph.

Still the world will go on. After a decent space, politics will resume their course, and the tocsin of party again clash in the public ear. We confess that we are not sorry to observe that, within the last few weeks, the Opposition journals have been peculiarly active in their attacks upon Lord Derby's Government. Such onslaughts, at proper times, and upon good or plausible cause shown, might possibly be rather damaging—but, at present, when the journalists have nothing tangible to lay hold of, these diatribes invariably react in favour of the party assailed. To abuse a man without being able to assign a reason for it, is, in reality, bad policy. It naturally suggests a suspicion that the abuser is more actuated by spite than by conviction—indeed, it is very like reviewing the work of an author who has not yet published his book. We gather, however, from this sudden activity on the part of opposition writers, that they do not anticipate an easy dislodgment of the present Ministry, but that they must work hard, as they have already begun to work early, before any such consummation can be effected.

To us it seems that what the country absolutely requires is a firm, intelligent, and clear-sighted government. We have had many experiments of late, and much discussion which may now be profitably suspended. The meeting of the new Parliament is a new era, and such it was proclaimed to be by Lord Derby, long before the dissolution. Civil strife, when unnecessarily prolonged, may be almost as hurtful to the general interests of the country as civil war; and, now that an appeal has been made to the electoral body of the nation, it is, we think, the duty of all to acquiesce in the verdict which has been returned. There is a great deal of business on hand which will brook no delay. We do not speak of schemes of reform in any department, which, though needed, are not of that instant importance to engross the attention of the Legis-

lature, but of the more pressing questions which concern our welfare, and, it may be, our independence as a nation. Circumstances which have lately occurred must compel us to look with minute attention to our national safety. We are not alarmists, but we believe there is hardly a man in the kingdom who at this moment is free from an undefined apprehension of coming danger; and, considering the enormity of our stake, it behoves us to be upon our guard. Some two or three years ago, when the French ideologists were in power, our demagogues sneered at the possibility either of the subversion of the Republic or of an aggressive movement. Mr Cobden referred to his friend Cremieux as the Jupiter Stator of France—where are the Republic and M. Cremieux now? If the men of Manchester had studied history, they must have seen, through analogy, that some crisis like the present would occur; but their studies lay in a different direction. They consulted nothing but importation and exportation tables, looking upon the mind of man as cartridge-paper; and so the coup d'état came upon them like a thunderbolt. We wonder if they have subscribed any funds for their former confederates now at Cayenne—we doubt it sorely. Such is the cohesion of fraternity, that neither Blanqui nor Barbes would have contributed a sou for any of their English brethren whose zeal might have exceeded their discretion.

Let England look to herself, and to her own safety. Much good has been achieved by the existence of rival parties in the State; but party is not faction, and of that we must now especially beware. Party acts on principle, faction on none. When an Opposition opposes simply because it is not in power, then it is factious, and ought not only to be discouraged, but to be crushed. Then it becomes not the enemy merely of the Ministry, but the enemy of the Constitution and the country, and, as such, deserves to have the brand of infamy stamped upon it. We say this without anticipation of what may take place within a very limited period of time. We know nothing of the designs of party; but we are convinced of this, that

there never was a time when, from the indications which are visible in the political horizon, good men and true were more imperatively called upon to sink minor differences of opinion, and to unite together, to consult seriously regarding the public safety, as now. Blustering we have had enough: let that cease. It will cease, as blustering always does, on the advent of imminent danger.

We are sorry, in this wise, to take our farewell of the Holidays. We should like to have expatiated on the humanising and indulgent spirit engendered by such a period of relaxation, of which perhaps no better instance could be found than the mildness of our present remarks upon our political adversaries. Much we might have said of pleasant pastime, of adventures by flood and fell, of the long sea-loch with the fleet of yachts traversing the water like wild swans, of the dark corrie by the springs of Aven, haunted by the stately deer. More congenial to our mind are the sights and sounds of nature, than the babbling of small Oppositionists over their modicum of fiery drink; or even the fierce declamation of a provincial Hampden, who conceives that, without his assistance, there can be no security for Britain. Far rather would we have transferred to our pages, however

feebly, which we have received, grand soliditudes of two, than refer to subjects: cause of wrangling, stifling room, uncomfortable banquets, and the platitudes of fourth-rate oratory. But what help for it? We must return to work, and we cannot quite pass over without remark the manner in which the Whigs have contrived to abuse the shooting season. Peace be with them! They are very bad shots, and we are thankful that our principles free us from the temptation of participating in any of their battues. But when the real strife commences, and when the best interests of the country are evidently the topics of discussion, then the patriotism of party must declare itself—disengage itself, if necessary, from antiquated views—since a paramount interest (that of the nation) is common to us all.

And so we bid the Holidays farewell! Sweet has been our repose upon the mountain turf, and by the well where at mid-day we counted our sylvan spoil; and if Lord John Russell had done nothing more, and his satellites confined themselves to such glory as they might derive from an exhibition of their game-bags, our present article on the Holidays would certainly have remained unwritten.

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again, as we did of old, why, my estates will be his some day; and he'll not grudge the mortgage, so fond as he always was of you; and if we don't come together, what do I care for hundreds or thousands, either more or less? So I shall be down at Lansmere the day after to-morrow, just in the thick of your polling. Beat the manufacturer, my boy, and stick up for the land. Tell Levy to have all ready. I shall bring the money down in good bank-notes, and a brace of pistols in my coat pocket to take care of them, in case robbers get scent of the notes and attack me on the road, as they once did my grandfather. A Lansmere election puts one in mind of pistols. I once fought a duel with an officer in his Majesty's service, R.N., and had a ball lodged in my right shoulder, on account of an election at Lansmere; but I have forgiven Audley his share in that transaction. Remember me to him kindly. Don't get into a duel yourself; but I suppose manufacturers don't fight; not that I blame them for that—far from it."

The letter then ran on to express surprise, and hazard conjecture, as to the wealthy marriage which Randal had announced as a pleasing surprise to the Squire. "It could not be Miss Sticktorights!"

"Well," said Levy, returning the

letter, "you *must* have written as cleverly as you talk, or the Squire is a booby indeed."

Randal smiled, pocketed his letter, and responding to the impatient call of his proposer, sprang lightly into the carriage.

Harley, too, seemed pleased with the letters delivered to himself, and now joined Levy, as the candidates drove slowly off.

"Has not Mr Leslie received from the Squire an answer to that letter of which you informed me?"

"Yes, my lord, the Squire will be here to-morrow."

"To-morrow? Thank you for apprising me; his rooms shall be prepared."

"I suppose he will only stay to see Leslie and myself, and pay the money."

"Aha! Pay the money. Is it so, then?"

"Twice the sum, and, it seems, as a gift, which Leslie only asked as a loan. Really, my Lord, Mr Leslie is a very clever man; and though I am at your commands, I should not like to injure him, with such matrimonial prospects. He could be a very powerful enemy; and, if he succeed in Parliament, still more so."

"Baron, these gentlemen are waiting for you. I will follow by myself."

CHAPTER XXV.

In the centre of the raised platform in the town-hall sat the Mayor. On either hand of that dignitary now appeared the candidates of the respective parties. To his right, Audley Egerton and Leslie; to his left, Dick Avenel and Leonard. The place was as full as it could hold. Rows of grimy faces peeped in, even from the upper windows outside the building. The contest was one that created intense interest, not only from public principles, but local passions. Dick Avenel, the son of a small tradesman, standing against the Right Honourable Audley Egerton, the choice of the powerful Lansmere aristocratic party—standing, too, with his nephew by his side—taking, as he himself was wont to say, "the tarnation Blue Bull

by both its oligarchical horns!" There was a pluck and gallantry in the very impudence of the attempt to convert the important borough—for one member of which a great Earl had hitherto striven. "with labour dire and weary woe"—into two family seats for the house of Avenel and the triumph of the Capelocracy.

This alone would have excited all the spare passions of a country borough; but, besides this, there was the curiosity that attached to the long-deferred public appearance of a candidate so renowned as the ex-minister—a man whose career had commenced with his success at Lansmere, and who now, amidst the popular tempest that scattered his colleagues, sought to refit his vessel in

the same harbour from which it had first put forth. New generations had grown up since the name of Audley Egerton had first fluttered the dovescotes in *that* Corioli. The questions that had then seemed so important, were, for the most part, settled and at rest. But those present who remembered Egerton in the former day, were struck to see how the same characteristics of bearing and aspect which had distinguished his early youth, revived their interest in the mature and celebrated man. As he stood up for a few moments, before he took his seat beside the Mayor, glancing over the assembly, with its uproar of cheers and hisses, there was the same stately erectness of form and steadfastness of look—the same indefinable and mysterious dignity of externals, that imposed respect, confirmed esteem, or stilled dislike. The hisses involuntarily ceased.

The preliminary proceedings over, the proposers and seconders commenced their office.

Audley was proposed, of course, by the crack man of the party—a gentleman who lived on his means in a white house in the High Street—had received a University education, and was a cadet of a "County Family." This gentleman spoke much about the Constitution, something about Greece and Rome—compared Egerton with William Pitt, also with Aristides; and sat down, after an oration esteemed classical by the few, and pronounced prosy by the many. Audley's seconder, a burly and important maltster, struck a bolder key. He dwelt largely upon the necessity of being represented by gentlemen of wealth and rank, and not by "upstarts and adventurers." (Cheers and groans.) Looking at the candidates on the other side, it was an insult to the respectability of Lansmere to suppose its constituents could elect a man who had no pretensions whatever to their notice, except that he had once been a little boy in the town in which his father kept a shop—and a very noisy, turbulent, dirty little boy he was!" Dick smoothed his spotless shirt-front, and looked daggers, while the Blues laughed heartily, and the Yellows cried "Shame!" "As for the other candidate on the same side, he (the maltster) had no-

thing to say against him. He was, no doubt, seduced into presumption by his uncle and his own inexperience. It was said that that candidate, Mr Fairfield, was an author and a poet; if so, he was unknown to fame, for no bookseller in the town had ever even heard of Mr Fairfield's works. Then it was replied, Mr Fairfield had written under another name. What would that prove? Either that he was ashamed of his name, or that the works did him no credit. For his part, he (the maltster) was an Englishman; he did not like anonymous scribblers; there was something not right in whatever was concealed. A man should never be afraid to put his name to what he wrote. But, grant that Mr Fairfield was a great author and a great poet, what the borough of Lansmere wanted was, not a member who would pass his time in writing sonnets to Peggy or Moggy, but a practical man of business—a statesman—such a man as Mr Audley Egerton—a gentleman of ancient birth, high standing, and princely fortune. The member for such a place as Lansmere should have a proper degree of wealth." ("Hear, hear," from the hundred and fifty hesitators, who all stood in a row at the bottom of the hall; and "Gammon!" "Stuff!" from some revolutionary, but incorruptible Yellows.) Still the allusion to Egerton's private fortune had considerable effect with the bulk of the audience, and the maltster was much cheered on concluding. Mr Avenel's proposer and seconder—the one a large grocer, the other a proprietor of a new shop for ticketed prints, shawls, blankets, and counterpanes, (a man who, as he boasted, dealt with the People for ready money, and no mistake—at least none that *he* ever rectified,)—next followed. Both said much the same thing. Mr Avenel had made his fortune by honest industry—was a fellow townsman—must know the interests of the town better than strangers—upright public principles—never fawn on governments—would see that the people had their rights, and cut down army, navy, and all other jobs of a corrupt aristocracy, &c. &c. &c. Randal Leslie's proposer, a captain on half-pay, undertook a long defence of army and navy, from the

unpatriotic aspersions of the preceding speakers; which defence diverted him from the due praise of Randal, until cries of "Cut it short," recalled him to that subject; and then the topics he selected for eulogium were "amiability of character, so conspicuous in the urbane manners of his young friend;"—"coincidence in the opinions of that illustrious statesman with whom he was conjoined;"—"early tuition in the best principles—only fault, youth—and that was a fault which would diminish every day." Randal's seconder was a bluff yeoman, an out-voter of weight with the agricultural electors. He was too straightforward by half—adverted to Audley Egerton's early desertion of questions espoused by the landed interest—hoped he had had enough of the large towns; and he (the yeoman) was ready to forgive and forget, but trusted that there would be no chance of burning their member again in effigy. As to the young gentleman, whose nomination he had the pleasure to second—did not know much about him; but the Leslies were an old family in the neighbouring county, and Mr Leslie said he was nearly related to Squire Hazeldean—as good a man as ever stood upon shoe leather. He (the yeoman) liked a good breed in sheep and bullocks; and a good breed in men he supposed was the same thing. He (the yeoman) was not for abuses—he was for King and Constitution. He should have no objection, for instance, to have tithes lowered, and the malt-tax repealed—not the least objection. Mr Leslie seemed to him a likely young chap, and uncommon well-spoken; and, on the whole, for aught he (the yeoman) could see, would do quite as well in Parliament as nine-tenths of the gentlemen sent there. The yeoman sat down, little cheered by the Blues—much by the Yellows—and with a dim consciousness that somehow or other he had rather damaged than not the cause of the party he had been chosen to advocate. Leonard was not particularly fortunate in his proposer—a youngish gentleman—who, having tried various callings, with signal unsuccess, had come into a small independence, and set up for a literary character. This gentleman undertook

the defence of poets, as the half-pay captain had undertaken that of the army and navy; and after a dozen sentences spoken through the nose, about the "moonlight of existence," and "the oasis in the desert," suddenly broke down, to the satisfaction of his impatient listeners. This failure was, however, redeemed by Leonard's seconder—a master tailor—a practised speaker, and an earnest, thinking man—sincerely liking, and warmly admiring, Leonard Fairfield. His opinions were delivered with brief simplicity, and accompanied by expressions of trust in Leonard's talents and honesty, that were effective, because expressed with feeling.

These preparatory orations over, a dead silence succeeded, and Audley Egerton arose.

At the first few sentences, all felt they were in the presence of one accustomed to command attention, and to give to opinions the weight of recognised authority. The slowness of the measured accents, the composure of the manly aspect, the decorum of the simple gestures—all bespoke and all became the Minister of a great empire, who had less agitated assemblies by impassioned eloquence, than compelled their silent respect to the views of sagacity and experience. But what might have been formal and didactic in another, was relieved in Egerton by that air, tone, bearing of *gentleman*, which have a charm for the most plebeian audience. He had eminently these attributes in private life; but they became far more conspicuous whenever he had to appear in public. The "*senatorius decor*" seemed a phrase coined for him.

Audley commenced with notice of his adversaries in that language of high courtesy which is so becoming to superior station, and which augurs better for victory than the most pointed diatribes of hostile declamation. Inclining his head towards Avenel, he expressed regret that he should be opposed by a gentleman whose birth naturally endeared him to the town, of which he was a distinguished native, and whose honourable ambition was in itself a proof of the admirable nature of that Constitution, which admitted the lowliest to rise to its distinctions, while it compelled the

loftiest to labour and compete for those which were the most coveted, because they were derived from the trust of their countrymen, and dignified by the duties which the sense of responsibility entailed. He paid a passing but generous compliment to the reputed abilities of Leonard Fairfield; and, alluding with appropriate grace to the interest he had ever taken in the success of youth striving for place in the van of the new generation that marched on to replace the old, he implied that he did not consider Leonard as opposed to himself, but rather as an emulous competitor for a worthy prize with his "own young and valued friend, Mr Randal Leslie." "They are happy at their years!" said the statesman, with a certain pathos. "In the future they see nothing to fear, in the past they have nothing to defend. It is not so with me." And then, passing on to the vague insinuations or bolder charges against himself and his policy proffered by the preceding speakers, Audley gathered himself up, and paused; for his eye here rested on the Reporters seated round the table just below him; and he recognised faces not unfamiliar to his recollection when metropolitan assemblies had hung on the words, which fell from lips then privileged to advise their King. And involuntarily it occurred to the ex-minister to escape altogether from this contracted audience—this election, with all its associations of pain—and address himself wholly to that vast and invisible Public, to which those reporters would transmit his ideas. At this thought his whole manner gradually changed. His eye became fixed on the farthest verge of the crowd; his tones grew more solemn in their deep and sonorous swell. He began to review and to vindicate his whole political life. He spoke of the measures he had aided to pass—of his part in the laws which now ruled the land. He touched lightly, but with pride, on the services he had rendered to the opinions he had represented. He alluded to his neglect of his own private fortunes; but in what detail, however minute, in the public business committed to his charge, could even an enemy accuse him of neglect?

The allusion was no doubt intended to prepare the public for the news, that the wealth of Audley Egerton was gone. Finally, he came to the questions that then agitated the day; and made a general but masterly exposition of the policy which, under the changes he foresaw, he should recommend his party to adopt.

Spoken to the motley assembly in that town-hall, Audley's speech extended to a circle of interests too wide for their sympathy. But that assembly he heeded not—he forgot it. The reporters understood him, as their flying pens followed words which they presumed neither to correct nor to abridge. Audley's speech was addressed to the nation;—the speech of a man in whom the nation yet recognised a chief—desiring to clear all misrepresentation from his past career—calculating, if life were spared to him, on destinies higher than he had yet fulfilled—issuing a manifesto of principles to be carried later into power, and planting a banner round which the divided sections of a broken host might yet rally for battle and for conquest. Or perhaps, in the depths of his heart, (not even comprehended by reporters, nor to be divined by the public,) the uncertainty of life was more felt than the hope of ambition; and the statesman desired to leave behind him one full vindication of that *public* integrity and honour, on which, at least, his conscience acknowledged not a stain. "For more than twenty years," said Audley, in conclusion, "I have known no day in which I have not lived for my country. I may at times have opposed the wish of the People—I may oppose it now—but, so far as I can form a judgment, only because I prefer their welfare to their wish. And if—as I believe—there have been occasions on which, as one amongst men more renowned, I have amended the laws of England—confirmed her safety, extended her commerce, upheld her honour—I leave the rest to the censure of my enemies, and (his voice trembled) to the charity of my friends."

Before the cheers that greeted the close of this speech were over, Richard Avenel arose. What is called "the more respectable part" of an audi-

ence—viz., the better educated and better clad, even on the Yellow side of the question—wincing a little for the credit of their native borough, when they contemplated the candidate pitted against the Great Commoner, whose lofty presence still filled the eye, and whose majestic tones yet sounded in the ear. But the vast majority on both sides, Blue and Yellow, hailed the rise of Dick Avenel as a relief to what, while it had awed their attention, had rather strained their faculties. The Yellows cheered and the Blues groaned; there was a tumultuous din of voices, and a reel to and fro of the whole excited mass of unwashed faces and brawny shoulders. But Dick had as much pluck as Audley himself; and by degrees his pluck and his handsome features, and the curiosity to hear what he had to say, obtained him a hearing; and that hearing, Dick having once got, he contrived to keep. His self-confidence was backed by a grudge against Egerton that mounted to the elevation of malignity. He had armed himself for this occasion with an arsenal of quotations from Audley's speeches, taken out of Hansard's Debates; and, garbling these texts in the unfair and most ingenious manner, he contrived to split consistency into such fragments of inconsistency—to cut so many harmless sentences into such unpopular, arbitrary, tyrannical segments of doctrine—that he made a very pretty case against the enlightened and incorruptible Egerton, as shuffler and trimmer, defender of jobs, and eulogist of Manchester massacres, &c. &c. And all told the more because it seemed courted and provoked by the ex-minister's elaborate vindication of himself. Having thus, as he declared, "triumphantly convicted the Right Honourable Gentleman out of his own mouth," Dick considered himself at liberty to diverge into what he termed the just indignation of a free-born Britain: in other words, into every variety of abuse which bad taste could supply to acrimonious feeling. But he did it so roundly and dauntlessly, in such true hustings style, that for the moment, at least, he carried the bulk of the crowd along with him sufficiently to bear down all the resentful mur-

murs of the Blue Committee men, and the abashed shakes of the head with which the more aristocratic and well-bred among the Yellows signified to each other that they were heartily ashamed of their candidate. Dick concluded with an emphatic declaration that the Right Honourable Gentleman's day was gone by; that the people had been pillaged and plundered enough by pompous red-tapists, who only thought of their salaries, and never went to their offices except to waste the pen, ink, and paper which they did not pay for; that the Right Honourable Gentleman had boasted he had served his country for twenty years—served his country! He should have said served her out! (Much laughter.) Pretty mess his country was in now. In short, for twenty years the Right Honourable Gentleman had put his hands into his country's pockets. "And I ask you," bawled Dick, "whether any of you are a bit the better for all that he has taken out of them!" The hundred and fifty heatators shook their heads. "No, that we bea'nt!" cried the hundred and fifty, dolorously. "You hear THE PEOPLE!" said Dick, turning majestically to Egerton, who, with his arms folded on his breast, and his upper lip slightly curved, sat like "Atlas unremoved"—"You hear THE PEOPLE! They condemn you, and the whole set of you. I repeat here what I once vowed on a less public occasion—'As sure as my name is Richard Avenel, you shall smart for'—(Dick hesitated)—smart for your contempt of the just rights, honest claims, and enlightened aspirations of your indignant countrymen. The schoolmaster is abroad, and the British Lion is aroused!"

Dick sat down. The curve of contempt had passed from Egerton's lip;—at the name of Avenel, thus harshly spoken, he had suddenly shaded his face with his hand.

But Randal Leslie next arose, and Audley slowly raised his eyes, and looked towards his *protégé* with an expression of kindly interest. What better *début* could there be for a young man warmly attached to an eminent patron, who had been coarsely assailed—for a political aspirant, vindicat-

ing the principles which that patron represented? The Blues, palpitating with indignant excitement, all prepared to cheer every sentence that could embody their sense of outrage—even the meanest amongst the Yellows, now that Dick had concluded, were dimly aware that their orator had laid himself terribly open, and richly deserved (more especially from the friend and kinsman of Audley Egerton) whatever punishing retort could vibrate from the heart of a man to the tongue of an orator. A better opportunity for an honest young *débütant* could not exist;—a more disagreeable, annoying, perplexing, unmanageable opportunity, for Randal Leslie, the malice of the Fates could not have contrived. How could *he* attack Dick Avenel!—he who counted upon Dick Avenel to win his election? How could he exasperate the Yellows, when Dick's solemn injunction had been—"Say nothing to make the Yellows not vote for you!" How could he identify himself with Egerton's policy, when it was his own policy to make his opponents believe him an unprejudiced, sensible youth, who would come all right and all Yellow one of these days! Demosthenes himself would have had a sore throat, worse than when he swallowed the golden cup of Harpalus, had Demosthenes been placed in so cursed a fix. Therefore Randal Leslie may well be excused if he stammered and boggled—if he was appalled by a cheer when he said a word in vindication of Egerton—and looked cringing and pitiful when he sneaked out a counter civility to Dick. The Blues were sadly disappointed—damped; the Yellows smirked and took heart. Audley Egerton's brows darkened. Harley, who was on the platform, half seen behind the front row, a quiet listener, bent over and whispered drily to Audley—"You should have given a lesson beforehand to your clever young friend. His affection for you overpowers him!"

Audley made no rejoinder, but tore a leaf out of his pocket-book, and wrote in pencil these words—"Say that you may well feel embarrassed how to reply to Mr Avenel, because I had especially requested you not to

be provoked to one angry expression against a gentleman whose father and brother-in-law gave the majority of two by which I gained my first seat in Parliament;—then plunge at once into general politics." He placed this paper in Randal's hand, just as that unhappy young man was on the point of a thorough break-down. Randal paused, took breath, read the words attentively, and, amidst a general titter, his presence of mind returned to him—he saw a way out of the scrape—collected himself—suddenly raised his head—and in tones unexpectedly firm and fluent, enlarged on the text afforded to him—enlarged so well that he took the audience by surprise—pleased the Blues by an evidence of Audley's generosity—and touched the Yellows by so affectionate a deference to the family of their two candidates. Then the speaker was enabled to come at once to the topics on which he had elaborately prepared himself, and delivered a set harangue—very artfully put together—temporising, it is true, and trimming, but full of what would have been called admirable tact and discretion in an old stager who did not want to commit himself to anybody or to anything. On the whole, the display became creditable, at least as an evidence of thoughtful reserve, rare in a man so young—too refining and scholastic for oratory, but a very good essay—upon both sides of the question. Randal wiped his pale forehead and sat down, cheered, especially by the lawyers present, and self-contented. It was now Leonard's turn to speak. Keenly nervous, as men of the literary temperament are—constitutionally shy, his voice trembled as he began. But he trusted, unconsciously, less to his intellect than his warm heart and noble temper—and the warm heart prompted his words, and the noble temper gradually dignified his manner. He took advantage of the sentences which Audley had put into Randal's mouth, in order to efface the impression made by his uncle's rude assault. "Would that the right honourable gentleman had himself made that generous and affecting allusion to the services which he had deigned to remember, for, in that case, he (Leonard) was confident that Mr

Avenel would have lost all the bitterness which political contest was apt to engender in proportion to the earnestness with which political opinions were entertained. Happy it was when some such milder sentiment as that which Mr Egerton had instructed Mr Leslie to convey, preceded the sharp encounter, and reminded antagonists, as Mr Leslie had so emphatically done, that every shield had two sides, and that it was possible to maintain the one side to be golden, without denying the truth of the champion who asserted the other side to be silver." Then, without appearing to throw over his uncle, the young speaker contrived to insinuate an apology on his uncle's behalf, with such exquisite grace and good feeling, that he was loudly cheered by both parties; and even Dick did not venture to utter the dissent which struggled to his lips.

But if Leonard dealt thus respectfully with Egerton, he had no such inducements to spare Randal Leslie. With the intuitive penetration of minds accustomed to analyse character and investigate human nature, he detected the varnished insincerity of Randal's artful address. His colour rose—his voice swelled—his fancy began to play, and his wit to sparkle—when he came to take to pieces his younger antagonist's rhetorical mosaic. He exposed the falsehood of its affected moderation—he tore into shreds the veil of words, with their motley woof of yellow and blue—and showed that not a single conviction could be discovered behind it. "Mr Leslie's speech," said he, "puts me in mind of a ferry-boat; it seems made for no purpose but to go from one side to the other." The simile hit the truth so exactly, that it was received with a roar of laughter: even Egerton smiled. "For myself," concluded Leonard, as he summed up his unsparing analysis, "I am new to party warfare; yet if I were not opposing Mr Leslie as a candidate for your suffrages, if I were but one of the electors—belonging as I do to the people by my condition and my labours—I should feel that he is one of those politicians in whom the welfare, the honour, the moral elevation of the people, find no fitting representative."

Leonard sate down amidst great applause, and after a speech that raised the Yellows in their own estimation, and materially damaged Randal Leslie in the eyes of the Blues. Randal felt this, with a writhing of the heart, though a sneer on the lips. He glanced furtively towards Dick Avenel, on whom, after all, his election, in spite of the Blues, might depend. Dick answered the furtive glance by an encouraging wink. Randal turned to Egerton, and whispered to him—"How I wish I had had more practice in speaking, so that I could have done you more justice!"

"Thank you, Leslie; Mr Fairfield has supplied any omission of yours, so far as I am concerned. And you should excuse him for his attack on yourself, because it may serve to convince you where your fault as a speaker lies."

"Where?" asked Leslie, with jealous sullenness.

"In not believing a single word that you say," answered Egerton, very drily; and then turning away, he said aloud to his proposer, and with a slight sigh, "Mr Avenel may be proud of his nephew! I wish that young man were on our side; I could train him into a great debater."

And now the proceedings were about to terminate with a show of hands, when a tall brawny elector in the middle of the hall suddenly arose, and said he had some questions to put. A thrill ran through the assembly, for this elector was the demagogue of the Yellows—a fellow whom it was impossible to put down—a capital speaker, with lungs of brass. "I shall be very short," said the demagogue. And therewith, under the shape of questions to the two Blue candidates, he commenced a most furious onslaught on the Earl of Lansmere, and the Earl's son, Lord L'Estrange, accusing the last of the grossest intimidation and corruption, and citing instances thereof in the presence of various electors in Fish Lane and the Back Slums, who had been turned from Yellow promises by the base arts of Blue aristocracy, represented in the person of the noble lord, whom he now dared to reply. The orator paused, and Harley suddenly passed into the front of the platform, in

token that he accepted the ungracious invitation. Great as had been the curiosity to hear Audley Egerton, yet greater, if possible, was the curiosity to hear Lord L'Estrange. Absent from the place for so many years—heir to such immense possessions—with a vague reputation for talents that he had never proved—strange, indeed, if Blue and Yellow had not strained their ears and hushed their breaths to listen.

It is said that the poet is born, and the orator made—a saying only partially true. Some men have been made poets, and some men have been born orators. Most probably Harley L'Estrange had hitherto never spoken in public, and he had not now spoken five minutes before all the passions and humours of the assembly were as much under his command as the keys of the instrument are under the hand of the musician. He had taken from Nature a voice capable of infinite variety of modulation, a countenance of the most flexible play of expression; and he was keenly alive (as profound humourists are) equally to the ludicrous and the graver side of everything presented to his vigorous understanding. Leonard had the eloquence of a poet—Audley Egerton that of a parliamentary debater. But Harley had the rarer gift of eloquence in itself, apart from the matter it conveys or adorns—that gift which Demosthenes meant by his triple requisite of an orator, which has been improperly translated “action,” but means in reality “the *acting*”—“the stage-play.” Both Leonard and Audley spoke well, from the good sense which their speeches contained; but Harley could have talked nonsense, and made it more effective than sense—even as a Kemble or Macready could produce effects from the trash talked by “The Stranger,” which your merely accomplished performer would fail to extract from the beauties of Hamlet. The art of oratory, indeed, is allied more closely to that of the drama than to any other; and throughout Harley's whole nature there ran, as the reader may have noted, (though quite unconsciously to Harley himself,) a tendency towards that concentration of thought, action, and circumstance, on a single purpose,

which makes the world form itself into a stage, and gathers various and scattered agencies into the symmetry and compactness of a drama. This tendency, though it often produces effects that appear artificially theatrical, is not uncommon with persons the most genuine and single-minded. It is, indeed, the natural inclination of quick energies springing from warm emotions. Hence the very history of nations in their fresh, vigorous, half-civilised youth, always shapes itself into dramatic forms, while, as the exercise of sober reason expands with civilisation to the injury of the livelier faculties and more intuitive impulses, people look to the dramatic form of expression, whether in thought or in action, as if it were the antidote to truth, instead of being its abstract and essence.

But to return from this long and somewhat metaphysical digression, whatever might be the cause why Harley L'Estrange spoke so wonderfully well, there could be no doubt that wonderfully well he did speak. He turned the demagogue and his attack into the most felicitous ridicule, and yet with the most genial good humour; described that virtuous gentleman's adventures in search of corruption through the pure regions of Fish Lane and the Back Slums; and then summed up the evidences on which the demagogue had founded his charge, with a humour so caustic and original that the audience were convulsed with laughter. From laughter Harley hurried his audience almost to the pathos of tears—for he spoke of the insinuations against his father, so that every son and every father in the assembly felt moved as at the voice of Nature.

A turn in a sentence, and a new emotion seized the assembly. Harley was identifying himself with the Lausmere electors. He spoke of his pride in being a Lausmere man, and all the Lausmere electors suddenly felt proud of him. He talked with familiar kindness of old friends remembered in his schoolboy holidays, rejoicing to find so many alive and prospering. He had a felicitous word to each.

“Dear old Lausmere!” said he, and the simple exclamation won him the hearts of all. In fine, when he

paused, as if to retire, it was amidst a storm of acclamation. Audley grasped his hand, and whispered—"I am the only one here not surprised, Harley. Now you have discovered your powers, never again let them slumber. What a life may be yours if you no longer waste it!" Harley extricated his hand, and his eye glittered. He made a sign that he had more to say, and the applause was hushed. "My right honourable friend chides me for the years that I have wasted. True; my years have been wasted, no matter how nor wherefore! But *his*!—how have they been spent: in such devotion to the public that they who know him not as I do, have said that he had not one feeling left to spare to the obscurer duties and more limited affections, by which men of ordinary talents and humble minds rivet the links of that social order which it is the august destiny of statesmen—like him who now sits beside me—to cherish and defend. But, for my part, I think that there is no being so dangerous as the solemn hypocrite, who, because he drills his cold nature into serving mechanically some conventional abstraction—whether he calls it 'the Constitution' or 'the Public'—holds himself dispensed from whatever, in the warm blood of private life, wins attachment to goodness, and confidence to truth. Let others, then, praise my right honourable friend as the incorruptible politician. Pardon me if I draw his likeness as the loyal sincere man, who might say with the honest priest, 'that he could not tell a lie to gain Heaven by it!'—and with so fine a sense of honour, that he would hold it a lie merely to conceal the truth." Harley then drew a brilliant picture of the type of chivalrous honesty—of the ideal which the English attach to the phrase of "a perfect gentleman," applying each sentence to his right honourable friend with an emphasis that seemed to burst from his heart. To all of the audience, save two, it was a eulogium which the fervent sincerity of the eulogist alone saved from hyperbole. But Levy rubbed his hands, and chuckled inly; and Egerton hung his head, and moved restlessly on his seat. Every word that Harley uttered lodged an arrow in Audley's breast. Amidst

the cheers that followed this admirable sketch of "the loyal man," Harley recognised Leonard's enthusiastic voice. He turned sharply towards the young man: "Mr Fairfield cheers this description of integrity, and its application; let him imitate the model set before him, and he may live to hear praise as genuine as mine from a friend who has tested his worth as I have tested Mr Egerton's. Mr Fairfield is a poet: his claim to that title was disputed by one of the speakers who preceded me!—unjustly disputed! Mr Fairfield is every inch a poet. But, it has been asked, 'Are poets fit for the business of senates? Will they not be writing sonnets to Peggy and Moggy, when you want them to concentrate their divine imagination on the details of a beer bill!' Do not let Mr Fairfield's friends be alarmed. At the risk of injury to the two candidates whose cause I espouse, truth compels me to say, that poets, when they stoop to action, are not less prosaic than the dullest amongst us: they are awayed by the self-same interests—they are moved by the same petty passions. It is a mistake to suppose that any detail in common life, whether in public or private, can be too mean to seduce the exquisite plicancies of their fancy. Nay, in public life, we may trust them better than other men; for vanity is a kind of second conscience, and, as a poet has himself said—

'Who fears not to do ill, yet fears the
name,
And, free from conscience, is a slave to
shame.'

In private life alone we do well to be on our guard against these children of fancy, for they so devote to the Muse all their treasury of sentiment, that we can no more expect them to waste a thought on the plain duties of men, than we can expect the spendthrift, who dazzles the town, 'to fritter away his money in paying his debts.' But all the world are agreed to be indulgent to the infirmities of those who are their own deceivers and their own chastisers. Poets have more enthusiasm, more affection, more heart, than others; but only for fictions of their own creating. It is in vain for us to attach them to ourselves by vulgar

merit, by commonplace obligations—strive and sacrifice as we may. They are ungrateful to us, only because gratitude is so very unpoetical a subject. We lose them the moment we attempt to bind. Their love,

‘Light as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads its light wings, and in a moment
flies.’

They follow their own caprices—adore their own delusions—and, deeming the forms of humanity too material for their fantastic affections, conjure up a ghost, and are chilled to death by its embrace!”

Then, suddenly aware that he was passing beyond the comprehension of his audience, and touching upon the bounds of his bitter secret, (for here he was thinking not of Leonard, but of Nora,) Harley gave a new and more homely direction to his terrible irony—turned into telling ridicule the most elevated sentiments Leonard’s speech had conveyed—hastened on to a rapid view of political questions in general—defended Leslie with the same apparent earnestness and latent

satire with which he had eulogised Audley—and concluded a speech which, for popular effect, had never been equalled in that hall, amidst a diapason of cheers that threatened to bring down the rafters.

In a few minutes more the proceedings were closed—a show of hands taken. The show was declared by the Mayor, who was a thorough Blue, in favour of the Right Hon. Audley Egerton and Randal Leslie, Esquire. Cries of “No,” “Shame,” “Partial,” &c.—a poll demanded on behalf of the other two candidates:—And the crowd began to pour out of the hall.

Harley was the first who vanished, retreating by the private entrance. Egerton followed:—Randal lingering, Avenel came up and shook hands with him openly, but whispered privately—“Meet me to-night in Lansmere Park, in the oak copse, about three hundred yards from the turnstile at the town end of the park. We must see how to make all right. What a confounded humbug this has been!”

CHAPTER XXVI.

If the vigour of Harley’s address had taken by surprise both friend and foe, not one in that assembly—not even the conscience-stricken Egerton—felt its effect so deeply as the assailed and startled Leonard. He was at first perfectly stunned by sarcasms which he so ill deserved; nor was it till after the assembly had broken up, that Leonard could even conjecture the cause which had provoked the taunt and barbed its dart. Evidently Harley had learned (but learned only in order to misconceive and to wrong) Leonard’s confession of love to Helen Digby. And now those implied accusations of disregard to the duties of common life not only galled the young man’s heart, but outraged his honour. He felt the generous indignation of manhood. He must see Lord L’Estrange at once, and vindicate himself—vindicate Helen; for thus to accuse one, was tacitly to asperse the other.

Extricating himself from his own enthusiastic partisans, Leonard went straight on foot towards Lansmere House. The park palings touched close

upon the town, with a small turnstile for foot-passengers. And as Leonard, availing himself of this entrance, had advanced some hundred yards or so through the park, suddenly, in the midst of that very copse in which Avenel had appointed to meet Leslie, he found himself face to face with Helen Digby herself.

Helen started, with a faint cry. But Leonard, absorbed in his own desire to justify both, hailed her sight, and did not pause to account for his appearance, nor to soothe her agitation.

“Miss Digby!” he exclaimed, throwing into his voice and manner that respect which often so cruelly divides the past familiarity from the present alienation—“Miss Digby, I rejoice to see you—rejoice to ask your permission to relieve myself from a charge, that in truth wounds even you, while levelled but at me. Lord L’Estrange has just implied, in public, that I—I—who owe him so much—who have honoured him so truly, that even the just resentment I now feel,

half seems to me the ingratitude with which he charges me—has implied that—Ah Miss Digby, I can scarcely command words to say what it so humiliates me to have heard. But you know how false is all accusation that either of us could deceive our common benefactor. Suffer me to repeat to your guardian, what I presumed to say to you when we last met—what you answered—and state how I left your presence."

"Oh, Leonard! yes; clear yourself in his eyes. Go! Unjust that he is, ungenerous Lord L'Estrange!"

"Helen Digby!" cried a voice close at hand. "Of whom do you speak thus?"

At the sound of that voice, Helen and Leonard both turned, and beheld Violante standing before them; her young beauty rendered almost sublime by the noble anger that lit her eyes, glowed in her cheeks, animated her stately form.

"Is it you who thus speak of Lord L'Estrange? You—Helen Digby—you!"

From behind Violante now emerged Mr Dale. "Softly, children," he said; and, placing one hand on Violante's shoulder, he extended the other to Leonard. "What is this? Come hither to me, Leonard, and explain."

Leonard walked aside with the Parson, and in a few sentences gave vent to his swelling heart.

The Parson shared in Leonard's resentment; and having soon drawn from him all that had passed in his memorable interview with Helen, exclaimed—

"Enough! Do not yet seek Lord L'Estrange yourself; I am going to see him—I am here at his request. His summons, indeed, was for to-morrow; but the Squire having written me a hurried line, requesting me to meet him at Lansmere to-morrow, and proceed with him afterwards in search of poor Frank, I thought I might have little time for communications with Lord L'Estrange, unless I forestalled his invitation and came to-day. Well that I did so. I only arrived an hour since—found he was gone to the Town Hall—and joined the young ladies in the Park. Miss Digby, thinking it natural that I might wish to say something in

private to my old young friend Violante, walked a few paces in advance. Thus fortunately I chanced to be here, to receive your account, and I trust to remove misunderstanding. Lord L'Estrange must now be returned. I will go back to the house. You, meanwhile, return to the town, I beseech you. I will come to you afterwards at your inn. Your very appearance in these grounds—even the brief words that have passed between Helen and you—might only widen the breach between yourself and your—your—benefactor. I cannot bear to anticipate this. Go back, I entreat you. I will explain all, and Lord L'Estrange shall right you! That *is*—that must be his intention!"

"*Is*—must be his intention—when he has just so wronged me!"

"Yes, yes," faltered the poor Parson, mindful of his promise to L'Estrange not to reveal his own interview with that nobleman, and yet not knowing otherwise how to explain or to soothe. But, still believing Leonard to be Harley's son, and remembering all that Harley had so pointedly said of atonement, in apparent remorse for crime, Mr Dale was wholly at a loss himself to understand why Harley should have thus prefaced atonement by an insult. Anxious, however, to prevent a meeting between Harley and Leonard while both were under such feelings towards each other, he made an effort over himself, and so well argued in favour of his own diplomacy, that Leonard reluctantly consented to wait for Mr Dale's report.

"As to reparation or excuse," said he proudly, "it must rest with Lord L'Estrange. I ask it not. Tell him only this—that if, the instant I heard that she whom I loved and held sacred for so many years was affianced to him, I resigned even the very wish to call her mine—if that were desertion of man's duties, I am guilty. If to have prayed night and day that she who would have blest my lonely and toilsome life, may give some charm to his, not bestowed by his wealth and his greatness—if that were ingratitude, I am ungrateful; let him still condemn me. I pass out of his sphere—a thing that has crossed it a moment, and is gone. But

Helen he must not blame—suspect—even by a thought. One word more. In this election—this strife for objects wholly foreign to all my habits, unsuited to my poverty, at war with aspirations so long devoted to fairer goals, though by obscurer paths—I obeyed but his will or whim; at a moment, too, when my whole soul sickened for repose and solitude. I had forced myself at last to take interest in what I had before loathed. But in every hope for the future—every stimulant to ambition—Lord L'Estrange's esteem still stood before me. Now, what do I here longer? All of his conduct, save his contempt for myself, is an enigma. And unless he repeat a wish, which I would fain still regard as a law to my gratitude, I retire from the contest he has embittered—I renounce the ambition he has poisoned; and, mindful of those humble duties which he implies that I disdain, I return to my own home."

The Parson nodded assent to each of these sentences, and Leonard, passing by Violante and Helen, with a salutation equally distant to both, retraced his steps towards the town.

Meanwhile Violante and Helen had also been in close conference, and that conference had suddenly endeared each to the other; for Helen, taken by surprise, agitated, overpowered, had revealed to Violante that confession of another attachment, which she had made to Lord L'Estrange—the rupture of her engagement to the latter. Violante saw that Harley was free. Harley, too, had promised to free herself. By a sudden flash of conviction, recalling his words, looks, she felt that she was beloved—deemed that honour alone (while either was yet shackled) had forbidden him to own that love. Violante stood a being transformed, "blushing celestial rosy red"—Heaven at her heart, joy in her eyes:—she loved so well, and she trusted so implicitly. Then from out the overflow of her own hope and bliss she poured forth such sweet comfort to Helen, that Helen's arm stole around her—cheek touched cheek—they were as sisters.

At another moment Mr Dale might have felt some amazement at the sudden affection which had sprung up be-

tween these young persons; for in his previous conversation with Violante, he had, as he thought, very artfully, and in a pleasant vein, sounded the young Italian as to her opinion of her fair friend's various good qualities—and Violante had rather shrunk from the title of "friend;" and though she had the magnanimity to speak with great praise of Helen, the praise did not sound cordial. But the good man was at this moment occupied in preparing his thoughts for his interview with Harley,—he joined the two girls in silence, and, linking an arm of each within his own, walked slowly towards the house. As he approached the terrace, he observed Riccabocca and Randal pacing the gravel walk side by side.

Violante, pressing his arm, whispered, "Let us go round the other way; I would speak with you a few minutes undisturbed."

Mr Dale, supposing that Violante wished to dispense with the presence of Helen, said to the latter, "My dear young lady, perhaps you will excuse me to Dr Riccabocca—who is beckoning to me, and no doubt very much surprised to see me here—while I finish what I was saying to Violante when we were interrupted."

Helen left them, and Violante led the Parson round through the shrubbery, towards a side door in another wing of the house.

"What have you to say to me?" asked Mr Dale, surprised that she remained silent.

"You will see Lord L'Estrange. Be sure that you convince him of Leonard's honour. A doubt of treachery so grieves his noble heart, that perhaps it may disturb his judgment."

"You seem to think very highly of the heart of this Lord L'Estrange, child!" said the Parson in some surprise.

Violante blushed, but went on firmly, and with serious earnestness. "Some words which he—that is, Lord L'Estrange—said to me very lately, make me so glad that you are here—that you will see him; for I know how good you are, and how wise—dear, dear Mr Dale. He spoke as one who had received some grievous wrong, which had abruptly soured all

his views of life. He spoke of retirement—solitude; he on whom his country has so many claims. I know not what he can mean—unless it be that his—his marriage with Helen Digby is broken off."

"Broken off! Is that so?"

"I have it from herself. You may well be astonished that she could even think of another after having known him!"

The Parson fixed his eyes very gravely on the young enthusiast. But though her cheek glowed, there was in her expression of face so much artless, open innocence, that Mr Dale contented himself with a slight shake of the head, and a dry remark: "I think it quite natural that Helen Digby should prefer Leonard Fairfield. A good girl, not misled by vanity and ambition; temptations of which it behoves us all to beware—nor least, perhaps, young ladies suddenly brought in contact with wealth and rank. As to this nobleman's merits, I know not yet whether to allow or to deny them; I reserve my judgment till after our interview. This is all you have to say to me?"

Violante paused a moment. "I cannot think," she said, half smiling—"I cannot think that the change that has occurred in him—for changed he is—that his obscure hints as to injury received, and justice to be done, are caused merely by this disappointment with regard to Helen. But you can learn that;—learn if he be so very much disappointed. Nay, I think not!"

She slipped her slight hand from the Parson's arm, and darted away through the evergreens. Half concealed amidst the laurels, she turned back, and Mr Dale caught her eye—half arch—half melancholy; its light came soft through a tear.

"I don't half like this," muttered the Parson; "I shall give Dr Riccabocca a caution." So muttering, he pushed open the side door, and find-

ing a servant, begged admittance to Lord L'Estrange.

Harley at that moment was closeted with Levy, and his countenance was composed and fearfully stern. "So, so, by this time to-morrow," said he, "Mr Egerton will be tricked out of his election by Mr Randal Leslie—good! By this time to-morrow his ambition will be blasted by the treachery of his friends—good! By this time to-morrow the bailiffs will seize his person—ruined, beggared, pauper, and captive—all because he has trusted and been deceived—good! And if he blame you, prudent Baron Levy—if he accuse smooth Mr Randal Leslie—forget not to say, 'We were both but the blind agents of your friend Harley L'Estrange. Ask him why you are so miserable a dupe.'"

"And might I now ask your lordship for one word of explanation?"

"No, sir!—it is enough that I have spared *you*. But you were never my friend; I have no revenge against a man whose hand I never even touched."

The Baron scowled, but there was a power about his tyrant that cowed him into actual terror. He resumed, after a pause—

"And though Mr Leslie is to be member for Lansmere—thanks to you—you still desire that I should—"

"Do exactly as I have said. My plans now never vary a hair's-breadth."

The groom of the chambers entered.

"My lord, the Reverend Mr Dale wishes to know if you can receive him."

"Mr Dale!—he should have come to-morrow. Say that I did not expect him to-day; that I am unfortunately engaged till dinner, which will be earlier than usual. Show him into his room; he will have but little time to change his dress. By the way, Mr Egerton dines in his own apartment."

CHAPTER XXVII.

The leading members of the Blue Committee were invited to dine at the Park, and the hour for the entertainment was indeed early, as there might be much need yet of active exertion at the eve of a poll in a

contest expected to be so close, and in which the inflexible hundred and fifty "waiters upon Providence" still reserved their very valuable votes.

The party was gay and animated, despite the absence of Audley Eger-

ton, who, on the plea of increased indisposition, had shut himself in his rooms the instant that he had returned from the Town Hall, and sent word to Harley that he was too unwell to join the party at dinner.

Randal was really in high spirits, despite the very equivocal success of his speech. What did it signify if a speech failed, provided the election was secure? He was longing for the appointment with Dick Avenel, which was to make "all right!" The Squire was to bring the money for the purchase of the coveted lands the next morning. Riccabocca had assured him, again and again, of Violante's hand. If ever Randal Leslie could be called a happy man, it was as he sat at that dinner taking wine with Mr Mayor and Mr Alderman, and looking, across the gleaming silver *plateau*, down the long vista into wealth and power.

The dinner was scarcely over, when Lord L'Estrange, in a brief speech, reminded his guests of the work still before them; and after a toast to the health of the future members for Lansmere, dismissed the Committee to their labours.

Levy made a sign to Randal, who followed the Baron to his own room.

"Leslie, your election is in some jeopardy. I find, from the conversation of those near me at dinner, that Egerton has made such way amongst the Blues by his speech, and they are so afraid of losing a man who does them so much credit, that the Committee men not only talk of withholding from you their second votes and of plumping Egerton, but of subscribing privately amongst themselves to win over that coy body of a hundred and fifty, upon whom I know that Avenel counts in whatever votes he may be able to transfer to you."

"It would be very unhandsome in the Committee, which pretends to act for both of us, to plump Egerton," said Randal, with consistent anger. "But I don't think they can get those hundred and fifty without the most open and exorbitant bribery—an expense which Egerton will not pay, and which it would be very discreditable to Lord L'Estrange or his father to countenance."

"I told them flatly," returned Levy,

"that, as Mr Egerton's agent, I would allow no proceedings that might vitiate the election; but that I would undertake the management of these men myself; and I am going into the town in order to do so. I have also persuaded the leading Committee men to reconsider their determination to plump Egerton: they have decided to do as L'Estrange directs; and I know what he will say. You may rely on me," continued the Baron, who spoke with a dogged seriousness, unusual to his cynical temper, "to obtain for you the preference over Andley, if it be in my power to do so. Meanwhile, you should really see Avenel this very night."

"I have an appointment with him at ten o'clock; and, judging by his speech against Egerton, I cannot doubt on his aid to me, if convinced by his poll books that he is not able to return both himself and his impertinent nephew. My speech, however sarcastically treated by Mr Fairfield, must at least have disposed the Yellow party to vote rather for me than for a determined opponent like Egerton."

"I hope so; for your speech and Fairfield's answer have damaged you terribly with the Blues. However, your main hope rests on my power to keep these hundred and fifty rascals from splitting their votes on Egerton, and to induce them, by all means short of bringing myself before a Committee of the House of Commons for positive bribery—which would hurt most seriously my present social position—to give one vote to you. I shall tell them, as I have told the Committee, that Egerton is safe, and will pay nothing; but that you want the votes, and that I—in short, if they can be bought *upon tick*, I will buy them. Avenel, however, can serve you best here; for as they are all Yellows at heart, they make no scruple of hinting that they want twice as much for voting Blue as they will take for voting Yellow. And Avenel being a townsman, and knowing their ways, could contrive to gain them, and yet not bribe.

RANDAL, (shaking his head incredulously.)—"Not bribe!"

LEVY—"Pooh! Not bribe—so as to be found out."

There was a knock at the door. A servant entered and presented Mr Egerton's compliments to Baron Levy, with a request that the Baron would immediately come to his rooms for a few minutes.

"Well," said Levy, when the servant had withdrawn, "I must go to Egerton, and the instant I leave him I shall repair to the town. Perhaps I may pass the night there." So saying, he left Randal, and took his way to Audley's apartment.

"Levy," said the statesman abruptly, upon the entrance of the Baron, "have you betrayed my secret—my first marriage—to Lord L'Estrange?"

"No, Egerton; on my honour, I have not betrayed it."

"You heard his speech! Did you not detect a fearful irony under his praises?—or is it but—but—my conscience?" added the proud man, through his set teeth.

"Really," said Levy, "Lord L'Estrange seemed to me to select for his praise precisely those points in your character which any other of your friends would select for panegyric."

"Ay, any other of my friends!—What friends?" muttered Egerton gloomily. Then, rousing himself, he added, in a voice that had none of its accustomed clear firmness of tone—"Your presence here in this house, Levy, surprised me, as I told you at the first: I could not conceive its necessity. Harley urged you to come?—he with whom you are no favourite! You and he both said that your acquaintance with Richard Avenel would enable you to conciliate his opposition. I cannot congratulate you on your success—"

"My success remains to be proved. The vehemence of his attack to-day may be but a feint to cover his alliance to-morrow."

Audley went on without notice of the interruption. "There is a change in Harley—to me and to all; a change perhaps not perceptible to others—but I have known him from a boy."

"He is occupied for the first time with the practical business of life. That would account for a much greater change than you remark."

"Do you see him familiarly?—converse with him often?"

"No, and only on matters connected with the election. Occasionally, indeed, he consults me as to Randal Leslie, in whom, as your special *protégé*, he takes considerable interest."

"That, too, surprises me. Well, I am weary of perplexing myself. This place is hateful; after to-morrow I shall leave it, and breathe in peace. You have seen the reports of the canvass; I have had no heart to inspect them. Is the election as safe as they say?"

"If Avenel withdraws his nephew, and the votes thus released split off to you, you are secure."

"And you think his nephew will be withdrawn? Poor young man!—defeat at his age, and with such talents, is hard to bear." Audley sighed.

"I *must* leave you now, if you have nothing important to say," said the Baron, rising. "I have much to do, as the election is yet to be won, and—to you the loss of it would be—"

"Ruin, I know. Well, Levy, it is, on the whole, to your advantage that I should not lose. There may be more to get from me yet. And, judging by the letters I received this morning, my position is rendered so safe by the absolute necessity of my party to keep me up, that the news of my pecuniary difficulties will not affect me so much as I once feared. Never was my career so free from obstacle—so clear towards the highest summit of ambition—never, in my day of ostentations magnificence, as it is now, when I am prepared to shrink into a lodging, with a single servant."

"I am glad to hear it, and I am the more anxious to secure your election, upon which this career must depend, because—nay, I hardly like to tell you—"

"Speak on."

"I have been obliged, by a sudden rush on all my resources, to consign some of your bills and promissory notes to another, who, if your person should not be protected from arrest by parliamentary privilege, might be harsh, and—"

"Traitor!" interrupted Egerton fiercely, all the composed contempt with which he usually treated the usurer giving way, "say no more."

How could I ever expect otherwise! You have foreseen my defeat, and have planned my destruction. Presume no reply. Sir, begone from my presence!"

"You will find that you have worse friends than myself," said the Baron, moving to the door; "and if you are defeated—if your prospects for life are destroyed—I am the last man you will think of blaming. But I forgive your anger, and trust that to-morrow you will receive those explanations of my conduct which you are now in no temper to bear. I go to take care of the election."

Left alone, Audley's sudden passion seemed to forsake him. He gathered together, in that prompt and logical precision which the habit of transacting public business bestows, all his thoughts, and sounded all his fears; and most vivid of every thought, and most intolerable of every fear, was the belief that the Baron had betrayed him to L'Estrange.

"I cannot bear this suspense," he cried aloud, and abruptly. "I will see Harley myself. Open as he is, the very sound of his voice will tell me at once if I am a bankrupt even of human friendship. If *that* friendship be secure—if Harley yet clasp my hand with the same cordial warmth—all other loss shall not wring from my fortitude one feeble complaint." He rang the bell; his valet, who was waiting in the ante-room, appeared.

"Go and see if Lord L'Estrange is engaged; I would speak with him."

The servant came back in less than two minutes.

"I find that my lord is now particularly engaged, since he has given

strict orders that he is not to be disturbed."

"Engaged!—on what?—whom with?"

"He is in his own room, sir, with a clergyman, who arrived, and dined here, to-day. I am told that he was formerly curate of Lansmere."

"Lansmere—curate! His name—his name? Not Dale?"

"Yes, sir, that is the name—the Reverend Mr Dale."

"Leave me," said Audley in a faint voice.

"Dale! the man who suspected Harley, who called on me in London, spoke of a child—my child—and sent me to find but another grave! He closeted with Harley—he!"

Audley sank back on his chair, and literally gasped for breath. Few men in the world had a more established reputation for the courage that dignifies manhood, whether the physical courage or the moral. But at that moment it was not grief, not remorse, that paralysed Audley—it was fear. The brave man saw before him, as a thing visible and menacing, the aspect of his own treachery—that crime of a coward; and into cowardice he was stricken. What had he to dread? Nothing save the accusing face of an injured friend—nothing but that. And what more terrible? The only being, amidst all his pomp of partisans, who survived to love him—the only being for whom the cold statesman felt the happy, living, human tenderness of private affection, lost to him for ever. He covered his face with both hands, and sat in suspense of something awful, as a child sits in the dark—the drops on his brow, and his frame trembling.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Meanwhile Harley had listened to Mr Dale's vindication of Leonard with cold attention.

"Enough," said he at the close. "Mr Fairfield (for so we will yet call him) shall see me to-night; and if apology be due to him, I will make it. At the same time, it shall be decided whether he continue this contest or retire. And now, Mr Dale, it was not to hear how this young man wooed, or shrunk from wooing, my

affianced bride, that I availed myself of your promise to visit me at this house. We agreed that the seducer of Nora Avenel deserved chastisement, and I promised that Nora Avenel's son should find a father. Both these assurances shall be fulfilled to-morrow. And you, sir," continued Harley, rising, his whole form gradually enlarged by the dignity of passion, "who wear the garb appropriated to the holiest office of Christian charity—

you who have presumed to think that, before the beard had darkened my cheek, I could first betray the girl who had been reared under this roof, then abandon her—sneak like a dastard from the place in which my victim came to die—leave my own son, by the woman thus wronged, without thought or care, through the perilous years of tempted youth, till I found him, by chance, an out-cast in a desert more dread than Hagar's—you, sir, who have for long years thus judged of me, shall have the occasion to direct your holy anger towards the rightful head; and in me, you who have condemned the culprit, shall respect the judge!"

Mr Dale was at first startled, and almost awed, by this unexpected burst. But, accustomed to deal with the sternest and the darkest passions, his calm sense and his habit of authority over those whose souls were bared to him, nobly recovered from their surprise. "My lord," said he, "first with humility I bow to your rebuke, and entreat your pardon for my erring, and, as you say, my uncharitable opinions. We, dwellers in a village, and obscure pastors of a humble flock—we, mercifully removed from temptation, are too apt, perhaps, to exaggerate its power over those whose lots are cast in that great world which has so many gates ever open to evil. This is my sole excuse, if I was misled by what appeared to me strong circumstantial evidence. But forgive me again if I warn you not to fall into an error perhaps little lighter than my own. Your passion, when you cleared yourself from reproach, became you. But ah! my lord, when, with that stern brow and those flashing eyes, you launched your menace upon another over whom you would constitute yourself the judge, forgetful of the divine precept, 'Judge not,' I felt that I was listening no longer to honest self-vindication—I felt that I was listening to fierce revenge."

"Call it revenge, or what you will," said Harley, with sullen firmness. "But I have been stung too deeply not to sting. Frank with all, till the last few days, I have ever been—frank to you, at least, even w. This much I tell you: I pre-

tend to no virtue in what I still hold to be justice; but no declamations nor homilies tending to prove that justice is sinful, will move my resolves. As man I have been outraged, and as man I will retaliate. The way and the mode—the true criminal and his fitting sentence—you will soon learn, sir. I have much to do to-night; forgive me if I adjourn for the present all further conference."

"No, no; do not dismiss me. There is something, in spite of your present language, which so commands my interest, I see that there has been so much suffering where there is now so much wrath, that I would save you from the suffering worse than all—remorse. O pause, my dear lord, pause, and answer me but two questions; then I will leave you after course to yourself."

"Say on, sir," said Lord L'Estrange, touched, and with respect.

"First, then, analyse your own feelings. Is this anger merely to punish an offender and to right the living?—for who can pretend to right the dead? Or is there not some private hate that stirs and animates, and confuses all?"

Harley remained silent. Mr Dale renewed.

"You loved this poor girl. Your language even now reveals it. You speak of treachery: perhaps you had a rival who deceived you; I know not—guess not, whom. But if you would strike the rival, must you not wound the innocent son? And, in presenting Nora's child to his father, as you pledge yourself to do, can you mean some cruel mockery that, under seeming kindness, implies some unnatural vengeance?"

"You read well the heart of man," said Harley; "and I have owned to you that I am but man. Pass on; you have another question."

MR DALE.—"And one more solemn and important. In my world of a village, revenge is a common passion; it is the sin of the uninstructed. The savage deems it noble; but Christ's religion, which is the sublime Civiliser, emphatically condemns it. Why? Because religion ever seeks to ennoble man; and nothing so debases him as revenge. Look into

your own heart, and tell me whether, since you have cherished this passion, you have not felt all sense of right and wrong confused—have not felt that whatever would before have seemed to you mean and base, appears now but just means to your heated end. Revenge is ever a hypocrite—rage, at least, strikes with the naked sword; but revenge, stealthy and patient, conceals the weapon of the assassin. My lord, your colour changes. What is your answer to my question?"

"Oh," exclaimed Harley, with a voice thrilling in its mournful anguish, "it is not since I have cherished the revenge that I am changed—that right and wrong grow dark to me—that hypocrisy seems the atmosphere fit for earth. No; it is since the discovery that demands the vengeance. It is useless, sir," he continued, impetuously—"useless to argue with me. Were I to sit down patient and impotent, under the sense of the wrong which I have received, I should feel, indeed, that debasement which you ascribe to the gratification of what you term revenge. I should never regain the self-esteem which the sentiment of power now restores to me—I should feel as if the whole world could perceive and jeer at my meek humiliation. I know not why I have said so much—why I have betrayed to you so much of my secret mind, and stooped to vindicate my purpose. I never meant it. Again I say, we must close this conference." Harley here walked to the door, and opened it significantly.

"One word more, Lord L'Estrange—but one. You will not hear me. I am a comparative stranger, but you have a friend, a friend dear and intimate, now under the same roof. Will you consent, at least, to take counsel of Mr Audley Egerton? None can doubt his friendship for you; none can doubt, that whatever he advise will be that which best becomes your honour. What, my lord, you hesitate?—you feel ashamed to confide to your dearest friend a purpose which his mind would condemn? Then I will seek him—I will implore him to save you from what can but entail repentance."

"Mr Dale, I must forbid you to see Mr Egerton. What has passed

between us ought to be as sacred to you as a priest of Rome holds confession. This much, however, I will say to content you: I promise that I will do nothing that shall render me unworthy of Mr Audley Egerton's friendship, or which his fine sense of honour shall justify him in blaming. Let that satisfy you."

"Ah, my lord," cried Mr Dale, pausing irresolute at the doorway, and seizing Harley's hand, "I should indeed be satisfied if you would submit yourself to higher counsel than mine—than Mr Egerton's—than man's. Have you never felt the efficacy of prayer?"

"My life has been wasted," replied Harley, "and I dare not, therefore, boast that I have found prayer efficacious. But, so far back as I can remember, it has at least been my habit to pray to Heaven, night and morning, until, at least—until"—The natural and obstinate candour of the man forced out the last words, which implied reservation. He stopped short.

"Until you have cherished revenge. You have not dared to pray since. Oh! reflect what evil there is within us, when we dare not come before Heaven—dare not pray for what we wish. You are moved—I leave you to your own thoughts."

Harley inclined his head, and the Parson passed him by, and left him alone—startled indeed; but was he softened?

As Mr Dale hurried along the corridor, much agitated, Violante stole from a recess formed by a large bay-window, and, linking her arm in his, said anxiously, but timidly: "I have been waiting for you, dear Mr Dale; and so long! You have been with Lord L'Estrange?"

"Well."

"Why do you not speak? You have left him comforted—happier?"

"Happier! No."

"What!" said Violante, with a look of surprise, and a sadness not unminged with petulance in her quick tone. "What! does he then so grieve that Helen prefers another?"

Despite the grave emotion that disturbed his mind, Mr Dale was struck by Violante's question, and the voice in which it was said. He loved her tenderly. "Child, child,"

said he, "I am glad that Helen has escaped Lord L'Estrange. Beware, oh, beware! how he excite any gentler interest in yourself. He is a dangerous man—more dangerous for glimpses of a fine original nature. He may well move the heart of the innocent and inexperienced, for he has strangely crept into mine. But *his* heart is swollen with pride, and ire, and malice."

"You mistake; it is false!" cried Violante, impetuously. "I cannot believe one word that would asperse him who has saved my father from a prison, or from death. You have not treated him gently. He fancies he has been wronged by Leonard—received ingratitude from Helen. He has felt the sting in proportion to his own susceptible and generous heart, and you have chided where you should have soothed. Poor Lord L'Estrange! And you have left him still indignant and unhappy!"

"Foolish girl! I have left him meditating sin; I have left him afraid to pray; I have left him on the brink of some design—I know not what—but which involves more than Leonard in projects of revenge; I have left him so, that if his heart be really susceptible and generous, he will wake from wrath to be the victim of long and unavailing remorse. If your father has influence over him, tell Dr Riccabocca what I say, and bid him seek, and in his turn save, the man who saved himself. He has not listened to religion—he may be more docile to philosophy. I cannot stay here longer—I must go to Leonard."

Mr Dale broke from Violante and hurried down the corridor; Violante stood on the same spot, stunned and breathless. Harley on the brink of some strange sin—Harley to wake the victim of remorse—Harley to be saved, as he had saved her father! Her breast heaved—her colour went and came—her eyes were raised—her lips murmured. She advanced with soft footsteps up the corridor—she saw the lights gleaming from Harley's room, and suddenly they were darkened, as the inmate of the room shut to the door with angry and impatient hand.

An outward act often betrays the inward mind. As Harley had thus closed the door, so had he sought to

shut his heart from the intrusion of softer and holier thoughts. He had turned to his hearthstone, and stood on it, resolved and hardened. The man who had loved with such pertinacious fidelity for so many years, could not at once part with hate. A passion once admitted to his breast, clung to it with such rooted force! But woe, woe to thee, Harley L'Estrange, if tomorrow at this hour thou stand at the hearthstone, thy designs accomplished, knowing that, in the fulfilment of thy blind will, thou hast met falsehood with falsehood, and deception with deceit! What though those designs now seem to consummate so just, so appropriate, so exquisite a revenge—seem to thee the sole revenge wit can plan and civilised life allow—wilt thou ever wash from thy memory the stain that will sully thine honour? Thou, too, professing friendship still, and masking perfidy under smiles. Grant that the wrong be great as thou deem it—be ten times greater—the sense of thy meanness, O gentleman and soldier, will bring the blush to thy cheek in the depth of thy solitude. Thou, who now thinkest others unworthy a trustful love, wilt feel thyself for ever unworthy theirs. Thy seclusion will know not repose. The dignity of man will forsake thee. Thy proud eye will quail from the gaze. Thy step will no longer spurn the earth that it treads on. He who has once done a base thing is never again wholly reconciled to honour. And woe—thrice woe, if thou learn too late that thou hast exaggerated thy fancied wrong; that there is excuse, where thou seest none; that thy friend may have erred, but that his error is venial compared to thy fancied retribution.

Thus, however, in the superb elation of conscious power, though lavished on a miserable object—a terrible example of what changes one evil and hateful thought, cherished to the exclusion of all others, can make in the noblest nature—stood, on the hearth of his fathers, and on the abyss of a sorrow and a shame from which there will be no recall—the determined and scornful man.

A hand is on the door—he does not hear it; a form passes the threshold—he does not see it; a light step

pauses—a soft eye gazes. Deaf and blind still to both.

Violante came on, gathering courage, and stood at the hearth, by his side.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"Lord L'Estrange—noble friend!"
"You!—and here—Violante? Is it I whom you seek? For what? Good heavens, what has happened? Why are you so pale—why tremble?"

"Have you forgiven Helen?" asked Violante, beginning with evasive question, and her cheek was pale no more.

"Helen—the poor child! I have nothing in her to forgive, much to thank her for. She has been frank and honest."

"And Leonard—whom I remember in my childhood—you have forgiven him?"

"Fair mediator," said Harley, smiling, though coldly, "happy is the man who deceives another; all plead for him. And if the man deceived cannot forgive, no one will sympathise or excuse."

"But Leonard did not deceive you?"

"Yes, from the first. It is a long tale, and not to be told to you. But I cannot forgive him."

"Adieu! my lord. Helen must, then, still be very dear to you!" Violante turned away. Her emotion was so artless, her very anger so charming, that the love, against which, in the prevalence of his later and darker passions, he had so sternly struggled, rushed back upon Harley's breast; but it came only in storm.

"Stay, but talk not of Helen!" he exclaimed. "Ah! if Leonard's sole offence had been what you appear to deem it, do you think I could feel resentment? No; I should have gratefully hailed the hand that severed a rash and ungenial tie. I should have given my ward to her;—with such a dower as it suits me;—as I wish to bestow. But his offence dates from his very birth. To bless and to enrich the son of a man who—Violante, listen to me. We may soon part, and for ever. Others may misconstrue my actions; you, at least, shall know from what just principle they spring. There was a man whom I singled out of the world as more than a brother. In the romance of my boyhood I saw one who dazzled my fancy, captivated my heart. It was a dream of Beauty

breatened into waking life. I loved—I believed myself beloved. I confided all my heart to this friend—this more than brother; he undertook to befriend and to aid my suit. On that very pretext he first saw this ill-fated girl;—saw—betrayed—destroyed her;—left me ignorant that her love, which I had thought mine, had been lavished so wildly on another;—left me to believe that my own suit she had fled, but in generous self-sacrifice—for she was poor and humbly born;—that—oh vain idiot that I was!—the self-sacrifice had been too strong for a young human heart, which had broken in the struggle;—left me to corrode my spring of life in remorse;—clasped my hand in mocking comfort;—smiled at my tears of agony—not one tear himself for his own poor victim! And suddenly, not long since, I learned all this. And, in the father of Leonard Fairfield, you behold the man who has poisoned all the well-spring of joy to me. You weep! O Violante! the Past he has blighted and embittered—that I could forgive; but the Future is blasted too. For, just ere this treason was revealed to me, I had begun to awake from the torpor of my dreary penance, to look with fortitude towards the duties I had slighted—to own that the pilgrimage before me was not barren. And then, oh then, I felt that all love was not buried in a grave. I felt that you, had fate so granted, might have been all to my manhood which youth only saw through the delusion of its golden mists. True, I was then bound to Helen; true, that honour to her might forbid me all hope. But still, even to know that my heart was not all ashes—that I could love again—that that glorious power and privilege of our being was still mine, seemed to me so heavenly sweet. But then this revelation of falsehood burst on me, and all truth seemed blotted from the universe. I am freed from Helen; ah, freed, forsooth—because not even rank and wealth, and benefits and confiding tenderness, could bind to me one human heart! Free from her;

but between me and your fresh nature stands Suspicion as an Upas tree. Not a hope that would pass through the tainted air, and fly to you, but falls dead under the dismal boughs. *I love!* Ha, ha! *I—I*, whom the past has taught the impossibility to be loved again. No: if those soft lips murmured 'Yes' to the burning prayer that, had I been free but two short weeks ago, would have rushed from the frank depths of my heart, I should but imagine that you deceived yourself—a girl's first fleeting delusive fancy—nothing more! Were you my bride, Violante, I should but debase your bright nature by my own curse of distrust. At each word of tenderness, my heart would say, 'How long will this last?—when will the deception come?' Your beauty, your gifts, would bring me but jealous terror;—eternally I should fly from the Present to the Future, and say, 'These hairs will be grey, while flattering youth will surround her in the zenith of her charms.' Why then do I hate and curse my foe? Why do I resolve upon revenge? I comprehend it now. I knew that there was something more imperious than the ghost of the Past that urged me on. Looking on you, I feel that it was the dim sense of a mighty and priceless loss; it is not the lost Nora—it is the living Violante. Look not at me with those reproachful eyes; they cannot reverse my purpose; they cannot banish suspicion from my sickened soul; they cannot create a sunshine in the midst of this ghastly twilight. Go, go; leave me to the sole joy that bequeathes no disappointment—the sole feeling that unites me to social man; leave me to my revenge."

"Revenge! Oh, cruel!" exclaimed Violante, laying her hand on his arm. "And in revenge, it is your own life that you will risk!"

"My life, simple child! This is no contest of life against life. Could I bare to all the world my wrongs for their ribald laughter, I should only give to my foe the triumph to pity my frenzy—to shun the contest; or grant it, if I could find a second—and then fire in the air. And all the world would say, 'Generous Egerton!—soul of honour!'"

"Egerton, Mr Egerton! He cannot

be this foe? It is not on him you can design revenge?—you who spend all your hours in serving his cause—you to whom he trusts so fondly—you who leant yesterday on his shoulder, and smiled so cheerfully in his face?"

"Did I? Hypocrisy against hypocrisy—snare against snare; *that is my revenge!*"

"Harley, Harley! Cease, cease!"

The storm of passion rushed on unheeding.

"I seem to promote his ambition, but to crush it into the mire. I have delivered him from the gentler gripe of a usurer, so that he shall hold at my option alms or a prison—"

"Friend, friend! Hush, hush!"

"I have made the youth he has reared and fostered into treachery like his own, (your father's precious choice—Randal Leslie,) mine instrument in the galling lesson how ingratitude can sting. His very son shall avenge the mother, and be led to his father's breast as victor, with Randal Leslie, in the contest that deprives sire and benefactor of all that makes life dear to ambitious egotism. And if, in the breast of Audley Egerton, there can yet lurk one memory of what I was to him and to truth, not his least punishment will be the sense that his own perfidy has so changed the man whose very scorn of falsehood has taught him to find in fraud itself the power of retribution."

"If this be not a terrible dream!" murmured Violante, recoiling, "it is not your foe alone that you will deprive of all that makes life dear. Act thus—and what, in the future, is left to me?"

"To you! Oh, never fear. I may give Randal Leslie a triumph over his father, but in the same hour I will unmask his villany, and sweep him for ever from your path. What in the future is left to you?—your birthright and your native land; hope, joy, love, felicity. Could it be possible that in the soft but sunny fancy which plays round the heart of maiden youth, but still sends no warmth into its depths—could it be possible that you had honoured me with a gentler thought, it will pass away, and you will be the pride and delight of one of your own years, to whom the vista of Time is haunted by no chilling

spectres—one who can look upon that lovely face, and not turn away to mutter—‘Too fair, too fair for me!’”

“Oh agony!” exclaimed Violante, with sudden passion. “In my turn hear me. If, as you promise, I am released from the dreadful thought that one, at whose touch I shudder, can claim this hand, my choice is irrevocably made. The altars which await me will not be those of a human love. But oh, I implore you—by all the memories of your own life, hitherto, if sorrowful, unsullied—by the generous interest you yet profess for me, whom you will have twice saved from a danger to which death were mercy—leave, oh leave to me the right to regard your image as I have done from the first dawn of childhood. Leave me the right to honour and revere it. Let not an act, accompanied with a meanness—oh that I should say the word!—a meanness and a cruelty that give the lie to your whole life—make even a grateful remembrance of you, an unworthy sin. When I kneel within the walls that divide me from the world, oh let me think that I can pray for you as the noblest being that the world contains! Hear me! hear me!”

“Violante!” murmured Harley, his whole frame heaving with emotion, “bear with me. Do not ask of me the sacrifice of what seems to me the cause of manhood itself—to sit down, meek and patient, under a wrong that debases me, with the consciousness that all my life I have been the miserable dupe to affections I deemed so honest—to regrets that I believed so holy. Ah! I should feel more mean in my pardon than you can think me in revenge! Were it an acknowledged enemy, I could open my arms to him at your bidding; but the perfidious friend!—ask it not. My cheek burns at the thought, as at the stain of a blow. Give me but to-morrow—one day—I demand no more—wholly to myself and to the past, and mould me for the future as you will. Pardon, pardon the ungenerous thoughts that extended distrust to you. I retract them; they are gone—dispelled before those touching words, those ingenuous eyes. At your feet, Violante, I repent and I implore! Your father himself shall

banish your sordid suitor. Before this hour to-morrow you will be free. Oh, then, then! will you not give me this hand to guide me again into the paradise of my youth? Violante, it is in vain to wrestle with myself—to doubt—to reason—to be wisely fearful—I love, I love you. I trust again in virtue and faith. I place my fate in your keeping.”

If at times Violante may appear to have ventured beyond the limit of strict maiden bashfulness, much may be ascribed to her habitual candour, her solitary rearing, and remoteness from the world—the very innocence of her soul, and the warmth of heart which Italy gives its daughters. But now that sublimity of thought and purpose which pervaded her nature, and required only circumstances to develop, made her superior to all the promptings of love itself. Dreams realised which she had scarcely dared to own—Harley free—Harley at her feet;—all the woman struggling at her heart, mantling in her blushes,—still stronger than love—stronger than the joy of being loved again—was the heroic will—will to save him—who in all else ruled her existence—from the eternal degradation to which passion had blinded his own confused and warring spirit.

Leaving one hand in his impassioned clasp, as he still knelt before her, she raised on high the other. “Ah!” she said, scarce audibly—“ah! if Heaven vouchsafe me the proud and blissful privilege to be allied to your fate, to minister to your happiness, never should I know one fear of your distrust. No time, no change, no sorrow, not even the loss of your affection, could make me forfeit the right to remember that you had once confided to me a heart so noble. But”—Here her voice rose in its tone, and the glow fled from her cheek—“But, O Thou the Ever Present, hear and receive the solemn vow. If to me he refuse to sacrifice the sin that would debase him, that sin be the barrier between us evermore. And may my life, devoted to Thy service, atone for the hour in which he belied the nature he received from Thee. Harley, release me! I have spoken: firm as yourself, I leave the choice to you.”

“You judge me harshly,” said Har-

ley, rising, with sullen anger. "But at least I have not the meanness to sell what I hold as justice, though the bribe may include my last hope of happiness."

"Meanness! Oh unhappy, beloved Harley!" exclaimed Violante, with such a gush of exquisite reproachful tenderness, that it thrilled him as the voice of the parting guardian angel. "Meanness! But it is that from which I implore you to save yourself. You cannot judge, you cannot see. You are dark, dark. Lost Christian that you are, what worse than heathen darkness, to feign the friendship the better to betray—to punish falsehood by becoming yourself so false—to accept the confidence even of your bitterest foe, and then to sink below his own level in deceit? And oh—worse, worse than all—to threaten that a son—son of the woman you professed to love—should swell your vengeance against a father. No! it was not you that said this—it was the Fiend!"

"Enough!" exclaimed Harley, startled, conscience-stricken, and rushing into resentment, in order to escape the sense of shame. "Enough! you insult the man you professed to honour."

"I honoured the prototype of gentleness and valour. I honoured one who seemed to me to clothe with life every grand and generous image that is born from the souls of poets. Destroy that ideal, and you destroy the

Harley whom I honoured. He is dead to me for ever. I will mourn for him as his widow—faithful to his memory—weeping over the thought of what he was." Sobs choked her voice; but as Harley, once more melted, sprang forward to regain her side, she escaped with a yet quicker movement, gained the door, and, darting down the corridor, vanished from his sight.

Harley stood still one moment, thoroughly irresolute—nay, almost all subdued. Then sternness, though less rigid than before, gradually came to his brow. The demon had still its hold in the stubborn and marvellous pertinacity with which the man clung to all that once struck root at his heart. With a sudden impulse, that still withheld decision, yet spoke of sore-shaken purpose, he strode to his desk, drew from it Nora's manuscript, and passed from his room.

Harley had meant never to have revealed to Audley the secret he had gained, until the moment when revenge was consummated. He had contemplated no vain reproach. His wrath would have spoken forth in deeds, and then a word would have sufficed as the key to all. Willing, perhaps, to hail some extenuation of perfidy, though the possibility of such extenuation he had never before admitted, he determined on the interview which he had hitherto so obstinately shunned, and went straight to the room in which Audley Egerton still sate solitary and fearful.

CHAPTER XXX.

Egerton heard the well-known step advancing near and nearer up the corridor—heard the door open and reclose—and he felt, by one of those strange and unaccountable instincts which we call forebodings, that the hour he had dreaded for so many secret years had come at last. He nerved his courage, withdrew his hands from his face, and rose in silence. No less silent, Harley stood before him. The two men gazed on each other; you might have heard their breathing.

"You have seen Mr Dale?" said Egerton, at length. "You know—"

"All!" said Harley, completing the arrested sentence.

Audley drew a long sigh. "Be it so; but no, Harley; you deceive yourself; you cannot know all, from any one living, save myself."

"My knowledge comes from the dead," answered Harley, and the fatal memoir dropped from his hand upon the table. The leaves fell with a dull low sound, mournful and faint as might be the tread of a ghost, if the tread gave sound. They fell, those still confessions of an obscure uncomprehended life, amidst letters and documents eloquent of the strife that was then agitating millions, the fleeting, turbulent fears and hopes that torture parties and perplex a nation; the stormy business of practical pub-

lic life, so remote from individual love and individual sorrow.

Egerton's eye saw them fall. The room was but partially lighted. At the distance where he stood, he did not recognise the characters, but involuntarily he shivered, and involuntarily drew near.

"Hold yet awhile," said Harley. "I produce my charge, and then I leave you to dispute the only witness that I bring. Audley Egerton, you took from me the gravest trust one man can confide to another. You knew how I loved Leonora Avenel. I was forbidden to see and urge my suit; you had the access to her presence which was denied to myself. I prayed you to remove scruples that I deemed too generous, and to woo her, not to dishonour, but to be my wife. Was it so? Answer."

"It is true," said Audley, his hand clenched at his heart.

"You saw her whom I thus loved—her thus confided to your honour. You wooed her for yourself. Is it so?"

"Harley, I deny it not. Cease here. I accept the penalty;—I resign your friendship;—I quit your roof;—I submit to your contempt;—I dare not implore your pardon. Cease, let me go hence, and soon!"—The strong man gasped for breath.

Harley looked at him steadfastly, then turned away his eyes, and went on. "Nay," said he, "is that ALL? You wooed her for yourself—you won her. Account to me for that life which you wrenched from mine. You are silent. I will take on myself your task;—you took that life, and destroyed it."

"Spare me, spare me!"

"What was the fate of her who seemed so fresh from heaven when these eyes beheld her last? A broken heart—a dishonoured name—an early doom—a forgotten gravestone."

"No, no—forgotten—no!"

"Not forgotten! Scarce a year passed, and you were married to another. I aided you to form those nuptials which secured your fortunes. You have had rank, and power, and fame. Peers call you the type of English gentlemen. Priests hold you as a model of Christian honour. Strip the mask, Audley Egerton; let the world know you for what you are!"

Egerton raised his head, and folded his arms calmly; but he said with a melancholy humility—"I bear all from you; it is just. Say on."

"You took from me the heart of Nora Avenel. You abandoned her—you destroyed. And her memory cast no shadow over your daily sunshine; while over my thoughts—over my life—oh, Egerton—Audley, Audley—how could you have deceived me thus!" Here the inherent tenderness under all this hate—the fount imbedded under the hardening stone—broke out. Harley was ashamed of his weakness, and hurried on.

"Deceived—not for an hour, a day, but through blighted youth, through listless manhood—you suffered me to nurse the remorse that should have been your own;—her life slain, mine wasted; and shall neither of us have revenge?"

"Revenge! Ah, Harley, you have had it!"

"No, but I await it! Not in vain from the charnel have come to me the records I produce. And whom did fate select to discover the wrongs of the mother?—whom appoint as her avenger? Your son—your own son; your abandoned, nameless, son!"

"Son!—son!"

"Whom I delivered from famine, or from worse; and who, in return, has given into my hands the evidence which proclaims in you the perjured friend of Harley L'Estrange, and the fraudulent seducer, under mock marriage forms—worse than all franker sin—of Leonora Avenel."

"It is false—false!" exclaimed Egerton, all his stateliness and all his energy restored to him. "I forbid you to speak thus to me. I forbid you by one word to sully the memory of my lawful wife."

"Ah!" said Harley, startled. "Ah! false!—prove *that*, and revenge is over! Thank Heaven!"

"Prove it! What so easy?—And wherefore have I delayed the proof—wherefore concealed, but from tenderness to you—dread, too—a selfish but human dread—to lose in you the sole esteem that I covet;—the only mourner who would have shed one tear over the stone inscribed with

some lying epitaph, in which it will suit a party purpose to proclaim the gratitude of a nation. Vain hope. I resign it! But you spoke of a son. Alas, alas! you are again deceived. I heard that I had a son—years, long years ago. I sought him, and found a grave. But bless you, Harley, if you succoured one whom you even erringly suspect to be Leonora's child!" He stretched forth his hands as he spoke.

"Of your son we will speak later," said Harley, strangely softened. "But before I say more of him, let me ask you to explain—let me hope that you can extenuate what—"

"You are right," interrupted Egerton, with eager quickness. "You would know from my own lips at last the plain tale of my own offence against you. It is due to both. Patiently hear me out."

Then Egerton told all; his own love for Leonora—his struggles against what he felt as treason to his friend—his sudden discovery of Nora's love for him;—on that discovery, the overthrow of all his resolutions; their secret marriage—their separation; Nora's flight, to which Audley still assigned but her groundless vague suspicion that their nuptials had not been legal; and her impatience of his own delay in acknowledging the rite.

His listener interrupted him here with a few questions; the clear and prompt replies to which enabled Harley to detect Levy's plausible perversion of the facts; and he vaguely guessed the cause of the usurer's falsehood, in the criminal passion which the ill-fated bride had inspired.

"Egerton," said Harley, stifling with an effort his own wrath against the vile deceiver, "if, on reading those papers, you find that Leonora had more excuse for her suspicions and flight than you now deem, and discover perfidy in one to whom you trusted your secret, leave his punishment to Heaven. All that you say convinces me more and more that we cannot even see through the cloud, much less guide the thunderbolt. But proceed."

Audley looked surprised and startled, and his eye turned wistfully towards the papers; but after a short pause he continued his recital. He

came to Nora's unexpected return to her father's house—her death—his conquest of his own grief, that he might spare Harley the abrupt shock of learning her decease. He had torn himself from the dead, in remorseful sympathy with the living. He spoke of Harley's illness, so nearly fatal—repeated Harley's jealous words, "that he would rather mourn Nora's death, than take comfort from the thought that she had loved another." He spoke of his journey to the village where Mr Dale had told him Nora's child was placed—and, hearing that child and mother were alike gone, "whom now could I right by acknowledging a bond that I feared would so wring your heart?" Audley again paused a moment, and resumed in short, nervous, impressive sentences. This cold, austere man of the world for the first time bared his heart—unconscious, perhaps, that he did so—unconscious that he revealed how deeply, amidst state cares and public distinctions, he had felt the absence of affections—how mechanical was that outer circle in the folds of life which is called "a career"—how valueless wealth had grown—none to inherit it. Of his gnawing and progressive disease alone he did not speak; he was too proud and too masculine to appeal to pity for physical ills. He reminded Harley how often, how eagerly, year after year, month after month, he had urged his friend to rouse himself from mournful dreams, devote his native powers to his country, or seek the surer felicity of domestic ties. "Selfish in these attempts I might be," said Egerton; "it was only if I saw you restored to happiness that I could believe you could calmly hear my explanation of the past, and on the floor of some happy home grant me your forgiveness. I longed to confess, and I dared not; often have the words rushed to my lips—as often some chance sentence from you repelled me. In a word, with you were so entwined all the thoughts and affections of my youth—even those that haunted the grave of Nora—that I could not bear to resign your friendship, and, surrounded by the esteem and honour of a world I cared not for, to meet the contempt of your reproachful eye."

Amidst all that Audley said—amidst all that admitted of no excuse—two predominant sentiments stood clear, in unmistakable and touching pathos. Remorseful regret for the lost Nora—and self-accusing, earnest, almost feminine tenderness for the friend he had deceived. Thus, as he continued to speak, Harley more and more forgot even the remembrance of his own guilty and terrible interval of hate; the gulf that had so darkly yawned between the two closed up, leaving them still standing, as it were, side by side, as in their schoolboy days. But he remained silent, listening—shading his face from Audley, and as if under some soft, but enthralling spell, till Egerton thus closed—

"And now, Harley, all is told. You spoke of revenge?"

"Revenge!" muttered Harley, starting.

"And believe me," continued Egerton, "were revenge in your power, I should rejoice at it as an atonement. To receive an injury in return for that which, first from youthful passion, and afterwards from the infirmity of purpose that concealed the wrong, I have inflicted upon you—why, that would soothe my conscience, and raise my lost self-esteem. The sole revenge you can bestow takes the form which most humiliates me;—to revenge, is to pardon."

Harley groaned; and, still hiding his face with one hand, stretched forth the other, but rather with the air of one who entreats than who accords forgiveness. Audley took and pressed the hand thus extended.

"And now, Harley, farewell. With the dawn I leave this house. I cannot now accept your aid in this election. Levy shall announce my resignation. Randal Leslie, if you so please it, may be returned in my stead. He has abilities which, under safe guidance, may serve his country; and I have no right to reject, from vain pride, whatever will promote the career of one whom I undertook, and have failed, to serve."

"Ay, ay," muttered Harley; "think not of Randal Leslie; think but of your son."

"My son! But are you sure that he still lives? You smile; you—yon—oh, Harley—I took from you the mother—give to me the son; break my heart with gratitude. Your revenge is found!"

Lord L'Estrange rose with a sudden start—gazed on Audley for a moment—irresolute, not from resentment, but from shame. At that moment he was the man humbled; he was the man who feared reproach, and who needed pardon. Audley, not divining what was thus passing in Harley's breast, turned away. "You think that I ask too much; and yet all that I can give to the child of my love and the heir of my name, is the worthless blessing of a ruined man. Harley, I say no more. I dare not add, 'You too loved his mother! and with a deeper and a nobler love than mine.'" He stopped short, and Harley flung himself on his breast.

"Me—me—pardon me, Audley! Your offence has been slight to mine. You have told me your offence; never can I name to you my own. Rejoice that we have both to exchange forgiveness, and in that exchange we are equals still, Audley—brothers still. Look up—look up; think that we are boys now as we were once;—boys who have had their wild quarrel—and the moment it is over, feel dearer to each other than before."

"Oh, Harley, this *is* revenge! It strikes home," murmured Egerton, and tears gushed fast from eyes that could have gazed unwinking on the rack. The clock struck; Harley sprang forward.

"I have time yet," he cried. "Much to do and to undo. You are saved from the grasp of Levy—your election will be won—your fortunes in much may be restored—you have before you honours not yet achieved—your career as yet is scarce begun—your son you will embrace to-morrow. Let me go—your hand again! Ah, Audley, we shall be so happy yet!"

SULLIVAN'S RAMBLES IN NORTH AND SOUTH AMERICA.

PERHAPS it may be a symptom of approaching senility, but we are forced to confess that, with each successive year, our faith in the authenticity of books diminishes. The time was when we swallowed the narratives of Sindbad with as much zest and devotion as could have been displayed by Hindbad, the porter who was expressly hired as a listener by the adventurous circumnavigator of Serendib. In Mandeville, while we were young, we recognised not the traces of a liar. Mendez Pinto we never read—we do not even know whether we spell his name aright; but were he sevenfold the fabricator which men aver him to be, we have seen the day when we would have bolted his narrative as easily as an apricot. We were too old for Kaloolah when that ingenious romancer appeared, otherwise we should have manfully opposed its being included in the list of literary apocrypha. Of course, all of us believe most firmly in Robinson Crusoe, Peter Wilkins, and Philip Quarl; but, with these rare exceptions, what reliance can be placed in the veracity of those who have travelled afar?

Humble and modest as we are, we do not conceive ourselves less liable to imposition than was Herodotus, the Father of History. That old Hali-carnassian was, in truth, an exceedingly wary individual, who listened to a great deal of astounding narrative with an imperceptible inward pressure of the cheek; and noted it down, simply because he knew the value of fiction in relieving the dull monotony of fact. Since his day, many other men have arisen, who, pursuing the same line of conduct, have infinitely stimulated that thirst for adventure and voyage which is the characteristic of a civilised people. But long ago the wonders both of Europe and Asia have disappeared. What has become of Prester John, that mysterious potentate, with whom half the kings of Christendom would have been proud to enter into alliance? Whereabouts dwelt the Amazons, the true assertors

of the Rights of Woman, who spurned even the gentle bondage of the pettillion? Also anent the Centaurs—where trotted they? or in what central race-course do their descendants still exercise for the Derby? In the old world—or worlds—giant and troglodyte alike have died out; nobody expects to find them, any more than the unicorn; and the unbelieving miscreants of this age even sneer at the existence of the sea-serpent.

In Europe and Asia, we suspect, it is difficult for a man to lie. Difficult, but not absolutely impossible; for we can conceive the composition of a most unimpeachable book of wonders, with the scene laid in Thibet; or most miraculous discoveries of natural phenomena on the eastern skirts of Siberia. Also there is good lying still to be had in the interior of Africa. Round the margin of Lake Tchad, or to the south of the Jebel Kumrah, a fine, fresh, young, unadulterated fancy may still afford to run riot, and amaze the world with an avalanche of novel wonders. Were it not that we lack enthusiasm, and also, to a great extent, the faculty of invention, we should certainly try our hand upon a batch of new discoveries. It is full time that the mammoth should again appear in life. Another dragon is wanted to replace that salamander which Gozon slew in Rhodes. Snake-cities require a revival; and we are decidedly in need of a more closely connecting link between the man and the monkey. The old fables are disappearing fast; honour to the daring chief who will furnish us with a new supply!

We grant that, in America, there still exists scope for a bold imagination. There are the Patagonians in the south, a race of which little use has been made since the days of Captain Wallis. Then there are the Lost Cities, in which a voyager might spend a winter or two greatly to his profit and delectation; more especially if he possessed sufficient knowledge of Hebrew to connect satisfactorily the inhabitants thereof with the Ten

Tribes. A glance at the map convinces us that there is fair food for fiction towards the upper sources of the Amazon; and of what use is fact when you find yourself panting among the Andes? Condors are all very well in their way; but we are anxious to have something bigger.

But, while we point to these countries as affording an almost boundless field for romance, and for harmless exercise of invention, we are sorry to say that, in our opinion, North America is dying out. Monsieur Violet did his best for Texas; but he was the last of a great race, and we have not found his successor. Lately, indeed, at a railway station, we picked up a book, denominated, if we recollect aright, the "Hair-raisers," in which there was a considerable allowance of scalping, wigwags, and stampedes; but, on the whole, it was terribly dull. There was one scene of a ride amidst a herd of buffaloes, which reminded us unpleasantly of Falkirk Tryst. The only tolerable parts of the book were palpable cribbages from poor Ruxton, who was, indeed, as true a lover of the prairie as ever tightened his belt from famine. But, even in Ruxton, it is remarkable that the pure Indian—the aboriginal Red-skin—cuts but a poor figure. Ruxton, we believe, drew with a hand as faithful as bold; yet it is evident that he had very little respect for the character of the "noble savage." This we hold to be a very remarkable instance of the decadence and gradual expiry of fable. We were all nurtured in the belief of the sublime qualities of the Indian. Outalissi, as Campbell conceived him, was not very much short of Achilles; and had it been advisable for the modern bard to make the plains of Wyoming a battle-field like those of the Troad, doubtless the tomahawk would have glanced as fiercely as the Grecian spear. Is it unfair to ask ourselves, as a question of speculative æsthetics, whether, had such been Campbell's plan, we should have been favoured with any scalping or no? It is a question of some artistical interest. To raise the hair of a slain enemy is not worse than to drag his body about the field—to secure a top-lock, as an honourable trophy, is less mercenary than to make play for golden armour. Yet we doubt if the

Bard of Hope, in his epic mood, would have ventured to indicate the tonsure. Achilles, attended in his tent by Briseis, is a fine picture of an heroic prizefighter;—could we have stood Outalissi, distended with buffalo hump, making signs to his trembling squaw to pour out for him "the strong fire-water of the pale-face?" Campbell's was, of course, a fancy portraiture—and a very splendid one it undoubtedly is—but we are beginning to entertain serious and painful doubts whether all the notions which we have hitherto entertained regarding the innate nobility of the Red Indian, are not absolute exaggerations. We pass Pocahontas and Captain Smith. What sort of a fellow Smith really was, has never been fully explained; but we take him to have been a long-legged, red-headed son of a gun, whose scalp, from its very brilliancy, must have been an object of excessive desire to the nobility and gentry of that respectable tribe into whose hands it was his fortune to fall. The more honour to Pocahontas! She became aware, through a process of intuitive logic, that the possession of the sinewy Smith, with his radiant locks intact above his brow, would be more valuable to her than the separated radiance would be, if girt around the leggings of her uncle, "The Grizzly Bear;" and so, with sweet woman's instinct, she struck in, and no "brave" dared forbid the banns. What could Smith do less than take her to his hairy bosom? To Cooper we are disposed to assign the credit—for success in fiction is everyway creditable—of having misled the civilised world for a long time with regard to the habits of the Redskins. Cooper is a great author. We say so in the gravest earnest; for several of his earlier fictions have taken a hold of the public mind in a wonderful degree, and those who have read them in their youth, cannot forget them in their maturity. That he is a most unequal writer may be allowed. Some of his novels are so heavy that it is severe work to wade through them; and some of them, again, are absolutely childish and mandlin. But, in his best days, he was a grand fellow in the prairie or the forest; and *The Last of the Mohicans* is a work which any man might be proud to have written.

Many years have elapsed since we read that book—and it may be we shall never read it again, for the recollection and impression of it is still so strong within us, that we almost fear another perusal might destroy somewhat of the charm which still haunts us whenever we hear its name;—but well do we remember the Sagamore, and Uncas, and Natty Bumppo, and the rest of the characters that figured in that fascinating tale. It was not only the sagacity of the Indian “on the trail” that then struck us with amazement, or the almost superhuman development of the more physical attributes—but the wisdom, the philosophy, the reticence, the justice, and the self-denial of the untutored children of the desert. Young as we were when we read that tale—not less credited than many a truer story—we could not help asking ourselves whether, if savage life could produce so many instances, not of valour only, or of improved instinct, but of profound estimate of character and design, civilisation could add much to the mental development, or the happiness of the stoic of the woods. What was the use of putting any question of the kind? Uncas was, undoubtedly, supposing him to be a real character, superior to any young man who had received a university education. Of the three great springs of human action—truth, duty, and interest—he acknowledged but two, refusing the more personal motive; and, as Cooper depicts him in his splendid heathenness, he is unquestionably a more faultless being, as regards his mastery of the passions, and pure native feeling, than any character that can be extracted from the writings of pagan antiquity. In him the graces of chivalry mingle with unsullied nature. He is a compound of Antiochus and Sir Galahad—fearless as the one, and noble and tender as the other. But then Cooper was an educated and a Christian writer; and where have we any assurance—or, in fact, reason—to suppose that his portraiture was drawn from the life? None at all. Cooper knew no more about the real habits of the Red Indians, in their state of freedom, than did the late Lachlan MacTavish, distiller in Campbelltown, who forwarded to us not long ago a manuscript en-

titled, *The Last of the Assinaboins*, with a request that we would publish it as a serial in our “world-renowned periodical.” The eulogistic phrase is Lachlan’s—not ours. We read the novel, penned by young Alcoholides; and, though we loved the man, and patronised his whisky, we must needs confess that his literary production was infernally bad. His notion was to transport a distant relation of his own—a MacTavish, of course—to the wilds of America, train him in the ways of the forest, and finally elevate him to the high rank of Sachem. It was a queer jumble of Celtic and Indian character; sennachies consorting with squaws, and duinhewassalls carousing with braves. There was in it, if we remember aright, one terrific equestrian combat of twelve, which would have made the fortune of the late Mr Ducrow, could that lamented artist have reproduced it in the circus at Astley’s. Also there was a sufficiency of cedar-swamps, cane-brakes, and snapping turtles, with other natural horrors familiar to the readers of Transatlantic literature. However, notwithstanding such allurements, Tavish made on the whole but an indifferent leader of the Assinaboins; and we could not divest ourselves of the impression that, instead of hunting buffaloes, he would have been more appropriately depicted as driving a Sassenach creach. Far are we from wishing to diminish the poetry of life in the wilderness. Willingly we shall unsettle no man’s faith in the realities of Crocodile Island—that splendid sketch which we owe to the genius of our beloved contributor, the author of Sir Frizzle Pumpkin—but we are compelled candidly to avow our conviction that the Redskin of the novelists differs as much from the scalping Mingo of reality as does the British sailor of the Surrey boards from the veritable Jack of the fore-castle. Nay, more; we entertain a strong suspicion that buffalo-hunting is, after all, but a sorry kind of sport, and certainly not worthy the fatigue and privation which every one must necessarily undergo in order to make the practical experiment.

We have been led into this train of thought by a perusal of Mr Sullivan’s *American Rambles*, a book from which we acknowledge we have derived not

a little useful information. The author, as we gather from his own statement, set out for the new country upon no especial mission. He neither wanted to inquire into the state of agriculture, nor to collect manufacturing statistics. We are pleased to observe that he has no touch of the geologist in him, and does not make his pages heavy by a lumbering affectation of science. Mr Sullivan simply wanted to see the United States, and to take a peep at the prairies; and, having time at his disposal, he has occupied a year profitably in these objects, as well as in visiting the principal West Indian islands. He writes like a thorough gentleman, without any preconceived bias; his style is always lively and entertaining; and his pictures are not over-coloured. Other tourists may lay claim to more attention, on account of that ostentatious exaggeration which is too commonly the fault of your very far-travelled author, who, like the artist, carries his colour-box with him, and never hesitates, for effect, to dash in the lake and the carmine. We have a strong notion that some fellows set out upon their travels with the deliberate intention, not of depicting things as they really are, but of eclipsing, by all manner of rhetorical appliances, the narratives of former writers who have preceded them on the same ground. "Won't I draw a picture of Niagara that shall do for Dickens!" quoth Tims the younger, as he finds himself and portmanteau safe on board the steamer at Liverpool. "Look out for a Choctaw chief!" are the departing words of young Higginbottom, as he valiantly turns his face, like another Columbus, towards the West. And, to do them justice, both Tims and Higginbottom exert themselves wonderfully; but woe to the man who believes them! We lately read, in the columns of an American paper, a touching account of the last moments of an unfortunate Cockney, who was found, in a state of extreme starvation, somewhere about the Rocky Mountains. The poor creature was so far gone that he could not masticate the morsel of dried bull-buffalo which his discoverer humanely tendered; and, with his dying lips, he accused, as the shortener of his days, a noto-

rious scribe in the pay of a London publisher, who had put forth a volume containing a most fascinating account of the delights of existence in the prairies—the said scribe having never penetrated beyond the Astor House hotel in New York. No such charge can be laid at the door of Mr Sullivan. He gives us the prairie and its people as he found them; and we are so satisfied with his account, that should we ever be called upon to take our part in the national exodus, we have pretty nearly made up our mind to emigrate in a different direction. No sane man would be inclined to lodge his household gods in the interior of an Indian wigwam.

Let us take Mr Sullivan's first Indian acquaintance at the lake of St Croix.

"One evening when we camped, an Indian, greased and naked, came in to ask for food. They are the most improvident people, too proud to dig, but not in the least too proud to beg or thieve; never looking to the morrow, gorging one day, and barely subsisting for the next month. The Chippeways are a well-formed race, with the strut of a prince. This Indian had to keep his eyes 'skinned,' as he was not very far from the Sioux country, where he would have been snapped up like a young trout. However, an old guide told us, from the manner he was painted, and his carrying nothing but his arms, not even a blanket, that he imagined he was out on the war-path himself, prowling about in the hopes of picking up some stray Sioux. The mosquitos, who were grazing on us in shoals, did not appear to touch him. I suppose he was anointed in some way."

However, this fragrant child of nature, whom even the mosquitos avoided, showed himself to be no way deficient in smartness. Notwithstanding that he had been made free of the camp-kettle, he set his affections on certain movables; and proceeded to put into practice the socialist principles in a manner that would have won the heart of Blanqui. On turning over the page, we find the following entry: "The Chippeway that came into camp the other night stole a hatchet *and comb*! They are the biggest thieves in the world, thinking it quite as worthy to take as to receive. The education of the youth, with regard to the right

of *meum* and *tuum*, is rather Spartan, successful theft being considered rather creditable than otherwise, especially if the white man be the sufferer." The abduction of the hatchet is intelligible enough, but what the deuce could the rascal want to do with the comb?

Lest, however, it should be thought that the Chippeways are worse than other tribes—they are certainly no better—we shall take leave to introduce the reader to a solemn banquet among the Sioux. We never yet were reduced to the necessity of dining in a pig-stye, but we are not convinced that such a locality would be more sickening than an Indian lodge. The scene is at the Echo Lake, or, as it is there called, the Lac-qui-Parle.

"It appeared that, after our departure on our first trip, some chiefs, of a different band of Sioux, who were not there when we made our presents before, had gone to M'Leod and complained that we were gone to hunt their buffalo, and very likely drive them out of their country, and had not made them any presents; and threatened to send and prevent our hunting, if M'Leod did not make them some present: he promised that on our return we should do so. One morning, therefore, about twelve old chiefs assembled in the hut, and we gave them some forty yards of calico, and some very bad tobacco, with which they were enchanted, and said we might kill all the buffalo in the country, if we could; after that, they invited us to a dog-feast—but in the absence of dog, they gave us duck, a change we did not regret. The feast is worth describing. When we arrived at the chief's lodge, 'The Beaver's Tail'—which we entered by a hole like the entrance to a bee-hive—we found an atmosphere of smoke, and smell not of the pleasantest. About ten old warriors were squatting in tailor fashion round the fire, over which was hanging the pot, containing some twenty or thirty canvass-back ducks, each of them nearly the size of three of our domestic ones, and presided over by Dohummeh, or the 'Prolific Pumpkin,' a rather pretty squaw, and the youngest and favourite wife of the 'Beaver's Tail.' Directly we were seated, great wooden platters were placed before us, loaded with duck enough to have dined ten people in England. The warriors dispensed with plates, dipping nature's knife and fork into the caldron.

Such appetites I never saw before, and never wish to see again: great, fat, half-boiled ducks disappeared like so many snipes, and handfuls of grease, of the consistency of thick arrow-root, were baled in, and daubed over the face and person with a most magnanimous disregard to personal appearance. After eating about half-an-hour, during which they 'swelled visibly,' the old Beaver Tail gave in, and with a grunt of repletion fell back in a reclining position; the others, evidently feeling very uneasy, soon followed his example, and the miserable remains of the feast were removed to be disposed of by the squaws, children, and dogs, in turn. After we had sat some time, the old chief produced a medicine pipe, which, with the accompanying kiannikinnik bag, he handed to the youngest chief present, who loaded and lighted it, and, after turning the bowl and blowing a cloud to each of the four quarters of the heavens, handed it to the old Beaver. The Indians, on any great occasion, make a point of propitiating the Great Spirit by turning the bowl of the pipe to the four quarters of the heavens. After the old Beaver had taken six or seven puffs, he passed it to us, and we, doing likewise, passed it to the others, by whom it was inhaled with a grunt of pleasure. When an Indian lights a pipe, it is always handed round to the company present, taking the same direction as the wine does with us—viz., with the sun.

"After we had smoked a short time in silence, the old Beaver rose, and, in the unmusical language of his tribe, made more so by his disgusting state of repletion, began a complimentary speech, saying what pleasure it gave him to see his white brethren, (this was rather a *double entendre*, for the old villain was supposed to have been one of those who killed the Americans in the spring, and most probably had some of their hair hanging from his leggings at that moment!) and wishing to know what we had come for, and whether we had brought anything for him. When he had done speaking, a grunt of acquiescence went round, when we, through the interpreter, told him that our Great White Mother, having heard of the fame of the warriors of the great Dahcotah nation, had said, 'Go and see whether their warriors equal mine;' and that we had crossed the Big Salt Lake, and come from the rising sun; and that our Big Mother, knowing that her Red Brothers liked tobacco and powder, had sent them some. On this we produced a small quantity of tobacco, and some powder, and paint, and beads, which latter were

immediately handed to the squaws to be worked into ornaments. After this we struck up a great friendship, and a small flask of fire-water being produced, the Indian reserve disappeared, and they chatted, and joked, and laughed. One old chief, 'Le Croup Percé,' grew quite affectionate; he said that he not only loved his white brethren, but his white sisters, and mothers, and grandmothers!—in fact, all his white relations. I had taken a great fancy to the Beaver Tail's pipe, and he was equally struck with a shirt of mine, of a sort of bed-curtain pattern, which, being worn rather threadbare, I had intended committing to the flames; on my proposing to make an exchange, he was delighted, and in a moment my shirt was adorning his greasy person, and I was reduced to Indian costume with a vengeance—and indeed, before we broke up, nearly all our available garments were exchanged for pipes, moccasins, &c., and we returned quite destitute of superfluous clothing.

"Amongst the Indians it is considered a manly accomplishment to be able to eat a great quantity; and a young warrior, eating for reputation, will consume as much as 20 lb. of fresh meat at one sitting. I knew one old scoundrel, 'The Old Racoon,' who ate 120 potatoes, and would have eaten as many more if his friends had not stopped him—not from any regard to his own good, but from the fear that none would be left for them."

As a practical professor of vegetarianism, the Old Racoon was well qualified to have dined at the board of Mr Brotherton. Beastly as they appear at their meals, it is nevertheless safer to gobble raw duck with a Red Indian, than to meet him on the open prairie. It may be possible, though not probable, that he could, by some violent exercise of volition, overcome the strong impulse which attracts him to your saddle-bags; but no Indian virtue is powerful enough to resist the temptation of your hair. Premature baldness, which is not much coveted in this country, is the first of all blessings in those American states that border on the territories of the savage. Few are the certificates that reach Messrs Rowland and Son, from the frontiers of the Far West! In order to travel with anything like safety, your head must be like a billiard ball. No greater mistake can be committed than to take off your hat, if you have anything

like a *chevelure*, to a Chippeway, a Sioux, or a Crow—it is like exhibiting your purse to a footpad, who knows that he can meet you half-an-hour afterwards in a dark lane, and who will meet you undoubtedly, and ease you of your burden, if you are not able to offer resistance. The Sioux, according to Mr Sullivan, possess the unenviable distinction of being the most demoniacal of all the Indian tribes. "They are," he says, "very cruel in war, torturing their prisoners, if they take any, (which, however, does not often happen,) in the most inhuman manner, mutilating and hacking them to pieces, and sometimes, in their savage excitement, even eating pieces of their flesh. The Sioux scalp in a more blood-thirsty manner than other Indians; not contenting themselves with the mere scalp, but, when practicable, taking the features, nose, lips, ears," &c. For the credit of Tobias Smollett, we are glad to receive such distinct corroboration of the practices of these beastly savages, as originally detailed by Lieutenant Lismahago, whose narrative doubtless must be familiar to every classical reader. Some passages in Mr Sullivan's book remind us irresistibly of the bridal ceremonies observed at the marriage of Squinkinacosta with the Scot, which, indeed, we feel an irresistible desire to insert.

"The princess had neither shoes, stockings, shift, nor any kind of linen; her bridal dress consisted of a petticoat of red baize, and a fringed blanket, fastened about her shoulders with a copper akewer; but of ornaments she had great plenty. Her hair was curiously plaited, and interwoven with bobbins of human bone; one eye-lid was painted green and the other yellow; the cheeks were blue; the lips white, the teeth red, and there was a black list drawn down the middle of the forehead, as far as the tip of the nose; a couple of gaudy parrot's feathers were stuck through the division of the nostrils; there was a blue stone set in the chin; her ear-rings consisted of two pieces of hickory, of the size and shape of drumsticks; her arms and legs were adorned with bracelets of wampum; her breast glittered with numerous strings of glass beads; she wore a curious pouch or pocket, of woven grass, elegantly painted with various colours; about her neck was

hung the fresh scalp of a Mohawk warrior, whom her deceased lover had lately slain in battle; and, finally, she was anointed from head to foot with bear's grease, which sent forth a most agreeable odour."

We should have been more chary of these quotations, did we believe that there exists the remotest chance of the Redskins improving towards civilisation, or abandoning, at the least, the more abominable practices of their forefathers. But we cannot say that we have any such faith in their future destiny. As there are some animals which cannot be tamed, so there are some races of men that seem proof against all civilisation. We are aware that this view is unpopular, nay, abhorred by a certain class of philanthropists, who, we verily believe, would, without hesitation, undertake to tame a Kaffir, or to educate an Australian nomad in the higher branches of mathematics. Such gentlemen had better go to the prairies, and exercise their persuasiveness in person. Right glad may they be if they are allowed to return with their hair, though without a single convert; for we fancy that even the "Old Racoon" would decline to entertain them permanently in his lodge. That any man in his senses should hanker after the Indian life, would appear to be almost incredible. And yet there have been instances of men who, in spite of delicate nurture, have rushed off to the wilderness, and of their own accord embraced the loathsomeness of barbarism. It is to be hoped that ignorance more than inclination has led to such lamentable and disgraceful cases of backsliding; for not even the temptation of perfect freedom can be pled in excuse for such an abnegation of the higher duties of humanity. On this point Mr Sullivan makes the following most just observations:—

"The cant about the trammels of civilisation, and the perfect liberty and independence of the savage in his native state, roaming where he listeth, is all humbug; nobody, in reality, has less liberty than the savage Indian. He cannot say, This country and manner of life does not suit me; I will go and live elsewhere. The instant he sets his foot out of his own country, he knows he will be

scalped. His position realises to the latter—'In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread.' His every movement is taken up by his exertion to procure food. The laws even of the society he exists in render him anything but a free agent. Witness the young warrior whose lodge was slit up on a cold winter's night, and his gun broken, because he had hunted without leave, (game laws, with a vengeance!) The more civilised and enlightened a country becomes, the greater liberty of thought and action its inhabitants enjoy. The honest labourer or sweeper of crossings in London has more real freedom than the proudest chief that ever hunted buffalo on the prairie."

Of buffalo hunting, the descendant of O'Sullivan More speaks rather contemptuously. Of our own knowledge, having never been adopted by the Old Racoon, Big Skunk, Waddling Tortoise, or any other Indian chief, we can neither corroborate nor refute his statement; but we have a strong impression that his view is essentially correct.

"The next morning, on awakening, we found seven large bulls close to camp. We 'ran' them and killed them all, our guides, I believe, doing the greater part of the execution; they were better mounted, and more up to the sport. Running buffalo for the first time, and the sensation of galloping alongside a brute that appears as large as a haystack, is novel and exciting; but after running them a few times the sport loses its excitement; and, for my part, I would rather have ten minutes with a pack of hounds across the worst county in England, than kill all the buffalo on the prairie. The bulls generally allow you to approach within 500 yards before they start off *à la course*. A good horse will catch them in half a mile; and once up and alongside, the pleasure is over, as you keep on loading and firing as fast as you can at a distance of five or six yards, till the animal drops or stops, when you dismount and finish him at your leisure. The death-struggles of such an enormous brute (and they die very hard) are most painful to witness. The sport is just dangerous enough to keep up a wholesome excitement, and to originate tales of hair-breadth escapes without number. There is the chance of your horse putting his foot into a fox or badger earth; there is the chance of the bull stopping suddenly and turning round, in which case, most probably, he receives the horse on his horns, and you make a voyage of dis-

covery over his head; and there is the chance, if you are fortunate, of his running at you when he is wounded. I only speak of these dangers from hearsay, as all the bulls I saw were in far too great a hurry to get away, to have any idea of turning upon their pursuers."

As, therefore, neither the people nor the sport on the prairies appear to be very inviting, we advise none of our friends who may be meditating a distant expedition, to penetrate so far. It is always safe to keep, at least, upon the skirts of civilisation. When you pass beyond, and get into the howling wilderness, you are likely to be in a sad quandary. Hunger and cold must be your daily concomitants; and although we can very well believe that buffalo-hump tastes divinely after a long ride, you cannot calculate upon such a luxury every day, but must make up your mind, on a pinch, to dine off wolf or skunk. Mr Sullivan did not like wolf, at which we are not surprised; and we fancy it would require some determination to make a hearty meal on weasels. But let us suppose that you have somehow or other contrived to procure the wherewithal to satisfy an appetite never so ravenous as on the prairie—that you are even enabled to solace yourself with a modicum of rum, and to blow a cloud before turning into roost—that a large cotton tree is blazing in the midst of the bivouac, and that you are free from any apprehension that in the course of the night either Crow or Sioux will make a larcenous attempt on your horses,—granting you this favourable combination of circumstances, which is by no means of frequent occurrence, what will be the nature of your slumbers?

"We 'humped' it for four days, snowing and sleeting continually, with the snow several inches deep, and a wind that went through you and came out the other side without stopping. You felt the breath out of your body was quite as cold as the air you took in. We had no fire but from buffalo-dung, which took a long time to collect, and then lasted but a very short time, giving scarcely any heat. Lying down in snow, with nothing to eat, and awakening next morning half frozen, and the snow nearly a foot deep over you, was by no means cheerful. A buffalo robe is the

warmest thing possible, so long as you can exclude the air; but during those cold drifting winds on the prairies, if a crevice of half-an-inch got open, you were half frozen; the wind came direct from the Pole, with hardly a stick or a hill to break its keenness. All our flour, pork, tea, and coffee had been exhausted for nearly a fortnight, and we had nothing but meat, meat, meat, harder and harder, half cooked, and more indigestible every day, washed down with either snow water, which is very unwholesome, or stagnant pool water, got with much difficulty by chopping a hole in the ice. One day, when the repetition of buffalo meat had become extremely nauseous, we boiled a few tit-bits of some of the large wolves we had killed, and ate them *par préférence*; but I cannot say it was an improvement."

Commend us by all means to a four-poster! Unpleasant as may be the interior of a lodge, we would rather remain there, even if deprived of the fascinating society of the Prolific Pumpkin, than run the risk of being frozen to death on those bleak and abominable wastes. We hope we are not much more effeminate than our fathers; and, although we dislike at all times lying out of doors, we think we could make shift beside a hay-cock. But the mere thought of these nights on the prairie chills us to the very marrow.

Many men will cheerfully undergo great hardships in the cause of science; and we have even known one or two nincompoops, who nearly fell martyrs to their exorbitant appetite for scenery. A keen sportsman, as a matter of course, will face anything; and so will a pedlar for the sake of a virgin market. But what can tempt people, who neither care for scenery, science, sport, nor profit, to the prairies? Nay, what temptation is there even for enthusiasts? Far better scenery, we are assured on every hand, can be had, combined with comfort. Science is at sea on the prairies; and the philosopher, yielding to the savage, confesses himself to be little better than an ass. Sport, as we have seen, is but indifferent—in fact, a day's deer-stalking in the Athole forest is worth the whole buffalo season. As for trade, we imagine that it is difficult to effect even a tolerable stroke of

business, now that beaver skins have declined in value; for unless the traders were to accept scalps in exchange for calico and powder, there is little else to be obtained from the cabin of an Indian brave. And, as yet, though "hair" is commonly quoted, we have seen no entry in the Liverpool mercantile lists under the specific denomination of "scalps." Our feeling, with regard to Mr Sullivan, is that of extreme gratitude for his candid account of the hardships which beset his way. His book may serve, like a sign-post at a dangerous ford, to warn others against rash and unprofitable attempts; and we really wish that such candour were more common. Why persuade some poor devil, by glowing descriptions of scenery which does not exist, to peril a life which, though not generally valuable, may be priceless in the eyes of some old mother or infatuated sister? Why lead, in short, an unhappy idiot astray, when all that he can acquire for his pains may be an ague to torment him for life? Here is a specimen of savage scenery, which we recommend to the attention of those who are anxious to survey nature in her primitive and undisturbed retreats:—

"The forests between Lake Superior and the Mississippi, where the country is very flat and wet, are composed almost entirely of black cypress: they grow so thick that the tops get intermixed and interlaced, and form almost a matting overhead, through which the sun scarcely ever penetrates. The trees are covered with unwholesome-looking mosses, which exhale a damp earthy smell, like a cellar. The ground is so covered with a rank growth of elder and other shrubs—many of them with thorns of an inch long—and with fallen and decayed trunks of trees, that it is impossible to take a step without breaking one's shins; not a bird or animal of any kind is to be seen, and a death-like silence reigns through the forest, which is only now and then interrupted by the rattle of the rattle-nake, (like a clock going down,) and the chirrup of the chitnunk or squirrel. The sombre colour of the foliage, the absence of all sun even at mid-day, and the vault-like chilliness one feels when entering a cypress swamp, is far from cheering; and I don't know any position so likely to give one the

horrors as being lost in one, or where one could so well realise what a desolate loneliness is. The wasps, whose nests like great gourds hang from the trees about the level of one's face—the mosquitos in millions—the little black flies and venomous snakes—all add their 'little possible' to render a tramp through a cypress swamp agreeable."

And what kind of tramp is it? Mr Murray has not yet, so far as we know, vouchsafed to put out a handbook for that part of the world; and even had he done so, we apprehend that there would be no minute directions for the threading of a cypress swamp. Now, we have no wish to make things appear worse than they really are. We do not think it necessary to depict one of these "swamps"—and we are glad that Mr Sullivan has taken the same line—as a morass, in order to cross which the unfortunate traveller has to leap from the back of one slumbering crocodile to the other, at the peril, if he misses his footing, of falling amidst knots of snakes whose bite is instantaneous death. The fact is, that no crocodile could exist in such a slough, and even the snakes are seriously to be pitied. Bad enough it is, in all conscience, without any attempt at exaggeration; and we can conceive nothing more horrible than the thought of a Cockney, yet fresh from the atmosphere of Ludgate Hill, being placed in such a position as the following:—

"When a stranger, uninitiated in the mysteries of woodcraft, and unprovided with a compass, loses his way in a forest, he invariably continues describing circles of greater or less diameter round the spot where he was first puzzled. And this is easily accounted for; for having nothing to guide him as to the points of the compass, and dreading lest he should be advancing too steadily in what may possibly be the wrong direction, he unconsciously continues walking in a circle, and very likely finds himself, at the end of several hours' toil, in the identical spot where he first commenced. All assistance from the sun is rendered impossible by the crowded growth of the timber. I have frequently, when wishing to form some idea of the time of day, tried to get a glimpse of the sun, and even climbed trees for that purpose, but without success."

That would be a pleasant situation for a poor lad whose knees could not afford barking, and whose muscles would not suffice to pull him up an ordinary spruce fir!

So much for the "outlying" portion of Mr Sullivan's experiences. When he has to deal with civilisation, and with civilised manners, we find him calm and temperate; and although, no doubt, to a young man—for such we suppose him to be—the decided differences of habit and thought, which are visible in the Anglo-Saxon race on either shore of the Atlantic, might provoke unnecessary, and even unfair comparison, we are glad to find that his good taste and discretion are at least equal to his talent. One subject there is, which cannot be passed over, and that is, the existence of slavery, in its worst and most hideous form, in the United States of America. At the present moment, it is perhaps useless to write dispassionately upon such a theme; for the novel of Mrs Beecher Stowe is in the hands or the thoughts of every one; and must rank hereafter infinitely less as a great literary triumph, than as a noble and sublime protest in the cause of outraged humanity. We are glad to observe that she has maintained the distinction, which a writer who feels so strongly as she does would have been apt to have overlooked, between the general treatment of the coloured population, and the detestable instances of cruelty which the law permits. That she has not exaggerated the atrocities which have been perpetrated under the sanction of that law, is clear upon the testimony of many well-informed and impartial witnesses. On this subject we shall insert a short extract from the pages of Mr Sullivan:—

"The company on board was very mixed, and as we got down south, changed very much for the worse. One young man, who embarked at St Louis, had been going a little too fast, and he was taking down half-a-dozen negroes to New Orleans to sell, just as you hear of a man sending up his horses to Tattersall's—with this difference, that whereas the horses are well groomed and looked after, these poor negroes were chained together, two and two, by the wrists, as if they had been convicts on their way to

prison. They seemed very happy, however, and chatted away like so many monkeys. The thoughtless happiness, however, of the African slaves, which is always in the mouth of the free and enlightened citizen, as an argument in favour of slavery, is not the happiness of a human being, but that of an animal. It cannot arise from the exercise of the social affections—for their wife and children, their kindred and friends—and all the ties that we hold most dear, are to them a blank page; they are theirs only for the day, and they know they may be taken away at any moment. It cannot be from the exercise of the intellect, or the faculties either of body or mind; but it is the happiness arising entirely from health, and the freedom from care. The former is an enjoyment which the Creator has annexed to life, and of which not even the slave-master can deprive them. Their happiness is not even that of the higher order of animals; for, as Paley says, happiness arising from health alone, is that of oysters, periwinkles, &c., and other sedentary animals.

"The most natural instincts, which are common to all animals, are denied to the negro. The affection of the mother for the child is not weighed in the balance for a second against the all-mighty dollar. Mothers and children are sold separately, without any sort of compunction. As for the father, he never knows anything about his children. As often as he changes his master he changes his wife. One old fellow told me he had been sold nine times, and had a different wife at each new home. In England, and in most civilised countries, the boy who takes the eggs from the nest, and the young birds from the mother, is considered as showing a want of humanity; but the slave-owner, who sells the mother from the children, and the children from the mother, incurs no censure whatever. The rights of property, as explained by the Scripture text, 'Is it not lawful to do what I will with my own?' distorted to suit their own views, is the answer always given in arguments of that kind. It does not follow that, because it is a man's interest to treat his slaves well, he always does so. It is not a man's interest to ride his horse to death in a good run; neither is it to the omnibus-driver's interest to overwork his horses: but still they do it. A rich man keeps his horses for pleasure, not profit; and therefore he does not grudge them expense and comfort: but slaves are never kept for pleasure. Profit, and profit at any cost, is all the slaveholder thinks of; and to that he will, if necessary, sacrifice the health and com-

fort, and even the life itself, of his slaves. The rich planter, when times are good, feeds his slaves well, and houses them well; but the small poor proprietor does neither: he buys broken-down negroes at a low figure; he feeds and houses them badly; they did not cost him much, and when they are worn out he can easily replace them."

But, after all, no argument is required on the matter. The present system cannot be defended on any pretext whatever. It is a cruel and hideous violation of the laws of God and of nature. Even if it were true that the negro is, intellectually speaking, of inferior capacity to the white man, that surely cannot be pled as any excuse for a code which, overlooking the intellect altogether, tramples on, and lacerates the affections and the ties of nature; and, awful to think, does the devil's work, by standing between man and his Redeemer! But how can even such a miserable Pharisaical plea as this be admitted, when it is notorious that, in the slave markets of America, thousands of persons, male and female, in whom the critical eye can scarcely detect any trace of African origin—descendants of the white man, inheritors of the Saxon feelings, and the Saxon intellect, many of them highly educated, Christians all of them—are exposed for public sale? The children of President Jefferson, after his death, were sold by public auction at New Orleans! Sold to what? To tyranny and lust; to degradation of the body, and perdition of the immortal soul.

But amidst the indignation and horror which the continuance of such a system cannot fail to excite, it is not wise that an unmeaning clamour should be raised without a view to some possible remedy. If we believed that the declamations of abolitionists on this side of the Atlantic would have the effect of shaming the Americans into an acknowledgment of their national crime, and into consequent atonement, we should advocate, by all means, an agitation in a cause so holy and so just; but we are very much afraid, indeed, that no remonstrance will be listened to. In the northern States, it is true, slavery does not exist; but in those States the social condition of the negro is hardly

better than in the south. He may be nominally, but he is not really, recognised as a man and a citizen. Still, the abolition of slavery in its worst form is more than something gained—it is a great step, which, we would to Heaven, could be extended to the southern States. But is there much chance of this?

"According to the census," says Mr Sullivan, "the slaves amount to between three and four millions. I expect they are considerably nearer the five than the three millions, and they are continually increasing. People look forward to the time when they will be emancipated, either by their own exertions, or by the State government. I do not see the slightest chance of either. As for doing it themselves, it is out of the question. Without arms, organisation, or direction, any revolt would only be followed by a war of extermination, which would not cease whilst there was a woolly head remaining in North America. The debased state of feeling among the slaves, which makes them fawn on the hand that strikes them, and prompts them to imitate their masters in every way, and the pride with which the mulatto cherishes any tinge of white blood, as a distinctive mark that separates him from the black negro, and attaches him to the white man, would always insure a large majority supporting their masters in any rising that might take place, and would paralyse any united attempt at revolt. Even if the government wished to liberate them, how are they to do it? They cannot buy four millions of slaves, at prices varying from a hundred to five hundred dollars. The south would never willingly give up their slaves for nothing, and the north would never insist on their doing so. The abolitionists are a very small minority of loud-talking men, who are just tolerated in the north, but who dare not show themselves in the western or southern States; and I am convinced that the abolition agitation is only thrown in the teeth of the south, more to annoy them, than with any idea that it is a consummation likely to take place, or even to be desired. Another very embarrassing fact is, that many of the southern properties, with their attendant slaves, are mortgaged to northern capitalists—and catch them giving up one single bright dollar to liberate a single black negro! The recent annexation of two such enormous tracts of country as Texas and New Mexico, both essentially fitted for the cultivation of sugar and cotton, has raised the price of slaves essentially."

This is by no means a hopeful view; but we cannot help thinking that Mr Sullivan is too rapid in assuming impossibilities. That there are serious, nay prodigious, difficulties in the way of emancipation, is perfectly true; and we have no expectation that such difficulties will yield to clamour, as the walls of Jericho crumbled before the blast of the Jewish trumpets. The publication of Mrs Stowe's book will, we are sure, do more towards convincing the people of America that their system is morally wrong, and to be reprobated, than hundreds of platform harangues delivered by the shallow-pated coxcombs who affect public exhibitions. Until the conquest of the conviction can be attained, we see no chance for any remedy at all. Mr Sullivan, however, especially in the latter part of the extract which we have just quoted, seems to regard the pecuniary interests involved as the great obstacle. A great obstacle it is, undeniably, but not an insuperable one; for such hostile interests may be overcome, provided there is a wish to overcome them. Those who clamour for *immediate* emancipation are no true friends of the negro. The accursed system has endured too long to be prostrated at a single blow;—against such a proposition society would rise in its own defence, and not without a show of reason. It would be a great matter if, in the first instance, the right of property in those who have any admixture of white blood in their veins could be annulled. Here is a vulnerable point in the system, a concession to humanity, for which, surely, the sympathy of many Americans could be secured; for, in innumerable cases, the quadroons and mulattoes are their own children, and they cannot altogether refuse to them that consideration which they will not accord to the negro. We do not believe that any man would willingly barter his own flesh and blood. It is no argument against this to say, that the abstract rights of the negro and the mulatto are the same. That may be—we shall not deny it; but surely it is better that one class should be freed than both remain in bondage. If some American statesman could be found to lead a movement in this direction, and to carry it to a success-

ful issue, he would lay a better and surer claim to immortal renown than the man through whose unwearying efforts the independence of his country was secured. Nor is it certain that interest is, after all, so much opposed to an amelioration, at least, of the negroes' lot, so as to rescue them from the worst of the evils which are inflicted by the present system. The forced separation of families—the violent severance of all natural ties—is undoubtedly the most hideous feature of slavery as it exists in America. That might be in a great measure remedied by a law which would convert the slave into a serf, and secure him from being dragged, at the caprice or through the misfortune of his master, from the land on which he was born. Personal servitude is not unknown, even at the present day, in Europe—to the negro it would be an inestimable boon; and the master would have no right to complain if he were simply forbidden to transfer.

This, however, is a question which can only be settled definitively by the Americans themselves. They must legislate for their own country; and they certainly will not be moved by any demonstration here. The most discouraging symptom is, the strong feeling of repugnance which still exists against the negro, and which operates, not only against his social position—for that is intelligible enough—but against his right to be regarded at least as a human being. We entirely agree with Mr Sullivan in the following remarks:—

“The re-enactment of the Fugitive Slave Bill last year—the most iniquitous bill ever framed by human beings—is a proof of the feeling of the country against the negro, and how little justice and humanity are considered when he is concerned. The bill was to enable slave-owners to recover slaves who had run away at any former period; and even individuals who had escaped upwards of thirty years were, with their children, who had never known slavery, seized in Boston and other free cities, and taken back to slavery! Some cases even more cruel happened, where, the parents being dead, the children, who had been born and brought up as free men and women, were claimed as the

children of slaves, and hurried to interminable slavery! Is it credible that, in this free country—the champion of liberty, as she calls herself, and in the nineteenth century—such a law as this could be revived, and acted up to with the most unflinching severity! The extreme vehemence with which the question of emancipation is argued by the slave-owners on one side, and the abolitionists on the other, goes far to prevent anything being done towards ameliorating the condition of the slaves. While one party demands everything, and nothing will satisfy them but total emancipation, the other refuses to abate one jot in the treatment of what they choose to consider their property.”

But further space is denied us, and we must now take leave of Mr Sullivan in rather an unceremonious man-

ner; for we have not accompanied him over nearly one-half of his journey. We recommend, however, his book to our readers, assuring them that they will derive both instruction and amusement from the narrative of his rambles among the West Indian Islands. As in duty bound, the inquiring traveller looked in upon quality balls, as he did upon Indian banquets; and we are not sure whether he is inclined to accord the palm of beauty to the swarthy Miss Floriana, with her head-dress of pomegranate flowers, or to the Prolific Pumpkin of the prairies. Any how, we take leave of him with our best wishes, hoping that he may improve his future hours of leisure as well as he has hitherto done.

MAJOR MOSS.

A CAMPAIGNING REMINISCENCE.

It was on a dark September night of the year 1835 that Jack Rutherford and myself sallied forth from the *Fonda de los Estrangeros*, in the Spanish seaport-town of T——, where we had dined much to our own satisfaction, and not a little to the inn-keeper's benefit. Such thirsty customers as Rutherford it was not often his luck to find amongst the paper-cigar - smoking, lemonade - swilling Dons, who were his usual supporters. We had been pretty moderate that evening. The Bordeaux at the *fonda* was unexceptionable—none of your Cete compounds, or London brew, concocted of Catalan wine, pump-water and chemicals, but genuine juice of the Garonne grape, wafted, in swift trincadores, straight across Biscay's bay. This was our tippie at dinner, and after dinner too; besides which, upon the day in question, Rutherford had interpolated a bottle of very fair champagne, and sundry glasses of prime old sherry. Finally, to correct any possible acidity of the claret, Jack had insisted on associating it with its twin product, Cognac; and, by our joint exertions, (Jack's chiefly,) the fragrant contents of a slender-necked bottle had been gradually mingled with water,

in the proportion of one to two, and sent to look after the various wines which had preceded it down our grateful gullets. Strictly sober, but in high spirits, we strolled through the dingy streets of T——, in which, although it was little after eleven, scarcely a creature was visible, except stray dogs, grubbing for garbage in the dust-heaps, and the *sarnos*. Spanish counterfeits of the ancient London Charleys, queer old boys carrying lanterns and armed with a sort of boat-hook, used, as Rutherford assured me, to hook people as they ran away, and then to goad them into the watchhouse.

Before we had passed through three streets, my companion, who had certainly drunk enough to last him till morning, felt his thirst revive, and insisted on introducing me to a wine-house, kept by an uncommonly pretty girl, and where the liquor was unexceptionable. My arguments in favour of a quiet bed at the *fonda*, and an appetite for breakfast next morning, as opposed to hot coppern, a headache, and a bad conscience, were totally unavailing. Jack was bent upon a visit to Mariquita's wine-skins; logic was lost upon him; and thinking it neither safe nor

friendly to desert him in his slightly exhilarated condition, I accompanied him. We found the tavern shut up, lights out, and all silent. No way discouraged, Jack played the Devil's tattoo on the door with his boot heels, for some time without result. At last, after much kicking, thumping, and shouting, an upper window opened, and a cracked voice bade us depart in God's name, and not disturb the neighbourhood and bring the police down upon a respectable house. Jack laughed horribly at the claim to respectability, swore prodigiously in Spanish, insisted upon admission, and threatened to break in the door. Whereupon the crone in the garret, alternately minatory and supplicatory, adjured him, in the name of the Virgin and saints, not to ruin her house, then shrieked to the guard to remove the mad Englishman, and finally bade him do his worst. The door was strong enough, she said, to keep out half-a-dozen; and if he wanted to get in, he had better scale the roof and go down the chimney. She ended her discourse by a slight flourish of Castilian Billingsgate, and a slam-to of the window. For a moment Jack stood aghast at the old lady's impudence; then, taking her ironical hint, he grasped the water-pipe, which extended from roof to basement, scuttled up it with true nautical agility, and reached the first-floor balcony. The odds were now clearly in favour of the besiegers. Jack shook a crazy old French window so rudely, that an upper pane, ill secured, fell with terrific crash and jingle upon the iron balcony. Just then I was half blinded by the light of a *sereno's* lantern, turned suddenly into my eyes, the bearer at the same time harshly apostrophising Jack, and requiring his immediate descent. Jack's reply was a Spanish version of a polite English phrase, which so offended the functionary that he at once sounded an alarm. This was replied to in several directions; and glancing up the neighbouring streets, I saw two or three lanterns, doubtless with *serenos* attached to them, hobbling towards us. I implored Jack to come down. Instead of complying, he seated himself on the railing of the balcony, his feet dangling over

the street, folded his arms, and whistled a bolero. Up came the watchmen, held a council of war how they should get him down, and surrounded me as if to take me prisoner. Suddenly Jack dropped like a shot into the midst of the group, knocked over one fellow in his descent, floored another with a left-hander, kicked the lantern out of the hand of a third, caught my arm, and dragged me away at double quick. We should have got clear off, had we not, on turning the corner of the street, run into the arms—not of Mariquita—but of a guard of grey-coated Spanish soldiers, who hemmed us in with levelled bayonets. It was useless to show fight, Jack's expostulations were disregarded, and we were marched off to the guardhouse, followed by the battered *serenos* and their broken lanterns.

Before relating how we got out of our scrape, I may as well explain the circumstances under which I found myself at T—. On my twentieth birthday I had been three years waiting for a commission, which Lord Tardy Epaulet, to whom I was recommended, had promised me I should receive "as soon as possible." Not feeling very confident of the early arrival of this possibility, and having ascertained from a friend, who had had a surreptitious peep at the document, that I was No. 900 on his lordship's list—that is to say, that there were still 899 meritorious and aspiring youths who had the advantage over me, at least of priority of application—I resolved to fill, by service abroad, the interval likely to elapse before I saw my name in the *Gazette*. Accordingly I accepted the offer of a cornetcy in The Queen's Own Death or Glory Hussars, then about to sail for Spain, to serve under the banner of Lieutenant-Colonel Evans, who had just been converted, by the grace of the graceless queen of Spain, into His Excellency the Lieutenant-General, Commanding &c., &c., &c. I take this opportunity of relieving my conscience by confessing that I knew nothing, and cared less, about the rights of the quarrel in which I was to bear arms; and that if his Westminster Excellency had displayed his standard—which was said strongly to

resemble an electioneering flag—on the side of John Carlos, (as our soldiers persisted in calling him,) instead of on behalf of the then innocent infant at Madrid, it would have made not the slightest difference in my readiness to follow it. I had not left school long enough to be quite as well acquainted with foreign affairs as the Secretary of State for that department is usually supposed to be, and my sole objects in going out were to see a little service—in preference to kicking my heels at Horseguards' levees—to acquire some practical knowledge of soldiering, and perhaps, in a minor degree, to wear a showy uniform. I recollect thinking it a great day for Ireland when I first paraded before my looking-glass, at my lodgings in Murphy Street, in the full tog of the Q.O.D.O.G.H., amidst the admiring plaudits of Mr Schneider, (of the firm of Schneider and Billhook, military tailors, Bond Street,) who had come down to Killalee to do for the regiment, bringing with him every imaginable necessary and unnecessary possible to be palmed upon greenhorns preparing for a campaign. A very showy uniform was that of the Q.O.D.O.G.H., thanks to Tomkins: indeed, some people said it was rather more showy than serviceable, and that fifty-guinea shabraques, jackets laden with lace, and pelisses covered with bullion and embroidery, although doubtless essential enough to the household cavalry or the Black Bottle Light Horse, were rather costly than convenient for newly-raised troops destined to a brief term of rough service in a foreign country. However, Tomkins and the tailor would have it so, and they must, of course, be obeyed. Tomkins was our lieutenant-colonel, having just received his promotion from a considerably lower rank which he held in the British service. He was an "old Peninsular," and came to us with the reputation of a very smart officer—a reputation which he possibly may have deserved a quarter of a century before. All his smartness now was confined to his own dilapidated person, which he was never weary of adorning. As a young man, Schneider confidentially informed some of his favourite customers, Tomkins had been

a renowned dandy and lady-killer. Unmentioned in Napier, there were traditions of him amongst the tailors, and Schneider got quite excited when relating how his daring and magnificent innovations on the regulation uniform had drawn down upon him repeated reprimands and arrests from martinet colonels, and were said materially to have impeded his promotion. Tomkins still made up very decently—although considerably on the wrong side of sixty—by the aid of stays, padding, hair-dye, and—malicious rumour whispered—the least possible touch of rouge. He was stiff in the joints, and could not throw his leg over his saddle quite so lightly as of yore; but when once settled in it, or on foot, well blacked, polished, and painted, he looked a very respectable sort of wooden soldier.

I cannot doubt that by far the happiest period of Tomkins' existence was the time that he spent in company with Schneider, fixing the details of his own regiment's uniform and accoutrements. The result, although confoundedly expensive to us poor subs, was creditable enough in a tailorly point of view, the only blunder made being in the button, which was cast with the initials of the regiment thus disposed—

Q. O.

D. O. G.

H.

The odd combination of letters in the second line, detected only when too late for alteration, was a constant source of annoyance to Tomkins, who was driven almost demented when he learned that it had given occasion to that impudent dog Joker, of the Tipperary Footpads, to nickname us the Canine Cavalry.

After a few weeks passed in constant drills and riding-school work at Killalee, whose good-natured, hospitable inhabitants promoted us all to majors and captains for the time being, we sailed for Spain, and had now been for a while in cantonments in the neighbourhood of T—. On the day in question I had ridden in to dine with Jack Rutherford, who was an immense ally of mine. Jack belonged to the artillery, and was waiting an opportunity to march up the country and join his battery, a

hundred miles or more in the interior. He was a fellow of great originality, who had been half over the world and back again, was at home in every place, and at ease in all society. He had entered the navy young, had been shipwrecked two or three times, in sundry affairs with pirates and slavers, and in queer adventures of all kinds; had once had to work his way home from the antipodes in a red shirt and a merchant vessel, and after all his roughing and knocking about found himself at thirty a master's mate, and without a ship, when an offer was made to him to go to Spain as lieutenant of artillery, for which post his familiarity with great guns was considered to qualify him. Jack at once accepted: he had no want of self-confidence, and would have accepted an embassy just as readily, had it been offered him. At T—— we had become acquainted, and were soon intimate companions.

To return to the guardhouse. The officer on duty heard the report of his sergeant, the complaint of the *serenos*, and the representations of Jack Rutherford, who had picked up a tolerable knowledge of Spanish in the West Indies, and, to my ears, was as good a Castilian as Cervantes himself. The Spanish officer, a steady old soldier and perfect gentleman, listened courteously to his voluble explanations, could not help laughing at the ludicrous turn he gave to the affair, and then gravely but gently represented the impropriety of such proceedings in time of war and in a garrison town. He evidently was indisposed to deal hardly with a couple of Englishmen out upon a frolic; and as I, in the mean time, had taken opportunity to mend the *serenos'* lanterns with a dollar or two, I saw that we might hope to pass the night in better quarters than the guardhouse. He had no doubt, the officer said, that we were both, as we represented ourselves, English officers; but as we were in plain clothes, and without papers to prove what we were, he suggested that we should send for a friend to identify us, after which he would release us, trusting we would thenceforward comport ourselves with more formality. A soldier was accordingly despatched with a card, on which I

wrote a line, to the quarters of a captain of my regiment in town on sick leave.

Anybody would have been amused—I, as a raw youth, felt intense admiration—at the manner in which Jack availed of the next quarter of an hour, passed in the room occupied by the officer on guard. The Spaniard was at first a little stiff in his manner—evidently perplexed between the desire to behave as a *buon camerado* to the foreign auxiliaries from whom such great things were expected, and a sense of his duty towards prisoners brought in for a street row. Jack's first move was to inquire, in his most winning manner, and with a smile that would have melted a glacier, if it was permitted to smoke. There could be no doubt about the reply. The Spaniard himself handed a charcoal from his *brasero*. Jack lit a choice Havana, whose first puff perfumed the apartment, and presented his cigar-case to the obliging officer. It would have been ungracious—in Spain almost discourteous—to refuse, and we all three blew an amicable cloud. There had been a skirmish in the environs a few days previously between the garrison of T—— and a Carlist expeditionary corps, in which the Queen's troops had had a few men wounded, and having captured a lame drummer, a mule, and half-a-dozen muskets, of course claimed a brilliant victory, and published a bombastic bulletin. Taking for granted that the lieutenant had been in the affair, Jack adroitly complimented him, lauded Spanish heroism, then darted off to South America—where, when first at sea, he had seen something of the struggle between Spaniards and Patriots—and told most astounding stories of the valiant feats of the Spanish troops and generals engaged there, although the rascal had told me, only the day before, that they had invariably either run away or been well thrashed. In less than fifteen minutes the lieutenant had totally forgotten what had brought us to the guardhouse, addressed Jack as his "*amigo*," accepted an invitation to breakfast with him when he came off guard, and appeared on the point of vowing eternal friendship to Englishmen in general, and Rutherford in

particular, when, just at that moment, a soldier appeared at the door and reported the arrival of an English *caballero*, who entered the room as he spoke. Instead of the comrade I expected, I was surprised to behold a total stranger, who, after a quick glance at all present, addressed himself to me, as promptly and confidently as if my name had been written on my face.

"Lieutenant Green, I presume."

"Cornet Green," amended I.

"Happy to make your acquaintance, sir," squinting at my card, which he had in his hand. "Captain Ramsay returned to his duty to-day—gone out to cantonments. I am quartered in the same house, and your card was brought to me. Came on at once. Perhaps I may do as well. Ah! I see"—(here he again ogled the card)—"slight scrape—good wine—youthful spirits. I've seen a few things of the sort. Passed a night in a Spanish guardroom myself, I recollect—half-a-dozen of us—some story about clearing a coffee-room—after Albuera, it was—bad blood at that time between English and Spanish officers—they had run like hares, and then published a bulletin in which the English were not even mentioned. Just like them—you'll find that out by and by. Our affair was hushed up, though, or the Duke would have made short work of it. Old Douro didn't understand jokes of that kind. Hated brawls and rows, and wouldn't have overlooked them even in his best officers—which, I may venture to say, some of those in question were. But touching your affair, Mr Green. And first let me introduce myself—as Major Moss, late of His Majesty's 125th."

I bowed, and introduced Rutherford to the Major, who was a stout-built man, past the middle age, with dark aquiline features, and hair slightly grizzled. His "got-up" was strictly military—the popular ideal of an English veteran officer—stiff black stock, blue surtout buttoned high, whiskers shaved sharp off in a line with the bottom of the ear, buckskin gloves of snowy whiteness. His off-hand manner and easy assurance carried everything before him. In very indifferent Spanish—had for-

gotten it, he said, since he was there with the Duke—he introduced himself to the officer of the guard as a British *commandante*, who had served under the great Wellington in the War of Independence, and had now come over, on a tour of pleasure, to observe the operations of the Spanish armies, whose gallantry he had learned to respect in former days. This last compliment, coming on the top of Jack's pretty speeches, completely subjugated the Spaniard; and I have no manner of doubt that, had we required it, he would have handed over the command of the guard to us. As we did not exact so much, he contented himself with conducting us to the door of the guardhouse and wishing us a very good night.

Rutherford and I would have at once returned to our inn, but we had to pass the Major's quarters in our way, and he insisted on our stepping in for ten minutes, and for a single glass of grog by way of nightcap.

"Lascelles!" cried the Major, as we entered a capital apartment strongly scented with Oriental pastiles, Latakia tobacco, and rum punch—"Lascelles, here are two of our gallant young countrymen, come out to support the throne of Her Catholic Majesty. Honourable Lewis Lascelles—Mr Green, Queen's Own Death or Glory Hussars—Mr Rutherford, of the Artillery."

The Honourable Mr Lascelles rose languidly from his arm-chair to return our bows. He was a fair-haired, effeminate-looking young man of about five-and-twenty. His features had something foreign in their cast; altogether he was rather good-looking, and evidently thought so. His neck was bare—on his feet he wore Turkish slippers—a dressing-gown of brilliant hues enfolded his slender person—his ruddy lips languidly caressed the amber mouthpiece of a cherry-stick pipe, which reached half way across the room.

It was well on in the small hours of the morning before Rutherford and I quitted the Major's quarters. The impression left upon my youthful mind by the prolonged sederunt, was one highly favourable to our new acquaintances. The Honourable Lascelles I certainly thought a little

too much of the exquisite—a trifle more of the silver-fork-and-rose-leaf school about him than met my ideas of manliness—but then his fine airs and drawling nonchalance sat well upon him. His style of dress was decidedly peculiar and somewhat showy, but at the same time airy, graceful, and characteristic of the man of high fashion, who had lived much abroad. But Major Moss was the boy for me—a splendid specimen of the British veteran. I could have sat till daylight, and again till dark, listening to his tales of war, of battles, skirmishes, and venturous escapes. He had been everywhere, knew everybody. He had dined with the Duke a few days before starting for Spain; was intimate with Napier, and the four volumes then published of that officer's *History of the Peninsular War* lay upon his table. He showed me the words "The Author to an old friend and comrade" inscribed in a bold sprawling hand at the commencement of Volume One. With General Evans he was not on terms—some old dispute when they were on the staff together—and he therefore did not mean to go to his headquarters—there would be an awkwardness about it—but would proceed up the country, at the first opportunity, and visit some of the principal towns in the north of Spain, attach himself perhaps for a time to a Spanish *corps d'armée*—to see, he said, if the Dons had improved in soldiering since his day—and ultimately probably proceed to Madrid, and home to England by way of Andalusia, where he proposed to winter. In short, the Major talked a great deal that evening, in a sort of laconic, off-hand way; touched on innumerable subjects, chiefly of a more or less military nature; gave me some excellent advice as a young soldier—seemed, indeed, to take quite a fancy to me—hoped he should see me often, and that we should be going up the country at the same time, when he should have great pleasure in conducting me over some of the famous battle-fields of the Peninsular War. I was duly attentive, gratified, and grateful; the Honourable Lascelles sat listless and somnolent, trifling with his amber mouthpiece, and oc-

asionally vouchsafing a remark; Rutherford, contrary to his custom, said little or nothing.

I was favoured next morning after breakfast with Jack's opinion of our new friends. Jack had had a hammock slung in his room at the *fonda*, and, when there was nothing better to do, would lie in it half the day, smoking Cavendish in a short black pipe, and spinning yarns of his past life, to which he was sure to find as many attentive listeners as there were persons present. I, who at that time was enthusiastic after everything in the way of adventure, was never weary of his vivid pictures of fights with slavers, cutting-out parties, cruises amongst savages, and frolics in West Indian towns, varied occasionally by an episode of a more touching and domestic character. Jack had been a wild slip in his youth—had run away from home—and gone to sea in a merchantman, where he found hard fare, rough usage, and just enough leisure heartily to repent his folly. And he more than once made the most heedless amongst us look grave, when he told how he returned to his village home in an inland county, and of his faltering, hesitating walk along the leafy avenue leading to his father's parsonage—ashamed as he was to show himself in his coarse seaman's dress, which was in rags, whilst his toes had pierced his only shoes in the long march from the distant seaport—and how his elder sister started at sight of the wild sailor lad when he came suddenly upon her, as she sat, clad in deep mourning, in the shadow of the honeysuckle porch; and how she wept when she recognised him, and told him of his mother's death. When he got to this part of his story, the lines on Jack's honest countenance, which was burned to a deep brick-dust colour by exposure to sun and storm, would grow more rigid, and he would lie silent for a while, sucking his pipe very hard, until his gay companions had almost forgotten his presence, when he would burst out suddenly with some quaint sally or reminiscence, that set the room in a roar. A worthy and true-hearted fellow was Jack Rutherford; and it was a treat to see him, as I

often did at a later day, galloping his light guns into the hottest of the enemy's fire, and singeing the very whiskers of the infantry with his close and deadly discharges. Poor Jack! he had a presentiment he would die in Spain, and it did not deceive him; but he surely deserved a better fate than to be picked off from behind a bush by a lurking marauder.

Jack listened very stoically to my fervent eulogium of Major Moss, smiled once or twice, but said nothing until I questioned him directly as to his opinion of the gentleman. He did not know, he said—had not had time to form one. The Major seemed a very fine fellow in his way—talked rather much—rather a young man to have been in all those battles he told of. Respecting the Honourable Lascelles he was more decided in his opinion; thought him an infernal puppy, with his long pipe and fine dressing-gown, and affected lisp; didn't like the cut of his jib at all—something Jewish in it—very like a Jew at Calcutta, who had once sold him a pinchbeck watch and appendages as gold of Ophir; could not bear fair Jews—was not particularly fond of dark ones.

I totally differed with Jack's estimate of our new acquaintances, but I avoided controversy on the subject, and soon afterwards left the *fonda* to return to out-quarters. Riding towards the town gate, I fell in with Major Moss, mounted on a stout Spanish pony. He joined company, laughed over my misadventure of the night before, was chatty and amusing, rode out of the town with me, and finally accepted an invitation to accompany me to cantonments, take camp-kettle luck and pass the day. We had no regimental mess at that time, but fed together by threes and fours on such fare as the villages yielded. The Captain and two jolly subs, who were my mess companions, made much of the stranger, who was invited to return as often as he felt disposed, and who did return, and soon became acquainted with the whole regiment. The Honourable Lascelles sometimes accompanied him, but not often, being of sedentary habits, addicted to solitude and smoke, and also, as his friend confidentially informed us, a terrible Lothario, and

much taken up just then with a certain beautiful marchioness resident at T—.

Orders at last came for the squadron to which I belonged to march up the country. With it went the Colonel and part of the staff of the regiment. Rutherford had preceded us by a fortnight; but Major Moss, who, although on more or less intimate terms with most of our fellows, had always shown a marked preference for me, his first acquaintance in the corps, was to go with us. He had some time since been introduced to the Colonel, upon whom he made an excellent impression. Tomkins was one of those men who are stiff and inaccessible enough if they detect timidity or deference in a new acquaintance, but bland as guava jelly when treated rather cavalierly. Acting upon hints he had obtained, or upon intuitive perception of character, Major Moss treated him from the very first in an easy, off-hand, almost patronising way, (for which his superior rank in the British service may have seemed to him sufficient warrant,) maintaining himself on a footing of perfect equality, at the same time that he adroitly threw in complimentary references to Tomkins' early military career, to his smartness as an officer, his lady-killing exploits in Southern Europe, his exquisite taste in dress, &c. &c. &c. In short, Tomkins took quite a fancy to the Major—paid him many attentions—obtained him, upon some nefarious pretext, an authorisation to draw rations for horses and servants—lent him a baggage animal—and finally, on the morning of our departure from T—, the Major's pony having gone lame, actually also lent him one of his own chargers; I doing a like good office to the Honourable Lascelles, whose brace of mountain cobs were sufficiently loaded with his pipes, wardrobe, nicknacks, and pictures. For I forgot to mention that my two new friends were enthusiastic lovers of art and objects of vertu, and had already, since their arrival in Spain, made a considerable collection of church ornaments, old-fashioned arms, and pictures of price, intended, Major Moss informed me, to enrich the magnificent gallery and museum of the Lascelles family.

We were all weary of our cantonments, and eager for action, and it was a joyful day when boot and saddle sounded—for the last time for us—in the muddy uncomfortable hamlets where we had for some weeks been quartered, without other occupation than perpetual drills and field days. The enemy was not in the neighbourhood of our line of march, and for the first two days we were unaccompanied by infantry. But at the small town at which we passed the second night, the officer commanding offered to send a company with us on our following day's march. There were flying parties of Carlists about, and as the road was hilly, and in some places fringed with forest, a handful of hostile infantry might, without risk to themselves, cause us great annoyance.

Colonel Tomkins, amongst whose faults want of caution was not to be included, readily accepted the proffered escort, for which, however, judging from appearances during the early part of the day, there was not the slightest occasion. There was no sign of an enemy—not so much as a distant vedette, or the smoke of a picket-fire. But towards noon, the character of the road changed. The hills, previously distant on our right and left, closed in upon us. The road ran at the base of a steep range of rocks, thickly clothed with brushwood, from which we were separated but by a strip of level ground, in few places more than a hundred or two yards wide. On our other hand, the ground sank abruptly to a depth of thirty or forty feet, and we overlooked a green valley, partially cultivated, dotted with trees, watered by a tortuous stream, and on whose further side, towards the foot of the opposite mountains, stood several small villages, each with its church tower, and, upon a sunny slope, the ponderous walls of an extensive convent.

I was riding at the head of the squadron. A slight ascent of the road was terminated, about a quarter of a mile in our front, by a ridge, which had just been topped by a party of infantry—they, in their turn, being preceded by an advance of three hussars. The Colonel, two other officers, and Major Moss, were a short

distance ahead of the squadron. I was admiring the picturesque group of the infantry, whose figures, on attaining the summit of the ridge, were clearly defined against the sky, when they suddenly halted. The officer commanding them advanced a step or two, then turned to his men, gave an order, and drew his sword. The men handled their arms. Just then a shot was fired further to the front, quickly followed by another—two, three more—then a whole volley, and then—two shots close to my ear, as they seemed, but in reality at about a hundred yards off, out of the wood on our right. One bullet whistled close by my head; another made a bloody streak across the crupper of a trumpeter's horse just before me. A hussar came at a canter over the ridge, closely followed by two riderless horses. It was our advance, driven in, two out of the three men having fallen.

The suddenness of this attack, on such young troops as were then the Q. O. D. O. G. Hussars, caused some confusion, and for a minute or two nobody seemed to know what to do. As an humble sub, I, of course, had merely to wait orders. Pending these, I looked about me. In several parts of the wood on our right I saw a movement; here and there a musket barrel gleamed, and I once or twice discerned the Carlists' blue and red caps. Straggling shots were fired, but with little effect. It was to our front that the enemy were in force: I heard a considerable popping going on there, but could see nothing of it, owing to the rise in the road. A little in front of me Tomkins was consulting with his captains. Inexperienced though I was in the noble art of war, I plainly saw that we were in a very nasty position for cavalry—on a narrow road, with a sort of precipice to the left, and with a thick wood close up to our right. Our best, and, indeed, our only plan for avoiding damage that might be considerable, and that we could not possibly retaliate, was to retire from the proximity of the wood, which was naturally the base of our light-infantry enemy's operations, and to get into the open ground upon our left, where, if the Carlists thought proper to follow us,

horse could act with advantage. I was running my eye along the side of the road, to see if there was any place where we could file down into the fields, when somebody passed before me. It was Major Moss, his horse's head turned to the rear.

"I am going to fetch the infantry," said he, without waiting to be questioned.

"You may spare yourself the trouble," I replied; "they are coming up."

"I will hasten them, then," said the Major, who himself seemed rather in haste, "and at the same time look after my baggage."

"Your baggage is safe enough," said I, detaining him. "Better stay here and see the fun."

The Major looked a little disturbed, I thought—a shade paler than usual he seemed to me—but it might be only fancy. Just then a bullet from the bushes, passing in front of me, went slap into the top of his holster-pipe. Could I have believed it possible for so old a soldier to be affected by such a trifle, I should have said he started. The next instant he smiled grimly.

"Sharp work this," he said. "Reminds me of Fuentes d'Onoro." And putting his heels to his horse, he rode off to the rear.

I did not, at that moment, give another thought either to the Major or to the probable similarity between the trifling skirmish now commencing, and the severe combat of Fuentes d'Onoro, for I had caught sight of a place where it seemed to me probable we might get off the road and into the fields. Just then the rest of the infantry came up. They were only about a hundred men strong, inclusive of the party whom we heard blazing away beyond the ridge; but they were well officered, which is not always the case with Spanish troops. Half of them went forward to support their comrades engaged in front. The other half lined the low stone parapet to the right of the road, and returned the fire of the Carlists in the wood. Tomkins had sent forward an officer to the top of the ridge, to ascertain how things looked in front. A steep and rugged road, was the report, the wood coming down close to it for a distance of at least a mile—that

being as far as could be seen, a second ridge then occurring—the Carlists seemed in some force, and the precipice on the left continued, increasing in depth, without any visible means of descent into the level. That such a descent, if practicable, was by far our best resource, had not unnaturally occurred to Tomkins and others, as well as to an inexperienced soldier like myself; but the practicability was more than doubtful. Tomkins was evidently at a nonplus; riding to the road-side, he craned over the edge to look for a practicable slope. Without waiting orders, I galloped a hundred yards to a place where a sort of promontory jutted out into the fields. On its further side, fringed with bushes, I found a gentle slope, concealed from the road by the foliage overhanging it, and not easy to detect. I rode back to report my discovery to the Colonel. It was not made too soon; for the Carlists, who had either received reinforcements, or gained fresh courage from our inaction and embarrassed position, managed not only to give full employment to our infantry, but to gall ourselves considerably. Several horses and two or three men were wounded, and there seemed danger of our losing part of our baggage. Prompt measures were now taken. I and another officer were sent, with twenty men, to repel by a charge an attempt upon the baggage, should the enemy come upon the road. As I trotted into the rear I caught a glimpse of my friend Major Moss. He was dismounted, and standing with his (or rather Tomkins') horse between him and the fire of the enemy. He looked disturbed and anxious.

"Ah, my dear boy!" he cried, as I rode up, "this is kind. So you heard of my accident. Only a spent ball, but rather painful;" and he made a step towards me, limping terribly.

It was no time for sympathy or kind inquiries.

"Close up with the baggage!" said my senior in command; and the grooms and muleteers bustled and goaded, and flogged their beasts, frequently looking over their shoulders the while, as though but moderately pleased at the foe's proximity and their own nearly defenceless condition. Tom-

kins and the squadron were already filing down into the fields. The baggage animals and led horses moved quickly after them. Happening to turn my head, I saw my friend the Major get into his saddle with an activity that relieved me from all anxiety with respect to his wound. We brought up the rear at a short distance, till all had reached the fields, and then filed down ourselves, and joined the squadron, which was drawn up on a fine level turf half a mile from the road, with the baggage well in rear, and the surgeons busy looking to the wounded; whilst old Lampass, the vet., was paying the same attention to the injured horses—more numerous than the human sufferers.

The infantry next retired from the road upon our position, followed by the Carlists, who, it now became evident, considerably outnumbered them. There was a brisk but brief skirmish. The enemy—active fellows, irregularly uniformed, but well armed with long-barrelled muskets of unusual range—pressed our foot-soldiers hard, and, carried away by the ardour of the fight, were soon nearer to us than to the road, and their bullets fell thick about us. Then Tomkins ordered a troop to charge. Advancing at a canter, our line was quickly disordered by clumps of bushes and inequalities of the ground. The Carlists ran like mad when they saw us in motion, but they were not quick enough. Our charge, although irregular, and in a sort of straggling open order—such as I afterwards frequently saw made with good results by Zurbano's Cossack-like lancers—was effective, and the slowest of the runaways were sabred. The others reached the road, and did not again venture to any distance from it.

On rejoining the squadron, one of the first persons I observed was Major Moss. He was on foot; a handkerchief was bound round his leg, and a servant was brushing his clothes, which were dirty and clay-stained. His horse had reared and thrown him down, he told me, just as he was mounting to accompany us in our charge; and, besides the bruise on his leg from the spent ball, he had strained his back, which had alone prevented him from having a cut at

the rascals in the wood. (The Major, I should observe, wore a sword upon the march, and carried pistols.) I saw the man who was rubbing him down grin as he spoke, and heard a soldier say something, of which I caught only the words—"safe in a ditch," but which seemed hugely to divert his comrades. At a later period the real state of the case was more clearly explained to me.

Marching for a short distance over the fields, we regained the road a little farther on. Thenceforth the country was less favourable to ambuscades; and, without other adventure, we reached our halting-place for the night—a large village, open, but garrisoned, and having, like many of the villages in Northern Spain at that time, a strong loopholed guardhouse, capable of holding out for some time if artillery were not brought against it. There were a number of large handsome houses in this village, which had not as yet suffered from the war, but which, at a later period, I saw in grievous plight—sacked, half burned down, and with scarcely a tithe of its inhabitants remaining. Then, however, it looked cheerful enough, and tolerably populous. We got good billets, and soon learned that we were to remain there all the following day. We had had three very fatiguing marches, and the respite was agreeable, especially to the wounded, and to our horses, which had not yet got used to hard work on chopped straw and barley.

On the second evening passed in this village, I was returning rather late to my quarters, when, at the angle of a garden wall which enclosed one of the best houses in the place, I ran against and nearly upset a person standing in its shadow, who uttered an exclamation of alarm. It was so dark that, although close to him, I could not distinguish his features, but I recognised the voice as that of Major Moss, who had risen that morning seemingly quite recovered from the effects of his yesterday's casualties.

"Hallo, Major!" cried I, "what are you doing here?"

"Ha, my dear boy!" replied the Major, with a sigh of relief; "is it you? I am delighted; I thought it

was—but never mind. Where are you off to?"

"To bed, to be sure; and should think it a better place for you than these gasless lanes. You know that we march at—"

I stopped, for just then there was a low whistle, quickly followed by a sound, thrice repeated, of hands clapped cautiously together. "What the deuce is that?" said I.

"Hush!" said the Major, laying his hand on my arm; and he gave a similar whistle in reply. I now first perceived that he was enveloped in a large cloak.

"Moss! Moss!" said a voice, not loud but distinct, and which came from a little distance—"Quick! Where are you?"

"Discretion, my dear young friend," said the Major, speaking close to my ear in a quick whisper. "It is Lascelles—a lady in the case. Leave me, I entreat you. To-morrow you shall know all;" and, gliding from me, he disappeared in the darkness.

It struck me as rather odd that the Major, at his time of life, should be playing the cloaked gallant, and engaged in midnight adventures, however suitable the part might be to the fascinating Lascelles; but it was no business of mine, and I went at once to my quarters. We marched at grey of morning; and, as soon as the sunbeams had dissipated drowsiness, I rode abreast of the Major, and ventured an allusion to his recent nocturnal prowling. He laughed.

"Ah!" he said, "you think it strange an old soldier like me should be dangling after damsels and dealing in cloaks and rope-ladders. You are right, my dear Green; all that was well enough on my first visit to the Peninsula—I *could* perhaps tell a tale or two of that time—but not now. The fact is—I don't wish it to be known, but I am sure I can rely on your discretion—the fact is, that fellow Lascelles gives me a deal of uneasiness. His father is my old comrade and intimate friend, and committed him in some measure to my charge. Now, my dear Green, see my position! You are a young man of sense beyond your years, and will duly appreciate its difficulties; for, I repeat it, you are a man of

great judgment and good sense, and of knowledge of the world unusual at your age. I have been thinking a good deal about you this last day or two. I am anxious to serve you, and have been considering how to do it. General Alava is an old Peninsular friend of mine—we were once on the staff together—and I propose, if you do not object, writing to him by an early post, and mentioning in the strongest terms your gallant behaviour in that skirmish the other day."

I felt myself colour with pleasure, and, warmly shaking the Major's hand, expressed my acknowledgments—visions of promotion, of staff appointments and brilliant decorations, floating before my eyes.

"Well, as I was saying," continued the Major, "Lascelles is a fine fellow, but young and imprudent. He has come to Spain with his head full of romance, dreaming of serenades, balconies, twirling fans, black-eyed dames, and so forth. I may advise, but I cannot control him; and I am in daily apprehension of his being brought home with a deadly wound from the knife of some vindictive Spaniard."

The Major was proceeding with his explanation, when another officer joined us, and during the remainder of the march there was no opportunity of resuming this confidential conversation. That night's halt was at a place called Oña, famous for a great old convent, the burial-place of sundry Spanish princes, but which had then been turned into barracks, and considerably knocked about and plundered. I expected to meet the Major at the *posada*, where some of us were quartered, and where we all dined; but neither he nor Lascelles appeared. Next day I was orderly officer, and had to ride forward to take up quarters. This was a disagreeable duty, which we subalterns performed in turn, the quartermaster having remained sick at T—. The road now was perfectly safe, the weather fine, and the march pleasant.

My various duties were not over until late that evening, and I then betook myself to the village inn, where a number of officers were assembled. They had dined, and were sitting over hot wine. Major Moss

was of the party. Whilst I was getting my dinner, the adjutant came in, looking half vexed, half diverted.

"The colonel's in a devil of a way," he said. "The squadron is accused—of what do you suppose? Nothing less than housebreaking and sacrilegious! At that place with an unpronounceable name, where we halted after the skirmish, the country residence of some Spanish grandee was broken into, and plundered of a lot of valuable pictures. The house was uninhabited, except by an old woman left in charge. The robbers, it seems, gagged and bound her; but after some time she managed to get rid of the gag, and squalled till assistance came. She swears the burglars were *Inglesees*, but seems to have been awfully frightened, for there is no making anything of her description of them. The colonel is to have further particulars to-morrow. Then from Oña another report has come. You recollect the old convent there?—one would not have thought there was much to be got out of that. But it seems there is a church belonging to it, into which robbers (also said, from certain traces they left, to be English) broke their way last night. They considerably abstained from meddling with the toe-nail of St Casilda, St Francisco de Paula's shirt-collar, and other precious relics enshrined there. But this forbearance does not console the monks for the loss of a valuable altar-piece, some church plate, and sundry brocaded vestments of considerable value. In short, there is the devil to pay. The priests and Spanish authorities are all up in arms; the colonel is furious at the stigma cast upon the regiment, and swears he will sift the matter to the very bottom."

This intelligence naturally gave rise to much speculation and conversation. Suspicious were pointed in various directions. There were several private servants, and other camp-followers, marching with the squadron, not all of whom bore the most immaculate of characters. Some suspected *them*. Others doubted that the thieves were English at all—thought they might be Spaniards, who had palmed themselves off as foreigners,

to distract pursuit from the right direction. A third party admitted the painful possibility of the delinquents being found in the ranks of the Q. O. D. O. G. Hussars. In short, for full half an hour the matter was briskly discussed, amidst the smoke of cigars and the fumes of the mulled Rioja wine. Then somebody proposed cards. We played pretty late, considering that the reveille was to sound a full hour before daylight, for the next day's march was a long one; and, as often happens, the stakes got higher as the game proceeded. I was unlucky, and the best part of a month's pay was transferred, in bright quadruples, from my pocket to that of Lascelles, who was the principal winner. Major Moss also won, as we all thought, but at the end of the evening he declared himself a loser.

"I hate gambling," said he, as he stood, candle in hand, at my room door, just as I had tumbled into bed, sleepy, and rather savage at having lost my money. "The worst thing possible in a regiment. The Duke hated it too. I remember once, in Portugal, it was whilst we were shut up in Torres Vedras—but I see you are tired, and, faith, so am I. I will tell you the story another time. Good night. By the by, my dear fellow," he continued, coming back, "the mornings are very chilly now, and on arriving here, my infernal servant coolly informed me that he had lost my cloak on the road. I gave it him to carry when the sun got warm, and the rascal managed to drop it. Can you lend me something to keep the rheumatism out of my old bones, till my heavy baggage comes up?"

The Major's heavy baggage, I supposed, would come up on elephants. He was already, as it seemed to me, pretty well off for *impedimenta*, to be travelling in a disturbed country and over Spanish roads. He and Lascelles had four well-laden baggage animals between them, one belonging to Tomkins, the three others strong rough brutes, of a kind purchasable, in those parts, for fifteen or twenty dollars a-piece. They rode, as I think I before mentioned, horses that I and the colonel had lent them.

"Well," said I, "I hardly know. I can't march without my uniform cloak, you see, and my pea-jacket wouldn't fit you. I'm really afraid I can't oblige you."

"But that furred wrapper of yours—lend me that, can't you? It will be the very thing. To-morrow we halt at a town, and I can buy a cloak."

Now, truth to tell, I did *not* much like to lend the Major the furred wrapper, as he called it, which was a bit of boyish extravagance and dandyism, a sort of dark-green *polonaise*, lined with squirrel fur—a deuced comfortable sort of thing on a cold night, and, as I flattered myself, a particularly knowing and handsome piece of togger. However, there it lay upon a chair; at that time of day I was a bad hand at refusing anything—thought it looked ill-natured, mean, and so forth, and moreover I was just then extremely sleepy—so I told the Major to take it, turned on my pillow, and was asleep before he had shut the door.

How I cursed the trumpets the next morning, as they clanged out the reveille in front of the *posada*, my drowsy servant at the same time stumbling into my room with a stinking oil lamp in his hand—one of those primitive iron beaks, still used in Spain, which look as if they had been stolen from a museum of antiquities. There was no help for it, however. A hasty wash, a rapid pack, a struggle into my boots, a brief visit to the stables of my troop, a hurried breakfast on delicious chocolate, (luxury of the poorest Spanish village,) and then into the saddle. Whilst the squadron formed up, I looked about for Major Moss, whose old military habits made him usually as punctual on parade as though his presence had been required there. This morning he was absent, but I saw his servant at the stable door, busy saddling and arranging the baggage, and I called to him to know where his master was. He was rather late, the man said, but was getting up. Just then the Major put his nightcapped head out of window.

"Late on parade," cried I.

"Yes," said he; "couldn't sleep all night. Very lively beds these. Didn't you find them so?"

I had been too tired to attend to such trifles.

"Lascelles is still snoring, I believe," said the Major; "but I'll have him up directly, and we'll be after you in no time. Ah, Tomkins, how d'ye do? We shall bring up the rear to-day. Road quite safe, is it not?"

"Perfectly so, I believe," replied Tomkins, rather stiffly, as if he did not much relish the nightcapped Major's free and easy address, in front of his assembled squadron.

Major Moss winked at me, nodded, shut the window, and in five minutes, and with the first sunbeam, we marched out of the place.

Several times in the course of the morning I looked back along the road, expecting to see the Major and his friend, with their well-laden baggage animals, trotting up in our rear. But I looked in vain. The day wore on. About noon a half-hour's halt was called, in a pleasant vine-embowered village, to feed the horses and refresh the men;—still the absentees did not rejoin us. The sun sank; dusk came, then darkness, and we halted for the night. Quarters taken up, and the routine of duty gone through, the officers assembled, as usual, for supper at the inn. No signs of the Major; his absence became the subject of conversation. Could anything have happened to him? Was the road quite safe? Were there parties of the enemy about? The two last questions were satisfactorily replied to. Only one doubt arose. Early in that day's march, we had passed a place where the road forked. Ours was the left hand route. That to the right led straight into the Carlist country. Could the travellers have made a mistake—been purposely misled, perhaps, by some ill-disposed peasant—and have ridden into the lion's jaws? The possibility made me uneasy, and I confess that with my misgivings about my friends were mingled some selfish thoughts as to the fate of the good bay charger, which the *debonnaire* Lascelles bestrode, and of the elegant *polonaise*, Schneider's masterpiece, that contributed to the bodily comfort of the veteran of many fights. Our apprehensions, however,

were considerably relieved by the arrival, late that night, of a Spanish officer going to rejoin his regiment. He had made a very long and rapid day's march, had ridden through our last night's halting-place about noon, and had there fallen in with the Major and Lascelles. They were preparing for departure, and had told him they might possibly be unable to overtake the squadron that day—which was, however, quite unimportant, as we were drawing near to our final destination, and the remainder of the road was perfectly safe. So the Spanish officer had found it. With a soldier servant for sole escort, he had performed his journey without molestation or sign of peril.

Two days more brought us to the place where we were for a time to be quartered. It was a large provincial town; and, after dodging about for so long a time amongst poor villages, sleeping on maize-straw mattresses, and relying for staple provender on rusty bacon and elderly eggs, we hailed with delight the signs of civilisation that greeted our eyes on entrance, and indulged in pleasing anticipations of feather-beds and flesh-pots. All the more intense was our disgust when, upon the morning after our arrival, we were marched out to cantonments in two hamlets nearly a league from the town. On arriving there, we found them already occupied by several companies of infantry. There was stabling enough for the horses, but the men's quarters were bad, and those for the officers worse. In virtue of his rank, Tomkins got himself well put up, and so did the senior captain and regimental staff; but, in the further village, the other captain, and three unfortunate subs, (including myself,) found themselves utterly at a nonplus. In vain did we drag the bewildered alcalde from house to house in quest of billets; every room was filled. The officer commanding the infantry had three rooms, (for himself, adjutant, and orderly-room,) but churlishly refused to compress his arrangements into two. In short, it seemed likely we should have to bivouac, or to sleep over the stables amongst the men, when a good genius came to our rescue. Going through

one of the principal habitations in the place, (there were only three or four decent houses, the others consisting merely of stable, kitchen, and loft,) Captain Ramsay, vexed at finding every place taken up, pointed to a door, and asked who was billeted *there*, at the same time grasping the handle.

"The commandant of artillery!" replied the alcalde. But before the words were uttered, the door had opened, and "Jack Rutherford!" was exclaimed by four voices, in various notes of admiration. There lay Jack, in his hammock, his short pipe in his mouth, frowning over the *Artilleryman's Manual*. In an instant he and the book were upon the floor, and he made us welcome in his quarters. These were not splendid, consisting of a single room, of moderate size, with a deal-table and bench, and two lame chairs, for sole furniture. Jack slept in his hammock; a few nails in the wall supported his well-burnished sabre, his valise and pistols; a very moderate-sized portmanteau comprised the whole of his heavy baggage. But Jack's notions of hospitality were on the most magnificent scale. On learning our dilemma, he immediately proposed that we should all four take up our quarters with him. After taking the inventory of his apartment, the offer was not very tempting, and yet we were fain to accept it, for the room was clean and airy, and the only one vacant in the wretched hamlet, which boasted nothing in the shape of an inn. So that night, after a homely but merry meal, succeeded by some tolerable grog and cigars, and by some of Jack's very best yarns, we all slept there, on beds made up of cloaks, horse-blankets, and the like. Next day we got out a camp-bed or two, and made ourselves tolerably comfortable in a rough way; and I hardly remember to have passed a pleasanter or merrier three weeks than I did there, five in a small room, with scarcely enough chairs to sit upon, our diet consisting, for the most part, of Irish stew, composed of tough ration beef; dry salt sardines; an occasional hare, shot in the neighbouring fields; and, for liquids, bad coffee and Spanish brandy. The town was not very far off, but it was crowded with troops; roads

and weather were bad, and supplies not easily obtained.

Meanwhile we did not forget our absent friends, Major Moss and Lotherio Lascelles. We expected them for two days; but when these past, and they appeared not, Tomkins addressed himself to the authorities, and inquiries were instituted. The result of these was anything but satisfactory. Our two friends, it appeared, had not quitted, until late in the afternoon, the village in which we left them. They had with them their baggage, and their two servants, one a Frenchman, the other an Englishman, whom they had not brought out from England, we afterwards learned, but had picked up on landing at T——, where he had been discharged by some officer. About half a league beyond the place where the road forked, stood a good-sized village, at which, before starting, they had declared their intention of passing the night. At this village they had never been seen. It was just possible they might have passed through unobserved, after nightfall; but then, how was it that at no subsequent place upon the road could the least tidings be obtained of them? Upon the other hand, two peasants were found, who deposed to having met, soon after nightfall, upon the road leading into the Carlist country, a party of travellers, consisting of four men and six horses, with a considerable quantity of baggage. The peasants had met them within a quarter of an hour of each other, at an interval of half a league, proceeding at a brisk pace. One of the men, known to be well affected to the Queen's cause, said that he had told the travellers, in passing, and after the customary "good night!" that they were within a league and a half of a certain town, notoriously occupied by the Carlists, and whose name, he thought, would be sufficient warning to them, if they did not wish to fall in with the rebels. They had made him an unintelligible reply in bad Spanish, and not knowing who or what they might be, he dared not say more, lest he should get into danger by too plainly intimating to what party he belonged. The other peasant, a less intelligent or less willing witness, had met them nearer to the

division of the roads. He either could not, or would not, give any particulars beyond agreeing as to the numbers of the men and horses, and saying that, as he passed, one of the former was beating the animal he rode, and which also had baggage on it, and swearing at it in French. Beyond that he knew nothing, had not spoken to or particularly noticed them. On calculating time and distances, it became evident that rather quick marching would have brought the Major and his party to the fork in the road at about nightfall, and to the places where the peasants had met them just at the time deposed to by these. The only fact that threw a shade of doubt on the matter was, that they were not in the habit of marching fast, but, on the contrary, at rather a slow pace, in conformity with ours. Tomkins was dreadfully afraid of fatiguing his horses on the march. "Walk! walk!" was his continual cry—a command which in time became so habitual to him, that he would not unfrequently repeat it when quite unnecessary, and even when the regiment was halted; so that the men gave him the nickname of "Walker," which stuck to him to the last. When not marching with us, however, there was no reason to suppose that Major Moss and Lascelles might not adopt a brisker mode of progression—the more so as they were probably desirous to reach their destination before dark. And doubtless their ill-omened haste made them overlook the divergence of the roads, or neglect inquiring which they should take. Thus every circumstance combined to leave scarcely a shadow of doubt that our unfortunate acquaintances had fallen into the hands of the Carlists, from whom it was much to be feared they would experience little mercy, even should they succeed in establishing their quality of peaceable travellers, so exasperated, at that time, were the Spanish Pretender's adherents against all who bore the name of Englishman.

Such was the result of the investigation instituted by the local authorities. The general commanding the district promised that, on the next exchange of prisoners, which was shortly to take place, inquiries should be made of the Carlist officers, and

everything done to ascertain what had become of our two countrymen, and to obtain their liberty if they still lived. Hard-hearted Tomkins grumbled not a little at the loss of his horses, but did not expend much commiseration on the fate of his Peninsular contemporary. Younger and less callous, I trust I shall be believed when I say that sincere regret for the misfortunes of my friends was mingled with that which I not unnaturally felt for my good bay horse and elegant fur coat, and for the promised, but as yet unwritten, recommendation to General Alava.

Jack Rutherford, who was in command of two light guns, which he daily manœuvred in the neighbouring fields till he was splashed to the eyes and as hoarse as a raven, was not satisfied with having given up four-fifths of his apartment, but thought it incumbent upon him to do the hospitable to his friends the hussars. So he gave a dinner party, to which every man brought his own knife and fork, and where there was almost a glass for every two persons. The repast was more abundant than elegant, but the good humour that prevailed was boundless, and the fun it gave rise to unlimited. Jack was just warbling, to the tune of the "British Grenadiers," a song he had himself composed in honour and praise of the Galloping Gunners, when an orderly came to tell Captain Ramsay that the colonel desired to see him at the next village. In half an hour Ramsay returned, in great glee at prospect of something to do. Twenty men were to parade at two hours before daybreak. The object was to surprise a Carlist cavalry picket which passed, every morning before daylight, over a hill less than a mile from our quarters. For three successive mornings its passage had been observed; its business was doubtless to convey some communication between two points of the Carlist line, the shortest road between which passed at that short distance from us. That the Carlists did not fear to be intercepted by an ambuscade, certainly showed rather a contemptuous estimate of our vigilance and soldiiership, and it was proposed to show them what these were worth.

The command of the twenty men should naturally have devolved upon a subaltern, but as the enterprise required much caution and judgment, and a knowledge of the ground, which Ramsay considered he possessed, having been over it two or three times after hares, he took the command himself. I accompanied him. In our eagerness, we were out sooner than necessary, and remained for nearly three hours halted just below the brow of the hill, on the contrary side to that by which the enemy were expected to approach. A peasant had given information of the very path by which they usually came—a sort of sheep track leading over the corner of the hill. We sat upon our horses behind a small cluster of trees: it was October; the night had been wet, and, although the rain had ceased, the air was damp, and towards dawn it got very cold. We were not sorry when the first grey light came. We were on the alert; this was the time the enemy might be looked for. But the sky brightened, and there were no signs of them. The hour passed at which they usually appeared. Our faces, already rather blue with the cold, looked bluer still with anticipated disappointment. The rascals were evidently not coming. We had been airing ourselves half the night in a damp field, all for nothing.

"Well, I suppose there is nothing to do after all," said Ramsay to me, twisting his thick yellow mustache with an air of vexation. "You look rather cold, Green. You may warm yourself presently by a trot home to your breakfast. Hang the fellows! Wait here a bit—I will peep round the other end of the hill and see if anything is moving in the country beyond."

Taking six men, Ramsay rode along the side of the long low hill, maintaining just the same distance from its summit as that at which he left us stationed. He thus increased his distance from the place at which the picket usually came over the hill, close to which place we were halted. Left alone, I redoubled my vigilance. My eyes were fixed upon the spot at which the enemy might be expected to appear—although my hopes of their appearance, I confess, were now

slender—when I heard a shout in my rear, and, looking round, saw Ramsay and his half-dozen troopers spurring in pursuit of three Carlist cavaliers who had just come over that corner of the hill which was farthest from us, but nearest to our cantonment. Impunity had begotten temerity. Instead of a dozen men, an officer and two orderlies were deemed sufficient for the duty, whatever it was; and they, to save distance, had ventured still nearer to their enemy's quarters than the picket had dared to do.

With the remainder of the men I now galloped off to support Ramsay, although it was evident, from the start he had got of us, that the fate of the fugitives would be settled one way or the other without our aid. As we rode along, an animated and striking scene was presented to us. The hill sloped gradually into the green plain, sprinkled with trees from which autumn was fast stripping the leaves. A blue vapour floated over the ground, receiving a reddish tint from the early sunbeams, that now forced their way through the masses of cloud. In the flat at my feet, and in the midst of this vapour, which formed a sort of frame to the picture, I obtained, whilst descending the slope, a complete view of all that passed. The Carlist officer, who wore a white horseman's cloak with a red collar, was mounted on a good black Spanish charger, very fast, and which on dry ground would have carried him clear away, but which was no match in speed, over that sodden turf, for the English horses that followed it. His two green-coated lancers kept well up with him, and the three made with might and main for a road on which their horses would find harder footing, and where, in a village, Carlist infantry were stationed. It was a life and death race, and death won it. I saw Ramsay, on his powerful bright chestnut, gain at every stride upon the fugitives, and three of his men were within a few yards of him. Presently he was so close to one of the Carlists that he but just avoided a sudden and dexterous rear-point. The next instant his sabre cut through the flat scarlet cap of the lancer, who fell from his horse. As the cut was delivered, the Carlist officer, turning

in his saddle, fired a pistol at his foremost pursuer. Allowing for difference of costume, the group, at that moment, reminded me of a sketch by Wouwermans. Two other shots were fired by the hussars, and the officer and his horse rolled over; whilst, at almost the same instant, the second lancer, after a most gallant attempt to defend himself against two of our men, was struck from his saddle.

When I reached the spot of this spirited little conflict, the Carlist was on his feet. His horse, which was not seriously wounded, stood trembling beside him. He himself was unhurt, and in the act of presenting his sword to Ramsay.

"I see I am in the hands of Englishmen," he said in French, "and reckon on good treatment."

He spoke in a firm, confident tone, and there was no qualling in his countenance or bearing; but I saw that he cast a doubtful glance at our men, as they came galloping up with no very friendly mien. Although the fellows had scarcely flashed a sabre since they landed in Spain, they knew there was no quarter for them if taken, and this made them ruthless enough. There was a shade of anxiety on the officer's face as he awaited Ramsay's reply. Had he known his man, he could not have doubted what that would be. Ramsay was as gentle as brave, and it was not in his kindly Kentish nature to hurt living creature unless able and willing to defend itself. In two minutes more the prisoner, having given his parole not to escape whilst in our charge, was mounted and riding between Ramsay and me, and the detachment was on its way to cantonments. Before we got there, we had found out a good deal about our new acquaintance and captive, who was a handsome man, in the prime of life, dressed in a neat staff uniform, and altogether better equipped than was usual with Carlist officers. He was a Frenchman, he told us, and a staunch royalist; had served in the royal guard before the revolution of 1830, had fought in La Vendée with the Duchess of Berri, and, when that rising was finally quelled, had come to Spain to serve Charles V. Altogether he was a frank, gentlemanly, and

very soldierly man, and it was a pity to think that he would now probably pass months, perhaps years, in a squalid prison. Ramsay said as much to me, in English, and added that he would ask the colonel to make interest for an early exchange for this fine fellow. The word at once reminded me of Major Moss, and I asked the Frenchman if he had heard anything of two English travellers who were believed to have fallen into the hands of the Carlists, on a day and at a place which I named. He shook his head. No English prisoners had been taken so recently, to his knowledge. I went on to describe the appearance, equipment, number of horses, &c. of the Major and Lascelles. Suddenly our captive slapped his hand on his thigh.

"*Parbleu!*" he exclaimed, "I know whom you mean—the two Jew picture-dealers. But they were not taken prisoners—they came in of themselves. They are in France by this time."

The Frenchman's first sentence raised hopes which the succeeding ones extinguished.

"We are not talking of the same persons," I said. "One of the gentlemen is a retired British officer, who had the honour of formerly serving against your great Napoleon in this very country. The other is the younger son of a noble English family."

"Oh, yes! to be sure!" cried the Frenchman, laughing heartily. "I know all that story. Nevertheless, I shall be able to convince you that your British major and my Jew picture-dealer (and stealer also, I suspect) are identical. So yours was the English regiment that had the advantage of escorting them to within a league or two of our lines? Ha, ha! a rare joke! I saw the fellows the other day at headquarters. Everybody was laughing at their clever imposition upon the enemy. They had passports from the King's principal London agent, and were perfectly well treated—if it be any gratification to you to know that. They had heaps of baggage—rolls of pictures, and other matters, which they had bought, they said; but I heard that some of the things were of a nature that could hardly have been honestly come by.

They did, however, buy a few pictures whilst with us, and dog-cheap they got them, money being scarce in King Charles's country, and coloured canvasses in little demand."

"Had they an English bay horse with them?" I asked.

"To be sure they had—a capital strong charger; and well they sold it, too, to a colonel of cavalry. They sold all their horses, and at very good prices; for, if pictures are at a discount amongst us, horse-flesh, when good, is invaluable."

I bade a mental adieu to my poor Rocket, and told the Frenchman, in few words, the tricks the two impostors had played, and that the horses, and (I had now no doubt) a large portion of their pictures and baggage, were stolen goods. A thousand little circumstances, unnoted or unheeded at the time, now flashed upon me, and I saw the whole scheme. It had certainly been cleverly devised and executed. Its origin was doubtless to be traced to my incarceration at T—, and to the intimacy with Moss that grew out of that trifling incident. Circumstances had favoured the rogues, who, on the other hand, had most skilfully availed themselves of them. The footing they were on with the regiment, and the rank and qualities they assumed, and which none thought of questioning, rendered them the last persons on whom suspicion of any kind was likely to fall.

Our light-hearted prisoner rocked in his saddle with laughter at my story.

"A thousand pities you caught me this morning," he cried. "First, because I candidly confess that I much prefer the outside of a horse to the inside of a prison; and, secondly, because I have spoiled, or at least curtailed, the best joke I ever heard. But for my revelations, you would have continued to mourn, for Heaven knows how long, the dark and mysterious fate of the brave Peninsular veteran, and the hopeful scion of England's nobility. But I beg your pardon," said he, seeing me look rather thoughtful, (my head was running on Rocket and the furred garment,) "I forget that you are a loser by the fellows' rascality, and a serious loser too, since a good horse is a soldier's greatest

treasure in this wild war. I wish your loss might be replaced by poor Royalist," he added, mournfully patting his charger's neck; "but I fear he will pass into hands where I shall be more averse to see him. The fact is, the two Jews would hardly have escaped some investigation of their plunder, had they not, besides a London passport and letters of recommendation, brought a mass of information concerning the forces and movements of the Isabelistas. They had been taking notes ever since they came to the country; and some of their memoranda were of considerable interest and value. So they were made much of, and permitted to depart in peace."

Mighty was the uproar amongst the officers of the squadron, when I imparted to them the Frenchman's tale. It was astonishing how many suspicious traits were remembered, now that the Major and the Honourable were discovered to be a pair of sharpers. Their uniform luck at cards was now explained. Besides this, they had borrowed something, it appeared, of nearly every one of us. One regretted a field-glass, another a saddle; in short, where they could not get much they had taken little, but they had lost no opportunity. For our own sakes, we kept the matter as quiet as possible; but of course it got wind, and the laugh was loud against us. Tomkins, who, as the oldest man amongst us, ought to have taken shame for his want of penetration, was mean enough to lay the whole blame on me, as having been the first to introduce to the regiment the distinguished Major and his aristocratic friend. I thought this rather hard, considering the loss of Rocket and the fur coat, neither of which, I need hardly say, did I ever again behold. In this respect, Tomkins was

more fortunate. The horse he had lent to the pseudo Peninsular hero was recognised, a few weeks later, on the field of a smart combat. One of Jack Rutherford's four-pounders had made dog's-meat of the poor brute.

Years elapsed before I returned to England. When I did, I took pains to trace the Major and his confederate. Although I did not obtain a sight of the gentlemen, my researches were not altogether unsuccessful. I heard of scores of Jews named Moss—it being, I was informed, no uncommon practice with that ancient race to suppress the *e* in the patriarchal name of Moses, when it chances to be their patronymic. I have little doubt, however, that Major Moss of the Peninsula is identical with one Mordecai Moss, formerly well known as a dealer in pictures, old armour, antique tapestry, sham autographs, and the like commodities, and who retired, some years ago, on a handsome competency—acquired, I was told, in great part, by a lucky spec. in paintings by the Spanish masters—to a pleasant villa in the environs of that Hebrew paradise, the Free City of Frankfort-on-the-Maine. This retirement appears to have taken place just about the time that one Lewis Lazarus, *alias* Lascelles, *alias* the Jew Dorsey, was exported, free of charge, to a foreign land, for his share in a very extensive robbery of diamonds, whose details, at the period of its occurrence, filled the columns of all the London newspapers. What confirmed me in my belief that, as regarded the Major, I had traced the right man, was, that Mordecai Moss was latterly known amongst his intimates by the name of Pipeclay Moss, which he earned by his propensity to telling astounding tales of his exploits and adventures whilst holding a staff appointment in the service of Her Catholic Majesty.

THE CHURCH OF SPAIN.

SPAIN is the most extraordinary country in Europe, from the superiority of its climate, the advantages of its position, and the variety, abundance, and richness of its productions. It is not less extraordinary in its history, in its sudden rise to power, in the extent of that power, in the opulence of its colonies, in the completeness of their alienation, and in the general decay of its influence among nations.

On a glance at the map, it would seem to be made for universal dominion. Covered on three sides by the ocean and the Mediterranean, and on the fourth by the Pyrenees, a rampart absolutely impregnable, if vigorously defended, it appears to command Southern Europe, while itself remains guarded by the mountains and the seas. Its very form has the compactness of empire; it is nearly a square (including Portugal) of six hundred miles a side, and this square exhibiting every form of surface and of soil, mountain and valley, adapted for every kind of European and tropical production, with every kind of climate, from the wholesome cold of the north to the sultry temperature of the south; its centre a vast table-land, rising to the level of three thousand feet above the sea, an elevation double that of the Alpine plains—that table-land constituting nearly one-half of the surface of Spain; thus, by one of the fine contrivances of nature, or rather of Providence, giving, in the midst of a southern, the refreshing vigour of an atmosphere like our own. The whole extent of Spain proper is about 185,000 square miles, or double the area of the British Isles, yet this immense, prolific, and superb space contains only a population of ten millions of souls!

Once sovereign of Germany, Italy, and the Netherlands, Spain has lost them all; once sovereign of the gold and silver countries of the Western World, Spain has lost them all; once sovereign of a chain of colonies un-

equalled in the world, Spain has lost them all but Cuba and some nameless others, and holds even those by the precarious tenure of American conscience. Spain has never recovered that self-inflicted blow, the loss of the Armada!

But our immediate subject is the Church. Spain is characteristic in everything. She is the only great kingdom in Europe which has been ruled in all her faculties by the Church. The priest has been the great depository of Spanish power. The confessor has always superseded the councillor. The monk has been the master of the state, the inquisitor has been the lord of her religion, the kingdom a vast monastery, and the population, like the crowd gathered at the gates of a monastery, a combination of the beggar and the devotee. The Church reaped a golden harvest in those days among the poorest people of Europe. The Primate, Archbishop of Toledo, had a revenue of half a million sterling!—a sum equivalent in England to *two* millions. The convents were overflowing with wealth; the cathedrals were palaces for thousands of those who “neither toiled nor spun,” till the evil day came. French invasion poured over the Pyrenees, the people rose, and, once with arms in their hands, resolved to be impoverished no more by a generation of idlers.

But foreign revolution never stops at justice—it always degenerates into rapine. It has no conception of securing rights while it can perpetrate wrongs. “*La propriété c’est le vol*” is the motto of all foreign political change. The Frenchman may have had the credit of putting it into words, but the maxim is engraved on the heart of Jacobinism throughout the world. The Spanish monasteries were robbed, the solid revenues of the clergy were converted into precarious pensions; and though we, as Protestants, can utter no lamentation for the shattering of a Church immersed in error and professing persecution,

yet we can be no advocates for rabble spoliation, no matter who may be the sufferers. Spain is not yet the richer for the plunder of her priesthood.

The volume which has revived our attention to the state of the Spanish Church is a small but intelligent, and, at the present time, peculiarly interesting, collection of letters by an English clergyman, and a lady of his family.

In the year 1849, the Rev. James Meyrick, vicar of Westbury in Wiltshire, was compelled by ill health to try a warmer climate, and he accordingly sailed for the south of Spain. In the next year, for the same reason, he again visited Spain, and again fixed his residence in the pleasant and bustling city of Malaga, taking up his abode in a *casa de pupillos*, or boarding-house—a tolerable contrivance to have amusing conversation, varied society, and a knowledge of such news as is to be had in Spain.

We are informed, in a brief preface, that the writers went from England, "one with a high respect, the other with a high admiration, for the spirit of many of the practices of Rome—such as retreats, sisterhoods, and the good work wrought by those institutions." What effect the practical working of the Romish Church had upon their "minds" is the subject of the letters; but we are told, as the sum of their remarks, that observation "cleared off the mist which imagination throws over the distance, and revealed the truth."

The writers need not have travelled to have made the discovery of the scandals and abuses of Popery—we have sufficient displays of these at home; but still we are not unwilling to receive the testimony of intelligent people; and we congratulate the writers on their recovery from the *nonsense* of Puseyism. Why these opinions should have any place in any country pretending to common sense—why they should have sprung up, been fostered, and be still endured in the Established Church of England—why their propagators, instead of being cast out, should be patted on the back—why the doctrines, instead of being denounced by authority, should be left to work their way through the population—why, in the very cathedral towns, tricks of worship should be played with impunity, which would

once have excited the highest indignation—why private confessions, absolutions, vows, and conventual discipline are to be heard of among a Protestant people, in the midst of Churches whose purification once cost blood, and whose corruption will cost blood again—are all questions which we leave to the wisdom of the wise.

The travellers commenced their Spanish excursion at Gibraltar, from which place they came by the steamer to Malaga. The town is described as a lively place, which has risen into some commercial importance of late years. Trade always brings freedom of opinion, and reform seems to be the prevalent thought in Malaga. Unfortunately, reform on the Continent always means revolution, and revolution means robbery. The first thing done by the successful party is to plunder the unsuccessful; and the natural consequence is, that, in case of a reverse, the reaction rivets their former chains. This is the history of Europe during the last half-dozen years. Thus monarchs are taught tyranny by suffering oppression. They are compelled to rely on the soldier, from experiencing the ferocity of the citizen. The struggle for change operates in extinguishing all reform. Justice is trampled on by both sides; religion is insulted, humanity is forgotten, and liberty is annihilated. The Continent now resembles a vast dungeon, with one-half of the population in arms, to keep the other half in jail. The monarch is only the head jailor. And this system cannot be relaxed. Vigilance alone can insure national quiet or royal safety. The policy of governments on the Continent must be restraint, when relaxation has been danger. The sword is at this hour the sceptre from Calais to Constantinople.

At Malaga, with all its cosmopolitanism, bigotry is the order of the day; and it is so insolent that it absolutely prohibits all places of Protestant worship; not even in a private house may "two or three be gathered together." The only place where they are suffered to meet is the consular house, where, of course, the Spaniards look upon the meeting as an affair wholly civil, or as we should look upon a meeting of negroes for the performance of an Obeah woman—

the consul's flag being the only protection.

If this service were attempted in any private house or hotel, "and any other of the guests came into the room to join in it, he would be liable to severe punishment." On further inquiry of one who had been a canon in the Cathedral of Cordova, it was ascertained "that, by the existing law of Spain, any Spaniard departing from Popery would be liable to capital punishment, though probably that extreme would not now be inflicted. But if divine service were performed in any Protestant assembly, except at the consul's house, the reader and his hearers would both be either fined or imprisoned, or sent out of Spain. But any Spaniard found among them would be prosecuted, and punished with greater severity."

And this is the law in a town where many English and Scotch workmen are engaged in manufactories, where its merchants have a large European connection, and where probably the chief wealth of the community is derived from foreigners. Such is Popery, where it has the power. Yet in England, if a pageant of banners and images, of gilded angels and Virgins, as large as life, in embroidered petticoats, and painted foolery, is forbidden to excite the populace, and outrage the common sense of the nation, there is a universal Popish outcry of persecution. In Spain they will not allow a hut for Protestant worship; in Rome they allow only a barn, which is alternately a barn-store and a stable for travelling showmen: while in England they are suffered to erect cathedrals! Yet they cry out, "bigotry," and complain of persecution!

In the Tractarian fashion, the letter-writers seem to have run into every chapel, and been present at every mass which they could contrive to visit. But the worship was so irreverent among the people, that even a Tractarian might be disgusted with Rome.

"In the Cathedral of Malaga, the best part of the floor is kept for the ladies, who sit or kneel on the floor, the men standing or kneeling outside of them. All the ladies had books of the service, yet they talked and played with their fans all the while. They have the art of shutting their fans with a tremendous

crack, and in the most solemn parts of the service, one fan after another would go crack, crack, all round. There are notices posted up round the cathedral, forbidding the congregation to walk or talk during the service under pain of excommunication; but on those high days the motion and buzz is like a beehive."

After hearing a sermon at the cathedral, the Reverend writer went in the afternoon to the fashionable church.

"For there are fashionable churches in Spain. I think I never saw a church full before. There being no pews, and few seats of any sort, I only first looked in, and stood near the door for a few minutes, and on returning home expressed my wonder at the good behaviour of the people. In England, I said, we must have had policemen—when I put my hand in my pocket, and found that my handkerchief was gone. A Mr — and his servant, who were with me, had their pockets picked at the same time."

They all perhaps wished that the policeman had been present.

The curiosity of the letter-writer is not easily satisfied. There is a procession of thanksgiving on Sunday, in honour of the expected heir to the throne, and, of course, the English parson must be there.

"As I had never yet seen any procession with an image, I determined to go and see it; and at four o'clock on Sunday, I went to the cathedral. The image of the 'Virgen de los Reyes,' (the Virgin of the Sovereigns, the image which was carried about by Ferdinand and Isabella, in their conquest of Granada, and left by them in Malaga) had been moved from its own chapel to the side of the high altar. After a Litany, the image was raised by four men in surplices, and the procession was formed and moved. The progress was to the Vittoria Convent, where there is another image of the Virgin, called 'De la Vittoria,' which this image went to see!"

After describing this train, which, with troops, extended about a quarter of a mile, the describer concludes, not unnaturally, with—

"It gave me no idea of a religious act at all: it looked quite out of place to see the good old bishop walking along with his hands together, and saying his prayers, while nothing else presented a religious appearance. The helpless way, too, in which the image shakes about as it is carried, reminds one rather painfully of some of the chapters in Isaiah. The grand

amusement of the procession seemed to be, that it brought out all the young ladies into the balconies, and all the young men to look at them."

This is one of the inevitable results of image-worship; it makes the idea of Deity ridiculous. Rational men despise such an imitation as can be made by the carpenter; the young and foolish make it a sport and a toy.

Idolatry in all shapes is the reigning worship. But it is in the Holy Week that the idols receive their plenitude of honours. On Wednesday in the week, the images of our Lord are dressed up and exhibited for adoration. The custom is, for every person to visit as many churches as possible in the course of the day. Every church is "crammed," and the people who cannot get in kneel at the doors. It is a perpetual, restless bustle during the day. We need not ask how much of the humility, reverence, and devotedness of heart, which belong to true devotion, were in all that squeezing, hurrying, and rushing from church to church. Then came, in the evening, the grand processions—showy affairs. In one of those, four horsemen led the way; then followed a military band; then men with torches; then a long double line of men with candles; then more men with torches; then priests chanting; then an image of our Lord bearing his cross,—finishing the whole with a troop of soldiers and music.

An especial feature of this awful absurdity was the appearance of the "Nazarenes." Those are a brotherhood whose whole zeal is applied to "getting up" processions. One of those men headed the pageant, and another walked before the image. They were robed in dark red velvet, with gilt crowns of thorns, and veiled faces, and ringing large bells, by which they moved and halted the whole line. Other Nazarenes carried the image. When the bell rang, the torches were lowered to make them burn dimly, and clouds of incense rose: when it rang again, the torches were raised, and burned brightly.

The lady writer, a tender *Protestant*, silly says: "I do not think that any one, with the feelings of the day, could have looked at the image without reverence and love." We

quote the sentence, only to mark its folly. If the Almighty, in the most solemn display of His presence ever given to man—the descent on Sinai—has forbidden the making of an image, not only of Himself, but of anything in heaven or earth, for worship of any kind; if He has declared that such worship is equivalent to *hating* Him; and if He has ordered that no toleration of variety of opinion on the subject, or scepticism whatever, should be permitted to the Jew—the Jewish idolator being *put to death as a heathen and a rebel*—how can man suffer himself to conceive that this guilty, irreverent, and irrational practice is not equally forbidden to the Christian, or that its performance does not virtually exclude man from Christianity, as much as once it would have excluded him from Judaism? If the Ten Commandments are the universal law of duty to God and man, under what pretext can this direct insult to the Second Commandment be sustained? The pretext of images being merely for the purpose of reviving the idea of Deity, finds no allowance in the Decalogue. *All* images for worship of any kind are forbidden. The pretext that the Papist does not worship the wooden block before him, is answered at once by the sight of the worship. What are incense, genuflections, and bowings down to an image, but image-worship? If the Deity himself stood upon the altar, what more palpable worship could be offered to him?

Yet, at this moment, in Protestant England and Wales, the number of Popish places for image-worship has grown, from 60 at the beginning of the century, to no less than *ten times* the number—610! Even in Protestant Scotland, the number of chapels is already 98, besides 40 stations at which mass is performed—the actual number of Popish chapels in Great Britain being 708—to say nothing of Popish colleges, which in England are 10—of monasteries, which are 17—and of convents, which are 62; and under all those seven hundred roofs, men and women bow down to images! Is not this enough to make a Christian clergy exclaim with the prophet,—“Oh that mine eyes were fountains of tears”?

The pretext of the "new school" of Protestantism, that since the Incarnation, images of Christ are justifiable, is answered by St Paul: "Though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet now know we him no more;" his presence and his worship being altogether *spiritual*. He also pronounces image-worship "the worship of demons." But who ever made an image of Christ in his lifetime? or which of the apostles ever made an image of him after his death? Who ever heard of any Christian image before the fourth century, when the Church was palpably falling into corruption? Yet Protestant Britain has at this hour 708 chapels in which incense is offered to images. Protestantism abhors persecution; but has it not the weapons of Scripture, of reasoning, and of common sense, to beat down this dangerous and desperate abomination? Shall all be silence?—shall the clergy of both England and Scotland look on without a feeling of solemn responsibility for themselves, and of Christian terror for their fellow-men, thus rushing by tens of thousands to spiritual ruin?

The general consequence in Spain is described as impurity of manners.

"The friars, from all that I can learn, had lost all respect; nay, much worse, had done the greatest injury to religion. A Spanish gentleman said to me, the other day, when I spoke of them: 'They make vows of chastity, yet they were not chaste; vows of poverty, yet they were avaricious; vows of humility, and they were proud; and they have deeply injured the faith of a religious people.' The friars, it is to be observed, always commenced with a prodigious pretence of sanctity and self-denial. But the body of the ecclesiastics is pretty much of the same calibre. Even now the character and tone of the priests is far from standing high."

Passion-week is, of course, full of ceremonial: priests and people are equally busy. On Good Friday—

"The passion from St John was sung; then followed the *adoration* of the cross. A veiled cross was taken down from the altar and given to the bishop, who unveiled it, and, standing with his back to the altar, said, 'Ecce lignum crucis;' on which the choir answer, 'Ex quo salus mundi pependit.' He then places the

cross below the altar, and *adores* it; then the canons and priests, two by two, *adore* it, the choir in the mean time singing.

"*Sabado Santo*, (Holy Sunday.) We went to the cathedral at half-past eight, to see the blessing of the lights! They had just struck a new light, with which three candles on the top of a wreathed pole were lighted. These were *blessed*, and from them an immense candle was lighted, which, candlestick and all, is about twenty feet high, and as thick as my waist, standing by the side of the altar, then the lamp upon the high altar. This is not to go out till Easter comes again, but to burn continually."

Then followed a procession.

"I am glad to have seen all this, but I was heartily tired with it, and persuaded that the mass of even the church-going people *do not understand* the services to which they go; it is mere spectacle. The whole system is show outside, and decay within."

But the Virgin is the grand object of worship in Spain. They may paint, and dress, and carry about the image of our Lord, but he passes comparatively unnoticed. His best drapery is unhonoured, his crown of thorns scarcely produces a Viva, while the wooden "Queen of Heaven" is honoured with a roar. Still, in all this exhibition, there is a vulgarity of conception, a *sensuous* feeling, a constant tendency to lower the idea of a *spiritual* being. The Virgin, instead of being shown as a majestic and sacred form, with any of the grandeur of countenance, or the mystery of vesture, which the natural imagination would combine with the grandeur and mystery of her supposed supremacy, is represented often "by the most contemptible dolls;" sometimes as a black Moor; and, on high occasions, in the flighty and tinsel costume of an opera-dancer. In other instances, "a very disagreeable image exhibits her suffering for the pains of her Son, with a dagger in her breast, and her head on one side, but with a fashionable *lace pocket-handkerchief* in her hand!" The head has probably been carved from the likeness of a peasant, or of one of those handsome women who are more known than respected.

But we shall now turn to the domestic life of Spain, the *Casa de*

Pupillos, or account of a Spanish table.

"We consider it superior to the *Fonda*, (inn or hotel,) but the dinner comes in a queer scrambling way. First is a plain soup, or a dish of rice; then the *puchero*, (something like a stew;) then commonly chops, a fowl, a salad floating in oil and water; a *pimiento*, (a thing of spice;) perhaps some other odd-looking dish; and then *pastres*, (the desert,) which is usually rice milk, or a sort of plain custard and preserved quince, with grapes, walnuts, and roasted chestnuts."

To this bill of fare we do not observe the *bacalao*, or salted cod-fish, which, cooked in a variety of ways, is so much used in Spain; nor the use of the *tomato*, which takes a part in the whole *cuisine* of the other provinces. The dinner, on the whole, does not argue much for the Spanish taste, and the Englishman, at least, must come home to dine.

The society was miscellaneous, as indeed was to be expected; yet was well conducted, though in ways sufficiently new to John Bull.

"Next to ourselves is a little lively native of Madrid, who is very polite, but speaks faster than even an Andalusian; so fast, that even his own countrymen make him repeat. Still he is very friendly, and has lent us a volume of the *Semanal Pintoresca*. [We thus find that the *Illustrated News* has reached even stagnant Spain.] Then we have Don O. and Don N., all perfectly well bred; but the two former generally prefer dining in *smart dressing-gowns and little caps on their heads*. Then we have a priest, who was a friar at the Merced, but has been expelled, and has some duties at the Hospital. Then we have another priest; still the dinner is good and quiet."

Some details of the conversation are given, in which the priests have to fight a hard battle for their order.

Popery has produced the effects in Spain which it long since produced in France, every man of any intellectual vigour being an *infidel*: not that his infidelity is loud and loquacious, as everything was and is in France; but it is sober, sneering, and smiling, as becomes a country in which the times are remembered, when a *look* brought a man into the jaws of the Inquisition. The Inquisition is no

more, but the grown man has been so long trained in terror that he still trembles at the ghost. The Spaniard is still cautious in speaking of the "Church," but he exhibits his liberty in scoffing at the Scriptures; which, however, not one in two thousand ever reads. They, of course, take the parts which may excite an ignorant objection, and supply an infidel sneer. One questions the probability of the Flood; another, "a merry hair-brained fellow," suggests, whether, as the *Chinese* do not believe in it, perhaps it was not true. But some of their questions were home-thrusts. Thus, day by day they chatted on the celibacy of the clergy, absurd miracles, for what reason Protestants cannot be saved, &c. The celibacy of the clergy was a peculiarly sore point, for it is one of the popular scandals of Rome. "The experiment of a celibate clergy has here (in Malaga) been attended with the worst results. There are families known to be the children of monks and priests. Under the weight of this, the whole religious system seems to have broken down."

There is then some reference to the popular disuse of Confession, which is justly stated to be "the mainspring of religious life in the Popish Church;" a matter which we cannot discover whether the writer lauds or laments, but which is known to be the great source of disgust and disturbance, of intrigue and corruption, in every church and family where it exists. However, even in this rite, necessary as it is deemed by Rome, the love of mammon intervenes, and the "Certificate of Confession" may be had for money. Formerly Confession was required before any man could hold an office under government; but the annoyance of submitting to Confession was easily obviated, the certificate being sold for a *peseta* (tenpence.)

Preaching in Spain is (in the instance, at least, of popular preaching) a description of future torment—a matter of which man can know nothing, and which substitutes vague terrors for the motives of natural duty—the fear which casteth out love, for the "love which casteth out fear,"—the great impulse which reigns

in the whole revelation of Christianity. But excitement is here the universal object. On the day of the *Animas* (All-Souls) the writer went to hear a celebrated preacher. The subject was Purgatory, and the church was crowded, chiefly with women. The sermon was—"A long prayer for those in the flames of purgatory." First, for all Cardinals, Bishops, and Priests. To which the congregation answered, with a suppressed, but unanimous voice, "*Requiescant in pace.*" Then he reminded them of fathers, brothers, wives, husbands, and children *suffering still*, and partly through their *neglect*. And you might hear suppressed sobs run through the church, joined with often repeated prayer, *Requiescant in pace*. But the impression did not last long. "I went out and watched the people leaving the church, and saw them wipe away their tears, and exchange salutations, as light-hearted and as quickly moved either way."

The conversation at table was varied by an officer of the Carabiniers, who had been in the Carlist war, and who amused them with anecdotes. "There was a Carlist troop called *La Sagrado Compania*, (the Sacred Company,) consisting wholly of monks, and commanded by a very fat friar. They were the most undisciplined corps in the army, very bad fighters, but fond of collecting contributions." To some questions about the luckless British Legion, the reply was, "that they were drunken and undisciplined, but desperate fighters, and on one occasion, where they were almost exterminated, they died fighting, (*murieran matando.*)"

Spain is still the country of Don Quixote. "The students of Salamanca—mostly very poor—form parties, and, during the vacation, wander about the country, asking alms. They have generally one clever fellow with a guitar, who improvises verses, and they are very popular, and collect much." But it seems that one great reason of their popularity is, that their verses are full of *double entendre*. They live about at different inns and lodging-houses till the Term comes round. Those who are intended for priests do not join those parties.

Salamanca is now scarcely a shadow

of its former self. In the fourteenth century it had 14,000 students; in the sixteenth it declined to 7000; in 1846, it had but 400. The French destroyed 13 out of 25 convents, and 20 out of 25 colleges. The university is now almost a desert, and the western portion of the city is a heap of ruins.

Superstition always tends to profanation, and the course, though startling, is natural. The *perpetual* use of sacred things and terms, which is the necessary habit of superstition, renders them familiar, and the familiarity naturally vulgarises them.

"As we came in, we heard Dolores (the chamber-maid) from the top of the stairs, calling 'Trinidad, Trinidad, Trinidaita,' (Trinity.) The little slipshod girl in the house is named Trinidad; *nombre muy bonito*, (a very pretty name,) as Dolores says." The Spanish ships of war are similarly called by the most sacred names, which may well shock the ear, in the various uses made of them by the common sailors. Their great three-decker at Trafalgar was *La Santissima Trinidad*, (the most holy Trinity;) and we may well conceive the amount of execration and abomination that mingled with this name in a ship of a thousand men, and those men foreigners. The monks have unfortunately left to Protestant England a similar bequest in the names of our colleges, and it is certainly to be regretted that we have to pronounce such phrases as a *Fellow of Jesus*, or a *Master of Trinity*! It is true that no profanation is implied; but still the words shock the ear.

Then, too, the doctrine which superstition itself esteems most precious, degenerates into household gabble.

"One day I heard a characteristic dialogue. Some one rang the bell, and José (the footman) pulled the string to open the latch from upstairs, bawling out, '*Quien es?*' (who is there?) The answer was, '*Ave Maria purissima*,' (Hail Mary, the most pure;) to which José bawled again, '*Sin peccato concebida*,' (conceived without sin.) The appeal was from a woman begging." On this habit a note is given from a Tractarian, too characteristic to be omitted. He is accounting for the "facility and variety" of swearing in Popish coun-

tries. "Listen to their conversations, (Popish;) listen to the conversation of any multitude, or private party; what strange oaths mingle with it—God's heart, and God's eyes, and God's wounds, and God's blood. You cry out, 'How profane!' Doubtless. But, do you not see that the *special profaneness* above Protestant oaths lies not in the words, but simply in the speaker, and is the *necessary result* of that insight into the invisible world which you have not." This is certainly a new theory of cursing and swearing. We must leave its author to reconcile it with the older authority of—"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain."

In the midst of all those forms there is some sober unbelief, and a great deal of contemptuous infidelity in Spain. An intelligent person is mentioned, who had been sent abroad for his education. On his return he felt disgust at the heartless ceremonies of his Church. "He says, that the Church orders confession, but that he cannot and will not confess to *such* priests. He has become acquainted with some good English people, and studied the Testament and the Prayer-book. Finding no rest or peace in his own Church, he longs to come to ours. He wishes to come to the English chapel. Of course it will not be allowed."

The lighter conversations were of the prettiness of the nuns, to whom one of the priests was confessor. "One day some one pointed to the hospital chaplain, and said, 'The padre is so rich, with the money he got for the pictures sent out of his convent.' (Probably a scoff.) This led to a conversation on the plunder of the churches, and the breaking up of the *retables*, (a sort of *veredós* in the altars,) which were sold for the gold. On being asked if the *retables* in Malaga had been taken: 'Not one,' said a priest; 'and the reason was, that they were told that, if any touched them, the gold would turn to steel, and the steel to blood.'"—A tolerable specimen of the benefit of a *lie*.

At another time a priest was narrating a miracle of an image. One of the Spaniards came in, and exclaimed, "Do you believe all that nonsense,

padre?" The priest replied, "It is not an article of faith, and I do not require you to believe it; but it stands on good testimony." "Why don't such things happen now?" said the doubter. "And how do you know that they do not?" said the priest. "Because I don't see them," was the rejoinder. Surely here is some chance for the preaching of Christianity. But if preached, it must be at the risk of persecution.

"To-morrow there is to be a great *funcion* (a celebration) in honour of a very fine image of Christ bearing the Cross. Our friend the monk told us that, if we went, we should hear the whole history of the image, which is a *miraculous* one. He began telling it himself, but some of the other people came in, and he was obliged to be silent, they make such a mockery of those things. Living in a Spanish house gives me more idea of the extensive spread of infidelity than I had before. Truth and fable have been so mixed in people's minds, that when they cease to believe fables, the belief of the truth goes too."

And so much the better; for truth half fabulous can do no good to any one. The mixture of the true with the false only gives plausibility to falsehood. Better to clear the mind of the whole. Break up the *system* of fabrication, begin to think *clear*, and make an effort to acquire the truth *undefiled*.

Some of the obscure portions of Scripture are indebted to the Spanish pulpit for an easy solution. Thus, the name of the penitent malefactor on Calvary had hitherto escaped human knowledge. But the Spaniards are not kept in darkness on that subject, nor on any other that can be elucidated by a legend. This name, as communicated by "the archbishop to Padre Felix," the preacher, was *Demas*; and the whole affair was this: When the Virgin fled into Egypt, she fell in with a band of robbers, whose captain was named Demas. Though a desperado, he had an eye that told him she was something above the common order. Accordingly, he not only did not plunder her, but escorted her on her way. He was not converted, however, but, living the life of the high-road, he was

seized in *thirty-three* years afterwards—so tardy was justice, or so indolent was authority, in old times—and of course sentenced to die. At the crucifixion, Demas, from the notability of his crimes, in order to put the Great victim to greater shame, was made the companion of his suffering. In his extremity Demas prayed to our Lord, and the Virgin, remembering his kindness to her of old, “asked her Son to have mercy on him,” and thereupon he promised him paradise. From this the padre drew the conclusion that “there is one advocate, able to save the most wicked; and this advocate is the Virgin.”

These things are so startling to the ears of men who have any respect for Scripture, that we must make an apology for our reference; it is only to show what fearless treatment of the Divine Word Popery can commit whenever it has an object to serve. Here, in the most solemn of all transactions, it has the insolence to interpolate words of its own, to take the act of mercy out of the Divine hands, and not merely to give the grace to the Virgin, but give her the virtual merit of the redemption.

In another instance of those legends, a man dies in mortal sin; but as he had once been a worshipper of the Virgin, she cannot let him go into final ruin. But then comes a dilemma. Of course, he cannot enter heaven, nor can he, with mortal sin on him, enter purgatory, that being only the place for venial sins. The affair was puzzling. However, it was managed at last in this dexterous way: “Our Lord *could not* reject his mother’s petition;” and so the man was sent back to earth, to earn money enough to pay for his injuries, and thus work out his own salvation. Now, if these daring absurdities were tales of the nursery, or mere dreams of the cloister, or fireside stories of the peasantry, we might pardon them as the effects of half-savage ignorance: but these are the subjects of the pulpit, the teaching of the people, the declarations of ecclesiastical authority, the testimonies of the “saints” of Rome.

Liguori, a voluminous writer, and who was canonised so lately as 1816, after stating that there was a pious

tradition “that purgatory was emptied of all its tenants on the day of the Assumption,” exclaims—“Oh, how many would have continued in their obstinacy, and been infallibly *darned*, if Mary had not *interposed* her intercession with her Son!” The saint then quotes the testimony of other Popish theologians “that the blessed Virgin has obtained for several persons, who died in mortal sin, the *suspension* of their sentence, and a gracious permission to *come to earth again*, to perform *penance*.”

If the Papist can believe such things, what can be the limit to his credulity, or to what fearful purposes may it not be turned? But if we are told that the higher orders do not believe these monstrous tales, why do they not vindicate their common sense and their religion by utterly disclaiming them? They are the declarations of Popery under all the forms which can impress them on the minds of the people; they are the preaching of the priest, the teaching of the confessor, the records of their volumes, the tenets of their theology, and the practice of their religion.

Who even now disputes, or dares dispute, the liquefaction of the blood of St Januarius? It has been argued against, laughed at, and exposed to perpetual scorn, by Protestant writers; but it is performed still; the prelates and priests of Rome give their presence and their testimony to its performance; the public authorities assist at it, as a great religious ceremonial—yet it is a *juggle*. But what Romish priest protests against it? or what superior mind among the prelacy of Rome ever denies the reality of this pretended miracle?

Of course it is not in human nature to see all this without some compunctious visitings; and even in Spain the Bible is sometimes secretly sought.

“At Gibraltar, I heard something which I did not know about the state of the Spanish Church. Very frequent applications are received from priests for bibles and prayer-books in Spanish. Quite lately, one wrote in distress of mind, willing to receive instruction from any English clergyman, or even any dissenting minister. It is my belief that we might make more conversions in Spain than they (the

Papists) in England. . . . In Spain, there are but two alternatives, Mariolatry and Infidelity."

In Seville, which has an especial fame for ceremonial, the writer arrived for the Holy Week in 1851. His impressions were soon changed. "I never saw anything like the behaviour of the people in the Cathedral. On *Palm Sunday*, the service was much as it is at Malaga, but utterly without reverence; people crowding and pushing to get the best places they could. . . . The *Passion* from St Matthew was beautifully sung; but through the most solemn parts the people talked continually, apparently quite unaware of the meaning of the words. Few had books."

On the Wednesday, there was to be a grand display. In the Popish churches everything is turned into a drama. The "veil of the altar" was to be rent "with a great noise of thunder," as it was announced in the newspapers. The veil is a curtain drawn in front of the altar, which hides the priest on Monday and Tuesday, except at the time of consecration, elevation, and benediction. "The cathedral was crowded; a continual talking going on through the *Passion*, which increased more and more. At last came the words, 'He cried with a loud voice!' The curtain was pulled down, and a few crackers were fired off near the roof! The rubric says, that at the words 'He gave up the Ghost,' there shall be a silence, and all shall kneel. There was a general titter instead, and every body began to talk aloud, giving their opinions of the effect. The remainder of the chapter was inaudible, in the noise of voices and feet, as the people crowded out. At the *Miserere* on Thursday evening, the singing was good, but not at all solemn—the choir sitting within the altar rails with violins and other instruments. The female side of the church was full of ladies, some sitting on the floor, others walking about in groups, talking."

The solemnity of the worshippers by no means increased with the solemnity of the services. On Good Friday there was a battle, like one of the Irish faction-fights. As to the gravity of the public feeling, the day presented the "most *festive* appearance

of all." There were processions all day long, with the population out in the streets to see them; boys clambering everywhere, and being driven down by the police; men and boys selling nuts, gingerbread, and water. Then came the battle. "One procession, bearing the image of our Lord falling under the Cross, and of our 'Lady of Hope,' fell in with another, bearing those of the 'conversion of the penitent thief,' and of our Lady of Monserrat; and they fought for the precedence. The former gained it, but the fight occasioned a panic in the Great Square, where there were, it is supposed, twenty thousand persons." The Monserrat men were unluckily disqualified for victory, wearing high caps, with flaps over the face, which blinded them, and long trains which entangled their feet, rendering them quite helpless in the confusion; and, as an American said, "they went down like nine-pins." When order was restored, the Infanta and all the royal party "took candles, and walked with them, to console them! Our Lady of Monserrat had a splendid new robe of blue velvet, and a great display of plate round her."

Those fights occur in other parts of Spain. At Athaurin there are usually two processions, one for the upper part of the town and one for the lower. These processions are called "Jesus above, and Jesus below." When they meet, they generally fight, and if any woman wearing the ribbons of one party happens to fall into the hands of the other, they are torn from her; the whole performance being obviously in the style of an election riot, except that in the latter we seldom hear of the onslaught being made on women.

Easter Day in this year happened to fall on one of the three days for the great fair of Seville. "Of course, it never entered into anybody's head to dream of putting it off, for Easter Day; on the contrary, it is a very fit day for it. The annual bull-fights were put off for the fair, and were on Easter Monday, Easter Tuesday, and the Sunday after. Easter Sunday was most un-Sunday like; all crowd and bustle, with shops open."

Good Friday was the only day on which they were closed. The Virgin

engrosses all the piety, prayers, and preaching. The following are extracts from a sermon in the cathedral. The text was—"She wept sore in the night, and the tears ran down her cheeks." (*Lam. i. 2.*)

"The sorrows of Mary were the greatest in the world. St Jerome says, that in proportion to the greatness of the love is the greatness of the sorrow. This love to her Son was the greatest that ever was; therefore her sorrow is the greatest. . . . And yet from her free love and charity for the human race, she consented to offer him up! The sufferings of Mary were so great that, if they were divided among all the creatures in the world, they would suffice to destroy the existence of all. . . . Her sufferings differed from those of the martyrs, not only in being more intense, but because they suffered for the *salvation of their own souls!* She, who was without spot or stain, purely through charity, that she might be the *Redeemer of the human race.* . . . I will say, with Saint Bonaventure, that all that Jesus suffered in all the various parts of his body, all those sufferings were gathered together in one, in the heart of Mary."

Thus the Virgin in Popery supersedes at once the sufferings and the redemption of our Lord.

The narrative is diversified with descriptions of travel. We are advised not to visit Gibraltar during a fog. The prestige of the columns of Hercules is totally lost during the prevalence of an east wind. It wreathes the mighty rock with a blanket of vapour, showing only here and there a frowning piece of granite, while the whole of the distant view, the hills of Spain to the north, the hills of Africa to the south, with the blue Mediterranean flowing between, are obscured, and the Rock of Gibraltar has no more imposing appearance than the cliffs of Freshwater Bay, enveloped in a sea-fog. On the casual clearing up of the fog, however, the eye is indulged with a stately sight—the impregnable citadel bursting boldly up from the sea, except on the north side, where it is joined to Spain by a little flat neck of land, across which the English and Spanish lines stretch, with a small space of neutral ground lying between them. The town nestles on the shore of the harbour,

underneath the Cliff, flanked on the right by the green Alameda, (promenade,) and on the left by an old Moorish castle. The planting of the greater part of the Alameda is recent, and owes its vegetable honours to General Don. There had been an old idea that the moisture of vegetation might increase the prevalence of fog; but the governor boldly undertook the work, and made it one of the ornaments of Gibraltar. The lower part of the bank is dressed with all sorts of tropical plants, in a profusion of differently-shaded leaves and bright-coloured blossoms; masses of geranium, with the prickly pear, the crab-tree, the aloe, and numberless other shrubs, among which almost labyrinthine paths, winding their way gradually up the hill, make one of the most delightful gardens, where, but twenty-five years ago, there was nothing but grey rock, broken ground, and desert sand.

Gibraltar, in the land of fiction, is not without its fictions, but they are of a higher order than stories of the Virgin and the Saints. St Michael's Cave—an opening into the heart of the mountain, believed to descend to the level of the ocean, or still deeper, and even to form a kind of tunnel to Africa—is by the Moors supposed to be meant to form their future access to Europe. When the day fixed by Allah arrives, its African mouth is to be discovered; then hosts are secretly and suddenly to pour into the subterranean passage, and in the name and with the power of the Prophet, they are to rise and rush upon the Infidel dogs who have so long withheld their earthly paradise from them. Then once more they are to possess the palaces of Cordova, the Alhambra, and all the glories of Andalusia. In the faith of these traditions the Moors of the opposite shore are said to keep the keys of their fathers' houses in Granada, handing them down as heir-looms to their posterity—title-deeds to their estates in Spain! In the mean time, the cavern is not without its presumed tenantry. A race of monkeys formerly existed in the upper parts of the Rock, of which some specimens remain,

shooting them not being allowed. The populace think that the monkeys have found their way to Africa through the cave, no other monkeys being found in Spain, and none of them dead being found in Gibraltar. The solution of the mystery is, that each monkey is carried by his mourning relations in procession to the original cemetery in Africa, the procession taking its way through St Michael's Cave!

The ride from Gibraltar to Ronda is the classic ground of the *Contrabandista*, the latest of whom is the celebrated José Maria de Hinajosa. The beginning of this gallant free-booter's career was his shooting an officer who attempted to arrest him. The money found in the officer's saddle supplied him with finance, and he collected a troop. The stories told of his contests, contrivances, and escapes, are the gossip of the country. Like all the Robin Hoods, he took care to be regarded as the friend of the poor! He one day met an acquaintance in great dejection, whom he had known as a muleteer and a merry fellow. José, in the spirit of his profession, ordered him to "stand and deliver." The poor fellow said that he had nothing to give but his life, and he was welcome to that. On further inquiries, he explained that he had lost his mule and his livelihood together. "Why not buy another?" The answer was "I have no money." José gave him money, and sent him to a farm where there was a mule for sale, ordering him especially to bring back the receipt. The man went, made the purchase, and came back with the receipt and thanks. José sent him on his way home, rode to the farm-house, and acquainted the farmer that "José Maria de Hinajosa wanted a certain number of dollars." The answer was, the farmer "had no money." José took out the receipt; the farmer produced the dollars instantly, and gave him some additional allowance for the trouble of collection!

At Granada, the ceremonial is equally elaborate and equally disregarded. On Easter eve the writer visited the cathedral. The whole of the immense building was filled. "A

few minutes after nine o'clock a priest began to read; and then followed the rending, or rather sudden drawing aside, of the curtain. Immediately there arose a deafening uproar through the church. It seemed as though half the children of Granada had been brought there, and numbers of them armed with little bells or rattles, which were at once set going wildly. Squibs were let off in every direction among people's legs, guns were fired off at the doors, bells were clattered, doors were slammed, shouts were raised; and, in the midst of this din and tumult, the doors were thrown open, and the people, having had their amusement, poured out in crowds."

This scandal is the natural consequence of turning religion into a show—the pageant supersedes the piety. Where men come to see a pantomime they will look to nothing but the tricks; so the Spaniard worships his God with squibs, and the priest is only the scene-shifter. But the Spaniard has also the good fortune of securing himself against the chances of evil in the world to come, by the singular facility of Indulgences. Originally this practice was merely a remission of the *temporal penances* for transgression. About the third or fourth century, when the corruptions of Christianity were already visible, the reconciliation of the offender to the Church was only through some public punishment submitted to as atonement for his sin; and, in some cases, the bishops "indulged" the penitents by abridging, or lightening the penalty. The liability of this custom to abuse excited the indignation of the better order, and Cyprian and Tertullian are loud in their censures of it; but the custom was too productive of power, and ultimately of gain, to be abandoned. On the establishment of the doctrine of purgatory, Indulgences were sold, shortening the pangs of purgatory by months, years, and thousands of years! They brought a flow of wealth to the Roman treasury. This traffic in Indulgences was so open and so craving, that it greatly tended to the rise of the Reformation. The sight of Tetzels the monk selling "Indulgences," in the streets of Wittem-

berg, first excited the manly mind of Luther to inquire of the Bible if those things were Scriptural.

But Indulgences, having fallen off as revenue, are now used as a stimulant to duty, such as it is, in Popery. They are given for acts and observances of all kinds. On the walls of the cathedral of Seville are offers of the following nature:—"80 days' Indulgence for reciting an Ave Maria before the glorious image of our Lady de los Augustias; 80 days for attendance in the morning at the ceremonial which annually takes place before the same image; 80 days for attendance on the exercises of the afternoon; 80 days for each 'Salve;' 80 days for each 'Ave Maria;' 80 days for each verse of the Litany; 80 days for each visit; 80 days for invoking her 'sweet name;' 80 days for imploring the propagation of the Faith;"—each notice ending with a warning that no Indulgences were of any use in Spain, unless the suitors were in possession of the "Bula de la Cruzada."

This Bull was one of the privileges originally granted to Crusaders, but it has since been granted to all purchasers who dislike fasting. In the almanack for 1851 it is stated, in substance, that the Pope Pío Nono has given the privilege to all Spaniards, of eating "wholesome flesh meat" in the days of Lent and usual abstinence, with certain exceptions—the privilege extending to all Spaniards, but lasting only for one year. The price is not high—two reals, or 5*d.*; but, from the numbers sold, it constitutes a large sum. Ford, in his *Handbook*, records the calculation, "that a man might in *one hour* gain, by visiting privileged altars in the Holy Week, 29,630 years' diminution of purgatory." Yet the Indulgence is thrown into eclipse by the Mexican priesthood. "For a single mass at the San Francisco, in Mexico, the pope and prelates granted 32,810 years, ten days and six hours' Indulgence. Under these circumstances, who but a fool would have any fear of judgment to come? But what must a system of this kind of studied delusion appear before *His eyes*, who must be worshipped in *Spirit* and in *Truth*!

The Saint Philomena is one of the

great deities of Spain. In her history it is thus related:—"She was the daughter of a king of Greece, heiress to his throne, and of remarkable beauty. The Emperor Diocletian fell in love with her, and proposed marriage. But she preferred another bridegroom—namely, Christ;—on which the Emperor, not being accustomed to refusals, ordered her to be thrown into a dungeon filled with toads and snakes: this she bore. He then ordered her to be scourged; but she was comforted by an angel. He then ordered her to be shot with arrows; then to be plunged into the Tiber; and then, discovering the difficulty of killing a saint, ordered her head to be cut off—which was effectual. But two angels were seen to carry her soul to heaven in a cloud!"

The groundwork of this history is as follows:—In 1802 an inscription, with the first and last letters destroyed, was found in the catacombs at Rome, beginning with "Linnena," and ending with Fi—the words between being "Pax tecum." Immediately Jesuit dexterity was at work; and it pretended to discover that she was "Filia lumenis," (daughter of light.) Leo X. pronounced her a saint, and Gregory XVI. solemnly blessed her *image* at Rome. She is now "Santa Philomena," and one of the most popular objects of worship in the south of Spain. But we must conclude.

We have in England a band of apostates, who, with all those things before their eyes, have gone over to Popery. It is altogether false and vain for these men to pretend that they are only choosing between the spirit of one church and another; between the more and the less apostolic church; between ancient truth and modern innovation. They are choosing between the Protestantism which abhors idols, and cleaves to Scripture, and the Popery which worships idols, and makes the Scripture a sealed book. Look to Spain—*dare* they dissent from a single doctrine, practice, or principle of Spanish worship? Look to Rome—*dare* they remonstrate against a single abuse of that monstrous system? Look to the effect which the religion of Rome has produced on the morals of Europe.

Look to the punishment of the European nations for abandoning the dictates of Scripture, and worshipping according to the dictates of man. See the Invasions, the Convulsions, the Conspiracies, which have wrought their punishment before Heaven. See

the whole popish Continent in slavery at this moment; and let them ask themselves, why has England been saved in the midst of tempest raging for three hundred years? and there see the contrast of Protestantism with Popery.

PARIS ON THE EVE OF THE EMPIRE.

THE aspect of France, in the month of November 1852, is by no means that of a country which feels its liberties departed, and the iron heel of despotism daily pressing more sternly and irresistibly upon its neck. A large amount of mingled sympathy, pity, and scorn has been expended in England, during the past year, upon the oppressed and degraded condition of the French nation, and upon its ignominious submission to one man's tyrannical will. Day after day, a large section of the British press has uplifted its voice to execrate the despot, and deplore the degradation of the gallant and highly-civilised people which, after repeatedly rejecting, during the last sixty years, liberty and constitutional government in almost every form, has at last submitted to the absolute sway of a usurping adventurer. Such has been the burthen of the song constantly repeated, for twelve months past, by the Liberal press of this country, with variations scarcely sufficient to avoid painful monotony. Whilst English journalists thus exhale their indignation against the present ruler of France, admitting into their columns letters from Socialist refugees couched in abusive and unseemly terms, doing, in short, as it appears to us, everything in their power to exasperate Louis Napoleon and his friends, and to increase the probability of a war which, although we fear it not, we certainly are far from desiring—it is not uninteresting to investigate the mood of those who are most deeply concerned in the question of how France should be governed—namely, of the French themselves. And here let it be observed, that the fierce attacks, which English journals have continually directed against Louis

Napoleon, ever since the *coup d'état* of December last, are utterly ineffectual for the attainment of the only end for which they can reasonably be supposed to be made—namely, to rouse the French to a sense of their degraded condition; to shame them into the assertion of their rights as free citizens; and to spur them on to rise against their present ruler, and revert to a democracy for to constitutional monarchy. We will not pay so poor a compliment to the ability and eloquence of our newspaper contemporaries as to suppose that, if their potent leading articles and pungent communications from correspondents found daily as many readers in France as they obtain in England, the effect would not speedily be fatal to the revived dynasty of Napoleon. We will not doubt that a month's currency in France of their cogent arguments and cutting invectives would suffice utterly to destroy the tranquillity that now reigns in that country, to excite disaffection in the army, to raise barricades, to reawaken the hopes of parties, and to spread once more to the breeze, rescued from the dusty or ignoble recesses where they have lately lain hidden, the lilies of Bourbon, the tricolor of Orleans, the blood-coloured emblem of the Socialists; to introduce, in short, anarchy and strife into a land which at this moment unquestionably enjoys—at whatever price purchased—the unspeakable blessings of order and peace. Under these circumstances, we cannot but consider it fortunate for France that not one Frenchman in a thousand ever reads or sees the English papers, whose contents French journals dare not copy. Whilst some of those papers are positively excluded from France,

others are but grudgingly admitted there, and these latter are very apt to be *lost* in transit through the post. Moreover, few Frenchmen understand English, and the attacks upon their present government scarcely become known to any but that government itself, which is pretty sure to be irritated, but most unlikely to be amended or reformed, by violent and contemptuous language on the part of a foreign press. It were, perhaps, a wiser course to discontinue for a time the contemplation of Louis Napoleon's *past*; to look forward instead of back; and to judge him by what he shall do, and not by what he has done. Whilst English journalists empty the vials of their wrath upon the inscrutable dictator of France, what do the French say and think of their own condition and prospects? In public places one hears little or no politics talked; but if you converse in private with an intelligent and candid Frenchman, unbiassed by partisan influences, he speaks to you something in this strain:—"We have got what we deserved," he says; "*nous l'avons bien gagné*." The amount of freedom we now possess is all we have proved ourselves fit for and deserving of; the muzzling of the press, licentious and disreputable as it had become, should be viewed as a blessing rather than as an infliction; under the present *régime* we feel at least a temporary security, which for years previously we had not known. The government is strong, order is re-established, faction is crushed, commerce revives, material prosperity returns. We are sick of political theorists and charlatans, of liberators whose patriotism is concentrated in their breeches pockets, of princes unequal to emergencies and found wanting at the first trial. We do not laud the present man as a hero or a patriot; we see as plainly as you can the dark spots in his conduct and character, but still he has done France good service by crushing and disarming faction. Concerning his future conduct it were vain to prophesy; but after all we have gone through, we are well pleased to feel present security without peering too far or too inquisitively into the future."

Thus speak Frenchmen of the more

rational and reflecting class. Doubtless they feel humiliated at the loss of liberty, but they view that humiliation as the unavoidable atonement for the national folly and mutability. The less reflecting portion of the nation, the large body of the people, seem to have cast away all thoughts of politics. They have been so surfeited with them of late years, that, now that a respite has come, the reaction is proportionably strong, and the levity and *insouciance* of the national character are again in full force in the ascendant. Beyond a few bullet marks on the houses of the Boulevards, there is little in Paris to tell of recent convulsions. Here is a bright morning—such a one as in London is rarely vouchsafed in this month. It is more like May than November. Last evening, until near midnight, people were sitting out of doors, as though in summer. You turn out early and ramble along the Boulevards, seeking an appetite for your omelette. There is a placard posted at the street corner, the paste still wet. You stop and read. Louis Napoleon recognises in print the national desire to restore the empire, and graciously intimates his compliance. Simultaneously with yourself, other passengers peruse the document. Absolute indifference is on every countenance. *Qu'importe?* The change from a nominal republic to a positive despotism is not worth a thought. Even had the move been unanticipated, it would scarcely have excited a smile or a frown, a passing emotion of contentment or disgust. The French political palate has been treated to such highly-spiced dishes, that nothing less than gunpowder seasoning seems now hot and sharp enough to affect it. So the artisan tramps onwards to his work, the clerk to his office, the speculator to the Opera Passage, and the idler pursues his stroll, whilst all have scarcely lost sight of the placard before ceasing to reflect on its contents. The whole day through, one is struck by the unmistakable evidence of Parisian carelessness about politics, of the little concern France now gives itself about the liberty that was once its boast. The physiognomy of the capital is one of profound indifference to the political condition of the country. A gleam

of sun takes a stream of vehicles to the Champs Elysées and Bois de Boulogne; the Boulevards and the Tuileries are as thronged with cheerful faces and light-hearted idlers as ever they were in the palmiest days of the *Roi citoyen*; *cafés* and eating-houses are crammed; on every side is heard the rattle of lively gossip; at night the numerous theatres are filled to the roof. A few weeks spent in Paris must convince any unprejudiced observer that English sympathisers are infinitely more shocked than the French themselves, at the destruction in France of the last shred of political freedom and constitutional government.

We have been pleased with the just appreciation of French feelings and affairs scattered here and there through a little volume which lately reached our hands.* Its anonymous author describes himself as a married American, who passed last winter with his family in the French capital, and who was still resident there as lately as June of the present year—the date of his preface. An intelligent American, who has lived in France and rubbed off Transatlantic prejudices by European intercourse, seems to us as fair and fitting a judge of French character and affairs as the French themselves could claim or expect. No sentiment of national rivalry or ancient animosity can be supposed to interfere with his dispassionate and impartial judgment; his brief traditions, from Lafayette's day and Washington's, are those of amity to France, of alliance with Frenchmen. In 1848 a fresh link of sympathy seemed to be forged between America and France. The great republic of the New World saw one of the greatest of European nations reject constitutional monarchy in favour of democracy. The congratulations offered, so eagerly and hastily, by the American minister at Paris to the Provisional Government, were harbingers of the applause and greeting that quickly crossed the Atlantic from the American Union to her sister republic. But the Yankees were too prompt with their plaudits.

The extension of liberty was soon replaced by its extinction; the inauguration of self-government by the establishment of despotism. Seen from a distance, a French republic appeared possible; but a closer view dispelled the illusion. The remarks upon this head of our friend in spectacles are pertinent enough.

"In another respect have my opinions undergone a change since my arrival in France. A republican myself, I sympathised with all that bore the name. France, as a republic, was a country to be loved as well as admired. But further acquaintance has convinced me, that neither by genius, habits, nor education, are Frenchmen republicans. Fifteen centuries of absolutism are no preparative for republicanism; and, were they tomorrow to be governed by the constitution of the United States, they would no more be republicans than would ducks be chickens though hatched under a hen.

"Americans justly consider religion and education as the wells whence they draw their republicanism. But it is religion and education carried home to each individual. Not a pompous ceremonial, to dazzle the eyes of the multitude, while it leaves their hearts as cold as the marble altars it rears; nor arts and sciences for the favoured few; but a vital principle, warming souls into action, and a system that carries the elements of knowledge to every fireside. Exile from the United States the clergy, blot out our common schools, and the next generation, ceasing to be republicans, would become anarchists. Give Frenchmen the same education, not only of schools, but of the ballot-box, and the popular forms of government, from village select-men up to legislative assemblies, and you prepare them for republicanism; but, until a people have learned to govern themselves, they must be governed.

"I have no need to recal the past, to prove that free principles have never been firmly rooted in France. There have been continual struggles against oppression, and repeated contests for power. Whichever gained the prize, prince or people, ruled with the authority of a despot or the cruelty of a tyrant. Terrorism has ever been the favourite weapon, because existence was only insured by success. Those who gave no quarter, could expect none; and thus, though

* *Parisian Nights and French Principles, seen through American Spectacles.* New York, 1852.

there has been blood enough spilt in France to regenerate a world, it has enriched no soil but that of despotism.

"The revolution of 1789, in its general destruction, swept away a multitude of abuses. But the nation exchanged only one despotism for a greater, and gladly welcomed imperial rule to screen them from their own. In 1848, they again essayed republicanism; were well-nigh engulfed in anarchy, and now have sought safety and security in a dictator.

"When history has given so many proofs of the incapacity of a nation to be free, it is the part of wisdom, if she would remedy the evil, to investigate the causes. One of these I believe to be the Catholic religion; which began by making the people bigots, and ended in leaving them infidels. In requiring implicit faith and obedience, it destroyed individual judgment and action. But the cause which at present prevents republicanism is ignorance: the actual ignorance of the masses, who, unable to read or reason for themselves, are alternately the tools of the demagogue and despot.

"Statistics will be found to sustain me in this opinion. The population of France is 36,000,000. In her primary schools she has 2,332,580 pupils, or the ratio of one-sixteenth of her population, supported at an annual expense of 1,800,000 dollars, or an average to each pupil of about 75 cents. The State of New York, in 1851, expended on 726,291 pupils in her common schools, 1,432,096 dollars, or an average of nearly 2 dollars a-head for one-fourth of her population, while she has a fund of 6,612,850 dollars devoted to purposes of education. The actual difference is, that while New York expends twice and two-thirds as much on each pupil as France, she educates her population also in the ratio of fourfold in point of numbers. France expends more upon the tomb of Napoleon than upon her entire "Écoles Primaires;" and the city of Paris, from 1800 to 1845, has spent at the Hotel de Ville, in fêtes to the several governments of France, 2,000,000 dollars—a sum sufficient to support its common schools, at the present rate of appropriation, for fifteen years. Previous to 1830, the cost of primary instruction in Paris was but 16,000 dollars annually. Since then it has been increased to 250,000 dollars, and the number of children frequenting the schools is about 45,000, or one twenty-second part of the population. In the colleges, institutions, and boarding-schools of the city, there are 11,000 pupils, but these embrace the élite of the youth from all parts of the country. The total number of pupils in

the lyceums, colleges, and private institutions in France, for 1850, was 92,231; making a total of 2,424,811 children only, out of the 18,000,000 in France, receiving any degree of education.

"The military conscription shows, that out of every thousand young men drawn, about 40 know how to read and write, 500 to read only, and more than 400 have no instruction whatever.

"In the United States, where the nice adjustment of counter-balancing powers and general intelligence makes the political machine move on quietly in its accustomed track, no adequate conception can be formed of the evils to which France is exposed, from the passions and ignorance of its labouring masses, misled by unprincipled demagogues or conceited theorists. There is no spirit of conciliation in French politics. A difference of views is a war to the knife. Falsehood, force, treachery, and every kindred weapon, is employed to attain the desired end. The government strangles liberty, as it alleges, that society may exist. Independence of speech, action, or writing—everything which gives political importance to the individual—becomes a crime. The press, army, judiciary, and even the church, exist only as the slaves of authority. Spies are everywhere. The government spreads a thick web over France, ready, like a spider, to dart upon any intruder upon the slightest movement. With this annihilation of political freedom, which in the United States would be the signal of universal dissolution, she prospers—growing mightier and richer as liberty recedes. Call her by what name you will, the freedom of America becomes her curse, and the despotism of Russia her security. This being the case, she has no alternative but to maintain a strong government, until education and tranquillity shall have prepared her citizens for the rational enjoyment of those privileges, which are the birthright alike of all men. It is not so much political as individual reform that France needs."

This is a decidedly American view of the subject, but it does not the less contain many home truths. The writer, in another chapter, follows the French to the place where he maintains that they are really educated—namely, to the theatre.

"The drama," he says, "plays the same relative part in the education of a Frenchman, that religion does in that of an American. The latter loves his meeting-house, and looks askant upon the

theatre; the former, indifferent to the church, or merely tolerating it, could not exist without the play-house. It is his school of manners; his forum of education; his teacher of history; the parent of his ideas; a living monument, in which antiquity reappears in the present. He can no more live without it than the American without his newspaper. It plays the most important rôle in his 'Art de vivre,' a science which in his own estimation exists only at Paris. It is the necessary superfluity. Sainte Beuve gravely says, 'The French public, who respect so few things, have preserved the religion of the French theatre.' Churches have been sacked and desecrated; the clergy have been massacred or banished; but the drama has triumphantly held its own, through every revolution, oftener giving law to society than imitating it. The same author, the popularity of whose 'Causeries' attests how truly they reflect the public sentiment, speaks thus: 'When Paris recommences to amuse itself, it is not only a privileged class that is amused, but all classes profit and prosper. Paris then is in good train to save herself, and France with her. The theatres present the means of action the most direct, the most prompt, the most continuous, upon the masses. To abandon to chance the direction of the theatres, would be to despise the custom and the exigencies of our nature, the energy of the French mind itself.'

If we admit the proposition that the French really get the greater part of their education at the theatre, it is impossible to wonder at any degree of degradation to which the nation may come, or to anticipate where it shall stop. One need but glance at the sort of pastime just now provided by French dramatists for the nightly gratification of the complaisant public. Complaisant it assuredly is, when it tolerates and even applauds the licentious balderdash continually presented to it. Admirable as many of the present French actors are, especially in comedy and vaudeville, their powers are taxed to the very utmost to pass off the ignoble pieces in which they are compelled to appear. Thanks to their efforts, and to the fulsome eulogiuns of the Paris papers, downright failures are rarer than they should be. Improbability, bad taste, and false sentiments, constitute the stock in trade of the present race of Parisian dramatists. It is up-hill

work for actors, however able and accomplished. To take an example: The great success of the year, the only marked and decided one, has been *La Dame aux Camélias*, "The Lady with the Camélias," which, after running a hundred nights or more in the spring, has been revived this autumn with scarcely less success. Alexander Dumas the younger, novelist by hereditary right, produced a tale under the above title. It attracted no attention—that being exactly as much as it deserved—and would speedily have been forgotten, had not M. Dumas junior conceived the bright idea of turning it into a five-act vaudeville, which is indebted for the greater part of its success to the excellent acting of Madame Doche. So powerful was its effect upon the audiences which night after night crammed to suffocation the *Théâtre du Vaudeville*, that a caricature was published, in which the occupants of the pit were seen holding up umbrellas to protect themselves from the torrents of tears that flowed from the boxes. Of the real merits of the play, we can give the reader, in a few lines, an opportunity to judge for himself. The Lady with the Camélias (said to have been a real person, of the main incidents of whose life young Dumas availed himself) is a Parisian Aspasia of that higher class known by the name of *Lorettes*—a word derived originally from the quarter of Paris (*Notre Dame de Lorette*) in which they chiefly resided. She owes her *nom-de-guerre* to her love for camélias. Whilst leading a life of splendid luxury and dissipation, she falls in love with a young man, whose solicitude about her lungs (the lady, as is not wonderful, considering her rapid style of life, is of a consumptive habit) appears to be the chief engine brought to bear upon her heart. She becomes suddenly disgusted with her brilliant but profligate existence, flies from Paris, and buries herself with her youthful lover in a rural retreat. The pure and pastoral existence they there lead is unkindly broken in upon by the father of Armand, (the lover,) who has an idea that his son's time might be passed better than at the feet of the camelia-bearing syren, the more so that, notwithstanding the romantic

nature of their attachment, the loving pair have carried with them into their retirement some few of their Parisian tastes and habits. The father is a most wearisome person, and an act is taken up by his affecting expostulations with Marguerite, who will be the ruin of his son, he says, and to whose affection for that misguided youth he makes a touching appeal. Finally, Marguerite promises to leave Armand, and in such a manner that there shall be no chance of his returning to her. The next act shows her in the midst of an orgie. This scene, a thoroughly natural representation of certain aspects of Parisian life, is one of the cleverest in the piece. Armand, horrified at his mistress's relapse into lax habits, and believing her false to him, flies from her in despair. The sacrifice is consummated. Armand gone, Marguerite again abjures dissipation, sinks into a sort of secondary stage of her malady, and takes to her bed. The father hears of her suffering state, visits her, and at last, touched by her pale face and amiable qualities, consents to restore to her his son, and promises never again to seek to separate them. Before agreeing to this, however, the old fox is evidently quite aware that her recovery is impossible. Armand rushes in, Marguerite dies in his arms, and the majority of the audience, who for some time have been clandestinely whimpering, indulge in a chorus of sobs under cover of the applause that attends the fall of the curtain. Such is the piece that has made *furor* in Paris during the year 1852, exciting in an especial degree the sympathy and enthusiasm of the fair sex.

The glance taken at the National Assembly in the fifth chapter of "Parisian Sights," &c., places before the reader, in a very clear manner, the character and composition of that body, and the causes of its weakness and downfall.

"The talent and education of the National Assembly, composed of nearly eight hundred members, were chiefly to be found among the Legitimists or partisans of the house of Orleans. However friendly Berryer, Montalembert, Larochejaquelin, Molé, or Thiers might be to civil liberty, they were pledged to it in no other form than that of royalty. It was for that

they laboured, and by that tenure they held their seats. They carried with them a large proportion of the intellect and wealth of France. Republicanism in name existed rather by reason of the disagreement of the rival branches of royalty than by its own strength. Still it was respectably represented in the Assembly by about eighty-three members of the conservative order, of whom the most eminent names were Lamartine, the Generals Cavaignac, Lamoricière, and the eloquent divine, M. Coquerel. The Reds, or the Mountain, the ultra-democrats, among whom every shade of opinion was to be found, from moderate republicanism to the worst errors of Socialism, embraced nearly one-third of the National Assembly, and numbered in their ranks Victor Hugo, Eugène Sue, the Abbé Lammenais, Emile Girardin, and others, whose literary talents have gained them reputation. A more heterogeneous body of legislators could not have been assembled. Members of the Buonaparte family were to be seen supporting all opinions except that of legitimacy, while there was a party of Imperialists who looked forward to the re-establishment of the Empire as the national panacea. The National Assembly, in lieu of being a body of republican legislators, was an assemblage of Imperialists, Bourbonists, Orleanists, and Socialists, with a moderate number of members who were sincere in their attachment to a republic. It was a legislature of partisans, and not of patriots.

"Admitting it was a republican assembly, has their conduct shown their sincerity or their fitness for republicanism? They embraced the best minds of the nation, so that ignorance has no apology to offer; and if they failed in their duties as republican legislators, it has been from incapacity or design. That they have failed, and incurred the opprobrium and contempt of the nation, is evident from the fact that, while the usurpation of Louis Buonaparte was universally deplored or condemned, not one solitary voice of commiseration was raised for the Assembly. It had become the laughing-stock, or object of the indignation of the community; and they saw it fall to the ground, so far as the individual members were concerned, with as little concern as they would have shown for the dropping of rotten fruit in an orchard. Instead of labouring for the republic, in accordance with their oaths and duties, they had presented to the world the unseemly spectacle of fierce contentions, unprincipled intrigues, and a total disregard not only of forensic rules, but the ordinary forms of individual courtesy. In general,

they were united in one point—hostility to the executive authority; each party hoping that in its destruction their own might rise. It was a wild scramble for power, with 'the devil take the hindmost' for its cry."

The writer gives some specimens of the proceedings of the Chamber, extracted from various days' reports, that certainly justify his censure, and then passes on to the events of December 1851, of which he was an eye-witness. His curiosity being apparently stronger than his prudence, he perambulated the streets and Boulevards on the fourth of that month, and saw not a little of what passed. The subject is still fresh; for owing to the peculiar circumstances of the day, to the great danger—even to perfectly inoffensive persons—of showing themselves to the excited and half-intoxicated soldiery, we can hardly be said to have had any complete and trustworthy narrative of what then occurred. In Paris one hears the most contradictory accounts, especially as to the numbers of the killed and wounded. These, there can be no doubt, have in many instances been enormously over-estimated. We have heard foreign (and therefore, we may presume, impartial) residents in Paris rate the total loss as low as three hundred killed and wounded. This is probably under the mark, although it must be remembered that the fighting was confined to an insignificant number of barricades, to a portion of the Italian and Poissonnière boulevards, and to the whole of the boulevard Montmartre—the shortest in Paris. The soldiery showed themselves vindictive and cruel; they had been primed with drink, and reminded of the days of June, when their loss had been heavy, and their victory at one time so doubtful that General Cavaignac seriously contemplated withdrawing from Paris. There can be no doubt that had the insurgents, in those terrible days, gained a little more ground, that was the course he would have adopted, and the capital would have been left in the power of the Reds, whilst troops were drawn together to besiege and reduce it. Louis Philippe's fortifications would have come to strange uses. On the 4th of December, however, there was

decidedly more noise than mischief. The houses suffered more than the inhabitants. A most painful feature of the day was the death of women and innocent persons, shot by accident, or through wantonness. In the Rue Grange Batelière a lady was shot on her husband's arm, whilst crossing the street. Two bullets pierced her back, and she fell dead. The frantic husband turned with execrations to her murderers. Some persons sallied from an adjacent house, took up his wife's body, and dragged him in, or he would doubtless have shared her fate. One hears many such distressing stories in Paris, from eye-witnesses. Still the numerical amount of casualties does not appear to have been nearly so large as has often been stated and believed. But we will extract our American's terse and spirited account of the events of the 4th December. He commences it in characteristic style. He missed in Paris, he says, the enlivening bustle of the fires common in his own country. He sighed after the hubbub of bells, the clatter of engines, and the shouts of the boys. But before long, he found that Paris possesses advantages in the way of excitements, quite peculiar to itself, and fully compensating the absence of conflagrations.

"It was the 2d of December of the past year. I had arisen at my usual hour, breakfasted, read Galignani and the *Constitutionnel*, my morning papers, without finding an item of interest, and as the morning was sombre, had prepared myself for a day of more than ordinary quiet. Toward one o'clock, a French lady dropped in. She was somewhat excited, and I inquired the reason. 'What,' said she, 'have you not heard the news! There is a revolution. Paris is in a state of siege. The troops are all in the streets—the National Assembly is dissolved—most of the members are imprisoned—the railroad tracks are torn up, to prevent the provinces from marching upon the city—Louis Napoleon is Emperor'; and thus she rattled off a volley of news, that was genuine news indeed.

"I immediately went out. The good citizens of Paris, who had gone to bed under a republic, were just leaving their breakfast tables to read the proclamations which announced to them it had suddenly departed this life, forgetting to add, however, leaving a numerous and afflicted

family. Those who had most at stake in this violent change, knew nothing of it until it had been old news by some hours in London.

"I passed along the Boulevards and the usual resorts of business. All the shops were closed. Groups read in silence the notices, and quietly dispersed. This part of the city, usually so rife with life, appeared as if stunned by a violent blow. Men held their breaths. It was not the settled composure with which the seaman looks upon the coming storm, but the anxiety and terror with which is awaited an expected earthquake.

"The public gardens and Palais Royal were closed. There was no thought of amusement. The Champs Elysées, Place Madeleine, and every avenue leading to the Palais Bourbon and residence of Louis Napoleon, were filled with dense masses of troops in fighting order. More than fifty thousand were under arms. They, too, were awaiting, they knew not what—but ready at the order of their chiefs to rise and slay. Certain streets were closed; those who had homes therein found no little difficulty in reaching them.

"That evening the celebrated Jesuit, Le Père Ventura, was to preach at Notre Dame. I started early to obtain admission, as he always draws a multitude. By this time, six o'clock, the troops had returned to their barracks, and Paris looked as gay and busy as on the preceding evening. The church was closed; nothing was permitted at this juncture that would attract the crowd to one spot. News-boys were crying at every corner the dissolution of the National Assembly, and the other stringent measures of the President. The people had begun to discuss them; the first sentiments were admiration at the cleverness with which it had been done. The President had conversed even till midnight in the most friendly manner, at the Elysée with his opponents. No agitation announced the desperate throw he had then resolved to make of his political dice. Yet his head was upon the cast, and if successful he foresaw that blood was to be shed. In four hours the deed was done; every printing-press, not his own, seized; the Assembly dissolved; the legislative halls closed; those in whose hands the grasp of his own was scarcely cold, arrested and in prison. Thiers wept, and was alternately fool and coward; Cavaignac, dignified; Changarnier haughty, and Lamoricière pugnacious. None whom Napoleon feared were spared. His selection was admirable. Not a leader of any party except his own was exempted from

the call to exchange a warm bed at four o'clock of a winter's morning for a stone cell at Vincennes, or the prison Mazas. Each had the honour of a special attendance—no questions were answered as to the object of their imprisonment or their probable fate. In twelve hours the bourgeoisie exclaimed '*C'est bien fait!*' and were ready to go on with their amusements.

"On the third there was more excitement. The secret societies were at work. The Reds were recovering from their astonishment; ex-members of the National Assembly harangued the multitude, and circulated addresses to arouse the people to resistance. The result was several barricades, which were speedily carried by the troops, with some loss on both sides. On the part of the government the proclamations became more stringent. Carriages were forbidden to circulate, or the inhabitants to appear in the streets. Those taken near any barricade with arms about them were to be put to death.

"In the evening there was shouting—inflammatory speeches—the rallying cries of parties. Immense human masses on the Boulevards and the quays heaved to and fro in sullen anger, like the swell of the ocean before an approaching storm. Individuals ran from group to group muttering curses upon the usurper. Some said the excitement would spend itself in words; others, that Louis Napoleon would be killed within forty-eight hours. The police charged repeatedly on the crowds, which, in return, mocked at them. I looked quietly on, and became convinced that the back of the Parisian tiger was up, and was preparing for a leap.

"The next morning was the fourth. There was not much stirring; the shops were generally closed. I went to the Rue de Jeuneurs, where I had business. This was before mid-day. As I approached this street, I saw crowds running through it, panic-struck, while the residents were barring their windows and closing their doors. I asked the cause. All were too much frightened to speak intelligently. Some thought the faubourgs were rising, and others that the troops were approaching; each added to the alarm of his neighbour. At last I learned that barricades were being erected at the Porte St Denis on the boulevard of that name.

"Being curious to see a barricade, I pushed directly for the spot. On arrival, I found the work going bravely on. Four were already commenced at different intervals in the boulevard. Stagings had been torn from unfinished houses;

iron railings from the magnificent gateway; trees were cut down; all those nameless buildings, at once so convenient and so disgraceful, to this fashionable avenue, were demolished, and their materials added to the fortifications. Carts, carriages, and omnibuses were triumphantly dragged from hiding-places, amid shouts of exultation, to add to the monster piles. The stout iron railing and massive stone wall which protects the side walk from the street, long resisted the efforts of destruction. Crow-bars, and the united strength of several hundred men, at last brought it down. Pavements were torn up, and shaped into breastworks. The barricades soon began to assume a formidable appearance, and to any force but artillery were well-nigh impregnable. They were further strengthened by ropes, which bound firmly together the disjointed parts. There were not very many at work, but those who were laboured like beavers, and evidently knew their trade. Blouses and broad-cloth were about equally mixed. Neither were there many spectators. All sorts of rumours were in circulation. The army, it was said, had left Paris, to defend the city against the troops coming in from the neighbouring cities—such a regiment had revolted; the National Guards were arming; in short, every species of tale to encourage and exasperate the enemies of the President, was circulated by agents of the political parties of the late Assembly.

"Having completed the barricades, the mob burst into the nearest guard-house, with wild shouts, sacked it, placed its flag on their most formidable fortification, and used the materials to further strengthen their quarters. The small force usually there had been withdrawn, or it would have been massacred.

"Sinister individuals in blouses armed with cutlasses, muskets, and pistols, began to appear. These acted as leaders. They broke into all the neighbouring shops and searched the houses for arms. When any were found, they marked in chalk on the building, 'arms given: death to robbers.' From one of the theatres they procured a few muskets and a drum. These were hailed with shouts of joy, and a party began beating the rappel through the adjacent streets.

"I was surprised to see how many boys there were in their ranks. They went to work in all these violences as if on a frolic—light-hearted, and even jovial. From their manner, I should rather have supposed that they were gathering materials for a rustic fair, than for a struggle in which no quarter would be given. I

saddened to think how many that I saw so busy around me, would be shot or bayoneted before night. The comments of the spectators varied: some said, let the rascals go ahead—they wish to plunder and kill—they will soon be taught a good lesson; others encouraged. One man asked me if I were German or English; on my replying that I was an American, 'Ah!' said he, with a sigh, 'you live in a true republic.'

"I asked a fine-looking boy of about fourteen, in a school uniform, with a stick in his hand, at the end of which was a bayonet, what he intended doing; 'you are too young to fight.' He laughed, brandished his weapon, and ran off to join a crowd, listening to the reading of a proclamation announcing the deposition of Louis Napoleon, and calling upon the Parisians to give their allegiance to the provisional government formed by such of the members of the late Assembly as had escaped arrest.

"A rough-looking fellow, armed with a musket, who seemed to have authority, came up to me and said, 'If you are one of the curious, you had better be off.' I thought so too, as appearances began to wear a serious aspect. The houses overlooking the barricades were taken possession of, and garrisoned; sentinels were placed at the principal points; the non-combatants were mostly gone, and few but fighters left. I had been there less than two hours; yet, so rapidly had the mob worked, that all the streets opening upon this vicinity were already fortified. I was forced to climb three barricades, politely assisted over one by an armed lad in a blouse, before getting clear of their line of operations. It was most injudiciously chosen, for it could be attacked to equal advantage in front and rear; and their flanks were also exposed.

"I found the boulevards below almost deserted. A brigade of infantry and artillery were just turning the corner of the street, marching without music, slowly, toward the first barricade. Before reaching it they halted. One-half the artillery passed in front, and was pointed toward the breastworks; the other was loaded with grape, and pointed in the other direction. The few persons about saluted the troops with 'Vive la République.' The commanding officer ordered the boulevard to be cleared. The troops charged upon us, and we slipped out of the way by the side streets.

"I then walked down the Rue Montmartre, where I saw similar scenes. Coming out again upon the Boulevard des Italiens, I found the entire length of the boulevard, from the spot I first left,

filled with troops, in order of battle. The line extended into the Rue de la Paix. It was a stirring spectacle to witness regiment after regiment of artillery, cavalry, and infantry, pass up this noble avenue to take their stations. In the novelty and beauty of their array, I quite lost sight of the fact that they were ordered out to slaughter these misguided people I had so recently left. At one time they cleared the side-walks, and allowed no one to approach their lines. The sentinels, however, for some inexplicable cause, were shortly removed; and those of the populace who had more curiosity than fear, allowed to pass along as far as the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle. This led to the melancholy slaughter of thirty-five individuals, and the wounding of a large number, soon after on the Boulevard Montmartre, just above where I was. Opposite me was the 7th Lancers—a fine corps, recently arrived in Paris.

"I stood talking with a friend, when, from the upper end of the line, the discharge of cannon was heard, followed by a blaze of musketry and a general charge. The stragglers on the boulevards took to flight in all directions. They pitched headlong into open doors, or loudly demanded entrance at the closed. I was fortunate enough to get into a neighbouring carriage-way, through the grated *porte cochère* of which I could see what was going on. The firing was tremendous. Volley followed volley so fast, that it seemed like one continued peal of thunder. Suddenly there was a louder and nearer crash; the cavalry in front of me wavered, and then, as if struck with panic, turned, and rushed in disorder down the street, making the ground tremble under their tread. What could have occurred? The first supposition was that the different regiments had turned their arms upon each other. Another, that the Reds had proved too strong for the troops. In a few minutes the horsemen came charging back, firing their pistols on all sides. Then came in quick succession the orders 'To shut all windows; to keep out of sight; to open the blinds,' &c. It seemed an unexpected fire had been opened upon the soldiers from some of the houses above, by which they at first suffered so severely as to cause a recoil. The roar of firearms was now tremendous. Mortars and cannon were directed point blank at the suspicious houses, within a few rods' distance, and fired. They were then carried by assault.

"The rattle of small shot against windows and walls was incessant. This was, too, in the finest part of the boule-

wards. Costly houses were completely riddled; their fronts were knocked in; balls passed through the various floors, and lodged finally wherever their spent force destined them. The windows were destroyed by the concussion of the cannon; and as for the outer walls, they looked as if a thunder-storm of bullets had passed over them. They were literally peppered with lead from cellar to roof. Some balls had passed through panes of glass, leaving holes as true and clear of their exact size as if they had been cut out by a diamond. Of the hair-breadth escapes of the inmates, and the general destruction of property, I need not speak. The government afterward footed all the bills for the last. The firing continued for nearly an hour, and then receded to more distant parts of the city; for the field of combat embraced an area of several miles, and there were some 40,000 troops engaged.

"As soon as I could with safety, I left my covert; and, by back streets, endeavoured to get near enough to the barricades, to see what work had been done there. It was now quite dark. The troops guarded every possible avenue, and fired upon all who approached the interdicted spots. The streets in this vicinity were almost wholly deserted. The few that were to be seen, cautiously peered round the corners, but did not venture to show themselves. Not knowing the danger, I attempted to go upon the boulevards by the Rue Montmartre. As I walked up the street, I noticed the marks of the balls that had glanced along the houses. There was a large pool of blood, but the corpses had been removed. I had nearly reached the corner, when an officer rushed out, and ordered me back in a tone which I thought most prudent to obey. As I was alone, and he had probably seen enough bloodshed that afternoon, he did nothing worse. I turned into the first cross street, and there saw a well-dressed man gasping on a rude bier. Those who had picked him up said he had six balls in him. In the Rue Richelieu there was the corpse of a young girl. Some one had placed lighted candles at her head and feet.

"Emerging from the line of soldiers as I reached the parts of the city removed from their surveillance, I noticed a bitter feeling among the better classes for the day's work. The slaughter was, as it always is, in the heat of a battle, greatly exaggerated. Still it was with no gratifying emotions that one could redress it, even to a few hundred. It was civil war—fratricide. I reached home indignant and mournful.

"The soldiers have been justly blamed for firing upon the unarmed. Those who fought at the barricades knew the penalty of defeat. The inhabitants had been ordered not to appear in the streets. Those who suffered forgot the danger in their curiosity. One gentleman met his death by standing at a distant corner, and looking at the troops with a spy-glass. It was mistaken for a musket, and he fell, pierced with several balls.

"Those who were killed on the Boulevard Montmartre were non-combatants, but suffered from their rashness. The public feeling in such cases is ever severe on the soldier. But in extenuation, it should be remembered that his exposed position in a street, fired upon from houses on both sides, is by no means calculated to insure coolness and judgment. His enemies are unseen, and he knows, from fatal experience, that a Socialist gives no quarter. Several of his comrades had been basely assassinated in the public ways. Numbers had already fallen from the fire of his ambushed foes. In the heat of revenge he believes every citizen's coat to cover an assassin, and kills without pity.

"In the evening, I again attempted to go up the boulevards. Squadrons of lancers were on guard, and brigades of infantry bivouacked on the side-walks. The public were permitted to go as far as the Rue Lafitte, but obliged to walk quickly, and not allowed to stop for an instant. Horsemen with loaded pistols stood at each corner, and if there was the slightest hesitation, or if two individuals spoke to each other, they pointed them directly upon the delinquents, and ordered them to pass on. The cavalry, with their lances in rest, charged repeatedly upon groups accidentally formed. In passing the length only of a square I was obliged to run twice; and once had just time to dodge under the projecting angle of a house as the troops swept by. These charges were intended simply to intimidate and prevent collections of people. The French rule is to run at the sight of a soldier. There is more danger from the panic of the crowd than from the military. I concluded an accident was as liable to occur to me as any one else, and returned home, fully satisfied by what I had seen during the day, that street-fighting in Paris is a serious matter.

"Louis Napoleon proclaimed himself master of France, December 2d. The 4th of December made him master. It was a terrible lesson deliberately planned, and intended as such by him. I say planned, for the Minister of War, in his

official report, says, 'The troops were withdrawn, and the insurgents allowed to build their barricades unmolested, that the insurrection might come to a head and be extinguished at one blow.' It left me nothing to covet in the political institutions of France, but more to love in those of my own country. The poor wretches who suffered most were mere hirelings. A French gentleman of my acquaintance, whose house was near one of the barricades, said a few days afterwards to the sentinel in front of his door, 'The soldiers have behaved well.' 'Ah!' replied the man, 'it pleases you to say so, but my heart is heavy this morning.' 'Why so?' 'I was drawn with a number of my comrades to shoot thirty prisoners condemned to death. As they marched to the place of execution, they said to one another, it was hard to die for ten francs.'

That the conflict of the 4th December was foreseen, and even premeditated by the framer of the *coup d'état* of the 2d, there can be hardly a doubt. We may not see in Louis Napoleon a patriot, or anything but an unscrupulous and ambitious man, far more concerned for his own aggrandisement than for the welfare of a country which can hardly be called his. The question does not hinge on the merits of the individual, but reduces itself to this: Can there, at the present moment, be found a man better fitted to govern France? We believe that there cannot. The French need to be ruled with a rod of iron. Republicanism has had its chance, and shown itself incapable. With the single exception of Lamar-tine, the baseness and selfishness of the leaders of the democratic party have been sufficiently proved. The inertness of the Legitimist candidate is growing into a proverb. Although possessing some able adherents, the chance of the Orleans family appears daily to lessen. In France, however, less than in any other country, can one risk political predictions. It seems like a dream that Louis Napoleon, the needy exile, the usurer's prey, the neglected of English society, the man to whom none but his intimates gave credit for ability of any kind, should have raised himself in a few months to supreme power in France, and should exercise it—*if* unscrupulously—at least with un-

questionable talent. After that, who shall assert that we may not one day see the sluggish Bourbon, or the heir of Orleans, seated on the French throne? The chance of either of them certainly appears slender, especially that of the Count de Paris, against whom many disadvantages combine. Too long an orphan for his father's temporary popularity to be reflected on himself, too young to have personally enlisted in his behalf the sympathies of Frenchmen, the insignificance of his uncles, his grandfather's ignominious exit from power, have cast an unfavourable shade over him. Odd as it appears, Paris positively dislikes Louis Philippe for not having cannonaded it. A little blood-letting in February might have saved depletion in June—to say nothing of deportations to Cayenne, shootings in December, and all the catalogue of evils that have occurred since the spring of '48. "I will put down the insurrection," said bluff Bugeaud to

the aged and irresolute chief of the house of Orleans, "but it will cost a couple of thousand lives." Fifteen years before, (judging from his determined conduct in the early disturbances of his reign,) Louis Philippe would probably have said, "Fire!" and given the African marshal *carte blanche*. In 1848 his mood was more vacillating. "Will that expenditure of blood," he asked, "restore permanent tranquillity?" "For that I cannot answer," replied Bugeaud, "but I will answer for suppressing the insurrection." The old king wavered and refused. The man of Isly should have planted his cannon and done his work. So say many now who bear no great love to Louis Philippe's memory, but who would rather have seen him end his days as king of the French than have beheld France delivered into the hands of anarchists, to be succeeded by an autocrat as absolute and unaccountable as Russian czar or Oriental despot.

THE PUFF OFF PERNAMBUCO.

BY HARRY GRINGO.

"I'LL tell you, Fred, how it all happened," said the Lieutenant to a diminutive urchin at his side, who chanced to be an embryo reefer, and who, with uneasy legs and bright restless eyes, had already devoted about one-third of his not very advanced life to the navigation of miniature barks in the baby's bathing-tub, and in the study of *Tom Cringle's Log*, *The Cruise of the Midge*, and other profane nautical romances, very much to the horror and dismay of his grandmother, who, during his tender months of infancy, had made a volunteer of her pet for the Church. Finding, however, at a later period, that he took infinite delight in kissing and hugging all the little girls at Sunday-school, that he could whip his playmates, and had learned to sing "The Battle of the Nile" and "Poor Tom Bowling," in a shrill though sweetly plaintive little voice, to his mother's accompaniments on the pianoforte; and, moreover, since the youngster was always attired for

the children's fancy balls in a natty suit of sailor rig—why, it seemed a moral impossibility, with all these perspective predilections for the navy, that the lad should not have anchor buttons on his jacket, and be forthwith consigned to his natural element, the ocean.

It was upon these excellent considerations that he was specially cherished by his uncle the Lieutenant, or Captain, as he was respectfully addressed by his familiars, although the title was not, strictly speaking, legitimatised on the face of his commission; and since the Lieutenant always declared that none but the marines ever did deeds worthy to be distinguished by brevets, he therefore clung with some tenacity to his true calling in the service. With the foregoing facts in view in connection with the future profession of his youthful favourite, during intervals of evening relaxation the Lieutenant loved to impart some of his own nautical experience to the bright little fellow by his side.

"I'll tell you, Fred, the way it all happened; but mind, you young villain, don't tease your sister Kate the while, or else—" Here the Lieutenant paused, and, making an expressive pantomime of throwing a small boy over his knees, and then winking benignly at Kate, he began as follows:—"It was just five minutes after the bell had been struck eight and the middle watch called—for I was always regarded as a prompt relief, you will observe—when groping my way along the gun-deck, I stumbled up the spar-deck ladder, and after being violently jostled about by sleepy topmen and lubberly afterguardsmen, I at last reached the poop, and was cordially saluted by an old *confièrè* in many a gale and frolic—Joseph Montacute, Esquire.

"The night was black as Erebus, the sea was smooth as glass, and the frigate lay undulating on the back of the gentle swell, nothing heard save a slight swash under the bows or counter as the water broke when she was turned round on her keel occasionally by light flows, which for a day or two had been toying and flirting with the lofty dimity. I said the night was dark," continued the Lieutenant, "and so it was; nothing ever approached nearer to its murkiness than a Nubian necromancer I once saw in Grand Cairo; and he was not only black all the way down his throat, but had a woolly blackness around him which invariably induced the belief that one might feel him a good yard off! So it was on the night I speak of; the very air we inhaled seemed black, thick, and heavy.

"Well, Monty, my man," said I, as my messmate grasped me by the elbow, and carefully placed the speaking-trumpet in my hand, "how does she head?" "O. head be bothered!" he replied, in a testy, drowy sort of way, "she's been bobbing around the compass like a Chinese joss, without any rhyme or reason. The Commodore, too, bless him, has been in the tantrums about nothing; and though there's a bubble of some kind a-brewing somewhere, he will persist in keeping all the light rags and main-gail on her. Howsoever," continued Montacute, quite philosophically, "sails and sticks don't come of my

stipend; so here's the Captain's orders for the night'—pushing a bit of paper into the binnacle-cover; 'same old song—wash clothes at daylight—scrub the spar and gun decks with sand—call me if any change—course east-north-east, under royals and flying jib, and so forth. Now,' added my brother blue-jacket, 'I'll dive, moisten my neck a bit, and then seek repose—*adios campeche!*' With this concluding term of endearment Mr Montacute's voice faded away in the depths of the vessel, as he cautiously descended the after-hatchway.

"Fred," said the Lieutenant, as he removed a cheroot from his incisors—for he was enjoying what he termed a dry smoke, and never cared to ignite one of those pernicious vegetables in the presence of ladies—"Fred, I believe I haven't yet told you where we had been cruising. You must know, then, that we were homeward bound, having been for a brief period of three years traversing the broad expanse of the Pacific, all around Polynesia, through the Archipelagos on both sides the equator, and from there we swept down the American continent from the golden shores of California, along the coasts of Mexico, Peru, and Chili, until at last the Commodore, having collected his freight of dust, dollars, and Pilla, was returning to the bosom of his family with a light and grateful heart; but, mind you, he never shared so much as even a silver ounce with his hard-working fighting captain, Mr Rods, who, by the way, had taken all the care and responsibility of the treasure, albeit he was a worthy officer, with a large family at home in barracks, and he stood somewhat in need of a little remuneration for his trouble. But, you see, the Commodore was getting on in life, said his prayers regularly, and having withal plenty of money, he was apprehensive of coming to want; and, like most people in that melancholy situation, he never permitted a dollar by any chance to slip through his fingers. The rest of us, however, were within hail of the almshouse; and what with washing at three dollars the dozen, billiards at three rials the hundred, picnics, fandangos, and *monté*, why, we were not so delighted as the Commodore to be

heading once more for the north star and home.

"Weeks before we had doubled Cape Horn, and flying past the bleak snow-covered heights of Staten Land and the Falkland Islands, we came striding up towards the equator into the broad Atlantic, with a following sea and a roaring breeze, which never for a moment allowed the stout canvass to flap against the masts or rigging.

"The Penguin was, at the time I speak of, the largest frigate afloat, or rather, she was a Razeed, cut down from a top-heavy line-of-battle ship, though, in the reduction, the same-sized sticks had been left in her; and now, with less upper works, and a better hold in the water, notwithstanding the greater drop to her courses, she stood as bravely up to her canvass, and as stiff as a lighthouse, and, with her sails rap full, could show her stern windows to the swiftest.

"Well, on we came; and long before the flying fish began to disport themselves around our bows upon entering the tropics, the blue mould of Valparaiso bay had been rubbed off, and the copper gleamed like a guinea fresh from the mint.

"During this period of the voyage, the chaplain and the purser, the major of marines, the surgeons, and the secretary, formed a gun-room alliance, and in the prevalence of a hard squall of snow or hail, fierce enough to shiver the anchors off our buttons, and make the old frigate quiver like a struck harp-string, or a bowl of calves-foot jelly, and when, perhaps, the reefed fore-topmast studding sail or topgallant sails were ordered in until the rough edge of the blast had somewhat abated, then our dryfooted messmates would quietly elevate the tips of their eyelids above the lower decks, glance aloft, give a diapason of mournful groans, and return below again to condole with one another upon the sad appearance of things above. 'Don't blow hard enough to furl a sky-sail,' says the bellwether of the growlers, 'and they are stripping her stark naked.' 'Lord love ye,' sympathises another, 'we shan't cross the line in a twelvemonth of Sundays at this rate.' 'Certainly not,' cries a third; 'but what in the world can

we expect while Harry Gringo, or that little bullet-headed Joe Montacute, have charge of the watch!' All this time the stanch ship, I told you, was racing over the waves, with a great white bone in her jaws, at a speed of full twelve knots the hour. But thus it is, Fred, my child," added the Lieutenant sorrowfully; "we are never contented with our lot in life; for instead of preaching a sermon only once a-week—or selling slops and overcharging dead men with tobacco, according to popular belief—or copying despatches—or physicking the marines when they indulge too much in the luxury of 'duff' on Banyan days—or dispensing pipe-clay and similar blandishments, all in a professional way—why, these observant idlers are ever striving to take the legitimate bread out of the sea-officers' mouths. And, again, some of these worthy gentlemen, not content with their own regulation uniform, were never made happy until they, by dint of importunity, at last succeeded in stealing the epaulettes from our coats, the distinctive badge of our calling. Now, every one knows that those brilliant bunches of bullion are traditions of ancient armour, and were intended to guard the shoulders of warriors in battle from an overhand lick with a cutlass or any other murderous weapon; but who ever heard of a purser or a doctor getting cut down? No, their business is to cut up; and why they cannot select some more appropriate device, and leave the epaulettes to those to whom they rightfully belong, I can't for the life of me divine! Ah, well," sighed the Lieutenant, as he pulled Fred's nose, out of mere abstraction, and requested him, when he received his warrant, to devote himself religiously to the navy list, which was the midshipman's prayer-book, and never to meddle with the concerns of others—"Ah, well, it can't be helped;" and with this consoling reflection he resumed the thread of his yarn.

"Commodore Bogus Bricks—for that was the epithet our noble commander rejoiced in—was not exactly what sailors term an old salt. He was old enough, to be sure, and perhaps had been corned often enough to have been made eligible for the compli-

ment, but since he had only seen about three years' sea service, well-nigh the third of a century previous to his present command, it was only reasonable to presume that he could not, from actual experience, be possessed of the true elements or qualities of a Salt. It may, too, have been barely within the bounds of probability that the hardships attendant upon his arduous service in early life had seriously undermined and impaired his constitution, and thus incapacitated him for active duty until a lucrative command should present itself—in that case he would have sacrificed his health to his country; but when I had the pleasure of knowing him, he was, to all human and outward vision, as sound, rosy, and portly a person as you would wish to behold. From this you may understand, Fred, that while in the affairs of freight and dollars the Commodore's judgment was wisdom itself, yet in nautical matters, incredible as it may appear, it was not worth the asking; for he was bold as a Norse vikingir when lulled into security through unconsciousness of danger, and again timid as a pilot-fish when his ignorance and fears beguiled him. The Commodore was a hard student, though; and he has been known to pass much of his valuable time seated at a table, with a model ship or *teaser* before him, bending all his wonderful energies in striving to reduce to practice some exceedingly intricate and utterly impossible problem in seamanship, which the Ancient Mariner himself, had he been a pupil of Euclid's, would have given up in absolute despair. However, this was one of the Commodore's few weak angles; induced—so said the tradition—by the friendship of Cooper the great author, who once upon a time dedicated some thrilling tale of the sea to his friend Bogus; and in consequence of this unfortunate and misplaced attachment, the Commodore has ever since, and may be at this moment for all I know to the contrary, indefatigably occupied with his favourite study.

"We liked the Commodore, however, with a resigned sort of feeling; for, though he was an exceedingly proud person, and cordially hated the French as if they were his natural ene-

mies, yet, withal, he was amiable and conversible—rarely snappish with his subordinates; and at dinner, while

'Full well we laughed, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes—for many a joke had he'—

and when in a social mood for confiding his famous recipe for boiling rice, over his wine, after dinner"—Here the Lieutenant drew a long breath, and slapping his leg with deliberate emphasis, declared—"Commodore Bogus Bricks had no rival.

"Well," continued the narrator, as he gazed admiringly into the cheerful blazing fire, as if mentally contrasting the cosy pleasures of his own happy home with the scenes he was describing, "some time in the showery month of April, we ran through the southern tropic, and bolted fairly into the other. The cold sides of the ship had become warmed by the tepid seas in the region of the Equator, and the water in our huge tanks lost its refreshing chilliness; and old straw-hats, with duck trousers, were called into service; while the water and claret monkeys kept swinging from the beams over the gunroom mess-table; yet the breeze still held with a good heart, and we hoped that our impetus would soon drive us beyond the variable winds of the dyaway latitudes of the north-east Trades, and thus send us on our way rejoicing.

"Indeed, we were entirely confident that such a dispensation would be vouchsafed us; and, under that belief, the sailing-master had laid a course to cut off sharp angles in the navigation, and on we sailed to graze Brazil. But, alas!—*ciento y ventura poco dura*—wind and good luck are of short duration; and one morning the light feathery fleecy clouds, with their distended cheeks, that had so long puffed our swelling sails to sleep, fell back along the verge of the horizon in great sombre heaps; and, with the exception of a little tremulousness in the bellies of the royals, we found ourselves with Cape San Roque and Pernambuco under our lee, becalmed in the Doldrums.

"For a day or two we were pitched about, using our utmost endeavours to take advantage of favourable airs, however light, until at last they too

took flight, and there was a dead calm. The heat became oppressive, and added to our discomforts, and undecided showers would dribble over us, hardly enough to wet the decks, but quite sufficient to render everything damp, mucky, and disagreeable.

"It was then the gun-room idlers howled dismally again, and the Commodore, getting bold as a buck-rabbit, kindly assisted the watch officers in superintending trimming the yards and sails in the nicest and most philosophical manner possible. And it would have done your hearts good, ladies," said the Lieutenant, turning politely to his fair auditors, "to have seen him, according to his wont, after wetting a finger, and holding it up gracefully over his head, to discover where the breeze came from, inquire of the officer on duty, in his blindest tones, 'Don't you think the wind is here on the quarter, Mr Gringo?' or, 'Your yards are too sharp, sir;' or something of that sort. When the officer would reply, after the manner of the good old Duke of Cambridge, when he chanced to hear a prayer or sermon which particularly suited his taste at church, 'O, by all means!' or, 'I quite agree with you, Commodore;' and hereupon the order would be given to round in the weather-braces, and so on; for it made no kind of difference, even if the sails were thrown flat aback, which was not unfrequently the case. But you see, Fred, I always made it a rule of action to coincide with my friend the Commodore upon all professional opinions; and I would strongly advise you too, when you serve with a captain, and wish to be regarded as an excellent and appreciative young officer, by all means to take heed, and, if your superior should suggest that the sky was about to fall, be watchful, and rush around to pick up the larks.

"Well," resumed the Lieutenant, "all our efforts proved fruitless. The Penguin was taking a holiday. She wanted rest after her long race; and then she went nodding, rolling, turning, twisting, and flapping, in the most sluggish style imaginable. The clouds, too, scarcely seemed to move—that is, perceptibly—but bank upon bank they lay, apparently within

arm's length of us, piled up to the very zenith, while ever and anon would arise a more numerous family of them—each, however, heavier and gloomier than their relations—until the whole face of the heavens became a motionless and compact mass of vapour. The ocean as well partook in a great degree of the hues reflected from the clouds, and its slate-coloured surface, with glossy, greasy, unbroken undulations, presented the very image of despair and dullness. This pleasant aspect of affairs continued up to the afternoon of the night I speak of, when the cloudy panorama began to stir rather uneasily, and at times the merest ripple of a breeze would flatter us into delusion; but, as the night set in and grew older, these appearances had increased; and when I relieved Jo Montacute on deck, things felt—for I told you I couldn't see—very ticklish indeed.

"The usual bustle attending the change of watches was going on around me. The men were wandering, in a half-distracted state of drowsiness, hither and thither about the decks and battery, dreamily intent upon finding their hammock-mates, in order that those going below might transfer their pea-jackets for a field bed, or may be a well-bitten plug of tobacco, and thus retire to their hammocks with a contented mind, free from care or anxiety, until their turn for watch came on again. 'I say, Bill,' the captain of a top would cry to some laggard of his gang, 'relieve them weather halliards, will ye, or mayhap you'll be a-polishin' a ring bolt on the gun-deck in the mornin'!' or 'You, Jim Hannan, go to the life-buoy as soon as iver yer blessed legs will help yer.' 'Where's that nigger Pete for the lee-wheel?' inquires a distressed captain of the afterguard; and again a poor marine is found triced up by the brogans to the mainsheet cavit, earnestly calling upon the 'sargint,' and affirming that he hasn't closed his eyes the whole night; and as the quarter-gunner lets him go by the run upon the deck, he gives a profane objurgation, and swears that them jolly sojers are like the King of France, always a-gittin' into trouble.

"The confusion, however, was not

of long duration. The boatswain's mate reported the watch relieved; I gave the order 'pipe down, then;' he blew his short surge call, with a noise just as if he had a pea spinning round in his whistle. In a moment after the men were crowding down the hatchways, and the spar-deck was left comparatively clear and quiet.

"I waited a space while the watch was being mustered, and until my eyes could in a measure become accustomed to the gloom; and then giving directions for full quarter watches in the tops, and the loftiest sails to be furled, I inquired for the quartermaster at the conn. 'I'm here, sir,' exclaimed my old trusty shipmate, Harry Greenfield, while his sturdy square-built figure flashed out in relief from a ray from the poop binnacle—'I'm here, Mr Gringo, and I'm blessed if there ain't an airthquake hereabouts, for it's as thick as burgoo, and I feels jist like a mouse a-suffokatin' in one of them big bottles with a pump in it!' My companion," remarked the Lieutenant, "alluded perhaps to an exhausted receiver, which was not an inapt illustration of our torments. I made no comment, however, and only intimated my intention of hauling up the mainsail—for it was indeed the broadest and deepest sheet of hemp in the navy. So I said, 'Come, lads, man main-clue-garnets and bunt-lines; clear away, up mainsail.' As the great folds of the sail, with its enormous blocks, stout tacks, and sheets, were drawn slowly up to the yard—for though the boatswain's mates chirp'd like goldfinches, the heat was too sultry and oppressive to induce the men to pull with a particle of energy—the cabin-doors were flung wide open, and the Commodore stepped forth and mounted the poop-ladder. 'Ah, Mr Gringo, that's you, is it?' he gasped with some slight asperity; but before I had time to assure him of my identity, he went on with, 'What in the name of common sense are you stripping the ship of her wings for? Keep the canvass on her, sir, and do all you can to get away from this sweltering cape under our lee.' 'Yes, Commodore,' I meekly replied. For you see, Fred," added the Lieutenant, *sotto*

voce, "the higher a monkey climbs the more he shows his tail; and I felt tolerably certain that the Commodore would, in a moral point of view, exhibit himself in that plight; so I merely suggested, by way of soliloquy, that I had been some four years cruising on that coast, and that I didn't feel altogether easy in my mind about the appearance of the weather; but, at the same time, I expressed a willingness to let fall the sails again. 'Certainly, sir, every stitch;' and down came the broad folds of the canvass and the heavy geer, without more ado. All the while my friend the Commodore was muttering to himself, inwardly, as it were, something about somebody being too easily scared, and there being naught but cats'-paws in that vicinity, and the like sentiments. But, by Saint Paul! had Commodore Bogus Bricks known what a tiger's paw was near at hand, he'd jumped off the poop, and forgotten all about boiling rice and that remarkable nautical manœuvre, for evermore!

"Besides," observed the Lieutenant, as he rather savagely bit off the tip end of his cheeroot, "it was extremely ungrateful in him to snub me in that unhandsome way; for he should have recalled to mind the memorable occasion when, with the assistance of Mr Montacute and two stout tawny Kanakas, we butted him up the steep sides of the Volcano of Kilanea—a matter of four hundred perpendicular feet; when, too, the Commodore was well foundered with exhaustion, and no saving help at hand, but our heads in his stern frame! And this was his gratitude—small thanks to him! But, Fred, my boy, remind me one of these days, and I'll relate that exciting adventure to you; and now, where was I—oh, I remember—the canvass was spread as before, and Bogus, after another series of grumbles, very carefully grappled the manropes, backed down the poop-ladder, where, being received in the orderly's arms, he was safely restored to his spacious cabin. The watch wore tediously on. The frigate was braced on the starboard tack, with her head towards the north. Occasionally a thin ray from the binnacle lanterns would

shoot in a narrow stream high up the masts, developing the taunt spars, with the sagging sails, and mazes of top-hamper and rigging; but it was gone in a moment, and all left in darkness as before. Again the clouds seemed to have gained new life, and at intervals a pale bluish glimmer of light would peer faintly out from the east, only to show the surrounding murky masses in a more striking contrast. Four-bells had struck, but I still felt worried and anxious.

"'Harry,' I said at last, out of mere desperation, to the brave old seaman at my side, 'will you have a taste of something from the cocoa-nut to-night? It's recommended by the Faculty, for tender plants like you, and will make you hard as a bullet.'—'No; not jist now, thankee, Mr Gringo. I'm rayther dubersome about this 'ere weather, and I'll wait till ye go below, if it's the same to you, sir.' And, going on in a musing tone, as if communing with himself, 'We may kitch a sneeger, and we moughtn't; but I thinks we may, for I never seed sich a look o' things 'cept once before, and that bout we went home under jury-masts, a gill of water and half a biskut a man; with them dam pumps,' he rapped out, 'agoin' all the time!' Here the old Salt remained silent for near half-an-hour, and then, an idea of some magnitude having apparently got the mastery of him, he gave me a respectful nudge, and wagged his jaw-tackle again. 'I believe I didn't tell ye last night, sir, why I left the steam smoker acomin' down the Mississippi, when I was on me travels in the western part of Ameriky? Well, sir, one bright Sunday mornin', we rounded to at a lovely fever and agy place called Vicksburg, and while the hands were takin' freight of tobacцы, rice, and bales of cotton, I saw a little crowd of saller-lookin' fellers on the bank, a-talkin' and a-smokin', quite contented like; so I jist walked on shore, to have a paddle about the mud on the levee, and hear what was agoin' on. There was one chap whose head was no bigger nor a walnut, with legs the size of slate-pencils, and feet on 'em so sprawly, that he must have got his trousers on over his head; and he was a-drawin' on a reglar Cuba, about half a fadom long, and a-puffin' away

as if he'd break his blessed heart. So I jist stepped up to him, and touchin' of me hat perlitely, axed him what was the news? "Wy," says he, very slow and drawly, "we've been puttin' Hagan through an en-tire course of sprouts."—"O, ye have?" I says, all in the wind. "You may well believe it, my persimmon," he goes on, a-winkin' first with one eye, and then with the other. "Hagan is travelin' south at this minnit." O ho, thinks I, obleeged to ye, yaller snake, for the infurmation; but I up and says, "He's gone maybe to Texas?" With that he woke up all of a sudden, and scowlin' upon me very fierce, said,— "I'll tell you what, my sweet-scented shrub, I blow'd Hagan's bloody brains out this blessed mornin'; and if you don't make tracks right off, I'll take a roastin' piece out of you, with this 'ere toothpick; or, p'raps," he added, "you'd prefer four or five barrels out of my rewolver." So, sir, I thanked him kindly, and scabbled aboard that wonderful smoker, where I swallowed six brandy amashes, one arter the other, and never had any inollination for animal food till I was set ashore at Orleans, when—' How far old Greenfield might have gone with his adventures I did not surmise; for, just at that moment, a flash like to a port fire broke out from amid the gloom, accompanied by a low distant muttering of thunder. 'Only heat lightning,' I heard the orderly at the cabin-door exclaim, with a drowy yawn, to the man at the wheel, who had his legs twisted lovingly around the spokes, with his head hanging listlessly over the binnacle. 'Only heat lightning!—ay,' murmured the old quartermaster from his post beside me on the horse-block—'ay, heat lightning be blasted! Ye'll be cold enough, ye lazy aker-marine, afore yer turn in, and mayhap get yer pipe-clay chist capsized into the bargain.' Then addressing me, he continued— 'If I was you, Mr Gringo, I'd have the men on their pins.'

"I had already come to this conclusion, and had resolved, moreover, to risk the Commodore's displeasure again, by taking in the loftiest and least manageable sails. Accordingly, I desired a messenger to go forward and request the master's mate on the

forecastle to come aft, and presently there came a wee bit of a reefer—Mr Jack Chatterton, by name—who, after tumbling at random up the poop ladder in a somnambulistic frame of mind, touched his cap sleepily to the binnacle, and remarked, in a few incoherent words, that there he was! ‘Look up here, Jack, my little jewel,’ I cried, while extending him a helping hand, by a smart jerk at the collar of his jacket; ‘rouse up, my boy—look alive, for I want you to crawl out there over the stern davits, and see if you can discover whether or not your respectable uncle Bogus has turned into his dream bag; and mind, you young villain, don’t tumble overboard, or fill your pockets with the Commodore’s fruit;’—both of which cautions I conveyed to my little mate, in my official capacity, merely for form’s sake, without the remotest idea that, in a practical view, they were at all necessary; for I should as soon have expected to have seen our ring-tailed African monkey drop into the sea as Mr Jack Chatterton; and in the matter of bananas, or the larceny of a few oranges, why,” parenthesised the Lieutenant, with a retrospective smile, as if in early life he had been an adept in those pursuits—“why, it is the reefer’s religion!

“In a minute or two my friend Jack returned from his mission, and reported that our worthy commander was *sans culottes*, and on the point of committing his portly person to the arms of Morpheus. I thereupon desired the boy to jump down between the guns—to make no noise, but to give rapid impressions with the heels of his little shoes upon the torpid waisters and topmen—then to run forward, haul the flying jib down and stow it—see the staysail ready for hoisting, and all the ropes clear for running. ‘Ay, ay, sir, I’ll work sharp,’ he replied, in a husky whisper, as he sprang down the ladder to execute the orders, while old Harry suggested, with encouraging fondness for the scamp, ‘The youker’s a-chokin’ hisself with a bunch of the Commodore’s ripe benannys, but he’s wide awake and chockfull of fleas when he’s a mind to.’

“While my youthful adjutant was busy insinuating his pedal extremities

into the sleeping carcasses of the watch, I sent a man up into each top with directions to the men aloft to furl the royals, and then stand by to roll up the top-gallant-sails. There was just about sufficient time to have the first of these instructions carried into effect, and while the men were laying out on the top-gallant-yards, there suddenly burst out from the east a blinding glare of intensely vivid lightning, which lit up the entire outward and inward ship from the trucks to the water-line, and the frowning black muzzles of the battery, making the vanes, rails, and brass stars on the aprons of the guns, fairly to gleam in flame; while the boats, ropes, docks, deep down the hatchways, and then away aloft the very eyes and teeth of the topmen, were illumined in the instantaneous and unearthly light; the same moment there came an ear-splitting peal of thunder, followed by a cold current of air, as if half the ice bergs from Greenland had been floating near.

“‘Good God!’ I ejaculated to old Greenfield, ‘we are going to have a puff!’ ‘Ay, holy Bridget! its the tornado a-comin’, sir; and work fast or you’ll lose—’ Before the words were well out of his mouth, we heard a rushing seething sound, like millions of whips lashing the sea, and I had only time to yell to the topmen to save themselves from the yards—to let fly the topsail halliards—and to heave the helm hard up, before the squall in its fury was upon us. In the awful uproar that followed, all voices were drowned in the fierce contention of the elements—the speaking-trumpet was blown from my grasp—and there came a howl as if all the demons of winds were giving vent to their long-pent-up lungs. The rain at first, as big as biscuits, came along in horizontal sheets, and the frigate, feeling the terrible force of the blow upon her beam, heeled over until the port-waist nettings were under water, and then she lay trembling as if struggling in the very jaws of the deep! Then the lofty sails went flying away in the black night, like flakes of snow; and the sharp crash of the snapping spars, and the white splinters were lit up in the continuous shower of lightning.

Then there came a moment of dreadful suspense, while the hurricane beat us down in its wrath, and I thought the game was up, and that our watery billets had been regularly countersigned by Daddy Neptune; but the huge mainsail, which thus far stood the brunt of the blast, at last by a superhuman effort snapped the strong sheet and tack with a sound like the report of cannon. One shake of the immense sail, and the great blocks flew with a stunning crash upon the bulwarks, while the canvass, bolt-ropes and all, were torn into a thousand strips and shreds. The ship, relieved at the instant from the mighty pressure, rose with a hard shuddering quiver, that was felt from her keel to the trucks, breasted the surge, and then, regaining her buoyancy, she leaped like a dolphin over the yielding and tumultuous seas.

"'Ah! she's cheated Mr Davy Jones this hitch,' roared old Greenfield into my ear, as he held on like a leech to the mizzen shrouds, while at the same time I was linked on to his neck, and the topmen came sliding down the standing backstays like so many rats. 'The sailmakers will have a job in the mornin',' he chuckled; 'but, Lord love ye, sir, jist look at the Commodore.'" "Yes, uncle," struck in little Fred, interrupting the Lieutenant, "what was the Commodore doing all this time?" "O!" said the narrator—and here he laughed long and loudly—"why, child, as the squall came upon the frigate, butt and foremost, as it were, I beheld, amid the incessant flashes, the Commodore dash like a maniac out of the cabin; and during the jarring war of the tempest, his voice was heard in startling accents, calling upon 'Mr Rods and all hands to save the ship.' Now the Commodore was a turtle-backed gentleman, with roundly-turned balustrade legs—and, with his sark flying in extreme disarray, 'like a tatter'd flag o'er a splitting wreck,' and his body more than half-way bent down the after-windsail hatch, he presented a very curious and extraordinary entertainment, I pledge you my honour. And though I do not hesitate to avow that I never was in a more desperate fright in all my life, yet I could not

resist indulging in an inward laugh, albeit agreeing with Mr Squeers, when that individual flogged Smike in the hackney-coach, that notwithstanding the position was inconvenient, still the novelty gave a zest to it.

"Well," continued the Lieutenant, "you may believe that many seconds did not elapse before the watch below were rushing for the upper deck; and the fury of the storm having somewhat passed over, the frigate was easily reduced to proper canvass, the fractured yards and spars got down, and in an hour after all was going on as usual.

"At eight-bells I was relieved, and of course went below; but there was a sight, to be sure! Not only had the gunroom mess-table been torn from the cleets and lashings, the sideboards pitched on end, with chairs, sofas, and crockery piled about in disordered heaps; but the idlers themselves—surgeons, purser, chaplain, marines, and secretary—were strewed outside their cabins, 'quite permiscus,' as old Greenfield observed, and all attired in the flimsiest possible raiment, waiting, in considerable anxiety, to know by what extraordinary combination of circumstances they had been so unceremoniously turned out of their cots at that unseemly hour of the night.

"'What's all this row been about!' they exclaimed in a volley, as I splashed into the gunroom, Greenfield in my wake, and our dripping garments leaving a wet trail on the deck. 'What the doose has been the matter?' said they. 'Why, I don't know of anything particularly out of the common,' I replied; 'you fellows must have been dreaming. A little breeze sprang up on the starboard-beam about three o'clock, but we might have carried skysail-scrappers and moon-rakers, had the Commodore inclined.' 'Skysail and moon devils!' muttered the doctor with decided derision. 'Yes! and perhaps you might have carried us all to the bottom of the Brazil banks, with that little breeze on our beam you speak of.' 'Don't try to humbug me,' shouted the parson—who, by the way, was an ugly customer to play rigs on, with a resolute physiognomy—a cross

betwixt a Cherokee and a Chinaman—and not scared by any one's pistols, for once he volunteered to fight the first lieutenant across the table, sideways at that. 'None of your nonsense, Señor Gringo,' chimed in the commissary; 'I not only heard old Bogus yelling down the hatch, equal to an entire tribe of wild Comanchees, squaws and all, but what's more, it isn't by any means a small *rol-au-vent* that can throw this stiff ship on her beam-ends, and pitch your humble servant clean out of his bunk, and never to touch bottom until his *cabeza* brought up, like a round-shot, against that infernal mizzen-mast.' 'O ho! you've been taking in sail again, you timid lubber,' screamed my jolly ally, Mr Montacute, from his state-room to leeward, enjoying the foregoing altercation with the outsiders, and whom, ensconced within his dormitory, old breezy Eolus, or any other motive power, save perhaps a corkscrew, would have found considerable difficulty to have ousted; for such tenacity for the vested rights and privileges of a commissioned officer when off guard, and such downright careless *abandon* for 'tobacco and ladies,' as my friend Monty possessed, was truly refreshing to contemplate.

"But," resumed the Lieutenant, after the foregoing digression, "perceiving that the individuals I was arraigned before were not only incredulous, but somewhat pugnaciously inclined, I said—'The fact is, mess-mates, knowing your anxiety to get home, and since you have all, more or less, carped and complained a little at our extreme caution in carrying sail, I determined to oblige you in a

body this evening; and now it's my opinion that there isn't a whole bolt of dimity left in the frigate, except in the windsails—ringtail and bobstay spritsail—to catch the wind as it comes through the hawse-holes; and how or when,' I added, 'we are to make a harbour, the Lord only can tell.'

"Hereupon a few strong saucers and dish covers began to circulate quite freely about the gunroom; and I had every reason to believe that they were directed at my head, more especially since my remarks had been capped by a shout of approval from the watch-officers, in answer to the universal grunt of derision which emanated from the idlers. At this stage of the action, having, as I religiously hoped, poured oil on the troubled waters, Harry Greenfield and me proceeded to dash ourselves slightly with spirits; after which I turned in composedly, and slept like a top. But," added the Lieutenant, in concluding his narrative, "I never from that hour heard more complaints, carry sail how we would; and as for Commodore Bogus Bricks, he moped all the remainder of the voyage home."

"Why, uncle!" exclaimed Fred, "I thought you were going to be shipwrecked, and escape in the jolly-boat—and then eat one another—and be frost-bitten, captured by a pirate, and sold for a slave—and all that sort of thing you know—instead of only taking a ducking and coming back quite safe!" The Lieutenant smiled at the youngster's enthusiasm; and throwing his cheroot into the fire, he rang the bell, and after requesting his mayor-domo to lay out some bivalves and a pint of pale ale, he dismissed his audience for the night.

AITON'S TRAVELS IN THE EAST.

No one could have written this book except a member of presbytery; and very few members of presbytery could have written a volume so amusing, yet withal absurd. Every page of it is stamped with the idiosyncrasy of the author. We lay down the majority of books, however commendable they may be in sentiment, and excellent in style, without having acquired any clue to the habits, tastes, prejudices, or character of the composers. We may understand the subject under treatment, but we gather little insight into the peculiarities of the operator. Not so with Dr Aiton. Like the showman in the panorama, he is never absent from our eye, adding not a little to the interest of the peristrophe painting, by the occasional oddity of the descriptions in which he indulges, and his constant revelations of himself. Indeed, without the personality of the Doctor, the work would lose half of its charm. We have had sketches over and over again, more or less vivid, of Mediterranean scenery, of Egypt and its colossal antiquities, of the Holy Land, the Isles of Greece, and of Rome; and, considering the high literary attainments of writers who have gone before him, it is no depreciation of Dr Aiton's volume to say, that several have excelled him in artistical accomplishment, and in graphic power. Yet we doubt whether there has yet been produced a more amusing volume upon the East. It is precisely what we should expect an account of Great Britain to be, if written, after the experiences of a month or two, by the inhabitant of another zone, full of native feeling and strong prejudice. Such a one—were he Mussulman or Copt—would no doubt refer every object he beheld to the standard of his own recollections, and deliver judgment in a very summary way, upon what most of us would consider to be extremely slender evidence. And in just the same spirit Dr Aiton emerges from the

manse of Dolphinton, in the Upper Ward of Lanarkshire, determined to see everything with his own eyes, through his own peculiar spectacles, and to condemn or acquit according to his preconceived opinions. We find no fault with this—far otherwise. As a mere picture of travel, the work, though far from contemptible in point of merit, would have excited little attention; in the peculiarities, and constant appearance of the author on the stage, lies the absolute zest of the volume.

We could have wished, however, that a work, emanating from a member of the Established Church of Scotland, who has attained the rank of Doctor of Divinity, had displayed less coarseness of expression and more refinement than this. We pass from simple absurdities, because in these there is no offence. But the reader may well be excused for experiencing an occasional qualm, when he finds the author recounting, with unnecessary minuteness, the sensations which beset his inner man when suffering under extreme tribulation, his manifold perspirations and toils, and a great deal more which had better have been left untold. All this is the more annoying, because it destroys the effect of other passages in the book, which are not liable to similar censure. With many of the best points of a Scottish divine, amongst which we may number his biblical knowledge and his strong enthusiasm, he unites the foibles which are only confined to a few. His eccentricities are such that we must protest against his book being received as a favourable or proper specimen of the literature of our national church. And yet we do not wish to pass indiscriminate censure. A more kindly man, in so far as the natural instincts are concerned, we believe it would be difficult to find. That he has within him a certain power of eloquence, many passages of this volume prove—though there are others which convince us that he

The Lands of the Messiah, Mahomet, and the Pope; as visited in 1851. By JOHN AITON, D.D., Minister of Dolphinton. 1852.

is singularly ignorant of the true principles of the art. That he would make a most amusing companion we cannot deny, since we have risen from the perusal of the book with a strong feeling of regret that it was not our fortune to be present at several of the scenes which he describes; though from others we are glad that we were absent. But our general objection is, that it is calculated to impress strangers with an erroneous idea of the habits and mode of thought of the clergy of our Established Church.

The fact is, that the Doctor is a great deal too explicit in his revelations, and sometimes too minute in his details. We are frequently at a loss to know whether we are to laugh with him, or at him; though, to do him justice, he frequently laughs at himself; and, therefore, we need have the less scruple. Although this is not his first essay in travel, as we learn from various passages in the volume, he is certainly no cosmopolitan. But he is not a man who will submit to the customary usages and recognised habits of society. We, Scotsmen, are proverbially eccentric; and Dr Aiton is no exception from the rule—nay, he is one of the most eccentric of the race. Once beyond the precincts of European civilisation, he does not seem to have cared what appearance he made. A proper notion, truly, the Turks must have entertained of the Scottish clergy, when we find that, on board the steamer off Constantinople, several of them were so much struck with compassion for the unfortunate Briton, with his straw-hat and unwashed linen apparel, that they absolutely collected a purse for his benefit, albeit he was in possession of a bag of sovereigns, and, of course, refused the eleemosynary assistance!

With regard to the design of this book, we have a word or two to say before entering into details. Dr Aiton clearly explains why he undertook this journey, at least as far as Suez; and he was perfectly right in his resolution—indeed his example is worthy of all imitation—that, having gone so far, he could not return without having visited the land of the Messiah. Strange as the notion may appear in the eyes of modern utilitarians, we wish that more professors

and preachers of the Gospel would make a similar pilgrimage. Few strangers visit the north of Scotland without going to the field of Culloden. No Briton is in Belgium without tracing the localities of Waterloo. We all know what inspiration is derived from the personal inspection of a place famed as the theatre of some grand historical event; and what country in the world can, in this respect, be compared for one moment with Palestine? We are perfectly certain of this, that the clergyman who has visited Judea and the Holy City, will, on his return, be infinitely better qualified to expound Scripture than the mere laborious student who acquires his information in the closet. We cannot help feeling it as a reproach that the Mahometans are so much more diligent than ourselves in the performance of pious pilgrimages. It is not superstition that leads our thoughts almost instinctively towards Jerusalem. The land of the Nativity and the Ascension cannot be, to the sincere believer, like any other spot on the earth. What are historical recollections of the most exalted valour or genius, compared with the glorious and awful thoughts which the sight of Jerusalem, and Calvary, and the Mount of Olives must inspire? Egypt, with its mysterious pyramids, and colossal fragments of the past, may be an object of wonder—it is beyond Egypt that the true land of mysteries and of wonder lies.

When Dr Aiton set out upon his journey, he evidently did so with the intention of recording his experiences in print. This was natural, proper, and highly commendable; but the Doctor is not quite an adept in the profounder secrets of book-making. He betrays his purpose in the very first sentence. "Had Julius Cæsar," quoth he, in his magniloquent exordium, "been permitted in 1851 to revisit this world, that we might show him how much Britain had advanced since he first invaded our shores, it would have been desirable that he had popped up his head through the pavement at the Wellington statue, before the Royal Exchange and the Bank of England." After this forced resurrection of the mighty Julius—in which process, by the way, his cranium must have

sustained some damage—the Doctor supposes him conducted to the Crystal Palace, and the terminus of the South Eastern Counties' Railway, from whence he is to be hurried off by an express train to Southampton, for the purpose of inspecting the identical steamer which conveyed our respected friend to the Mediterranean! We doubt whether the end proposed is altogether commensurate with the magnitude of the invocation; but, after all, that matters little. Once afloat, and recovered from the Biscayan qualms, the Doctor took his observations as regularly as a practised mariner. In his enthusiasm he confounds the past with the present, and becomes a spectator of the fiery fight of Corunna. "The general face of this part of the country seemed to be composed of rock, with a scanty soil, and some small scattered clusters of pines, like fox covers, crowned the summit of the ridge. The British lines were said to have been posted on the secondary range, and a height half-a-mile above it was occupied by the French. *My heart sank within me* when I noticed that Soult's position commanded a point-blank range of Sir John Moore's. The hamlet of Elvina was pointed out, the severest part of the battle-field, near which a battery was planted, which proved to be most destructive to our war-worn troops. *I turned from the heart-rending scene with a tear in my eye*, and chose rather to look at a solitary sea-fowl floating on the wave, and then flapping its wings through the shrouds. It gave me some satisfaction, in my melancholy mood, to observe crowds of majestic ships sweeping the horizon in every direction, and, with the help of the captain's spy-glass, to read on their flags flying at the main, that these were merchantmen belonging to my own country, or that this was a frigate, the crew of which was paid partly out of my own pocket!" We envy the serenity of the mind which can turn to such topics for consolation.

Off Cape St Vincent, of which the Doctor takes "a passing squint," we are favoured with a succinct account of the action in 1797; and the same off Trafalgar. Gibraltar gives rise to a little ambitious writing; though,

after all, Dr Aiton confesses that "to my mind the most interesting object at Gibraltar was the flag of Great and unconquered Britain flying free as the wind, or flapping playfully round the staff; fixed firm on the top of the rock so well fortified; but securer far even than this in the brave-hearted courage and caution both of our soldiers and sailors. 'See,' I remarked to my boy, 'how it spreads on the wings of the four winds of heaven, affording an interesting emblem of the extent and security of our dominions abroad, and of the sacred and civil rights of our people at home,'" &c. We are ready to tender our applause, but we must be pardoned if we curtail the lecture. Speeding up the Mediterranean, Europe sank behind them, and "in the evening we all enjoyed our first Mediterranean sunset, unquestionably the finest sight any voyager ever beheld. The deck was crowded till midnight; and with passengers walking and talking, and music from the band, time passed like a holiday. The night was most beautiful, the air fresh and balmy, and every constellation in the sky shone brighter than another. The sea, luminous with phosphorus, unfolded bounding waves of spangled light beneath the paddle-wheels, and far behind the ship it formed eddying shoals of silver foam as it fell from the rudder like the tail of a comet." Coasting Algeria, the Doctor reflects that "it is remarkable that so many fine soldiers of France should first have been frozen under the snow in Russia, and now fried on the burning sands of Africa. Thus the Lord seems still to be holding their restless infidelity in derision, and even now speaking to them in his wrath, and vexing them in his sore displeasure." Until we read this, we were not aware that the veterans of Moscow had been transported to the African coast. Near Tunis, our traveller was gratified by observing "cultivated fields, and woods, parks, and African gentlemen's seats;" and he also obtained a passing glimpse of Carthage, which naturally excited recollections and mention of Hannibal, Marius, and the rest.

At Malta, the Doctor (having first indulged himself in a speculation as to whether Josephus the historian did

not sail in the same ship with Saint Paul, and having convinced himself of the extreme probability of their companionship) went ashore, and was desperately beset at landing. "But now we are on the landing-place, and what a host of beggars calling out *Nix mangiare*; and this, too, is the name of the street. To give coppers only increases the difficulty, and the crowd thickens around till licks and kicks are employed to get elbow room. Hurrying along amidst drought and dust, I crossed a crowded drawbridge over a deep fosse, covered at bottom with bananas and orange-trees. I passed under a deep dark gateway; then mounting upwards, and through the markets, and still in the midst of brown, blear-eyed natives, I reached a long street of stairs, and here we toiled, and blew, and sweated as if we had been so many blackguards condemned to the treadmill." The Doctor, it will be observed, is not very choice in his similes, even with regard to himself. However, notwithstanding such unpleasant perspiration, he managed to get up the stairs at last, and appears to have been pleased with La Valetta.

Landing at Alexandria, the Doctor proceeded to Cairo, where he made a narrow escape from being shot by a sentinel, to whose challenge he could not reply. Notwithstanding this sample of the dangers which beset travellers in a distant land, Dr Aiton was nothing dismayed. "In going," says he, "to the Pyramids, I resolved to be alone. I had heard much of the danger of being robbed, or perhaps murdered; and I had read that the donkey boys who attended the author of Eothen overheard an ill-looking fellow, in soldier's uniform, propose to the Sheik to put him to death whilst he was in the interior of the great pyramid. Fancy, says that lively writer, a struggle for life in one of those burial-chambers, with acres and acres of solid masonry between myself and the daylight. But I weighed the danger of robbery and murder in one scale, against the heroism of the exploit and the enjoyment in the full influence of the solitary scene in the other; and accordingly I set out, soon after midnight, for the ferry of Gihez, to visit the Pyramids, the distance being

about ten or twelve miles." Far be it from us to question the attribute of heroism so distinctly claimed. So, as Coleridge writes—

"Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And, having once turned round, walks on
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread;"—

the Doctor made the best of his way through the mud-fields of Egypt, until he reached the edge of the Desert. In that lonely spot, where, as tradition tells, many an unwary traveller has surrendered both purse and life to the treacherous and cruel Arab, our friend appears to have experienced some blameless spasms; yet no grim child of Ishmael rushed upon him, and he reached his destination in safety. Dr Aiton's account of his ascent of the Pyramids is so graphic that we must give it in his own words; indeed, we question whether it would have been possible for Smollett, in his broadest comic mood, to heighten the effect of the picture:—

"I had read so much of the bulk of the Pyramids, and they now appeared so positively insignificant in their dimensions, that I felt mortified; but I remembered that I had the same impression many years ago when first approaching the Alps. And I began to consider that as the extreme clearness of the atmosphere gave them the appearance of proximity in the far distance, so it would also partly account for the diminutive aspect they persisted in presenting. I dismounted, and scrambled up the bold ledge of rock, and found myself already a hundred feet above the level of the Nile. Here my Arab guide produced cold fowl, bread, wine, and Nile water in plenty at the foot of this mountain of stone, which now began to indicate its colossal magnitude. Standing beside the Pyramid, and looking from the base to the top, and especially examining the vast dimensions of each separate stone, I thus obtained an adequate impression of the magnitude of its dimensions, which produced a calm and speechless, but elevated feeling of awe. The Arabs—men, women, and children—came crowding around me, but they seemed kind and inoffensive. I was advised to mount up to the top before the sun gained strength; and, skipping like chamois on a mountain, two Arabs took hold of me by each

wrist, and a third lifted me up from behind, and thus I began with resolution and courage to ascend the countless layers of huge stones, which tower and taper to the top. Every step was three feet up at a bound, and really a perpendicular hop-step-and-leap of this sort was no joke; move after move continuing as if for ever. I found that the Arabs did not work so smoothly as I expected, and that one seemed at a time to be holding back, while another was dragging me up; and this soon became very tiresome. Perceiving this, they changed their method, and I was directed to put my foot on the knee of one Arab, and another pulled me up by both hands, while a third pushed me behind, and thus I bounded on in my tread-mill of tedious and very tiresome exertion. I paused half way to the top, and rested at the cave. I looked up and down with a feeling of awe, and now I felt the force of Warburton's remark when he calls it the greatest wonder in the world. But in the midst of these commonplace reflections, a fit of sickness came over me. Everything turned dark before me; and now for a moment my courage failed me, and when looking at my three savage companions, (for my guide and his friend were sitting below finishing the fragments of my breakfast, and the donkeys were munching beans,) I felt myself alike destitute of comfort and protection. And when they put forth their hands to lift my body, I verily thought myself a murdered man. When I came out of my faint, I found that they had gently turned me on my belly, with my head flat upon the rock, and that they had been sprinkling my face and breast with water. A profuse perspiration broke out; and I felt myself relieved. I rested ten or fifteen minutes, and hesitated for a moment whether to go up or down; but I had determined that I should reach the top, if I should perish in the attempt. I resumed therefore the ascent, but with more time and caution than before; and fearing to look either up or down, or to any portion of the frightful aspect around, I fixed my eye entirely on each individual step before me, as if there had been no other object in the world besides. To encourage me by diverting my attention, the Arabs chaunted their monotonous songs, mainly in their own language, interspersed with expressions about buckshish, 'Englese good to Arabs,' (and making signs to me every now and then how near we were getting to the top. After a second dwam, a rest and a draught of water prepared me for another effort at ascending; and now as I ad-

vanced, my ideas began to expand to something commensurate with the grandeur and novelty of the scene.

"When I reached the top, I found myself on a broad area of about ten yards in every way of massive stone-blocks broken and displaced. Exhausted and over-heated, I laid me down panting like a greyhound after a severe chase. I bathed my temples, and drank a deep cool draught of Nile water. After inhaling for a few minutes the fresh elastic breeze blowing up the river, I felt that I was myself again. I rose and gazed with avidity in fixed silence, north and south, east, and west. And now I felt it very exhilarating to the spirit, when thus standing on a small unprotected pavement so many hundred feet above the earth, and so many thousand miles from home, to be alone, surrounded only by three wild and ferocious-like savages. The Arabs knew as well as I did that my life and property were in their power; but they were kind and proud of the confidence I had in them. They tapped me gently on the back, patted my head, kissed my hand, and then, with a low laughing sinister growl, they asked me for buckshish, which I firmly refused; then they laughed, and sang and chatted as before."

It would not, however, be fair to the writer were we to allow him to rest his reputation simply on such passages, which we think will justify our preliminary remark, that the peculiarities of the author contribute not a little to the amusement which we derive from his volume. We also said that Dr Aiton is possessed of some eloquence; and we shall now proceed to show that he can really write well when his heart is in the subject, and when he is not writing merely for effect. His besetting literary weakness is a tendency to clothe trivialities in lofty language, quite unsuited to the nature of the theme—a common, but a great fault in composition. Hence we should not be surprised to find some persons decrying this book as turgid from beginning to end; whereas it is turgid only when the Doctor bursts into apostrophes, or when he attempts to make mountains out of mole-hills. The following passage, descriptive of the view from the summit of the pyramids, is exceedingly well conceived and expressed; and it is rather remarkable that, throughout the whole of the chapters

penned in the Holy Land, or at least referring to it, we do not often encounter passages which are in manifest violation of the rules of good taste.

"What a magnificent panorama was now unfolded around me as the centre of a circle, with a radius of a hundred miles in every direction, and how my eyes feasted on the sight! There is a vast level plain, bounded only by the Arabian and Libyan mountains, and of several thousand miles in extent, the region of burning thirst, of the deceitful and dancing mirage, and of the deadly simoom. It is watered by the magnificent Nile, creeping in its green embroidered course through a wide waste of golden sand, glaring and glittering in the brightness of the sun like a serpent of silver. Sole monarch of the plain, he suffers no rival to come near his throne. For twelve hundred miles along his course he admits not one tributary rill, however small, to mingle with his stream. No! not even the dew-drops of the morn, or the rains that feed other waters, and fructify other fields, in every other country. The alone benefactor of Egypt, Upper and Lower, he gives the natives their every drink of water; and, unlike every other river in the world, such is his care and kindness for them that, be they ever so hot for the time, they may bathe or partake of the cooling draught with perfect impunity, till they quench their burning thirst. How fair and fertile are its banks, the garden and granary of countless villages! How green are its savannahs! How fruitful its fields, loaded with every necessary and luxury of life! Here there is a sugar plantation, or a grove of acacia and palm-trees; there, is a patch of green meadow, in which cattle are grazing; and on all its banks, wheat and flax, and cotton and Indian corn and tobacco are seen—some green and some golden. The boundless prospect is everywhere intersected by numerous canals, which regulate the inundations of the river, and by trees on their banks, which give a character of English comfort to the landscape. There lay before me, like a map spread out, the two most magnificent deserts in the world—the one reaching from where I now stand onward and eastward to the banks of the Euphrates, the other extending along the Nile upward to Nubia, and inward for two thousand miles to the untrodden regions of central Africa. This magnificent Zahara is backed by nothing, and bounded by nothing but its own trembling horizon;—sand, dry, flat, and fearfully hot, lifeless, trackless, sand, a dreadful wilderness, a wide-spread deso-

lation, a dead sea dried up, a boundless ocean accursed, a scorched desert, traversed only at a time by the dreadful simoom. I noticed how the deep yellow of the sand contrasted with the rocks, which seem white like snow in a moonlight. Yonder, too, far in the desert, is a calm blue lake, like beauty sleeping in the lap of horror. 'It is *Sarab*,' said one of the Arabs; 'Mirage,' cried another. The fine sheets and shades of water seemed to be distinctly marked; and it was painful to think that it was only a glittering mockery. Thank God, thought I, that I am not a weary thirsty traveller now crossing the wilderness, to be tantalised by such a torment. Yonder are pitched tents—it is a great caravan of Turkish pilgrims on their way to Mecca; what a string of dromedaries, and what a swarm of Bedouin Arabs are around! In that lonely spot stands the skeleton of a temple of the olden times. And there, across the Nile, is distinctly seen the church and grotto, still guarded by a Coptic priest, marking the place where Joseph and the Virgin Mary took refuge with the infant Saviour, when they fled from Herod, king of Judea. Almost below me were the ruins of Memphis, the seat of the Pharaon, and the birth-place of Moses."

The descent from the Pyramid, as related by Dr Aiton, is almost as funny as his account of the ascent; but we cannot afford further space for his Egyptian reminiscences.

As in duty bound, he is great upon the subject of the Red Sea, and will not consent to receive any hypothesis which could lead to the conclusion that the children of Israel crossed it at a point comparatively shallow. He has even gone the length of indicating the passage by a route which, in the centre of the channel, would have been two hundred and thirty-four feet beneath the surface of the sea. Now, as it is admitted on all hands that the passage was miraculous, it does not seem to us that there is any occasion for dogmatizing on the point. So far as we can understand the Doctor, his argument sounds plausible enough from the localities on either shore; but he seems altogether to have forgotten the stubbornness and want of faith so constantly exhibited by the Israelites, which might very well have deterred them from attempting so desperate and deep a passage, even

when the way lay open. But it is neither our province nor our wish to engage in such discussions. The Doctor leaves the question, as he found it, perfectly open; and it will never be settled by geographers. Much more characteristic than the topographical reasoning, is the following rhapsody on the return of the waters upon the Egyptians. We do not know that we ever read anything in print so utterly and irredeemably bad, excepting always in the writings of that incorrigible dealer in bombast, Mr George Gilfillan of Dundee, whose ideas, in volume and flavour, can be aptly compared to nothing but the outpourings of a dirty chimney; and the worst of it is, that the writer seems all the while to imagine that he is perpetrating something sublime.

"When in this contemplative mood, I thought what a night that must have been when this grand miracle was wrought. I imagined I heard the east wind roaring up along the gulf, and saw it damming back the waves upright as a wall on either side. Then there was the Egyptian darkness made brighter than the sunbeam by the cloudy pillar gleaming on the waters from the sky—then there came before my eyes the defiling of the terrified Israelites through the awful path—the hesitation, hurry, and confusion of the host—the sublime care and confidence of Moses, meek but determined—then the advance of Pharaoh's proud horsemen—then the roar of the returning waters, the crested foam of the boiling billow, the rising flood strong and swift, and the whole torrent rushing onward to overwhelm in a moment the God-defying Pharaoh and his host; then there arose in my ear the yells of the drowning. What a wet and white winding-sheet these foaming surges would be to the cold clay corpse of Pharaoh and his host! What surfeits and dainty feeding the sharks of the whole gulf would have for a while on the carcasses of the greasy and gouty beef-eaters of the Egyptian court! The screeches of so many in the agony of death, and the gurgling screams of such a drowning multitude swelling across the waters, would be sweet music to the Hebrew shepherds; now that they were high and dry on the beach, and safe from the pursuing foe with all the jewels of the Egyptians on their back."

We are inclined to give the Hebrews more credit for moral perception than

the Doctor seems disposed to allow. Is it an amiable trait to hold that the possession of the borrowed jewels added zest to the "screeches" and "screams" of the "beef-eaters" perishing in the sea? We should be sorry to suppose the like even of a gang of wreckers.

Right wroth was Dr Aiton with the crew of a vessel who imposed upon him on his passage to Jaffa, (though to them he was certainly less akin than was an Israelite to an Egyptian;) and fearful is the character which he gives of the Arab watermen. There may be some truth in this, though we are inclined to think there is considerable exaggeration; at all events, it is comfortable to know that the Doctor landed in Syria without any worse thing having befallen him than the overcharge of a few dollars.

How the pastor of Dolphinton rode to Jerusalem, we must leave himself to tell.

"I was clothed in white linen, with a white straw-hat sufficiently broad in the brim, and protected with a turban of cloth around and over it, and with a flap hanging behind all to keep off the sun. Over and above this, I had to keep up a large cotton umbrella well lined with white cloth, which I vainly shifted in every way to shelter me from the intense heat darting down from the sky, and reflected with equal power, in a flame-coloured vapour, from the sand below. Not a breath of air stirred in the scorching atmosphere. The sun in his fierce wrath ruled over all. The lizards, the scorpions, and other blood-suckers, panted in the sultry heat; and thousands of wasps and winged vermin hovered over me like a cloud, and whirled around my head as if to torture me. As one was driven out of my ear another went up my nostril, a third popped direct into the eye; and when I gaped for breath not a few darted into my mouth, and danced on the wing down my throat."

He was attacked on the way, in a most blood-curdling manner—that is, a roving Bedouin presented a gun at him, but did not fire; and this encounter, and the fatigue of a long ride, brought on a nervous fever, which fortunately expended itself in dreams. Oneirology is always interesting; and we are not sorry to have been favoured with the Doctor's experiences.

"I felt very thirsty, and actually dreamt that the cold and clear waters of a spout near the manse of Dolphinton were purling down my burning throat. The notes of the nightingale, the cry of owls, and the barking of jackals, mingled together in my ear, and disturbed me at times. The mosquitoes too tormented me almost to madness. My perspiration was excessive, and altogether I spent a most miserable night of wearisome weakness. And last of all I dreamt that there came at me my old enemy, like a burning baboon, led on by Satan in a red-hot chain, to tell me, for my comfort, that he had sworn the younger Hannibal at the altar never to be at peace with the Romans."

There is a pleasant perplexity in this passage, which we really do not understand. It is not explained to our satisfaction who "the old enemy," or the "younger Hannibal" may be. But Dr Aiton possesses, beyond any other writer that we know of, the art of torturing resemblances. Thus we find him, at a later period of his travels, comparing the leaning Tower of Pisa to "the Court of Teinds in Scotland, starving the clergy and their families." We love the clergy, and we hope we have a reasonable eye for similitude; but, after considering the matter in every way, we really cannot understand the propriety of the trope. If the Doctor has been pursuing an augmentation, and has failed, we are sincerely sorry for his disappointment in respect of chalders; though why that misfortune should render the Court of Teinds like the Tower of Pisa, is altogether beyond our comprehension.

From the time when the Doctor obtained his first view of Jerusalem, until the day when he parted from the Holy Land, his whole manner of thought, nay, his very style, as appears from the book, were changed greatly for the better. We have not shrunk from indicating his faults, perhaps we ought rather to say, his peculiarities, as a writer. It affords us sincere pleasure to bear testimony to his merits. Dr Aiton approached the Holy City, not, as has unfortunately been the case with others, in a stern sectarian spirit, resolved to keep aloof from all other forms of Christianity save his own, but in meek reverence, and humble awe, as one pilgrim out of many, to the tomb of the Universal

Redeemer. In his pages we find no sneers at the forms of the Oriental Church; no unseemly jealousy of members of other Western churches, who have found their way to Jerusalem. Earnest in his heart was the hope of the conversion of the Jews; and great the interest which he felt in reviewing the missionary labours. Equally creditable to him is the faith which he evinces in his exploration of the different places so overwhelmingly interesting to us all, from the events which they are meant to commemorate. Some men, calling themselves clergymen, have gone even to the Sacred Tomb in a spirit of wrangling and of cavil. The traditions of all antiquity, beginning from the earliest ages, are not sufficient to convince them that the locality is entirely correct. What the first Bishops of Jerusalem indicated, what the Empress Helena allowed, and what Godfrey of Bouillon acknowledged, is not good enough for them. Professing Christians, they are, in fact, heretics against reason and against evidence; and, for the sake of exhibiting their own paltry ingenuity, they deny the sanctity of the place. Such men, undoubtedly, had better remain at home. Very different was the feeling displayed by Dr Aiton on each visit to the most hallowed shrines upon earth. We make no apology for quoting that of by far the greatest interest:—

"In the evening I visited the Church of the Holy Sepulchre,—certainly the most venerable in the world. It was remarkable to find this burial-place of our Lord guarded by Mahometan soldiers. A great crowd was pressing for admittance, and their struggles were scarcely becoming their character as pilgrims. I entered the large circular hall supported by a colonnade of eighteen pillars, and surmounted by a large dome. Local tradition has fixed this remarkable spot as the centre of the earth. Immediately within the door there is a large flat stone on the floor, surrounded by a rail, and having lamps suspended over it. The pilgrims were pushing towards it, some of them even on their knees; and they all kissed it, and prostrated themselves before it, and offered up prayers in holy adoration. This is said to be the stone on which the body of our Lord was washed and anointed for the tomb. But everything around is hallowed by events unparalleled in the theatre

of this lower world. Turning to the left, and proceeding a little forward, I came to a round space immediately under the dome surrounded with large columns that support the gallery above. In the midst of this space there is a pavilion containing the Holy Sepulchre. At one end it is rounded, and in the outside of it there are arcades for prayer. At the other end it is squared off and furnished with a platform in front. The Sepulchre is thus enclosed in an oblong monument of white marble, ornamented with pilasters and cornices, and surmounted by a small marble cupola. Within there are two small sanctuaries, in the front of which stands a block of polished marble about a foot and a half square. Here sat, it is said, the angel who announced the tidings of the blessed resurrection to Mary Magdalene and Joanna, and Mary the mother of James: 'He is not here; he is risen, as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay.'

"Going forward about a yard, a curtain is drawn aside, and I was told to take off my shoes. I then stepped down, and bending with my hands on my knees I entered a low narrow door into a small apartment lighted up with a profusion of golden lamps, and filled with an oppressive atmosphere of incense, and simply adorned with a variety of flowers. This, I was told, was the mansion of the Saviour's victory, where he burst asunder the fetters of death and rose from the dust of mortality. On my right hand was the grave in which his body was buried. This cave, hewn out of the rock, where the body of our Lord Jesus Christ was laid, has been covered with marble to protect it from injury by pilgrims chipping the rock with hammers and carrying away the fragments. Two young Greek women dressed in white, with consumptive faces and a hectic flush, were bending over the tomb in the attitude of very fervent devotion when I entered. They seemed to be sisters, and down their pale marble faces, unmoving as statues, tears gushed in penitence. I kneeled over the tomb, trembled, wept, and muttered a short prayer for humility, repentance, faith, and mercy, for myself, my family, my flock, and friends. And in so far as I knew my heart I may say that the gratitude of it ascended with a risen Saviour to the throne of the Father on high. Alone and in silence, at the supposed centre of the world, and far, far from home, I tried fervently to remember my sins before God, and all the places and persons in the East Indies and in Europe most near and dear unto me. I rose, pulled a flower, which was afterwards sent home to my dear daughter Maggie, and I came back from

this scene of hope, joy, and sorrow, to give room to other visitors—for not more than three or four can be admitted at a time."

For his faith the Doctor needs no vindication. If error there be, he has shared it with worthy company; but surely the man who cannot, even in Jerusalem, dismiss from his mind the wretched carpings of the meanest kind of scepticism, is unworthy to breathe the atmosphere of a place so greatly sanctified. Dr Aiton, with clear, shrewd, common, Scottish sense, vindicates in a few words—though he has afterwards more elaborately treated the point—his own views and his own feelings.

"Be that as it may, in looking at all these spots of holy ground, I allowed myself to be influenced by my feelings rather than by a captious and contradicting judgment determined to doubt and to deny the identity of every locality. On the contrary, I was willingly carried onward by a swelling flood of humility and awe from one place to another. Not for a moment did I permit my mind to be filled with doubts and denials as to the identity of this place or that was the exact spot of this or that event mentioned in Scripture. I adopted Warburton's remark as to these places: 'I incline to believe that this is the site of the sepulchre, and I see no reason to suppose that Calvary occupied the neighbourhood.' Although within the present limits of the city walls, it was outside the ancient circuit, which is necessary to its identity. And he adds, 'There seems to be a probability that tradition would have permitted such a site to be forgotten.' Baron Geramb says, 'I went to Palestine only to adore, to weep, and to pray. I purposed not to measure the sacred mountains with the compasses of incredulity: plenty of travellers have taken this task upon themselves.'"

We regret that we cannot give longer extracts of Dr Aiton's impressions of the Holy Land, for his sketches of the banks of the Jordan, and the shores of the Dead Sea, possess considerable merit. We could wish, however, that he had not interlarded his descriptions of external scenery with so many references to his own personal sensations, which, somehow or other, were never of a comfortable kind. For example, he thus portrays his feelings during his ride to the Jordan: "The tendency

to drowsiness, almost amounting to stupor, was irresistible, and I felt myself sometimes fast asleep on the saddle, or sick even to faintness, or feverish, and afraid even of madness. I was taken down and laid to rest whenever we came to the shadow of a great rock in this weary land. And thus, with a little ease and a drink of water, I became again determined in spirit, and kept moving, knowing to a certainty that I would be robbed, or perhaps murdered, if I fell behind my protectors." People do not generally, even in conversation, expatiate upon their internal discomforts. We think it would have been wiser if, on revising the proof-sheets, such passages had been purged from print.

Dr Aiton is, without any reserve, a keen advocate for the Jews. He regards their exclusion from certain political functions in this country as an intolerable hardship, or act of oppression, and asks, with great acrimony, why, "when a Jew is returned to serve in the Commons house of Parliament, he must be kicked back from entering the lobbies, and in this way his numerous, intelligent, influential, and religious constituents must be denied the right of every other free-born subject in this realm—that of sending the best man in their estimation to represent them in Parliament?" Bravely stated, at all events, and without any equivocation. But the Doctor must forgive us, if we point out a slight discrepancy between this very liberal opinion, and another which he has hazarded at a somewhat later period of his travels. Writing from Rome in a spirit of strong disgust at the corruptions of Popery, he expresses himself thus:—

"Our legislators are healing the wounds of the beast, they are protecting Popery and feeding her priests. They have endowed the college of Maynooth, and if we don't take care, they may also endow the Popish clergy. They have permitted a cardinal to insult our Church and Queen. They have mocked the Protestant people of England, by feeding their souls, when hungering after righteousness, with spiritual poison. Their late act of Parliament is deceitful, and empty as the mirage of the desert. How has it been followed up by her Majesty's ministers, and men of the long robes! What do Papists care for it! How do

they insult the majesty of our law! Will any government, past, present, or to come—Whig, Tory, or Radical—Christian, Jew, or Infidel, put forth their paw to curb Popery! Will they withdraw the Maynooth grant! Will they repeal the Catholic Emancipation Bill! No, they will not: no, not one of them. The Duke of Wellington is pledged by what he said in 1829, when the Catholic Emancipation Bill was passed, to repeal it if it did not work. How has it worked, but for mischief—agitation, agitation, agitation—political power, and spiritual dominion, to destroy the Reformed churches of our land! But still even his Grace will not redeem his own word."

From which we infer that Dr Aiton, though willing to admit the Jews, who are not Christians, into the Legislature, is desirous of excluding the Roman Catholics, who are! Indeed, from the intense antipathy which he evinces towards everything savouring of Rome, we are not sure that the Doctor does not greatly prefer an unconverted Jew to an adherent of the Church of Fenelon. This is not so uncommon a vagary as many people would suppose. The pugnacity of the Church of Rome courts and defies opposition; and the result of a great polemical controversy is usually this, that the combatants hate each other with a rancour far greater than they display towards others who are totally opposed to the principles of their common faith. So it was in the days of Sir Thomas More: and so it is in the days of Dr Aiton. We shall presently have occasion to call him to account for his diatribes on the Imperial city; meanwhile, let us accompany him to the Troad. Here again the Doctor has done well in reprobating the absurd speculations of the men who appear to travel only for the sake of overthrowing tradition. Those who now seek the Troad with their measuring implements in the one hand, and the Iliad in the other—who puzzle over every barrow in the wide deserted plain, wondering whether it was the monument of Ilus, or the burial-place of some champion of the Greeks—who devise plausible theories for the disappearance of the Simois, and cannot conceive why the tamarisks no longer grow by the margin of the shallow Scamander—all those men are engaged in a most vain and

visionary quest. Their faith or credulity is indeed excessive, for they are seeking out the details of a locality, which details had their origin in the fancy of the poet. For—granting that Homer *had* seen the Troad, granting that he was not blind, as the tradition of ages has averred—what could he have known of the pristine glories of Troy? Long before he composed his immortal poem, wall and tower had been prostrated in common ruin. The plain was no longer a harvest-field, but an unwholesome swamp; the hot springs had ceased to flow, and the luxuriant vegetation had overgrown the stones of the early heroes. All was altered. And, since his day, the plain was again reclaimed; another city was built on the fancied site of Ilion—for Xerxes tarried there on his ill-starred expedition to Greece. And that city too has fallen; and the plain is again a marsh. Therefore all speculation, all antiquarian research upon the field of Troy, is in vain. All that remains, and all that we need to have, are the broad features of the locality—Ida, with her snow and her pines, and the barrows by the silent sea.

But we must not linger on the road. The Doctor is naturally anxious to get back to Dolphinton, and we have other work before us. So, skipping Constantinople and Athens—between which latter city and Edinburgh our author revives and reconstructs a most absurd parallel, both outwardly and intellectually—let us behold him on the mole at Naples. For some reason or other, which is not stated, the Doctor had abandoned for a long time the wholesome practice of shaving. “I happened,” says he, “to have a long white beard of four months’ growth, which was well known to be the badge of the liberal philosophers, or Red Radicals as they are called.” Also his dress was not altogether lovely. He was arrayed in linen which had once been white, but which had suffered by the coal-dust and pollutions of many steamers. Upon his head was a broad-brimmed straw-hat, originally purchased at Malta, and therefore, without any doubt, considerably the worse for wear. At Athens we find that his shoes were in a state of extreme

dilapidation; and he more than hints that he had postponed purchasing new ones, until he should reach Naples. Now, we shall not do violence to our conscience by maintaining that, such being the state of his outer man, it is at all wonderful that the Doctor should have been regarded with much wonder and some little suspicion. He had evidently prepared himself to undergo persecution, and even imprisonment—though why anybody should have thought it their duty to imprison him, we really cannot divine. He did, however, his best to incur the penalties by bullying the police; rather a favourite pastime, by the way, of your free and independent Briton. Having thus succeeded in exciting, not allaying suspicion, he sallied forth into the streets in the comfortable assurance that he was beset by government spies. Then the following remarkable adventure happened to him:—

“When sauntering along the streets, a man accosted me in English, asked for news from home, and seemed desirous to point out anything worth seeing. But by and by he began to talk more generally, then he complained of the constituted authorities, and seemed to be pumping up all my sentiments on these subjects. Here, had I not been upon my guard, and probably, whether I was upon my guard or not, the conversation was taken down, and reported at the head-quarters; and it was easy to see that, in this way, simpletons would often be caught in the trap.—When the hour for dining approached, I sat down at *une Table d’Hôte bien servie*, when I found at my elbow an intelligent gentleman, who spoke English fluently. He was so remarkably obliging, that my suspicions were excited that he might have an object. He was very delicate and dexterous in trying to draw out my sentiments—but in three minutes I was convinced that he was another government inspector; therefore, when he made his observations, I was not contented merely with being silent, but took care to contradict him, lest he should turn the cat in the pan, and report what he said as if it had been uttered by myself.”

What the Doctor means by “turning the cat in the pan,” we really do not know, nor is that culinary process chronicled by Mrs. Randell. But we have a strong notion that his companion at the *table d’hôte* was no

other than our valued friend, Dunshunner, who, being in Naples at the time, wished to pay some attention to a countryman, however eccentric his appearance. If so, Augustus must have been infinitely astonished by the Doctor's unceremonious contradictions. However, we are thankful to say that after all he encountered no persecution, but found his way to Rome; where, after a word or two, we intend to leave him.

When Father Cahill utters one of his ferocious and rabid attacks upon Protestantism, every one of us feels as though he could, with hearty good will, administer personal chastisement to the calumniator. It is not the abstract opinion which provokes us—it is the brutal method of expression. We do not expect that a Roman Catholic should like Protestantism; but this we do expect, that he shall express his objections to its doctrine decently, and with moderation. Violence and scurrility, very rarely, if ever, effect conversion; they only serve to render strife and dissension more bitter than they otherwise would be. But while we thus protest, with excellent reason, against the language of our antagonists, we are bound to visit with disapproval the conduct of any of our friends who may commit a manifest breach of decency and decorum. Dr Aiton may inveigh as much as he pleases against the doctrines and practices of Popery; he may expose its superstitions, ridicule its follies, and point out its deteriorating effect upon the human will and understanding—all that comes within his province, and we doubt not he could do it effectively; but when, instead of argument, or clear and clever exposition, we stumble upon such pieces of frantic and vituperative railing as is illustrated by the following passage, we feel very much as we may conceive an Argive to have felt, had he beheld Thersites standing forth before the embattled host, and reviling the race of Priam. Here is his description of Rome:—

“There is no worldly picture of earthly carnality at all to compare to it on the face of the earth. If ever the Devil really held a Vanity fair in this world, and set up in it toy-shops, swinging-machines, hobby-horses, panoramas, shows, circuses,

theatres, brothels, shooting galleries, billiard-tables, brandy palaces, and gaming houses, it must have been in Rome. I had heard of the craters of mount Etna, of Stromboli, and of Vesuvius being the mouths of hell, but they are not half so like it as this city is, filled with all manner of spiritual and temporal abominations. I had seen the filth of Smyrna, of Cairo, and of Constantinople, with the dead dromedaries and donkeys mortifying in the burning sun; but these were nothing to the corruptions and carnalities of Popery on the banks of the Tiber. I had read of the criminalities and cruelties of Nero and of Turkish despots, who imprisoned, scourged, and killed the bodies of their saints and subjects. But what is that to the ignorance and error infused into the mind, or to the heresies and incestuousness chaining down the soul till it be made meet to become a partaker of hell? Here Satan has been loosed out of his prison to deceive men, that he might cast them into the lake of fire and brimstone. Verily has this Babylon the Great become the habitation of devils, and the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird, and all nations have drunk of the wine of the wrath of her fornications. Here, sitting on every one of the seven hills, sleeping in the Vatican, and performing high mass in St Peter's, may certainly be seen the great whore which did corrupt the earth with her fornication.”

Now, if this is to be taken as an outward picture of Rome, we have simply to state, that it is not a true one. There is tenfold more open debauchery and immorality to be seen in the streets of London, or any other great English town, than the eye of a traveller ever beheld in Rome. If it is to be taken as an inward picture, then we say that it is uncharitable in conception, and excessively coarse in expression. If it is meant to be typical, as we presume it is, surely Jerusalem, which is now a Mahometan city, ought to have been denounced in at least equally strong terms—unless, as we have already hinted, Dr Aiton prefers broad infidelity to that form or profession of the Christian faith which prevails over a great proportion of Europe. We are anything but insensible to the errors of Popery, or to its intolerant and bigoted spirit; but what good end can possibly be served by such rabid raving as this,

MUSIC.

STRIKE the harp—the sylphs descending
Shall their aery echoes bring,
Each with each the fine tones blending
Of her own peculiar string.
Smite the chords, the tones they borrow
Speak a language of their own,
Thrills of joy, and pangs of sorrow,
Hopes of what shall be to-morrow,
Sighs for what is gone.
Strike the harp, the grasp of anguish
Loosens at thy mild control ;
All the sterner sorrows languish,
Languishes the willing soul.
Strike the strings—as brooding madness
Fled of old, before the strain,
My full Heart's absorbing sadness
Yields awhile to pensive gladness,
But ah ! returns again.

EVENING SONG.

THE summer night is calm, and bright
The languid summer day ;
Clear is the autumn morn, and soft
The vernal warmth of May ;
And sweet it is at matin prime
To gaze upon the sea,
But, ah ! to me the sweetest time
Was even-tide with thee.

The distant village faintly sounds,
Faintly the sea beneath,
The stars look down with eyes of love
And wild winds hold their breath.

Ah ! thus when far away, alone
The hours come back to me—
The hours that are for ever flown,
The hours of eve with thee.

H. G. K.

India.

THE MANCHESTER MOVEMENT.

"MORE states have been ruined by faction than have fallen before the sword of the conqueror." Such was the observation of one of England's wisest moralists; and the temper of the times is such as to give it great significance. For, in the movements which have taken place immediately before and since the assembling of Parliament—in the unscrupulous, bitter, and almost unprecedented attacks directed by a portion of the press against her Majesty's present Ministers—we can detect nothing else than the spirit of absolute faction. Absolute, and yet unmeaning, since, in the present case, even the usual pretexts for opposition are wanting. There is, as yet, nothing at issue between the policy of Ministers and the feeling of the country. Not one single point in the Speech delivered from the Throne has been, or can be, selected as a substantive ground for opposition or amendment. That system of commercial policy which was inaugurated six years ago, is not to be disturbed. That resolution, at which Ministers have arrived after careful and mature deliberation, has been communicated to the country with a distinct assurance that it shall, in no way, be infringed. What specific measures may be proposed with regard to fiscal arrangements, is, at the moment we write, absolutely unknown. But we are assured that such measures are prepared, and that they will immediately be submitted to the House of Commons. Ingenuity itself can lay no direct charge at the door of Ministers—even suspicion can hardly be hinted at; and yet even now, both within and without the walls of Parliament, faction is hard at work, in order to prevent, if possible, even the disclosure of the Ministerial schemes.

This cannot arise from a conviction that the measures of Lord Derby's Government are likely to be distasteful to the country. Were it so, the surest method to destroy the Ministry would be to allow them to develop their schemes. After all that we have heard about bottles of smoke, and

conjurers, and such pitiable trash as even Sir James Graham was not ashamed to retail, surely it would be worth while, were it only for amusement's sake, to have waited for the fantastic apparition. It could not be long delayed—it was not intended to delay it. But, as time drew on, the very painful idea seems to have occurred to more than one of those facetious prophets, that the disclosure, when it did arrive, might be in entire accordance with the feelings and wishes of the country. That certainly was a consummation which they were deeply interested to prevent; and hence the present factious movement, to which the sound sense, honour, and interest of Great Britain are alike opposed.

It is not in the least degree surprising that those who were the leaders of the Free-Trade party should insist on this—that before the actual business of the Session commenced, Ministers should distinctly and unequivocally avow whether they intended to propose a return to the Protective policy, or to adopt the present system, and work it out fairly and conscientiously. For that purpose, Parliament was summoned to meet before Christmas, and the declaration has already been made. But it appears that such a declaration will not be held as satisfactory. Action is not sufficient for some of our modern Liberals—the thumb-screw must be applied to the mind. *Volens volens*, the man who believed in Protection as a sound principle must not only cease to advocate it, after the verdict which the country has pronounced, but he must deny every separate article of his faith, and confess himself to have been utterly in the wrong. And no saving clauses are to be allowed him. He is not to be permitted to allude to anything which has taken place between 1846 and the present—to the Australian and Californian gold discoveries, which have obviated the hideous errors of the Currency Restriction Acts—or to the unparalleled emigration consequent upon Free Trade,

which has occasioned a scarcity of labour. He must become absolutely a hypocrite to himself. Such was the tenor of Mr Cobden's speech at the preliminary political banquet at Manchester; and such, taking the cue from him, is the present language of the faction. To say that no such recantation will ever be made, is simply to assert the honour of English gentlemen. There are at this moment many men who question the policy of the Catholic Emancipation Act, but who nevertheless acquiesce in its provisions without any idea of repealing it. But these Manchester dictators have no wish that opinion in this country shall be free. They are not one whit more tolerant than the officials of the Inquisition; they want to have a Test Act, to which mere subscription will not suffice. And what is their object? Not to secure the safety of the policy which they advocated—for they have the fullest assurance on the part of the Government that nothing will be done in any way to disturb that policy;—not surely to gain a triumph, for theirs is the triumph, however gained:—their object is simply this—to break down the present Government upon any pretext; because they are apprehensive that the wisdom and beneficial nature of its measures may render them so popular as to retard the advancement of the revolutionary schemes of which Manchester is the hotbed, and which have long been matured and prepared by the chiefs of the democratic confederacy.

Those who are in the secret of the real League existing against the venerable institutions of England, were never so deeply mortified as when it was announced to them that Lord Derby—in the fulfilment of his duty as the first adviser of the Crown, and yielding to the force of circumstances, which clearly showed to his masterly and experienced mind that it was not advisable that an internal struggle so very serious as this should be prolonged—was resolved to take the result of the general election as conclusive upon the question at issue between Protection and Free Trade, and to shape the future measures of the Government accordingly. The

only account he had to settle was with those who had confided these interests to his hand. And it is most creditable to the agricultural interest of Great Britain that we can say, generally, that the course which Lord Derby has taken has met with their approval. Some there are, no doubt, who are opposed to any surrender—but what kind of surrender is this which Ministers have made? Not one of opinion, certainly; for Lord Derby has distinctly and emphatically disclaimed anything of the kind. It is simply a yielding to the force of circumstances, which no human power could control. It implies nothing more than acquiescence in an inaugurated policy, against which an appeal was taken to the country, considered, and definitively refused. Therefore, to the country party, though defeated, there is no loss of honour. To them belongs the grace, which vulgar minds cannot appreciate, of relinquishing the contest when further resistance could be followed by no practical result. Free Trade has become an unopposed system, not because the bulk of the Conservative party are convinced of the soundness of the principles upon which it professes to be founded, but because they were convinced that by longer continuing the struggle, the dignity, the authority, and even the safety of Britain might be imperilled. And, setting faction aside, it is impossible to conceive a more noble or instructive spectacle, than that of a great political party, with enormous interests confessedly at stake, bowing in acquiescence to the verdict of the nation constitutionally obtained, and sacrificing, to the public tranquillity, the assertion of what it considers to be its claims.

And yet it is this very sacrifice which has so much incensed the Faction! They, with a principle which they professed to hold dear, would much rather that Lord Derby and the Protectionists had remained stubborn, and, even after the election, maintained the war *à l'outrance*. They have got everything that they wanted to get—at least in so far as commercial measures are concerned—and yet they are not satisfied. They say that nothing will content them short of the

degradation of their opponents. Our only feeling of degradation is, that we have been forced into collision with such miserable condottieri, who, never having felt a generous emotion themselves, cannot appreciate one in others. But we must look a little more closely than this. The motive of such men usually lies deeper than the surface, for there are profound schemers among them; and, if we mistake not grievously, we shall be able to detect some trace, at least, of their real object, which, as we have already said, is to pave the way for the introduction of revolutionary schemes.

Their wish is to bring the Ministry into contempt, by getting them, in some way or other, to avow a fundamental change of opinion. Of that, no diligent peruser of the organs of public opinion, who understands the private history of the press, can entertain a doubt. For the last month or two the favourite artifice has been to impress upon the agricultural constituencies the notion that they were "betrayed." For this end no exertion has been spared. It is somewhat startling to read in journals, which, a year ago, were full of sneers, or worse than sneers, touching "the agricultural mind," "the Hawbuck tendencies," "the horse-shoe impressions," and "the chivalry of the smock-frock," long articles, protesting to the said Hawbucks that their cause has been infamously betrayed—that Lord Derby (who, being a Minister at the time, refused to go along with Peel in his rapid change of opinion) is influenced now by exceeding lust of power—that some of the leading gentlemen in England have been engaged in a conspiracy to keep up agitation for the most paltry and selfish purposes; and a deal more to the same effect. Now, in some cases, we believe, these articles are written conscientiously enough. The able authors are merely judging of others by themselves. They, too, have their ambition; but they are peculiarly liable to form a totally false estimate of that position which they suppose to be so enviable, that they do not hesitate to assume that men would make any sacrifice, even of their honour, to retain it. Very little, indeed, do they know of public life. Apart from the honourable ambition—

in many cases the duty—of serving the country to the uttermost of their abilities, there is little in the life of a Cabinet Minister, or even an inferior member of the Government, to make it desirable. That man of public mark and ability, who can, with a safe conscience, decline entering into the turmoil of political life, may account himself most happy. It is not only the sacrifice of his domestic leisure and quiet which is required of him, but too often that of those objects which from boyhood he may have regarded as constituting the happiness and glory of his future life, and which he must now abandon so soon as he enters the dreary field of politics. But the charge is absolutely untrue. Here are the words of Lord Derby, recalling what absolutely did take place during last Session, when Ministerial explanations were required: "On the great question involved in those principles, without disguising my opinions, I declared, for myself and for those who did me the honour of acting with me—I will not say whether the declaration was wise or unwise, worthy or unworthy of a British Minister—but I declared I should be guided by the sense which the community at large might express through its representatives, and that I should not bring forward any measure in accordance with my own views, if I found that it was not supported by a large majority of the country, for I thought that the question ought to be finally closed at the earliest period." If no such statement had been made by, or on the part of Lord Derby, his supporters might, undoubtedly, have had good reason now to object to his acquiescence in a policy to which they were thoroughly opposed. In that case, there might have been at least a plausible pretext for preferring this charge of treachery. But Lord Derby had nothing to conceal. His language was as unequivocal as that of man could be; and every elector throughout the country was aware, that upon the issue of that contest the predominance of one or other of the great principles depended. From first to last, we recognise in the conduct of Lord Derby nothing save that inflexible sense of duty which is so eminently characteristic of the man.

Summoned to conduct the government of this great country at the crisis when the Whigs had confessed themselves to be absolutely incompetent to the task, his first business was to consider how the government could be carried on. Between the supporters of the Free-Trade, and those of the Protective principle, there was still a large difference of opinion. It was necessary, therefore, that one or other should give way. In a matter of so much moment as this, what wiser, better, or more constitutional course could be adopted than the appeal to the country which was made in the course of the by-gone summer? Of the strict propriety of such a course we are fully convinced by the experience of the last few years; for we hesitate not to say, that had a late deceased Minister allowed the sense of the country to have been taken at the time when he first avowed his own change of opinion, a very great deal of the subsequent agitation would have been spared. He did not do so, and it is to that circumstance mainly that the delay in the final settlement of the question must be ascribed. Now, however, it is settled, in so far as any question of the kind can be. We are certainly entitled to retain our doubts as to the wisdom of the verdict, but we are bound to acquiesce in it; for in a commercial country such as this, one fixed line of policy must be adopted by the Government, otherwise the whole affairs of the nation would fall into inextricable confusion. But it is said on the other side—"You who were the strenuous opponents of that commercial policy have no right to adopt it." Is it the wish of those who use such language that the agitation should be further prolonged? Or do they mean simply to say that acquiescence in any great national arrangement is not enough, but that the acquiescing party, though otherwise the most capable and powerful, is for ever to be debarred from taking an active share in the conduct of political affairs? It would appear almost as if the latter view were that entertained by the extreme section of the Radicals; for we cannot read Mr Villiers' notice of motion, made, as Mr Cob-

den tells us, at his especial request, without perceiving at a glance that it is intended less to secure the continuance of Free Trade, than to embarrass her Majesty's Ministers. On the other hand, the amendment of which the Chancellor of the Exchequer has given notice, is a frank and free declaration of the course which Ministers are resolved to pursue; for it declares "that unrestricted competition being adopted after due deliberation, is the principle of our commercial system. This House is of opinion it is the duty of Government unreservedly to adhere to that policy on those measures of financial and administrative reform which, under the circumstances of the country, they may deem it their duty to introduce."

Not one of the Radicals, whatever may be the language they hold, has the slightest apprehension that anything will be done subversive of the Free-Trade principle. They are chagrined, and even disappointed, that the contest has not lasted longer, because their game has always been to array classes in hostile opposition to one another, so that, by engendering suspicion and discontent, they might the better arrive at their aims. To see the people happy and contented is by no means the consummation of the hopes of your ardent Friend of Liberty. On the contrary, he wishes to see them discontented, and does his best to make them so, for his is not a peaceful harvest. The suppression, therefore, of any great element of party strife, is to such a man a serious loss; because it lessens materially his chance of provoking agitation for ulterior measures. And in order that it may not be supposed that we are writing vaguely, or sketching out views for our opponents which exist only in our own imagination, we shall refer specially to the oration of Mr John Bright, delivered at the Manchester banquet. We are always glad when Mr Bright appears as a speaker, because he is not gifted with much of that systematic caution which other agitators display, and is apt, in his fervour, to give us some interesting glimpses of the future as it appears to his prophetic eyes. In particular, when speaking from the same platform as Mr Cobden, he invariably

tries to outstrip that democratic champion. He has not yet forgotten the "testimonial," of which, probably, with some reason, he thinks he ought to have received a share; and, accordingly, he never loses an opportunity of outbidding the other in popularity. On this last occasion he was peculiarly vehement; and, strange to say, the vials of his indignation were poured upon the House of Commons. His views are worth attending to.

"The fact is that, as an industrial people, we carry the aristocracy on our backs. Under your representative system, Manchester, Glasgow, and Birmingham are dwarfed in the House of Commons to the size of Harwich, Thetford, and Totness, and the whole population, and all the electors of these three boroughs, are very much smaller—nay, do not even approach near—to the population of a single ward in this borough of Manchester. I am of opinion that where there are population, industry, wealth, and intelligence, if we have a free constitution at all, there must be power; and if this be not granted, then, I say, that our constitution is a sham, and our representation is an imposture. I am not anxious that we should have other great movements for great objects. I myself have had so much of political agitation, that nothing but the most imperative and overwhelming sense of public duty would induce me to connect myself with anything farther of the kind; but I do believe that we owe it to posterity, as to ourselves, that we should learn a lesson from this great movement which is about to terminate; and that we ought, if we can, during our generation, to make the course of our children, and of their children, easier in procuring such political ameliorations and changes as the circumstances of the country may require. The patriotism of our day does not consist in the destruction of monarchies or the change of dynasties. Our fathers wrested the institution of an annual Parliament from unwilling and despotic monarchs. Be it ours—and I speak to those who can do it if we will it—be it ours to wrest a real House of Commons from a haughty nobility, and to secure the lasting greatness of this nation on the

broad foundations of a free Parliament and a free people!"

After separating the chaff from the grain, and setting aside the mere rhetorical common-places, Mr Bright's argument, in so far as we can comprehend it, appears to be this: If it was wise to remove the Corn Laws in 1846, it was unwise to have imposed them in 1815; and all the while that they lasted, an act of injustice was committed. If the House of Commons had been a properly constituted body, the Corn Laws would have been long ago repealed. But such was not the case; therefore, the House of Commons is a sham and an imposture, and "it is our duty"—that of Bright & Co.—"to wrest a real House of Commons from a haughty nobility." The objection to the present House of Commons is that it is too slow and deliberative: Mr Bright wishes to see legislation proceed with the speed of a high-pressure engine. We are not called upon to argue that point now; nor need we remind Mr Bright that it was from that very identical Manchester, in which he was speaking, that the cry for protection in favour of native manufactures first proceeded. We accept his words as a clear indication of the ulterior objects of himself and his party, of which they do not intend to lose sight; and such being the case, we can easily comprehend why the final settlement of the question, by the abandonment of further debate, is anything but agreeable to the secret junta of Manchester. In the first place, they have at present nothing which they can hold up as a practical grievance to justify their aggressive designs. We are rather inclined to think, from the tendency of certain late exhibitions by their active pioneer, Mr Bright, that the Established Church of England will be selected as their first object of attack; but that enterprise may prove a difficult one, and it has not as yet been declared. In the second place, they now see, pretty plainly, that a permanent union with the Whigs is out of the question. That only could have been effected in consequence of a protracted resistance to Free Trade, in which case the Manchester party would have been entitled to make, and would probably have made,

their conditions. The two bodies may often act in concert while in opposition, but they cannot be brought to amalgamate. Some of the Whig chiefs might possibly be induced to waive their objections, but there are others who are steadfastly and vehemently opposed to any such ill-omened conjunction. Therefore, the only available side-door to power is closed against the Radicals; and deep and poignant is their wrath accordingly. Hear Mr Bright once more—but this time in a sarcastic mood—assign the reasons why he is not in office.

“But the fact is, that we are not statesmen. We are cotton-spinners, and manufacturers, and bleachers, and printers, and shopkeepers, and traders of all kinds, and professional men. We are not statesmen, and we have never pretended to be so. In this country there has been a great gulf fixed between all those interested in industry and the paths of statesmanship; and though we were right fourteen years ago, and have been right on this question ever since—though three Cabinets have been wrong, and one of them has not yet put itself right—it is to be held that we are not statesmen, and that those men only who could not see what was simply right on this great, fundamental, all-absorbing question, are entitled to describe, and to carry out, the political policy of the nation. We have not hereditary brains.”

It is rather new to us, who remember the instances of Peel and Gladstone, to be told that there is a great gulf fixed between all those interested in industry and the paths of statesmanship; but we suppose that some license of language must be allowed to an irritated man. Mr Cobden does not look upon the case—perhaps we ought rather to say, his case—as so hopeless. He rather flirts with the subject. “I confess,” says he, “I won’t be chargeable with such transparent hypocrisy as to affect the modesty of not being able to be as good a Cabinet Minister as some half-score gentlemen now in office. I hope it will not be supposed that I have any ambition to fill any such office. I have no such desire.” At this point, as we gather from the report, there

were several cries of “hear, hear!” from dunderheads who put a literal construction on everything. But our wary friend was not to be entrapped into a broad declinature of office. “Not,” continued he, “that I think, where people can hold office, and hold their own convictions too, it is not a most honourable and desirable post—a post which gives men great power to do good.” And with this delicate hint to the Whigs that, if wanted, they knew where to find him, Mr Cobden passed from the interesting topic. But there is a third reason why the Radicals think it expedient, if they can, to prevent the Ministry from developing their measures. Their own leaders have lost caste, even with the great body of those who were in favour of the Free-Trade policy. Mr Cobden’s speeches regarding the reduction of the army, the diminution of the navy, and the absurdity of supposing that any European power could think, for one moment, of molesting England, are not forgotten. The nation now sees its danger; and the absurd and offensive arrogance of his former harangues, in one of which he absolutely offered to take the whole responsibility of an invasion upon himself, provided his preposterous notions were carried into effect, has damaged most seriously what amount of reputation he had acquired. And so it is with others. Their own vanity leads them to think that they would make most admirable administrators of public affairs; but nobody else thinks so, and their aspirations are not likely to be realised. The future of the Manchester men is undoubtedly bound up with the organisation of an overbearing democracy, but we have no belief that such organisation is within their power. At present their game is to be factious—to impede, as much as in them lies, the progress of every Government, in the hope that, by creating confusion, they may at least advance their aims. And their measure of success in this will depend greatly upon the part which the Whigs may take in this preliminary struggle.

We call it preliminary, because we do not believe that for any purely factious resolution of the House of Commons will the Earl of Derby

abandon that trust which has been reposed in him by his Sovereign. Ministers, we repeat, have nothing to do with the past. Their duty may be to give a distinct declaration of the principle upon which they intend to act—their duty is to lay measures, founded upon that principle, before Parliament. But as to the vindication of the principle itself, what is that but an old debate again revived without effect—a palpable absurdity and loss of time without any corresponding advantage? Let us suppose that Mr Villiers' motion were to be met with a direct negative, and that the amendment were carried. What would that imply? An impression, possibly, on the part of a majority of the House of Commons, that the improved condition of the country had *not* being owing to the act of 1846, but nothing more. It certainly would not imply that the act should be repealed; and really such discussions relating solely to the past, and having no direct reference to the future, cannot be held to fall properly within the province of the House of Commons. If otherwise, that assembly would virtually become a tribunal for settling nice historical points, and determining by vote the exact measure of the wisdom of our ancestors. Mr Villiers assumes as a premiss "that the condition of the country, and especially of the industrial classes," has improved. That is liable to challenge. The condition of some branches of industry has improved, while others certainly have not. Is the House to pronounce, *ex cathedra*, an opinion upon this, without hearing evidence? Mr Disraeli's amendment, undoubtedly, supposing the term "working classes" to be taken in its ordinary acceptation, comes far nearer the mark, and is more expressive than the vague phrase of the other. But why should there have been any discussion at all? The Ministry are willing to accept Free Trade as a principle—have so declared themselves—and said, moreover, that all their measures shall be framed in adherence to that policy. What more can be required of them? When Sir Robert Peel first accepted office after the passing of the Reform Bill, we are not aware that there was

any resolution of the House of Commons proposed, calling upon him to state his conviction that the change in the representative system had been of enormous advantage to the nation. This motion of Mr Villiers, in the face of a clear declaration on the part of the Ministry as to the policy by which they are to be guided, is something totally new in English history. Applied to Ministers it is entirely unconstitutional. A vote may indeed be taken of want of confidence in Ministers on account of something which they have done in their official character; but we have yet to learn that a vote of want of confidence can be taken, before they have had an opportunity of doing anything at all. This is by no means an unimportant juncture in our parliamentary and constitutional history. If the House of Commons has the power of negativing a Ministry, not upon any distinct point of policy, but upon an abstract opinion, a very large portion of the Royal prerogative is surrendered. The theory is, that the Sovereign acts through her Ministers, whom she selects—those proposed Acts, the House of Commons may either accept or condemn; but we never heard of a test being proposed, before action, relative to an existing law, which had received the sanction of the Sovereign, and which it was not proposed to repeal.

We shall not venture to predicate the line which the Whig party, under the command of Lord John Russell, may adopt. We only hope that it will be creditable to them as supporters of our broad constitutional principles. For it is neither their interest, nor ours, nor that of any well-wisher of the stability of Great Britain, to give countenance to the insidious approach of faction at the present time. What we write is purely speculative; because, before these pages can issue from the press, the debate, in all human probability, will be over; but we do confess a hopeful feeling that, for his own sake, Lord John Russell will not identify himself in the present instance with these proceedings of the Democratic Faction.

But we have another observation to make regarding Mr Villiers'

motion. It commences thus: "That it is the opinion of this House that the improved condition of the country, and especially of the industrious classes, is mainly the result of recent legislation, and especially of the Act of 1846, for the free admission of foreign corn." Now, when was the commencement of this improved condition?

It is admitted on all hands, even by the most ardent Free-Traders, that the year 1851 was almost without a parallel for commercial depression and disaster. In Glasgow, Liverpool, or Bristol, there is not a man engaged in trade who cannot give distinct evidence as to this; and the depression continued over the earlier part of the present year. 1850 will long be remembered for the depression in manufactures; to account for which, as our readers may remember, the Free-Traders were sorely perplexed. An able correspondent of ours, writing in April last, after showing "that the mercantile and trading interests were left poorer, at the close of the year 1851, than they were at its commencement, by twenty millions sterling and upwards," thus very clearly and succinctly described the amount of benefit which has accrued to the country: "Where, in the face of these facts, can be the '*prosperity*' of which the Free-Trader has been drawing such glowing pictures? It is not gladdening the eyes of the merchant and importer. It has not rewarded the enterprise of the shipowner. It has not filled the pockets of the small trader or the shopkeeper. The mill-owner and the manufacturer have not only not felt it, but I am confident that the majority of this class have suffered severely, as the result of the year's operations. The labourer and the artisan, with the men of fixed money incomes, have been the only parties benefited by the cheapness of the past year." If these things are facts, not fictions, it will necessarily follow that the improvement to which Mr Villiers alludes, in so far as the greatest branches of industry within the country are concerned, can only date at the earliest from the commencement of the present year! That there is considerable improvement since then, we are exceedingly glad to believe;

but we cannot, for the life of us, understand how it can be traced to the operation of the Act of 1846. It is, moreover, remarkable, that the improvement takes place just at the time when the imports of foreign grain are diminishing—a circumstance which might very well afford the foundation for a strong argument the other way. But if it be true, as we say it is, that, until the commencement of the present year at the earliest, neither trade nor manufactures were in a satisfactory condition, how is it possible to connect their revival now with the Act of 1846? That the working classes have benefited by the cheapness of food, there is no doubt whatever; but that is not Mr Villiers' meaning. He obviously intends that his motion shall have a wider scope, and embrace interests, in the condition of which, twelve months ago, there were no signs of improvement visible.

The amendment, on the other hand, appears to us unchallengeable in point of fact. Beyond doubt the condition of the working classes has been improved, and their comforts increased, by the cheapness of provisions, occasioned by recent legislation; but further than that we cannot go. And we must say this, that, in the face of such depression as is allowed on all hands to have existed so very recently, the House of Commons will take a most extraordinary and unprecedented step, if they adopt the resolution which Mr Villiers wishes them to accept without a searching inquiry. Their vote will not make that true which is wholly false, but it may have the effect of lessening their aggregate reputation for sagacity in a country wherein every man conversant with commercial affairs can form his own conclusions.

This singular anxiety, on the part of the Radicals, to get a sort of Parliamentary ratification and approval of an act in force and unmolested, leads us sometimes to suspect that they themselves are not quite at ease as to the working of their favourite measure. If they believe (which we hope they do, seeing that they are so anxious to obtain the assent of the House of Commons) that there is a distinct and intimate connection between the present improved condition

of the country and the Act of 1846, there is no conceivable use for the present motion. Regard it in what view we may, we cannot resist the conclusion that it is a purely factious assault, founded upon no patriotic motive, but intended to embarrass, and, if possible, defeat Ministers in the commencement of their career.

Faction has been well portrayed as blind, for it never calculates consequences. We can readily understand the case of a growing party in the State, strong in the sense of its power, its intelligence, and its popularity, under able leaders and in perfect organisation, giving early battle to the supporters of another policy, whose vacillating and feeble movements betrayed their inherent weakness. But in every such case which has hitherto occurred, the object was to win the field of battle, *and to keep it*. The assaulting army contemplated not only victory, but occupation, and for that contingency they were prepared. We certainly know nothing of the councils of our political opponents, but nothing has transpired to make us suppose that Lord John Russell, or any other chief in opposition, is able to form an efficient Ministry, or command a Parliamentary majority, if Lord Derby were to resign to-morrow. Our own belief is that no such Ministry could be found: certain of this we are, that few men of intelligence in the country, beyond mere partisans, are desirous of witnessing the experiment. The old Whig party is in a worse position than it was when Lord John Russell left office. Without a clear coalition with the Radicals, they could hardly construct a Ministry, certainly not conduct with credit the public business of the country; and we have already stated our reasons for thinking that no such coalition will take place. One man of versatile ability they have apparently gained, and that is Sir James Graham; but his accession will not make up for the loss of Lord Palmerston and Sir George Grey. The Radicals, we doubt not, believe that they could form a government; but nobody else believes it. We can almost fancy that we see the consternation in the City, on the morning on which it is declared that Joseph Hume is

Prime Minister, Sir Joshua Walmsley Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr Cobden Secretary for the Foreign Department, M'Gregor President of the Board of Trade, Mr Bernal Osborne Home Secretary, Bright Secretary at War, Keogh at the Colonies, Kershaw Master of the Horse, and Lucas Secretary for Ireland! That would, indeed, be a glorious day for the bears upon Exchange! In such an event one might certainly, as Falstaff says, "buy land as cheap as stinking mackerel," and other securities besides. Even in the view that a coalition could be effected between a certain section of the Whigs and the Radicals, and something like a competent Ministry in point of talent and respectability formed—what would be the result? An immediate attempt to force organic changes—whirlwind legislation, such as Mr Bright contemplates, directed against those portions of our national institutions which hitherto have been accounted most sacred; a long period of violent internal commotion, and that, too, at a time when our utmost vigilance is required to provide against external danger. What a triumph to those who detest liberal and constitutional government is conveyed in the fact, that, the very week after the great champion and peacemaker of England had been laid in his tomb with national honours and lamentation, the Parliament of Britain should assemble, not to discuss measures at a crisis foretold by the warning voice of the deceased, but to brangle about the words of a motion relative to a bygone act of the Legislature, which it was not proposed to disturb! And yet this act of insensate folly may be supported by those who ought to have known better—by men who have been Ministers ere now, and who hope to be Ministers again; but who, in acting thus, and in making themselves the slaves of faction, most grievously endanger the honour and the reputation of their names.

We care very little what construction may be placed upon our remarks; and we care the less, because, as we have already said, the House of Commons will probably have adjudicated on the matter before this Number of the Magazine can issue from the

press. That circumstance will at least save us from the charge of undue partisanship. But we do confess that we feel at the present time an anxiety far beyond that which we have felt for many years. Impressed by a strong sense of the wrong which we conceived to be done to the agricultural interest of Britain by the violent change which was effected some six years ago—and not less impressed with the conviction, that the method by which the change was carried was not in accordance with what ought to be the honourable course of an English statesman—we have fought the battle to the last, with what ability we could command. Even now, taking circumstances as they were in 1846, we can acknowledge no change of opinion. With a restricted currency, causing periodical commercial convulsions, and an enormous debt, which necessitated the collection of a prodigious revenue, we could not conceive how the industry of this country would be able to cope, on equal terms, with the comparatively untaxed products of other more favoured countries. Since then, some portion of the difficulty has been removed, by means which certainly were not contemplated by the authors of the legislative measures of 1846. The discovery of the gold-fields has operated until now, and may operate still farther, if no insidious attempt is made to deprive the nation of the benefit, as a virtual abrogation of those wretched currency laws, which have been the curse of Britain since they were enacted, but which not many could be brought to understand. Even now, the effects of that discovery seem to be unappreciated by members of the British Legislature. A motion like that of Mr Villiers, which excludes all notice of the most memorable fact, financially speaking, which has taken place since the mines of the New World were first laid open to the search of the Old, argues the most consummate ignorance of all that relates to the working of the monetary system. But, making every allowance for this unexpected relief, our faith in the soundness of the protective policy remains unshaken. The day may not be far distant when public opi-

nion, taught by experience, may undergo a remarkable change with regard to this important question. And though that remark may excite from our opponents an emphatic response of "Never!" we would pray them to remember that their triumph has been mainly owing to circumstances altogether beyond human control. But we have no wish to revive controversy. That the country may be prosperous under the accepted policy is our earnest hope and prayer; and it would very ill become us to assume a tone of stubborn dogmatism on a subject which, as we have already said, has assumed an altered aspect within a very short time, from causes which were not and could not be anticipated by the wisdom of man.

We await, with much anxiety, the announcement of the Ministerial measures. These will, as a matter of course, be subjected to the most rigid scrutiny, and we may be sure that an opposition so recklessly commenced will not be allowed to slumber. One section of the Liberal party, with a selfishness which really requires considerable hardihood to acknowledge, have avowed their determination to oppose any measure which may be calculated directly or indirectly to afford any relief to the suffering interests of the country. These gentlemen do not even pretend to respect the ordinary rules of justice. They have abrogated the Corn Laws, but they will not consent to remove or even to mitigate one of the peculiar burdens which was laid upon the landed interest, in respect of the existence of those laws. It is of no use demonstrating to them, that you might with equal justice deprive a man of half his income, and yet continue to levy from him the same amount of direct taxation as before. They will hear nothing of adjustment of taxation; and no wonder, because, as matters stand at present, they do not contribute their fair share to the public burdens of the country. They act, and glory in it, upon the old marauding principle that "might is right;" and they say, that belonging to a peculiar class, and representing a particular interest, they will care for it, and it only, irrespective of every other. It is highly discredi-

table to the age that language such as this should be tolerated by any auditory without marks of distinct reprobation. It amounts to a broad and plain acknowledgment that the public weal is not to be regarded when opposed to private interest—a sentiment certainly the reverse of patriotic, and equally opposed to the leading dogmata of republicanism. But all that matters nothing. As in commercial speculation no man cares for his brother, but rather tries if possible to outwit him, so do some of our commercial legislators maintain that all tricks are allowable in politics as well as trade, and that the game of "Beggar my neighbour" may be fitly played in Parliament. It requires no searching glance to discover in this the symptoms of profound demoralisation; but we should wrong the Legislature, and even the Liberal party, were we to assume that even a considerable portion of them sympathised with so sordid an avowal. There may be, and there is, great difference of opinion, both as to the extent of the claims for relief which may be urged on the part of any interest in the country which has suffered under recent legislation, and as to the nature of the means which ought to be applied remedially. These are fair subjects of discussion, and we trust they will be discussed in a becoming spirit; but, looking to the speeches which have already emanated from Manchester, we must be prepared for a violent opposition to every measure which has a tendency to heal the sores which the recent differences have engendered. It is in these discussions that the element of patriotism, where it exists, must show itself in opposition to the blind attacks of faction. Surely the welfare and the tranquillity of the country is a matter of far greater moment than any party triumph; surely it would be wise to reconcile classes which have been arrayed in opposition, not to irritate those who are still smarting under a sense of recent injury. Let the Ministry be judged by its acts and its measures. If the latter are not such as the country has good reason to expect, or of which it can conscientiously approve, then the reins of government must necessarily pass

into other hands. But, above all things, it is needful that discord should cease at home. Awful is the responsibility which those will incur who lend their countenance and aid to faction, at a time when foreign events of great significance have at last aroused the nation from its lethargic torpor, and dissipated the dream of fancied security in which we had so long indulged. Possibly the alarm may not be followed by any corresponding aggression, for a wakeful and watchful policy will ever be found the best safeguard against outward attacks; but for the maintenance of peace we have evidently no security. And very blind we must be if we cannot read, in the late history of France, a lesson of the most emphatic warning against a democratic movement. Mr Bright and his fellows are using just now, though perhaps unconsciously, the very same language which, from the mouths of the French democrats, led to the subversion of the monarchy, the disorganisation of society, the destruction of credit, and the reign of the barricades. And what has followed? Slaughter, rapine, almost civil war, the suppression of the liberty of the press, and the reign of a military dictator. Is it to accomplish such ends as these that we are asked to change our system, to give increased rapidity to the deliberations of our senate, or rather to dispense with any deliberation at all—to infuse more of the popular element, as it is called, into our institutions; to trust to the "instinct" of the masses of the nation, and not to the calm judgment of its wisest and its best? Never has democracy, though rebuked by Providence wherever it has reared its head, experienced a more signal rebuke than in this latest instance of France. It is of no avail that the men who were themselves the chief instigators of the movement, rail in their exile against that tyranny which was the inevitable consequence of their misdeeds. Blind with faction, they could not see what they were doing—they could not perceive that each step made towards pure democracy was subversive of the nation's liberties. Long indeed may it be before our country, blessed with national liberty and free institu-

tions, shall be led, by the instigation of demagogues, to plunge into a similar chaos.

Where there are demagogues, faction is of course to be found. It is therefore not to be wondered at if it should show its head amongst us; but it is the duty of every well-wisher of the country to do his utmost to keep it down. It is far less open faction that we fear, than that kind of it which makes its approach under the more respectable name of party. Many men who would shrink from being broadly factious, and who would indignantly deny the charge, do nevertheless commit faction by trusting implicitly to their leaders, and by treading diligently in their footsteps. For even the leaders, when they act from what has very aptly been termed "mixed motives," are not unfrequently driven into faction, their own hearts too often deceiving them as to the purity of their conduct. There are many temptations in the way of a politician; and perhaps that man would be more than mortal who did not occasionally feel an impulse to take advantage of an adversary's un-

guarded position; but there is a vast difference between that and a deliberate and preconcerted attack made, not for any real public end, but simply for the purposes of molestation. It remains yet to be seen how this debate will be conducted, and how it will terminate. For ourselves we have no hesitation in characterising this as a deliberate factions effort, and not as a fair and legitimate party movement; because we are unable to see any absolute advantage which could be gained by any party or any principle by the adoption of Mr Villiers' motion. If it is simply intended as a censure upon Protectionists, it is senseless and out of place. It has no proper reference to future policy, apart from the amendment; because that is as clearly expressed in the one as in the other. It gives no further security for the continuance of the present system of commercial policy, than is accorded by the general acquiescence of the nation, and the direct declaration of Ministers. In a word, it is factious; and, as such, we sincerely trust that it will not receive the sanction of the House of Commons.

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